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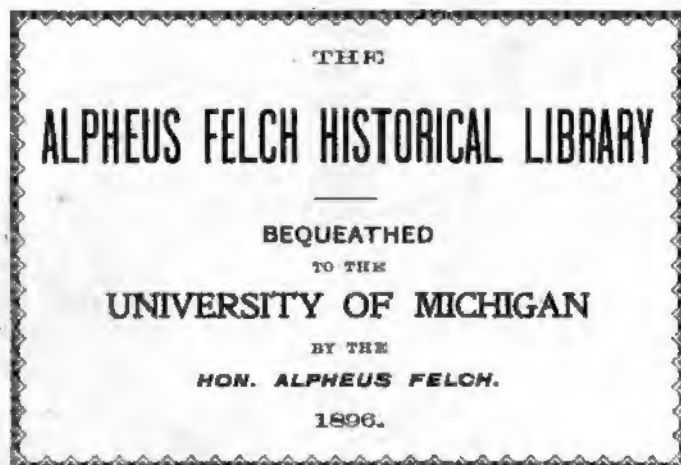
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# INDEX.

## EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. PORTRAIT OF JOANNA BAILLIE, painted by Sir W. Newton, engraved by Sartain.
2. THE FALL OF HUNGARY, engraved by Sartain.
3. PORTRAIT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, engraved by Packard and Ourden.
4. CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT, painted by Sir Benjamin West, engraved by Sartain.

### A.

- Agassiz, Prof.—*Hogg's Instructor*, 13  
 Ancient and Modern Eloquence.—*See Eloquence*.  
 Arnold Thomas, D.D.—*People's Journal*, 110  
 American Poets, Some—*See Poets*.  
 Animal Magnetism, 271  
 Art and Literature—*See Guild*.  
 Abercrombie, the late Dr.—*Hogg's Instructor*, 426

### B.

- Buffon, Life and Writings of.—*British Quarterly Review*, 1  
 Bem, General—*North British Review*, 28  
 Belzoni Giovanni, Story of—*Household Words*, 104  
 Benvenuto Cellini.—*Sharpe's Magazine*, 121  
 Baillie Joanna—*Dublin University Magazine*, 128  
 " " *People's Journal*, 420  
 Bunyan, John—*Dublin University Magazine*, 318  
 Borrow, George—*Dublin University Magazine*, 392  
 Browning's, Mrs. New Poem—*Athenæum*, 415

### C.

- Coleridge, Hartley, Poems of—*Examiner*, 44  
 " " As a Man, Poet, and Essayist—*Fraser's Magazine*, 357  
 Charles V., Cloister Life of—*Fraser's Magazine* 93, 235  
 Cellini, Benvenuto—*See Benvenuto*, 235  
 Cowper, Wm. and Lady Austen,—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 139  
 Celebrities of Glasgow—*See Glasgow*.  
 Cæsar, Julius—*Quarterly Review*, 168  
 Cousin, Victor—*Edinburgh Review*, 187  
 Chalmers, Dr.—*People's Journal*, 256  
 Campbell, Thomas—*People's Journal*, 289  
 Carnot, Life of—*North British Review*, 294  
 Canning, George and the Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin—*Hogg's Instructor*, 488  
 Carlyle's Occupations in 1828, 538  
 Census, The Irish, 569

### D.

- Delta, of Blackwood—*See Moir*.  
 Deserted House,—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* 469

### E.

- Eloquence, Ancient and Modern—*Blackwood*, 17  
 Every Man his own Lawyer—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 79  
 England, Popular Progress in, 342  
 Escape of Madame Kossuth,—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 447  
 Eckermann and Goethe,—*Dublin University Magazine*, 454

### G.

- Gabrielle, or the Sisters—*Fraser's Magazine*, 57  
 Glasgow Celebrities—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 163, 353, 451  
 Gilfillan on Napoleon,—*See Napoleon*.  
 Guild of Literature and Art,—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 401  
 Galley Life of France,—*Church of England Review*, 539

### H.

- Henry VIII., Sister of—*See Margaret*.  
 Half Century last, the Literary Men of—*See Literary*.  
 History of Spitalfields, 264

### I. J. K.

- Industrial Exhibition,—*Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, 513  
 Imaginary Conversations at Warsaw, 556  
 Irish Census, The—*See Census*.  
 Jeweled Watch, The—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 261  
 Kingsford, Mary—*Chambers's Journal*, 407  
 Kingsloy, Charles—*People's Journal*, 507

### L.

- Life of Buffon, 1  
 " Bem, 28  
 " Oehlenschläger, 37  
 " Charles V., 93, 235  
 " Thomas Arnold, D. D., 110  
 " Benvenuto Cellini, 121  
 " Joanna Baillie, 128, 420  
 " Southey, 145  
 " Julius Cæsar, 168  
 " Victor Cousin, 187  
 " Dr. Chalmers, 256  
 " Thomas Campbell, 289  
 " Carnot, 294

|                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Life of Bunyan, . . . . .   | 318 |
| " Wordsworth, . . . . .     | 335 |
| " Horace Walpole, . . . . . | 368 |
| " Montrose, . . . . .       | 386 |
| " Borrow, . . . . .         | 392 |
| " Abercrombie, . . . . .    | 426 |
| " Jeremy Taylor, . . . . .  | 433 |
| " Charles Lamb, . . . . .   | 481 |
| " John Logan, . . . . .     | 549 |

Lord Carlisle on Pope,—*See Pope*.

Literary Men of the Last Half Century,—*Bentley's Miscellany*. . . . . 84

Lady Austen and Cowper—*See Cowper*. . . . .

Literature and Art—*See Guild*.

London, Paris and New-York,—*Bentley's Miscellany*. . . . . 497

## M.

Margaret, Sister of Henry VIII.—*Bentley's Miscellany*. . . . . 49

Macaulay and Wm. Penn—*See Penn*.

Moir, D. M.—*Hogg's Instructor*. . . . . 219

Malmaison, Scenes at—*Fraser's Magazine*. . . . . 224

Magnetism, Animal—*North British Review*. . . . . 271

Montrose and his Times,—*Fraser's Magazine*. . . . . 386

Museum of Practical Geology—*Fraser's Magazine* 478

Madagascar, a History—*Dickens's Household Words*. . . . . 532

MISCELLANEOUS.—Will and Way, 27; Death of Signora Grassini, 48; Appearance of Neander, 68; The Queen's Speech, 76; Fanny Kemble in London, 114; A New Man, 137; Bowles at Home, 255; The Lost Traveler, 367; Descendants of French Covenanters 391; Ages of Newspapers, 425; Steam Shipping of the United Kingdom, 531; Advertising in London, 537; Mr. Thackeray's Lectures, 554; Old Canals in Egypt, 560;

## N.

Napoleon,—*Hogg's Instructor*. . . . . 181

## O.

Oehlenschlager, —Autobiography of—*Westminster*. 37

## P.

Prof. Agassiz, . . . . . 13

Poems of Hartley Coleridge,—*See Coleridge*.

Pope, Lord Carlisle on—*Tait's Magazine*. 69, 250

Penn, Wm. and Macaulay—*Literary Gazette*. . . . . 115

Poets, Some American—*Blackwood*. . . . . 202

Popular Progress in England,—*Edinburgh Review*. 342

Poem by Mrs. Browning, . . . . . 415

Poulailier the Robber,—*Fraser's Magazine*. . . . . 561

POETRY.—Bear thee up Bravely, 16; The Snow-drop in the Snow, 140; The World of Dreams, 255; Spring, 317; To a Child Sleeping, 400; The Argosy of Life, 414; Lines on a Dead Butterfly in Summer, 419; Godfrey of Bulloigne, 512.

## R.

Red Hair,—*Bentley's Miscellany*. . . . . 314

## S.

Story of Giovanni Belzoni,—*See Belzoni*.

Southey, Life and Correspondence of—*Edinburgh Review* . . . . . 145

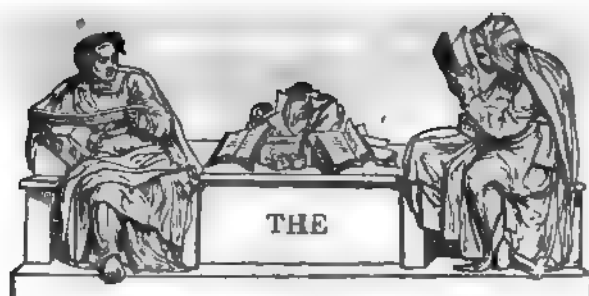
Scenes at Malmaison. . . . . 224

Spitalfields, History of—*Household Words* . . . . . 264

## W.

Wordsworth, Life of—*Athenæum*. . . . . 335

Walpole, Horace and his Contemporaries—*Dublin University Magazine*. . . . . 368



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY, 1851.

From the British Quarterly Review.

## LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BUFFON.

It has been truly remarked by a modern French writer, that the philosophy of the eighteenth century was the daughter of the Renaissance. What the latter had done for the arts, the former effected for the science of ideas. The same motive power which drew Michael Angelo, in later days hurried away the thinkers themselves towards naturalism. The sixteenth century, great as it undoubtedly was, had discerned the beauties of the exterior world but through the veil of pagan antiquity. On the other hand, religious scruples had deterred men from fixing an observant eye upon the magic of the universe. It required a renewal, a revivification of ideas, to enable man to aspire towards the contemplation of the magnificence of nature. This change was brought about by philosophy, and in her train came the observation of facts, and the power of reasoning. The barrier which had so long arrested human intellect upon the threshold of nature's temple was overthrown; two men appeared in the world about the same time, of whom one alone would have sufficed to illustrate the memorable epoch which gave them birth,—Buffon and Linnæus.

These two great naturalists possessed, it is true, nought in common, save their genius.

Providence, which had placed their birth in the same year, at an interval of four months only, was pleased to separate them, however, by a great number of contrasts. Linnæus was born in an obscure cottage in Sweden; Buffon, in a château of France. Compelled to enter the workshop of a shoemaker in order to gain a livelihood, Linnæus learned to think while hammering at his leather. Buffon, surrounded by all the seductions of wealth and luxury, scarcely exercised his will, save against the advances of fortune. The direction of their mental faculties was scarcely less opposite, for both, in after life, preserved in their scientific characters the traces of those first influences by which their early years had been affected. Linnæus showed himself, above all, the artizan; Buffon, the artist of Nature.

George Louis le Clerc de Buffon was born on the 7th of September, 1707, at Montbar, in Burgundy. His father, Benjamin le Clerc, was counsellor to the parliament of his native province; he gave his children a solid education, leaving them free to decide for themselves upon the choice of a profession. On leaving the college of Dijon, where he had gained several honors, accident threw the youthful Buffon into the society of an

Englishman of nearly his own age,—the young Duke of Kingston,—whose tutor, a man of great learning, inspired him with a taste for science. In their company he travelled through the greater portion of France and Italy, and afterwards passed a few months in England.

Buffon's literary career began with a series of translations. On his return to his native country, he translated into French two English works, the "Vegetable Statics" of Dr. Hales, and Newton's Treatise on Fluxions." These translations, and the prefaces which he adjoined thereto, were the first essays which, as it were, revealed him to himself; for from this time forth he quitted not the path of research into which his genius had led him. He wrote successively several papers upon geometry, physics, and rural economy, which opened for him the doors of the *Academie des Sciences*, into which body he was elected at the age of six-and-twenty: still, it is true, a mere youth as regards length of days, but young as he was, and in the infancy only of his genius, men whose hair had grown gray in study already regarded him as their brother. In the year 1739 he was appointed intendant of the Jardin des Plantes, then termed the Jardin du Roi, and from that hour commenced this great life, and this new glory of the union of eloquence with science, of which, until then, France had been utterly ignorant.

Descartes, it is true, had written with genius, but with a genius which was rather that of the philosophic style than that of eloquence. Fontenelle had brought to bear upon the sciences all the resources of a language at once the most ingenious, the most polished, and the most brilliant, that an age of wit and intellectual acquirements had ever spoken. Buffon brought eloquence. Prior to the eighteenth century the field of science in France had been arid and confused. Pliny had written what might be termed the Romance of Nature, and the philosophers, or rather the bookworms of the middle ages, had followed the traces of antiquity with servile devotion. While rendering ample justice to his predecessors, and above all, bestowing a full meed of praise on the labors of the ancients—Aristotle and Pliny—where praise was due, Buffon opened a new path—that of observation and experiment. Convinced that the works of the human mind resist the attacks of time only through the style in which they are given to posterity, he applied the talent of the accomplished writer to the treatment of the natural

sciences. The principal characteristic of this language is its magnificence. Buffon's style fails, perhaps, in flexibility and variety; simplicity is frequently wanting where it could be used with touching effect: but still he is great in great things, and when he rises with his subject we feel that he has got wings. It is a remark which has been made in our own day, and which would have flattered Buffon, that the term colorist was unknown in the language of Bossuet and Racine. Buffon is, above all, a great painter; he has been termed the painter of nature, and, without flattery be it said, that he well merits the beautiful title which he himself conferred on Plato: namely, that of the *painter of ideas*.

The almost accidental circumstances which led to the appointment of Buffon as Intendant of the Jardin du Roi, are deserving of mention, as affording another illustration of the truth of the old axiom, that great events frequently spring from trifling causes; for we have every reason to suppose, that had it not been for this fortuitous circumstance, Buffon would never have turned his attention to the study of zoology.

The superintendence of the Jardin des Plantes had always been attached to the post of first physician to the king, and as what depends upon one man, depends also upon his tastes and habits, and has, consequently, a very variable destiny, it so happened that a certain first-physician, indifferent to the science of botany, had neglected this garden, which had consequently fallen into such a state of decay as to attract the notice of government. An inquiry into the management of the Jardin du Roi having been instituted, it was finally determined that the superintendence of the chief physician should be abolished; and the direction of the garden being deemed worthy of special and continuous attention, the post, under the title of Intendancy, was conferred on Dufay, a man of learning and science. Dufay, after holding the post for some years, having been taken seriously ill, was visited by Hellot the chemist, member of the Academie des Sciences, who, finding that his friend was past recovery, said to him, "Buffon is the only man enabled by his strength of character to continue the work of regeneration begun by you; quench then in your bosom all petty feelings of rivalry, and name Buffon as your successor. The application to the minister is contained in the letter I now hold in my hand: sign it." Dufay signed the application, which was favorably received by

the minister, M. de Maurepas; and on the death of Dufay, Buffon received the appointment.

In everything which Buffon has written we find an order, a coherency, a visible generation of ideas, and in all these ideas we can readily discover and separate those which are his own from those which he has borrowed from others, and especially from the three men whose works he had the most deeply studied—Aristotle, Descartes, and Leibnitz. We follow him step by step through those profound combinations from out the depth of which he brought to light so many new views; for all he advances he gives a *reason*; and he himself has left us in his works the safest as well as the most learned history of his meditations and his thoughts.

The history of animals, or as we say to-day, Zoology, is composed of the history of each species taken separately, and of the methodical distribution of all the species compared together. Now, of these two things Buffon has marvellously comprehended the first: the history, properly so called; but he has never thoroughly understood the second, or the methodical distribution. Buffon has never clearly discerned what is termed *method* in natural history. Sometimes he confounds it with the description or the history. "The true method," he says, "is the complete description, and the exact history of each thing in particular."

As he advanced with his great work, however, he conformed himself more and more to the ideas, and by the ideas to the language of the naturalists; he felt more and more the necessity of ranging objects according to their affinities, and, as Cuvier has well remarked, "On reaching his history of birds, he tacitly submitted himself to the necessity under which we all are, of classifying our ideas in order to our obtaining a clear representation of the whole."

We may add, that he did not wait until then. When, after having described one after another, and without any methodical aim, the horse, the ass, the ox, the sheep, the goat, the pig, the dog, the cat, all the domestic animals, in short, he proceeds to the wild animals; more than once, and evidently designedly so, he places together kindred species; for instance, he places the deer near the roebuck, the polecat near the martin, &c., &c. On coming to the monkeys he places them all together, and even distributes them by distinct groups according to very good characters.

But it is above all in his History of Birds that, as Cuvier remarks, his march becomes really methodical,—"In place," says Buffon himself, "of treating birds one by one, that is to say, by distinct and separate species, I will unite them, several together under one genus." And this he does; for to each principal species, or that which he takes as a type, he adjoins all the species, whether of our own or foreign climates, which agree with it; by these means he forms regular groups, families, and genera; and he almost always respects the great and true characteristics.

When we speak, then, of the ideas of Buffon regarding method, we must take into consideration the epoch in which he held them, and, if we may so express ourselves, their date. No man, perhaps, more constantly modified his thoughts than Buffon, because no man more constantly elaborated them. We have just had an example of this: Buffon commenced by ridiculing method, and he ended by striking out and pursuing a very good one of his own.

Yet for all this, Buffon never comprehended what, considering it from the philosophical side, that is to say, the true side of the problem, really constitutes method.

Method is the expression of the relation of things. Method subordinates particular relations to the general relations, and the general relations to those still more general, which are laws.

This is an order of ideas which Buffon had no suspicion of. Up to his time, method seemed intended to lead to the *names* rather than to the *relations* of things. After his time, the true object appeared; but to attain this end, all that long labor of comparative anatomy was required which Buffon did not see, and on which, had he even been enabled to see it, he would not perhaps have bestowed all the labor requisite, for he possessed the patience of genius, and not that of the senses.

When Buffon commenced his great work, he was no more an anatomist than he was a zoologist; he became a zoologist later, as we have seen, but never an anatomist, strictly speaking; and yet, on the one hand, he did much for anatomy, and on the other, he owed much to it.

Buffon is the first who ever joined the *anatomical*, that is to say, the *interior*, description to the exterior description of the species. He it was who called and inspired his friend and fellow-laborer Daubenton, and by his hands laid the first



foundations of *comparative anatomy*, and perhaps he understood better than Daubenton himself all the bearing of the science.

Buffon was acquainted with two hundred species of quadrupeds, and from seven to eight hundred species of birds, and of each of these species he has given a complete history; thus laying down for zoology a foundation which will be eternal, at the same time as, by the anatomical descriptions of Daubenton, he collected materials truly precious for comparative anatomy.

But it must indeed be said, that what has made for Buffon so celebrated a name in science, is the genius with which he wrote his works. It is by this style, which, to use his own words, is "the man himself," that Buffon attained to the high position he occupied; and, what has not been generally remarked, this same style—we speak not here of the scientific, the technical language, we speak not of the nomenclature, we say *style*, properly so called—had a great influence also in the brilliant success of Linnæus.

Linnæus speaks a dead language; he frequently alters even the forms of this language, but his lively and original genius finds in the strange tongue he employs, resources wherewith to animate and depict all things,—for he also was a great painter in his own way.

All between Buffon and Linnæus differed. Buffon possessed the power of meditation, Linnæus that of enthusiasm. Buffon, like most of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, was content, in a great measure, to halt in nature; the soul of Linnæus rises everywhere from nature up to nature's God; we feel everywhere in Buffon the reasoning power of the mind, more than once we experience in Linnæus the emotions of the heart.

His description of the swallow has something, as it were, inspired and hymn-like about it: "*Venit venit hirundo pulchra adducens tempora et pulchros annos!*" He paints thus the sad amours of the cat:—"*Clamando rixandoque misere amat.*" His description of the horse is very beautiful:—"*Animal generosum, superbum, fortissimum, cursu furens,*" &c. And what a thought is this:—"*O quam contenta res est homo, nisi supra humana se erexerit.*"

The ideas of Buffon touching the distribution of animals on the globe, are those of genius: they are, as Cuvier well said, *true discoveries*. Let us add, that never have discoveries of a more elevated order been struck out, prepared, and brought to perfection, by more learned combinations.

To have an idea of the profound obscurity under which this portion of the science was hidden at the period when Buffon undertook to shed light upon it, it must be recollected that when the Europeans made the discovery of the New World, all was in fact really new there; quadrupeds, birds, fishes, insects, plants, all appeared unknown—all were so, indeed. A truly wondrous spectacle for Natural History, which, two centuries and a half later, the exploration of the coasts of New Holland was again to renew.

All that the continent of South America presented was then different from what had hitherto been seen. On the one hand, all was new; on the other, all, or at least the principal portion, had to be named, and consequently, what is ever done in similar cases, the names of well-known animals were bestowed on unknown ones. For instance, the puma was called a lion, the jaguar a tiger, the alpaca a sheep, and so on with the rest. The Romans had done the same thing: when they beheld the elephant for the first time, they called it the Lucanian ox; they termed the rhinoceros the Egyptian ox; they gave to the girafe the name of two well known animals, the camel and the leopard—*camelopardalis*, &c., &c.

But to return to Buffon. At the time when he conceived his great idea of the animals proper to each of the two continents, all were confounded together. To use his own expression, "names had confounded things:" and this was not all; the things themselves were already mingled confusedly together, for since the discovery of the South American continent, the Europeans had not ceased to transport thither the animals of the ancient world.

It was absolutely necessary, then, that an end should be put to this great disorder, and this Buffon did. Nothing is more admirable, nothing connected with experimental method more learned, than his *comparative enumeration* of all the quadrupedal animals known during his time.

The result of this beautiful comparative enumeration gave him a clear view of all the quadrupedal animals, which he divided into three classes,—namely: those which are proper to the ancient continent, those which are proper to the new, and those common to both. As the largest animals are also the best known, it was by them that Buffon commenced his examination. The elephant, rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the camel, the dromedary, the girafe, belong to the ancient world, and are not found in the new.

Buffon did not distinguish the Indian elephant from that of Africa; we have done so since his time: he knew but two rhinoceroses, that of Africa, and that of the East Indies; to these two we have added two others, that of Java and that of Sumatra; and as we see, Buffon's propositions still remain correct,—none of these large quadrupeds are found in the new world. No species of the cat kind is found the same in either continent. We have the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the panther, &c.; South America, the puma, the jaguar, the jaguarondi, the ocelot, &c. None of our domestic animals were on the American continent. No one is ignorant of the surprise mingled with terror which the first sight of our horses caused the South Americans; the ass was equally unknown to them; the ox, the sheep, the goat, the wild boar, the pig, the dog, the cat, &c., have all been transported from Europe to America, but were not found there.

But we should far exceed our limits were we to follow, link by link, the chain of reasoning and argument which led Buffon to these discoveries; for this, we must refer the student interested in such inquiries to the work itself, wherein the author has so beautifully shown how each animal, each species, has its natural fatherland, if we may so term it, and in what manner certain laws, for a length of time unknown, have presided at the distribution of the animals upon the globe. Let it suffice to say, that from thence sprang a new science, which allied zoology, or, to speak more generally, natural history, to geography; a new light has illumined the relations which exist between created things, and all these grand results are due to the invincible patience and the unaided efforts of a happy genius, which was enabled to combine facts in order to draw therefrom ideas.

We will now proceed to a brief examination of some of Buffon's ideas respecting the independence of the human species and the unity of man.

Prior to Buffon's time the natural history of man did not exist: man had been studied as an individual, but never as a species. Since Buffon's time the study of the varieties of the human races has, as we all know, been elevated to the dignity of a distinct science. Such is the power of genius. One view of Buffon's gives us the law of the distribution of animals over the globe; another presents us with the science of the human races, and the true principle upon which the science is founded—the unity of man.

We must not altogether set aside as abso-

lutely worthless the little which the ancients have said respecting the physical differences of men. Aristotle, who corrects some errors into which Herodotus has fallen, adopts on his own part a host of others. He believes, for example, in the existence of a race of Androgynes, and he even goes so far as to distinguish in these Androgynes the right breast, which is that of a man, from the left breast, which is that of a woman.

Pliny speaks of a people who have but one eye, of people whose feet are turned the hinder part before, and, on the faith of Ctesias, of people who, for want of the mouth, support life by means of the sense of smell and by respiration, and even of people without heads, and whose eyes are fixed on the shoulders! Though we may laugh at the ridiculous suppositions of the ancients, modern writers—we allude more particularly to the French—had, until within a comparatively recent date, scarcely brought a greater amount of sense to bear on the subject; for instance, the French naturalist, Rondelets, gravely describes in his "History of Fishes" (Paris, 1558, page 362), a species of animal entitled a *bishop*, or *sea monk*, half fish and half man, "which has," says he, "the face of a man, but rude and graceless." Malpertuis wrote dissertations upon the Patagonians, and, unfortunately for himself, he wrote them during the century in which Voltaire wielded the rod of satire. Buffon was the first who introduced criticism into natural history. Criticism is a part of the philosophic spirit, and Buffon possessed in an eminent degree the true philosophic spirit—that which builds up, and not that which overthrows. His "Natural History of Man" appeared in 1749, after his "Theory of the Earth." After having admired in his "Theory of the Earth" the grandeur of the subject and the magnificence of the views, the public could not fail to admire in his succeeding work a justness and clearness of observation—an analysis at once delicate and profound—a metaphysical argument of a superior order, which recalled to mind the great philosophy of Descartes, and which had the merit of recalling it at a period when the ideas of Locke, propagated in France by Condillac, had begun to thrust this philosophy into the background.

The newest portion of this natural history of man is the chapter which treats upon the varieties of the human species. Here Buffon joins to vast erudition a degree of sagacity truly wonderful. "Criticism," says a modern French writer, "is the art of examining proofs:" never has this art been carried



further. Buffon collects all that has been said or written by travellers, naturalists, geographers; he compares all these different authors with each other, judging, correcting, and carefully sifting in their recitals the true from the false. What they have seen with their bodily eyes, he discerns with the eyes of the mind, and through that medium alone discerns better and clearer than they. Each had seen besides but a few scattered traits; Buffon sees all; he brings together what they have separated, separates what they have confounded; and from out those thousand little obscure facts, which are as it were lost amidst the verbiage of their works, he extracts an entirely new science, which is in itself truly immense.

Much has been written since Buffon's time upon the races of man; we put aside at once the works of Camper, Blumenbach, and Cuvier; but, in the first place, these famous works did not make their appearance until after that of Buffon's, and, in the second place, when we consider the clear, profound, and wonderfully just views perceptible in Buffon's work, we are constrained to admit that it must ever remain unrivalled.

Blumenbach, speaking of Buffon, limits himself to saying that—"Buffon recognized in the human species six varieties, named as follows: the Polar or Laplander, the Tartar, which I have named Mongol, after his common name, the Australasiatic, the European, the Black, and the American." These few words are inexact. Buffon did not count six principal races; he numbered but four; the Polar or Lapland, and Australasiatic are but secondary varieties of the sub-races.

Cuvier says: "Buffon was unable to attain to the precise determination of the human races, as Blumenbach and other writers have done since;" and this is in some measure the truth. The determination of the human races is not so precise in Buffon as in Blumenbach, because Buffon had not, like Blumenbach, the assistance of anatomy. Blumenbach discerns better the opposite features, the precise characteristics; Buffon the graduated modifications, the consistent shades, which ally races together; he discerns better the *unity of man*.

Four principal races—simple varieties of single species,—share the world: the white, the black, the yellow, and the red; or, in other terms, the European, the Ethiopian, the Mongolian, and the American. Thus we have four principal races in the human species, as there are four principal quarters of the globe.

The Tartar race occupies an immense space in this division, extending from Russia to the East Indies. Properly speaking, it is the race of Asia. The Tartars, or rather the Mongols, Calmucks, Chinese, Japanese, the people of Siam, Tonkin, Thibet, &c., &c., form this race. All these people have the upper part of the face broad, the nose short and thick, the eyes small and sunken, the cheek bones prominent, the features flat, the complexion olive, the hair straight and black. We find traces also of the Tartar race in Europe among the Laplanders, Esquimaux, North Americans, &c. "The Laplanders, the Samoids, the Borondians, the Zemblians, and perhaps the Greenlanders and the pigmies of the north of America are," says Buffon, "Tartars degenerated as much as it is possible for them to be."

Buffon is no less happy, that is to say, not less profoundly learned, when he lays down the limits of the Caucasian, or white race. This vast race—the race of Europe—extends its branches to the east.

"We find," says Buffon, "that the inhabitants of Mogul and of Persia, the Armenians, the Turks, the Georgians, the Mingrelians, the Circassians, the Greeks, and the entire population of Europe, are the handsomest, the whitest, and the best made men on the whole earth; and although it be very far from Cachmere to Spain, or from Circassia to France, there is, for all that, a singular resemblance between these separate people, though so far removed asunder."

Buffon, again, was the first who taught us to observe all those numerous varieties of which the black is composed. "There are," he says, "as many varieties in the Ethiopian race as in that of the Caucasian; the blacks have, like the whites, their Tartars and their Circassians." "In examining closely," he says again, "the different peoples of which each of the black races is composed, we will perceive in them as many varieties as we do in the white races; and we will find therein all the gradations of tint from brown to black, as we do in the white races all the shades from brown to white."

With regard to the red, or North American race, Buffon makes a remark, the truth of which has since been confirmed; namely, that in this race the differences of the sub-races are not by a great deal so strongly marked as in the black race: "In proportion," he says, "as we find variety in the population of Africa, so do we find uniformity of color and form in the native population of America." He says again: "There is not, so to speak, throughout the whole of the new

continent, but one and the same race of men, who are all of them more or less tawny; and, with the exception of the extreme north of America, where are found men similar to the Laplanders, all the rest of this vast portion of the world contains but men among whom there is scarcely any diversity."

Blumenbach has made a separate race of that Malay population which is spread throughout the coasts of the Indian Archipelago. This race, or, to use the language of zoology, this group, had already been indicated by Buffon: "All these peoples," he says, alluding to the Siamese, Peguans, &c., "differ but little from the Chinese, and derive also from the Tartars the small eyes, the flat features, and the olive complexion; but as we proceed towards the south, the features begin to change, or at least differ, in a more sensible manner. The inhabitants of the peninsula of Malacca, and of the island of Sumatra, are black." He adds: "The Malays, and the population of Sumatra, and the small adjoining isles, differ from the Chinese, both in their features and the form of the body." After having separated the Malays from the Japanese and the Chinese, he separates the Papuans from the Malays:—"The Papuans, and the other inhabitants of the territories adjoining New Guinea, are," he says, "true blacks, and resemble those of Africa, although so far removed from them."

It would lead us too far were we to follow Buffon through the arguments from whence he deduces his various facts relative to the unity of species, the color of races—which, by the way, he refers to three causes: the first, and principal, of which is climate; the second and third, viz. the nourishment, and the habits and customs, being in a great measure dependent upon it—and the varieties of the human race; such, we repeat, would lead us too far, and to those interested in the study of Ethnography we would recommend an attentive perusal of this portion of Buffon's gigantic work. But whatever errors the gifted writer may have fallen into—errors in a great measure, if not wholly, due to the low state of the science at the period he wrote—it must be admitted by all that Buffon was not deceived in his two great views, namely, that the grand modifying cause in man is heat, and that the great law which reigns absolutely amid this almost infinite multitude of races and sub-races, is the Unity of man.

The great scientific life of Buffon may be said to have commenced with his "Theory of the Earth," and ended with his "Epochs of

Nature." Destiny has thus placed the two finest productions of Buffon's pen at the two opposite extremities of his career. All in these two works is of extraordinary grandeur. The "Theory of the Earth," which appeared in 1749, astonished the world. The "Epochs of Nature" did not appear until nearly thirty years later, in 1778; and of all the productions of French literature during the eighteenth century, it was, perhaps, that one which in the highest degree exalted the imaginations of men.

At the time when the "Theory of the Earth" appeared, the history of the globe, the science of the earth, was a chaos, in which all things, facts and hypotheses, observations and conjectures, theory, properly so called, and system, were jumbled together in one inextricable mass of confusion.

Buffon undertook the task of unravelling this tangled web. With that authority which genius gives, and which genius alone can give, he began by placing on one side facts, observations, and theories; and on the other, hypotheses, conjectures, and systems. To use his own words, they had mixed up fables with physics—he separated them. And, although he doubtless permitted himself many fables, yet he never gave them but for what they really were,—namely, fables.

In his "Theory," Buffon discerned but one epoch, but one earth,—but the earth the work of the waters; in his "System," he beheld another epoch, another earth,—the earth the work of fire. In his "Epochs of Nature," Buffon sees not only these two great and principal epochs, but also all the intermediary and subsequent epochs. Here all is cleared up, unravelled, brought to light: each fact, each event, assumes its proper place; all is allied, and Buffon, as he says himself, "forms a chain which, from the summit of the ladder of time, descends to the present day."

In reading these "Epochs of Nature," we must not fail to bear in mind, more so, perhaps, than ever, the period in which the book was written. What we see to-day by facts, Buffon discerned through the power of genius. He saw that the history of the globe has its eras, its changes, its revolutions, its *epochs*, as has the history of man. He was the first historian of the earth, and it is to Buffon that we owe this great art, the most powerful of modern intellect,—the art of regenerating lost things from their remains, and raising up the past from out the traces which the past has left us of itself.

Whoever, then, attentively studies the works of this great naturalist,—great, despite his many errors; great, even in his very errors,—proceeding by regular gradation from his ideas upon animal economy, upon the formation of beings, upon geographical zoology, upon the natural history of man, to those upon the theory of the earth and the epochs of nature, must, however they may differ from him in certain of his hypotheses, admire this powerful genius, whose views ever predominate. In the “Epochs of Nature” in particular, this last and most perfect of his works, Buffon attains to all that is great in the periods, the facts, the forces of nature; nevertheless, in this work of Buffon’s there is something which strikes us more forcibly, as being vaster than all these vast things, and this is—the genius of the man.

Buffon had two great and ruling passions,—the passion of literary labor, and that of glory; and fortunately for himself, the passion of labor was the first and greatest. “I pass,” he says, in one of his letters, “from twelve to fourteen hours daily in study; it is my whole and sole enjoyment. In good truth, I occupy myself much more with that than I do with glory; glory comes afterwards if it can, and it almost always does come.

Appointed intendant of the Jardin du Roi, he divided his whole time between the garden and his retreat at Montbar, whither he was accustomed to repair during the summer months, and which he above all loved because he could there work at liberty. To Buffon, indeed, it may be said that the Jardin des Plantes owes the celebrity it acquired, as almost the whole of his large fortune was absorbed by the expenses he incurred in the improvement of the place; to such an extent did these expenses increase, that he was frequently obliged to borrow. Daubenton, his friend and fellow-laborer in the fields of science, used to say, that had it not been for Buffon, he would not have passed in this garden the fifty years of happiness he did. These two philosophers were both of them truly lovers of nature, though Buffon looked at her with the eye of the accomplished writer and poet, and Daubenton as a classifier and anatomist. Lacépède has preserved a remark of Buffon’s upon Daubenton, which is as graceful as it is just: “Daubenton,” he said, “never displays either more or less talent than the subject on which he may be occupied requires.”

During the whole of his long life, Buffon,

as we have previously shown, testified but a very mediocre esteem for classifications; they were, in his opinion, fatiguing and sterile labors, in which the memory and the spirit of order and regularity were called into exercise, to the exclusion of more sovereign qualities. It has been supposed that the rivalry which existed between him and Linnæus, was the cause of this systematic opposition to what we now term “method” in zoology. But, in our opinion, it ought rather to be ascribed to the natural bent of his mind. Buffon in all things proceeded by masses. His bold and comprehensive glance embraced general plans; he required a vast space that he might fill it with his thoughts. To draw up a formal inventory of the riches of the globe, and to ticket and arrange them in their prescribed order, was a species of secondary employment, which he left to the nomenclators. Those naturalists who devoted their time and talents to this species of labor were, according to his opinion, *library clerks*. Cuvier has, beyond a doubt, brought to a high degree of perfection the methods which existed prior to his time; but to the honor of Buffon be it said, that most naturalists still recognize as the present day the insufficiency of these estimable labors. It must be allowed, after all, that every classification is always more or less artificial; that is to say, that the order in which we distribute organized beings never expresses, save in a very imperfect manner, their natural relations with the different branches of the animal series.

Buffon was not a man of details; not only did he employ others—chiefly the Abbé Bexon—in the preparation of his History of Birds, but he also complained in his letters of his sad fate in being obliged to *work upon feathers*. Elsewhere he complains of those *sad marsh birds, of which there is nothing to be said*. Assuredly had he lived in our days, and read the works of some of our modern ornithologists, who have written many an eloquent page on these same *sad marsh birds*, as he called them, he would have altered his opinion. What Buffon required was, a vast horizon of ideas; he was never so completely at his ease as upon the territory of the general laws of nature. There his genius divined. Some have maintained, that the true title of Buffon is that of having founded the historical and descriptive portion of the science; praise or blame, this is not, in our opinion, altogether correct: Buffon is incontestably a great historian of animals, above all in his style; but this rare

merit is nevertheless but a secondary one with him; his first and true title is that of having been the philosopher of natural history. Whether he discovers the great law of the geographical distribution of beings on the earth, or lays down the question of the variability of species, or whether, again, he seeks to penetrate the mystery of the birth of the terrestrial globe, he rises everywhere to the highest point to which human speculation can ascend. His history is the only one in France which, after that of Bossuet, merits—and more justly, too, than the latter—the title of Universal. The past, the present, the future of our planet,—his gaze embraces all; aided by the light of genius, he even ventures to descend into the depths of time, in which gloomy mine every other torch, save that of revelation, had hitherto been threatened with extinction.

A modern author has said; “Buffon describes, Cuvier demonstrates.” This assertion is scarcely just. If Cuvier continues any one, it is rather Linnæus than Buffon. The school of Cuvier has much more precision, less boldness, less of general views, than that of his predecessor; the one is rather the sculptor, the other the architect of nature. Buffon hews and builds on a grand scale; less heedful of the order and perfection of the details than of the majesty and harmony of the whole, he looks unceasingly to the effects of the perspective. The true disciple of Buffon is not to be sought in France; this disciple is a child of Germany; it is Goethe, who, to his well known poetic genius, added the genius of the naturalist. “I was born,” he wrote of himself, “in 1749, in that beautiful year during which were published the three first volumes of Buffon’s works; I attach great importance to this coincidence.”

Buffon’s most imposing work is beyond question his “Epochs of Nature,” of which we have already made mention. It was also, as is generally the case, the one of all others the most depreciated at its birth. According to Laharpe, the author had written the romance of physics; but Laharpe was no authority on these matters. The nineteenth century has reversed the opinion of the eighteenth on this work of Buffon’s, and has judged it, so to speak, from the heights of the progress of science. This new and more elevated point of view has been favorable for Buffon. The admirable labors of Cuvier, in restoring to light the extinct populations of the globe, have much more clearly determined the different ages of the world; but

still they have not made us forget the bold discoveries of the prince of French naturalists; for what strength of intuition did that man require who, in the absence even of facts, was enabled to divine what the study of half a century has not even yet revealed to our modern geologists!

Buffon was the first to penetrate the shadows of the antique ages; it was from the midst of this chaos, until then misunderstood—from out this darkness, which then enveloped the history of our world, that a new light suddenly flashed forth. From the present state of the world which we inhabit he deduced the past state; his eye interrogates the traces impressed on the surface of the earth or deposited within its bowels, and from out this vast theatre of events the intellect of Buffon ascends to a spectacle of ideas. Leaning upon the subterranean monuments of our globe, Buffon opens at every instant, and as if by electric flashes, to our dazzled gaze a multitude of distant horizons which the science of our era is far from having surveyed. Beyond a doubt this work of Buffon’s contains many errors in facts; but they belong to those details which are corrected by time, and which in no wise injure the completeness of the edifice. The naturalist wrote this great literary testament at a very advanced age, and yet in no one instance throughout the work do we discover traces either of feebleness or of failing powers.

Buffon occupies a distinct and prominent position in the eighteenth century. A philosopher *par excellence* under this reign of philosophy, he has magnificently exhibited the harmony existing between the Creator and his works. Less witty than Voltaire, less daring than J. J. Rousseau, he equals Montesquieu in the art of thinking as well as of writing. According to Grimm, “Montesquieu possessed the style of genius, and Buffon the genius of style.” This distinction is somewhat captious: we prefer discerning between these two great men affinities, or, if the reader prefers it, contrasts of a more simple nature; the one has admirably seized the spirit of the laws of society, and the other that of the laws of nature. Their severe, and in some respects magisterial style, possesses also that solemnity so well suited to the great order of facts. If Buffon has, as some writer of the time said, sacrificed more frequently to the graces than Montesquieu, it is always in his court attire. “M. de Buffon,” said Madame Necker, “sometimes renounces the wit of his century but never its pomps.” Buffon, for all his style of splendor, held, in



fact, many new and independent views—some favorable, others contrary, to the philosophy of his day. Take for instance this comet, which, according to Buffon's theory, strikes off fragments from the sun,\* those vitrified and incandescent planets which become cooled by degrees, some more quickly than others, in proportion as their temperature grows milder, those ever increasing ices of the poles, those vast seas which extend from east to west, those isles, the floating fragments of submerged continents, those lofty chains of mountains, the long ridges of the globe's surface—all these hypotheses were, at the period of their promulgation, severely criticised by mathematical minds, as were eminently those of d'Alembert and Condorcet. But these hypotheses, which would have been applauded in Descartes's time, came a century too late. Since Newton's time, physics, from being hypothetical, become experimental. A new spirit had succeeded to the old spirit. Newton, as d'Alembert has so well expressed it, "had demonstrated that which his predecessors had but a glimpse of—namely, the art of introducing geometry into physics, and, by uniting experiment with calculation, of forming a new science, at once exact, luminous, and profound." All was consequently changed, and the experimental method was from henceforth the only method. This great eighteenth century, then, which has been represented as the golden age of hypotheses, was, on the contrary, the age *par excellence* of geometry; it measured common sense, poetry even, by the scale of calcula-

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\* Buffon's theory respecting the formation of the planets is a very strange one; he imagined that all the planets had originally formed a portion of the sun, and that the present planets are small fragments which have been struck from off the sun by the shock of a comet. But in order that the shock of a comet should only detach some fragments, it was necessary that the blow should not be direct, but oblique; and consequently, according to Buffon, it has been so, for it would not cost him more to imagine it oblique than direct. "The fall of comets upon the sun," says Buffon, "may take place in different manners; if they fall direct, or even in a direction not very oblique, they will remain in the sun; . . . but if the fall of the comet takes place in a very oblique direction, which occurs more frequently than the other, then the comet will merely shave or skim the surface of the sun, knocking off some portion of the luminous matter, to which it will communicate a common motion of impulsion, and these fragments will then become planets, and will gravitate round the luminary in the same sense and the same plane."

tions. In these respects Buffon was rather of the present time than of his own, for he possessed the imagination of science. When the chain of events fails him, we find him creating it anew; where Nature no longer speaks, he interprets her silence. A poet after his own fashion, he is nowhere so completely at his ease as in the realms of the marvellous, whether in ideas or facts. Hume expresses, somewhere, his astonishment on reading the cosmography of Buffon; and this expression of surprise was that of all enlightened men. But, as we have previously remarked, he who sees but the hypotheses and systems of Buffon sees not Buffon; it must be borne in mind that there were in Buffon two spirits, two philosophies, two epochs. There were the spirit of experiment and that of hypothesis, experimental philosophy and systematic philosophy, the epoch of Descartes and that of Newton; and while deploring the abuse which he made of systems, we must admire the vast *ensemble* of sure and experimental laws with which he has enriched the minds of men.

As we have already shown, all Buffon's ideas cannot be considered as authorities in science; but those upon the degeneration of animals, and upon the limits which climates, mountains, and seas assign to each species, may indeed be considered as true discoveries. We might quote many other observations of Buffon upon the mechanism of the universe, which have not grown old; but his principal title to renown is that of having founded a system of natural philosophy.

For genius to foresee is to see. Thus, Buffon has constructed in advance, without ever having all the materials before him, the plan of the history of the terrestrial globe. Since his day, the naturalists have collected a multitude of facts previously unknown; they have gathered together and deciphered those medals of another and anterior age, to reveal to us, children of the earth, the chronology of the soil we tread. But amid all these prodigies, we must not forget the hand which, the first, illumined the torch that was to cast light upon the buried ruins of the ancient world. We ought not, for a few inevitable errors, contest with Buffon the privilege of having assigned to the philosophy of the history of animals its true rank among the exact and speculative sciences. Naturalists affect to extol Buffon as a writer, while the writers love to vaunt him as a naturalist. This system of criminal tactics is not a happy one. The alliance of thought and form is nowhere so close as in the historian to whom

we owe a knowledge of the works and designs of God in the visible world.

We have already, more than once in the course of this article, alluded to Buffon's "style;" and though a complete study of this style would lead us far beyond the limits we have proposed to ourselves, we are unwilling to conclude without offering a few observations upon the subject, for Buffon, who is so great in his thoughts, is even greater through the language with which he has clothed them.

There are, in the style of a great writer, genius and art. The art can be imitated more or less happily—the genius never. We are told, that when Gueneau de Montbeillard—one of Buffon's *collaborateurs*—published his early articles under the name of his chief, the public were at first deceived, simply because he had imitated the art of Buffon; but the mistake did not last long, and for this reason, because he had been unable to imitate his genius. The *art* of the style belongs less to the writer: the *genius* of the style is the man himself. The art is the exterior of the style, but an imitator will never have a style, because, to use Buffon's own words, "the style is the man." Madame Necker very justly remarked, that even Buffon, when he imitated himself, was no longer successful. "The eulogium of the Chevalier de Chastelux, composed by M. de Buffon, on the occasion of the former's election into the French Academy, is," she says, "the only bad work Buffon ever wrote, and it is bad because he imitated himself. He had but commonplace ideas on this subject, yet he wished to clothe them with his beautiful style." But there is one thing which the imitators of style will never succeed in imitating, and that is the genius of expression; and it is in this genius of expression in which Buffon excels. Voltaire reproached Buffon's style as being too solemn and pompous; every one knows his line,—

‘ Dans un style ampoule parlez nous de physique.’

He says, elsewhere, "This sentence, stolen from poetry, reads like one by Massillon, or Fenelon, who so frequently permit themselves to be poets in prose." One day some one in his presence quoted from the *Natural History*. "Not so natural," replied he. D'Alembert even went further than Voltaire in the severity of his criticism. "I would not give an obolus," said he, "for the style of M. de Buffon." Happily for D'Alembert, similar witticisms are not taken seriously.

Like all great writers, like all great thinkers, Buffon has given utterance to several maxims—some true, others less so; as for instance, when he says, "Genius is but a great aptitude for patience;" and this, in our opinion, is false, for no amount of patience will ever give the inner view of things, or the sentiment of affinities; all this is a gift of nature. Genius is inspiration. More to our taste is this less celebrated sentence, "Happiness proceeds from sweetness of disposition;" in our opinion, a truly charming sentiment. At seventy years of age, he said, "I am learning every day to write; and his last work, the *Epochs of Nature*, is, in point of fact, of all his admirable works, the most perfect.

Buffon's conversational was not by a great deal so brilliant as his written style; but though negligent, it became, when he wished it, singularly attractive. In fact, what new views, what unknown ideas, could Buffon bring into that brilliant portion of the world which is termed, *par excellence*, "the world," and where he was the only one who *knew* the things that he did know! "The conversation of M. de Buffon," says Madame Necker, "possesses a peculiar attraction. He has occupied himself all his lifetime with ideas completely foreign to the minds of other men, so that everything he says has the piquancy of novelty." In Buffon's eyes, the supreme genius was the genius of style.

"The vastness of our erudition, the singularity of the facts we may collect, the novelty even of our discoveries, are not," he says, "sure guarantees of immortality. Well written works are the only ones which will go down to posterity." "What are required," he says again, "to move and carry away with us the multitude, or to stagger, persuade, and convince men? A vehement and pathetic tone, gestures expressive and frequent, rapid and sonorous words. But for the select number of those whose heads are steady, whose senses are delicate, and tastes polished and refined, and who reckon the tone, the gestures, and the vain sounds of mere words as matters of but trifling import, we require objects, thoughts, reasons; we must be enabled to present them in an attractive form and with an attractive manner, to modify and dispose them variously; it suffices not to strike the ear and fill the eye, we must act upon the mind, and touch the heart, while addressing the understanding."

Thus, mere eloquence, the eloquence of words, is not style. We consider eloquent, now-a-days, only that which is so by style. The art of writing is at the present day what spoken eloquence was in ancient times; all

the forces of the human intellect are summed up in this great art, and, as it belonged to Buffon to proclaim, the power of modern times is style.

When once Buffon had commenced his great "history," he permitted no private work to distract his attention from his colossal task. During fifty years there was scarcely a single day lost for study, or a single study lost for the work.

Prior to these studies Buffon, as we have already said, had made himself known to the scientific world by a few "papers" read at the "Académie des Sciences," by a learned experiment—that on burning-glasses; and by two admirable prefaces prefixed to his translations of Hales and Newton; and it may with truth be affirmed that these first essays gave evidence of what was to come. In the two prefaces, for instance, we see the thinking man, as in the experiment on burning-glasses we readily discern the man to whom all will appear possible provided it be great.

Voltaire has enriched French literature with a collection of letters admirable for their facility, grace, and elegance of style. Of Buffon, as of Montesquieu, but a few familiar letters written in the most commonplace style have been preserved. Yet even these letters are curious. If the author is not there, the man is, and in company with his two most lively passions—the love of labor and the need of glory.

After literary labor, what Buffon loved the most was glory, and perhaps also praise: "You do not mention," writes he to his friend the Abbé Bexon, "if the preamble to the article on parrots has pleased you; yet it seems to me that, with regard to the metaphysics of the language, I have therein chattered tolerably well."

Nothing is better known than the *coisette* of his self-love; he felt an inward conviction of his own talent and genius, and expressed it openly, without the slightest exhibition of false modesty. Having been asked, one day, how many great men he reckoned in the world, he replied, "Five; Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and myself." This high idea which Buffon entertained of himself was, however, fully justified by the esteem of his contemporaries. "Voltaire," says Laharpe, "made, it is true, more noise than Buffon; he was more feared and more run after as being the voice of daily opinion, but Buffon was more highly respected, because this same opinion had never disturbed his glory, nor separated his person from his talents."

Of all the honors, however, with which the old age of Buffon was surrounded, that which the most highly flattered his legitimate pride, was the erection of a statue in his honor in that same "Jardin des Plantes" which he had adorned, not only with his gifts, but also with the light of his genius. On the base were inscribed the following words:

"Majestati nature par ingenium."

The joy which Buffon experienced at this exhibition of public homage amounted almost to intoxication. About the same time his son, the Chevalier de Buffon, who afterwards perished on the revolutionary scaffold, erected another and more modest statue in his father's gardens at Montbar. Near the tower, which was of lofty elevation, he placed a column with this inscription:

"Exceles turri humilis columna  
Parenti suo, filius Buffon, 1785."

The aged naturalist, according to a writer of the time, was affected to tears at this exhibition of filial affection; he said to his son, "My son, that will do you honor."

At the period when the first volumes of Buffon's great work appeared, Reaumur held the sceptre of natural history. Reaumur excelled in the gift of observation, as did Buffon in that of thought. These two celebrated men, each running the same course, soon began to consider each other as rivals. And the curious part of the matter is the nature of their mutual reproaches. Reaumur reproached Buffon for reasoning too much, and Buffon retaliates on Reaumur for observing too much. "One is always admired so much the more," says the former, "in proportion to the more one observes and the less one reasons."

Buffon was very susceptible to criticism, and, above all, dreaded satire. It is well known that when the critic and satirist Rivarol entered the world, Buffon received him with a thousand marks of favor. He offered him an apartment in his house at Paris, and gave him a general invitation to Montbar. This manner of lodging Nemesis does not, it is true, redound very much to Buffon's honor. A man of his incontestable genius might have shown himself superior to the stings of satire or criticism; but it must, however, be said, to his praise, that though frequently written against, he never replied.

Much has been written on Buffon. Besides the written and spoken opinions of Mont-



quieu, d'Alembert, and others, Condorcet and Vicq-d'Azyr have each composed an historical eulogium of the naturalist. These two "eloges," each differing greatly in character, are both of them very remarkable; but Condorcet was not a naturalist, and Vicq-d'Azyr was rather an anatomist and physiologist than a naturalist; consequently we find Condorcet attaching himself above all to the genius, to the man; and Vicq-d'Azyr, who discerns better the labors of the man, does not always perceive all their vastness and comprehensiveness.

But the true judge of Buffon is, without exception, Cuvier. The article on Buffon, from his pen, in the "Biographie Universelle," is a finished piece of literary workmanship. What we, above all, admire in this performance, is the calm tone, the clear views, and that quiet, sensible style, which possesses such a charm in the treatment of great subjects. We love, moreover, to see these two great men, as it were, side by side; the human intellect appears exalted by the comparison; and paraphrasing here the beautiful thought of a great writer, we may say that, "It is at the feet of Cuvier's statue that we should

wish to pronounce the eulogium of Buffon." In conclusion, like the philosophical mathematician, Pascal,—like the other creative geometrician, who, in the midst of his abstruse calculations, was yet enabled to write the preliminary discourse of the celebrated French "Encyclopædia," Buffon possessed the genius of science and that of style. Although entering very late—at nearly forty years of age—upon the study of natural history, the age at which his contemporary, Jean Jacques Rousseau, entered the field of letters, he yet had time to embrace the circle of the life and history of the universe. A philosopher at the same time, and in the same degree as he was a naturalist, a writer moreover of the first order, he united in his own person several merits, any one of which would alone have sufficed to hand down his name with honor to posterity.

Buffon died in Paris, on the 16th of April, 1788, at the age of eighty-one; of which long life more than fifty years were devoted to that series of vast and unremitting researches in the field of natural science, the noble monument of which we have just been considering.

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From Hogg's Instructor.

## PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

A VERY able man has figured in science of late years on the continent of Europe, namely, Professor Agassiz, of Switzerland. No name, since the time of Cuvier, has stood higher among the European *savans* than that of the individual mentioned; and his merits are of the class that command lasting popularity. He has been an originator of new ideas; and that on a subject second only to astronomy in depth and grandeur of interest—to wit, the physical history of our globe, or geology.

M. Agassiz was born in the town of Motier, in the Swiss canton of Friburg, on the 28th of May, 1807. His ancestors were of French origin, and were among those Protestants whom the revocation of the Edict of

Nantes obliged to leave France. The father of Agassiz was a Protestant minister, and it was expected that his son, following the example of his ancestors, would devote himself to the service of the Church. But natural history, which from an early age strongly arrested his attention, had, on the completion of his studies at school, gained so great an ascendancy, that he chose the profession of medicine, as offering the best opportunities for prosecuting his favorite pursuits. He commenced the study of his profession at the Academy of Zurich, whence he went to the University of Heidelberg, where he devoted himself especially to the study of anatomy, under the direction of the celebrated Professor Tiedemann. At the university he was

noted, not only for assiduity in study, but for the rare talent of managing with equal dexterity the rapier and the scalpel. From Heidelberg, he went to the University of Munich, where he remained four years. Before this, Agassiz had commenced lecturing to his fellow-students, and his already extensive knowledge of natural history soon attracted the notice of scientific men and his instructors. So great was his reputation, that he was employed by Martius to prepare the ichthyological department of the *Natural History of Brazil*, a work which gained him great credit. At this period, his parents, disliking his exclusive devotion to science, withheld his allowance; but his enthusiasm procured him advances from Cotta, a bookseller. Having, however, gained the degrees of Doctor of Medicine and Philosophy, he went to Vienna, where he applied himself to the study of existing and fossil fishes. A friend having lent him some money, he visited Paris, and here gained the friendship of Cuvier and Humboldt, with the former of whom he remained until Cuvier's death, in 1832.

Having returned to Switzerland, he was appointed professor of natural history in the University of Neufchatel—a place which he filled until his departure for the United States. In 1833, he commenced the publication of his great work, "*Poissons Fossiles*," in five volumes, with an atlas of about four hundred folio plates, and comprising descriptions and figures of nearly a thousand species of fossil fishes. This work gained for him the respect of the scientific world, and, at the age of thirty-four, Agassiz was a member of every scientific academy of Europe. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the Universities of Edinburgh and Dublin, and he was also admitted to the freedom of those cities. The Order of Knight of the Red Eagle of Prussia was conferred upon him by the King of Prussia. Since 1833, his publications have been very numerous. Among them are works on the Echinoderms, and on the Fossil Molluscs of the Jura—a German translation of "*Buckland's Geology*," with copious notes, and his "*Fresh-water Fishes of Europe*." The "*Nomenclator Zoologicus*," published some years since, and the "*Bibliographie Générale d'Histoire Naturelle*," lately published by the Royal Society, are the product of several years' observation.

But it was in 1837 that Agassiz attained to his highest honors. He then promulgated to the world his "*Glacial Theory*," as it is usually called, the result of many years of

observation. This theory formed a singular advance upon previous geological discoveries. It is needless to recall the recollection of the intelligent reader to the fact, that Werner and Hutton were, but a few years ago, the grand oracles on this subject, the first referring to water nearly all the changes undergone by the face of the globe, and the second holding the prime agent to have been fire. So eminent did their respective names become in connection with these two theories, that the one was familiarly called the Wernerian system, and the other the Huttonian, by geologists. Strong parties of advocates and supporters arose on both sides. However, the majority of scientific people could coincide wholly with neither party. The action of both water and fire on the surface of the earth seemed too plain to be disputed, and to regard either as the sole agent could not be generally admitted; so that, in the course of time, the principal questions came to be, "Which of the powers had done most? And in what ways had they acted?" It was perfectly plain that the deeper stratifications had resulted from both agencies, aqueous and igneous (or volcanic); but which of them had had the largest share in arranging the outer and existing crust of the earth—in forming its mountains, its vales, and all the varied appearances which it presents—was a point really open to discussion. On this head, men of science still continued to doubt and dispute. By his close and searching observations on the icy masses called glaciers, as they are to be found in Switzerland and other alpine countries, Professor Agassiz threw a flood of light on this important subject; and, in fact, commenced so far a new era in geology. He proved, beyond question, that in arranging the visible parts of the earth as they stand, water had been an agent in a form before scarcely thought of, and to a very great extent. He proved that, in the shape of ice, it had modified the terrestrial surface most materially in places where the climate no longer permits of such actions. Thus, the glacial, or ice theory, comes to involve many curious points, relating as well to the temperature of the earth, as to its actual superficial structure in early ages. It accounts, also, for matters on which science had before looked almost hopelessly—as, for example, on the existence of boulders, or large water-worn stones, in positions far above the reach, now-a-days, of the agencies to which they must have been at one time (and long) subjected.

We have presumed here that the reader

understands what glaciers are; but it may be as well to mention, that the name is given to those masses of ice which are found, in all elevated latitudes, clothing the mountain-tops, and clogging up the higher valleys. At the present day, such phenomena as glaciers are, of course, to be observed only in those situations called alpine, or peculiarly hilly; though a single mount of great height, like Mount Etna, presents so far the glaciers with their usual peculiarities. However, it is not only where they now exist, as has been said, that their action is discoverable. They have left their marks over almost the whole globe—or at least over much of Europe—warm, mild, or chilly; and so have they led to the conviction that immense changes must have occurred in respect to the temperature of such parts of the earth. By the presence of blocks of stone in quarters to which they are by nature strangers, and where they lie alone to excite wonder, as also by the existence of shells where shells never could have been found without some such means of transportation, and by the presence of the remains of plants foreign to the soil, the action of glaciers may be held as proven in climes where they have been long—long unknown. Nor must it be imagined that these transportations have gone on merely on a small scale, or but from one to another hill-side. On the contrary, the granite of Criffel, a large hill in Kirkcudbrightshire, has been found strewn on the English shores of the Solway; and it has even been supposed that shifted masses of Norwegian stone are to be discovered on the eastern coasts of Britain. The alteration of temperature, and other circumstances, must thus have been vast, as far as the lands in question were concerned; and the glacial theory assumes a degree of importance of no ordinary kind, in the eyes of all to whom the history of the earth is interesting.

It was, of course, by observing glacial phenomena on a comparatively small scale, or as they exist now, that M. Agassiz came to the conclusions on which he based this great theory. His observations were made in his own alpine country, adjoining Neufchatel, where he resided officially. The huge glaciers there discoverable may be called poetically “eternal,” but they are still subject to change. The texture of their component ice is not solid, but spongy, or, at least, penetrated by chinks and pores. When the heats of summer occur, they partially affect these icy masses, and water sinks naturally into such vacuities. This water as naturally freezes in the winter season, and, in freezing,

expands, causing a general dilatation of the glacier concerned. It is loosened, and moves down the mountain-side in greater or lesser portions, and with a velocity proportioned to its position, and the obstacles in its way. These obstacles, however, where at all movable, are caught up by it, and hurried along to the foot of the slope. Wherever that may be, almost certainly the transported glacier will be placed in a lower temperature, and will melt, depositing all the stones and earth collected in its passage. Even before the eyes of M. Agassiz, huge mounds were thus formed; and, if we count upon the operation of the same agency for a great length of time, the results, it may be imagined, must have been immense. The Swiss know these mounded depositions well, and have called them *morains*.

Besides the transporting action of the glacier, it has also an effect upon the slope which it passes over. It carries off some parts, and levels others to a smooth shape, leaving the rocky masses untouched. That many of our Scottish mountains have undergone this action, and that the lower grounds display the deposits, can scarcely be doubted. Besides levelling some parts, and rounding off others, the glacier often leaves *stride* or furrows in its course, caused by the heavy bodies which it has collected. These are sometimes so marked upon very hard rocks, as to give a striking idea of the force of the originating movement.

There are various other circumstances connected with glaciers not unworthy of notice, but our object here is simply to explain the great theory which has rendered M. Agassiz especially famous. In applying it to a practical explanation of much that is to be seen on the face of the globe, the transporting power of icebergs by sea must also be fully taken into account. Nor can it be denied that there are many proofs of the action of standing water, as in the case of the Parallel Roads of Glenroy, and many others where level lines or beaches are observable. By an ingenious man resident at Galashiels [Mr. Kemp], traces of such beaches were even distinctly noticed on the inland banks of the Tweed. But, though exposed in details to some critical objections, the glacial theory of M. Agassiz must be held as a noble contribution to advancing science. It will not explain all, but it explains much; and, though observations on the transporting power of the ice had been made before, it was left for the subject of our memoir to base on it anything like a great general hypothesis.

It may interest Scottish readers to see here the opinion of M. Agassiz on the appearances of glacial action traceable in Scotland. In a letter published after a tour there, he says: "After having obtained in Switzerland the most conclusive proofs that at a former period the glaciers were of much greater extent than at present, nay, that they had covered the whole country, and had transported the erratic blocks to the places where these are now found, it was my wish to examine a country where glaciers are no longer met with, but in which they might formerly have existed. I therefore directed my attention to Scotland, and had scarcely arrived in Glasgow, when I found remote traces of the action of glaciers; and the nearer I approached the high mountain chains, these became more distinct, until, at the foot of Ben Nevis and in the principal valleys, I discovered the most distinct *morains* and polished rocky surfaces, just as in the valleys of the Swiss Alps, in the region of existing glaciers; so that the existence of glaciers in Scotland at early periods can no longer be doubted. The Parallel Roads of Glenroy are intimately connected with this former occurrence of glaciers, and have been caused by a glacier from Ben Nevis. The phenomenon must have been precisely analogous to the glacier-lakes of the Tyrol, and to the event that took place in the valley of Bagne."

This letter would be interesting, were it but as a proof how a favored theory will mislead the wisest. That the lines of Glenroy, which stand at one level almost for some half hundred miles, were beaches formed by standing water, is not for one instant to be doubted.

The few remaining facts connected with M. Agassiz, with which we are acquainted, may be given in a few words. In 1837, as observed, he first promulgated his "Glacial Theory," which has ever since attracted much attention. It having been asserted that it was inconsistent with known facts, Agassiz for eight years spent his summer vacations in making observations at the Glacier of the Aar, eight thousand feet above the sea, and twelve miles from any other habitation than his own hut. The results of these examinations are contained in two works, "*Etudes sur les Glaciers*," and "*Système Glacière*." In 1846, Agassiz went to America, and on the establishment of the Lawrence Scientific School, he accepted the appointment of professor of zoology and geology, which he still holds. Since his arrival in that country, Professor Agassiz has presented a large number of communications to the American Academy and other scientific bodies, and has published, in connection with Dr. Gould of Boston, a Zoology for students. His elaborate work on Lake Superior has just appeared.

## BEAR THEE UP BRAVEY.

Bear thee up bravely,  
Strong heart and true!  
Meet they woes gravely,  
Strive with them too!  
Let them not win from thee  
Tear of regret,  
Such were a sin from thee—  
Hope for good yet!

Rouse thee from drooping,  
Care-laden soul;  
Mournfully stooping  
'Neath grief's control!  
Far o'er the gloom that lies  
Shrouding the earth,  
Light from eternal skies  
Shows us thy worth.

Nerve thee yet stronger,  
Resolute mind!  
Let care no longer  
Heavily bind.  
Rise on thy eagle wings  
Gloriously free!  
Till from material things  
Pure thou shalt be!

Bear ye up bravely,  
Soul and mind too!  
Droop not so gravely,  
Bold heart and true!  
Clear rays of streaming light  
Shine through the gloom,  
God's love is beaming bright  
E'en round the tomb!

—Household Words



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE.

ELOQUENCE, in its highest flights, is beyond all question the greatest exertion of the human mind. It requires for its conception a combination of the most exalted faculties; for its execution, a union of the most extraordinary powers. Unite in thought the most varied and dissimilar faculties of the soul—strength of understanding with brilliancy of imagination; fire of conception with solidity of judgment; a retentive memory with an enthusiastic fancy; the warmth of poetry with the coldness of prose; an eye for the beauties of nature with a command of the realities of life; a mind stored with facts and a heart teeming with impressions—and you will form the elements from which the most powerful style of oratory is to be created. But this is not all. Physical powers, if not essential, are at least a great addition to the mental qualities required for its success. The orator must have at once the lengthened thought which is requisite for a prolonged argument, and the ready wit which can turn to the best advantage any incident which may occur in the course of its delivery. More than all is required the fixity of purpose, the energy in effort, the commanding turn, which, as it is the most valuable and important faculty of the mind, so it is the one most rarely to be met with in any walk of life, and least of all in combination with the brilliant and imaginative qualities, which are the very soul of every art which is to subdue or captivate mankind.

It is not surprising that the art of the orator should require, for its highest flights, so rare a combination of qualities, for of all the efforts of the human mind it is the most astonishing in its nature, and the most transcendent in its *immediate* triumphs. The wisdom of the philosopher, the eloquence of the historian, the sagacity of the statesman, the capacity of the general, may produce more lasting effects upon human affairs; but they are incomparably less rapid in their influence, and less intoxicating from the ascendancy they confer. In the solitude of his

library the sage meditates on the truths which are to influence the thoughts and direct the conduct of men in future times; amidst the strife of faction the legislator discerns the measures calculated, after a long course of years, to alleviate existing evils or produce happiness yet unborn; during long and wearisome campaigns the commander throws his shield over the fortunes of his country, and prepares in silence and amidst obloquy the means of maintaining its independence. But the triumphs of the orator are immediate; his influence is instantly felt: his, and his alone, it is

“The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o’er a smiling land,  
And read his history in a nation’s eyes.”

To stand up before a vast assembly composed of men of various passions, habits, and prepossessions; to conciliate their feelings by the art, and carry away their judgment by the eloquence, of the orator; to see every gaze at length turned on his countenance, and every ear intent on the words which drop from his lips; to see indifference turn into excitement, and aversion melt away amidst enthusiasm; to hear thunders of applause at the close of every sentence, and behold the fire of enthusiasm kindled in every eye, as each successive idea is brought forth; and to think that all this is the creation of the moment, and has sprung extempore from the ardor of his conceptions, and the inspiration they have derived from what passes around him, is perhaps the greatest triumph of the human mind, and that in which its divine origin and immortal destiny is most clearly revealed.

It is the magnitude of the combination requisite for its greatest efforts which renders eloquence of the loftiest kind so extremely rare among mankind. It is less frequent than the highest flights in epic or dramatic poetry. Greece produced three great tragedians, but only one Demosthenes; Cicero

stands alone to sustain by his single strength the fame of Roman oratory. Antiquity could not boast of more than five or six persons who, by the common consent of their contemporaries, had attained the highest rank in forensic eloquence; it is doubtful if modern times could count as many: as many, we mean, who have attained the very highest place in this noble and difficult art; for, doubtless, in the second class, great numbers of names are to be found; and in the third their name is legion. It is not meant to be asserted that great temporary fame and influence by eloquence may not be, and often has been, acquired by persons who are deficient in many of the qualities above enumerated, as required to form a perfect orator. Without doubt, brilliancy of genius will often, for passing effect, compensate the want of solidity of judgment; and fire of imagination make us for the moment forget a squeaking voice, a diminutive figure, an ungainly countenance. No one, at times, commanded the attention of the House of Commons more entirely than the late Mr. Wilberforce, and yet his stature was small, and his voice weak and painfully shrill. But great earnestness of will and brilliancy of fancy are required to compensate such defects; and we are persuaded that none will more readily admit the justice of these observations than those who have labored under, and, by their powers, in a certain degree surmounted them.

As little is it intended to assert that vast influence may not be acquired, and unbounded celebrity for the time obtained, not merely without the co-operation of such varied and extensive qualities, but by the aid, in many cases, of the very reverse. As temporary influence, not lasting fame, is the immediate and chief end of oratory, its style must be adapted to the prevailing cast of mind, and ruling interests or passions, of the persons to whom it is addressed; and as it will share in elevation of sentiment, if that is their characteristic, so it will be deformed by vulgarity or selfishness when they are vulgar and selfish. It is a common saying, that a speaker must descend to the level of his audience, if he means to command their suffrages or enlist their passions; and we have only to look around us to see how often, in assemblies of an inferior, interested, or impassioned character, the highest celebrity and most unbounded success are attained by persons who not only have exhibited few of the qualities of a refined orator, but who had studiously concealed those which they

did possess, and secretly despised in their hearts the arts to which their triumphs had been owing. But this is no more than is the case with all the arts which aim at influencing or charming mankind. The theatre, the romance, poetry itself, share at times in the same degradation. It would be as unjust to stigmatize oratory as the art of sophists or declaimers, intended to seduce or deceive those who cannot see through its artifices, as it would be to reproach the stage with the vulgarity of the buffoon, or novels with the licentiousness of Aretin, or poetry with the seductions of Ovid. We must not think lightly of an art which has been ennobled by the efforts of Cicero and Burke in the most refined assemblies, because it has also led to the triumphs of O'Connell and Wilkes in the most ignorant.

If we would see in modern literature the most exact counterpart which Europe has been able to present to the oratorical perfection of antiquity, we must look for it not in the debates of its National Assemblies, or even the effusions of its pulpit eloquence, but in the speeches of its great tragic poets. The best declamations in Corneille, Alfieri, and Schiller, are often nothing but ancient eloquence put into verse. The brevity and force of Shakspeare belong to the same school. These men exhibit the same condensation of ideas, terseness of expression, depth of thought, acquaintance with the secrets of the heart, which have rendered the historians and orators of antiquity immortal. Like them in their highest flights, they present intellect and genius disdaining the attractions of style, the flowers of rhetoric, the amplifications of imagination, and resting solely on condensed reason, cogent argument, and impassioned pathos. They are the bones and muscles of thought, without its ornament or covering. It is this circumstance which rendered their drama so popular, and has given its great masters their colossal reputation; and in their lasting fame may be found the most decisive proof of the undying influence of the highest species of eloquence on cultivated minds. Men and women went to the theatre not to be instructed in the story—it was known to all; not to be dazzled by stage effect—there was none of it; but to hear oratory of the highest, pathos of the most moving, magnanimity of the most exalted kind, repeated with superb effect by the first performers. The utmost vehemence of action, with all the aids of intonation, action, and delivery, was employed to heighten the effect of condensed eloquence,

conveying free and lofty sentiments which could nowhere else be heard. This was the secret of the wonderful influence of the stage on the polished society of Paris, during the latter days of the monarchy. The audience in the *parterre* might be seen repeating every celebrated speech with the actor.

To illustrate these observations, we shall subjoin a few passages—two from Corneille, one from Shakspeare, one from Alfieri, and two from Schiller, in prose—partly to show how nearly they approach to the style of ancient oratory, and partly from a sense of the hopelessness of any translation conveying more than a prosaic idea of the terseness and vigor of the originals,—

"When the people are the master, tumults become national events. Never is the voice of reason consulted. Honors are sold to the most ambitious, authority yielded to the most seditious. These little sovereigns, made for a year, seeing the term of their power so near expiring, cause the most auspicious designs to miscarry, from the dread that others who follow may obtain the credit of them. As they have little share in the property which they command, they reap without hesitation in the harvest of the public, being well assured that every one will gladly pardon what they themselves hope to do on a future occasion. The worst of states is a popular state."<sup>\*</sup>

Corneille's celebrated picture of Attila, which he puts into the mouth of Octar, but which was really intended for Louis XIV., exhibits another example of the condensed style of oratory, perhaps still more applicable to a greater man than the Grande Monarque,—

"I have seen him, alike in peace and in war, bear everywhere the air of the conqueror of the earth. Often have I beheld the fiercest nations disarm his wrath by their submission. I have seen all the pleasure of his heroic mind savoring of the grand and the magnificent, while his ceaseless foresight in the midst of peace had prepared the triumphs of war; his noble anxiety, which, amidst his very recreations, prepared the success of future designs. Too happy the people against whom he does not turn his invincible arms! I have seen him covered with smoke and dust, give the noblest example to his army—spread terror everywhere by his own danger—overturn walls by a single glance, and heap his own conquests on the broken pride of the laughtiest monarchs."<sup>†</sup>

Napoleon said, if he had lived in his time, he would have made Corneille his first councillor of state. He was right: for his

thoughts were more allied to the magnanimity of the hero than the pathos of the tragedian; and his language savored more of the sonorous periods of the orator than the fire of the poet.

Beside these specimens of French tragic eloquence, we gladly place the well-known speech of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, which proves that Shakspeare was endowed with the very soul of ancient oratory:—

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather that Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate I rejoice in it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondsman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory is not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death."<sup>\*</sup>

This is in the highest style of ancient oratory. Whoever has had the good fortune to hear this noble speech repeated by the lips and with the impressive manner of Kemble, will have no difficulty in conceiving how it was that eloquence in Greece and Rome acquired so mighty an ascendancy. Shakspeare has shown, however, in the speech of Antony, which follows, that he is not less master of that important part of oratory which consists in moving the feelings, and conciliating by pathos an adverse audience. Antiquity never conceived anything more skilful, or evincing a more thorough knowledge of the human heart, than thus turning aside the lofty patriotic and republican ideas awakened by Brutus' speech, first by the exhibition of Cæsar's garments, rent by the daggers of his murderers, and yet wet with his blood, and then unveiling the mangled corpse itself!

<sup>\*</sup> *Cinna*, Act I. s. 1.

<sup>†</sup> *Corneille, Attila*, Act II. s. 5.

<sup>\*</sup> *Julius Cæsar*, Act III. s. 2.



The eloquence of Alfieri and Schiller, perhaps, of all modern writers, is that which approaches most closely to the brief and condensed style of ancient oratory. The speech of Icilius, in the noble drama of *Virginia*, by the first of these writers, affords a fair specimen of its power:—

"Listen to my words, O people of Rome! I who heretofore have never been deceitful, who have never either betrayed or sold my honor; who boast an ignoble origin, but a noble heart! hear me. This innocent free maid is daughter of Virginius. At such a name I see your eyes flash with resplendent fire. Virginius is fighting for you in the field: think on the depravity of the times; meanwhile exposed to shame, the victim of outrage, his daughter remains in Rome. And who outrages her? Come forward, O Marcus! show yourself. Why tremble you? He is well known to you: the last slave of the tyrant Appius and his first minister—of Appius, the mortal enemy of every virtue—of Appius, the haughty, stern, ferocious oppressor, who has ravished from you your freedom, and, to embitter the robbery, has left you your lives. Virginia is my promised bride: I love her. Who I am, I need not say: some one may perhaps remind you. I was your tribune, your defender; but in vain. You trusted rather the deceitful words of another, than my free speech. We now suffer, in common slavery, the pain of your delusion. Why do I say more? The heart, the arm, the boldness of Icilius is known to you not less than the name. From you I demand my free bride. This man does not ask her: he styles her slave—he drags her, he forces her. Icilius or Marcus is a liar: say, Romans, which it is."<sup>a</sup>

That Schiller was a great dramatic and lyric poet, need be told to none who have the slightest acquaintance with European literature; but his great oratorical powers are not so generally appreciated, for they have been lost in the blaze of his poetic genius. They were, however, of the very highest order, as will at once appear from the following translation (imperfect as it of course is) in prose, which we have attempted of the celebrated speeches of Shrewsbury and Burleigh, who discussed before Queen Elizabeth the great question of Queen Mary's execution, in his noble tragedy of *Maria Stuart*:—

#### SHREWSBURY.

"God, whose wondrous hand has four times protected you, and who to-day gave the feeble arm of gray hairs strength to turn aside the stroke of a madman, should inspire confidence. I will not now speak in the name of justice; this is not the

time. In such a tumult you cannot hear her still small voice. Consider this only: you are fearful now of the living Mary; but I say it is not the living you have to fear. Tremble at the dead—the beheaded. She will rise from the grave a fiend of dissension. She will awaken the spirit of revenge in your kingdom, and wean the hearts of your subjects from you. At present she is an object of dread to the British; but when she is no more, they will revenge her. No longer will she then be regarded as the enemy of their faith; her mournful fate will cause her to appear only as the granddaughter of their king, the victim of man's hatred and woman's jealousy. Soon will you see the change appear! Drive through London after the bloody deed has been done; show yourself to the people, who now surround you with joyful acclamations: then you will see another England, another people! No longer will you then walk forth encircled by the radiance of heavenly justice which now binds every heart to you. Dread the frightful name of tyrant which will precede you through shuddering hearts, and resound through every street where you pass. You have done the last irrevocable deed. What head stands fast when this sacred one has fallen?"

#### BURLEIGH.

"Thou sayest, my Queen, thou lovest thy people more than thyself—show it now! Choose not peace for yourself, and leave discord to your people. Think on the Church! Shall the ancient faith be restored with this Stuart? Shall the monk of new lord it here—the legate of Rome return to shut up our churches, dethrone our Queen? I demand the souls of all your subjects from you. As you now decide, you are saved or lost. This is no time for womanish pity: the salvation of your people is your highest duty. Has Shrewsbury saved your life to day? I will deliver England, and that is more."—*Maria Stuart*, Act iv. c. 7.

Demosthenes could have written nothing more powerful<sup>1</sup>—Cicero imagined nothing more persuasive.

We shall now, to justify our assertion that it is in the dramatic poets of modern Europe that a parallel can alone be found to the condensed power of ancient eloquence, proceed to give a few quotations from the most celebrated speeches of antiquity. We have selected, in general, those from the historians, as they are shorter than the orations delivered in the forum, and can be given entire. A fragment from a speech of Demosthenes or Cicero gives no sort of idea of the original, because what goes before is withheld. To scholars we need not plead indulgence for the inadequacy of our translations: they will not expect what they know to be impossible.

Tacitus, in his *Life of Agricola*, puts into

<sup>a</sup> *Virginia*, Act i. s. 2.

the mouth of Galgacus the following oration, when he was animating the Caledonians to their last battle with the Romans under Agricola.

"As often as I reflect on the origin of the war, and our necessities, I feel a strong conviction that this day, and your will, are about to lay the foundations of British liberty. For we have all known what slavery is, and no place of retreat lies behind us. The sea even is insecure when the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus arms and war, ever coveted by the brave, are now the only refuge of the cowardly. In former actions, in which the Britons fought with various success against the Romans, our valor was a resource to look to, for we, the noblest of all the nations, and on that account placed in its inmost recesses, unused to the spectacle of servitude, had our eyes even inviolate from its hateful sight. We, the last of the earth, and of freedom, unknown to fame, have been hitherto defended by our remoteness; now, the extreme limits of Britain appear, and the unknown is ever regarded as the magnificent. No refuge is behind us; naught but the rocks and the waves, and the deadlier Romans: men whose pride you have in vain sought to deprecate by moderation and subservience. The robbers of the globe, when the land fails they scour the sea. Is the enemy rich, they are avaricious; is he poor, they are ambitious—the East and the West are unable to satiate their desires. Wealth and poverty are alike coveted by their rapacity. To carry off, massacre, seize on false pretences, they call empire; and when they make a desert they call it peace.

"Nature has made children and relations dearest to all: they are carried off by levies to serve elsewhere: our wives and sisters, if they escape the lust of our enemies, are seduced by these *friends* and *guests*. Our goods and fortunes they seize on as tribute, our corn as supplies; our very bodies and hands they wear out amidst strifes and contumely, in fortifying stations in the woods and marshes. Serfs born in servitude are once bought, and ever after fed by their masters; Britain alone daily buys its slavery, daily feeds it. As in families the last slave purchased is often a laughing-stock to the rest, so we, the last whom they have reduced to slavery, are the first to be agonized by their contumely, and reserved for destruction. We have neither fields, nor minerals, nor harbors, in working which we can be employed: the valor and fierceness of the vanquished are obnoxious to the victors: our very distance and obscurity, as they render us the safer, make us the more suspected. Laying aside, therefore, all hope of pardon, assume the courage of men to whom salvation and glory are alike dear. The Trinobantes, under a female leader, had courage to burn a colony and storm castles, and, had not their success rendered them negligent, they would have cast off the yoke. We, untouched and unconquered, nursed in freedom, shall we not show, on the first onset, what men Caledonia has nursed in her bosom?

"Do not believe the Romans have the same

prowess in war as lust in peace. They have grown great on our divisions: they know how to turn the vices of men to the glory of their own army. As it has been drawn together by success, so disaster will dissolve it, unless you suppose that the Gauls and the Germans, and I am ashamed to say, many of the Britons, who now lend their blood to a foreign usurpation, and in their hearts are rather enemies than slaves, can be retained by faith and affection. Fear and terror are but slender bonds of attachment; when you remove them, as fear ceases, terror begins. All the incitements of victory are on our side: no wives inflame the Romans; no parents are there, to call shame on their flight; they have no country, or it is elsewhere. Few in number, fearful from ignorance, gazing on unknown woods and seas, the gods have delivered them shut in and bound into your hands. Let not their vain aspect, the glitter of silver and gold, which neither covers nor wounds, alarm you. In the very line of the enemy we shall find our friends: the Britons will recognize their own cause; the Gauls will recollect their former freedom; the other Germans will desert them, as lately the Usipii have done. No objects of terror are behind them; naught but empty castles, age-ridden colonies, dissension between cruel masters and unwilling slaves, sick and discordant cities. Here is a leader, an army; there are tributes and payments, and the badges of servitude, which to bear for ever, or instantly to avenge, lies in your arms. Go forth then into the field, and think of your ancestors and your descendants."\*

It is scarcely necessary to say that this speech was written by Tacitus: most certainly nothing half so perfect was ever conceived by Caledonian chief or Caledonian orator, from that day to this. But as the great speeches in antiquity were all written, this gives a specimen, doubtless, of the most favorable kind of the style of oratory which prevailed amongst them. No modern historian has either ventured or been able to put anything so nervous and forcible into the mouth of any orator, how great soever. If he did, it would at once be known that it had not been spoken, but was the fruit of the composition of the closet.

Catiline, who, like many other revolutionists, possessed abilities commensurate to his wickedness, thus addressed the conspirators who were associated to overturn the sway of the Roman patricians.

"Had not your valor and fidelity been well known to me, fruitless would have been the smiles of Fortune: the prospect of as mighty domination would in vain have opened upon us; nor would I have mistaken illusive hopes for realities, uncertain things for certain. But since, on many and great occasions, I have known you to be brave and

faithful, I have ventured to engage in the greatest and noblest undertaking; for I well know that good and evil are common to you and me. That friendship at length is secure which is founded on wishing and dreading the same things. You all know what designs I have long revolved in my mind; but my confidence in them daily increases, when I reflect what our fate is likely to be, if we do not vindicate our freedom by our own hands. For since the republic has fallen under the power and dominion of a few, kings yield their tributes, governorships their profits to them; all the rest, whether strenuous, good, noble or ignoble, are the mere vulgar: without influence, without authority, we are obnoxious to those to whom, if the commonwealth existed, we should be a terror. All honor, favor, power, wealth, is centred in them, or those whom they favor; to us are left dangers, repulses, lawsuits, poverty. How long will you endure them, O ye bravest of men? Is it not better to die bravely, than drag out a miserable and dishonored life, the sport of pride, the victims of disgrace? But by the faith of gods and men, victory is in our own hands: our strength is unimpaired: our minds energetic: theirs is enfeebled by age, extinguished by riches. All that is required is to begin boldly; the rest follows of course. Where is the man of a manly spirit, who can tolerate that they should overflow with riches, which they squander in ransacking the sea, in levelling the mountains, while to us the common necessities of life are wanting? They have two or more superb palaces each; we not wherein to lay our heads. When they buy pictures, statues, basso-relievos, they destroy the old to make way for the new: in every possible way they squander away their money; but all their desires are unable to exhaust their riches. At home, we have only poverty; abroad, debts; present adversity; worse prospects. What, in fine, is left us, but our wretched souls? What, then, shall we do? That, that which you have ever most desired. Liberty is before your eyes; and it will soon bring riches, renown, glory; Fortune holds out these rewards to the victors. The time, the place, our dangers, our wants, the splendid spoils of war, exhort you more than my words. Make use of me either as a commander or a private soldier. Neither in soul nor body will I be absent from your side. These deeds I hope I shall perform as Consul with you, unless my hopes deceive me, and you are prepared rather to obey as slaves, than to command as rulers.”\*

The topics here handled are the same which in every age have been the staple of the conspirator and the revolutionist; but it may be doubted whether they ever were put together with such force and address. The same desperate chief on the eve of their last conflict with the consular legions:

“I well know, fellow-soldiers, that words add nothing to the valor of the brave; and that an

army will not be made from slothful, strenuous—from timid, courageous, by any speech from its commander. Whatever boldness nature or training has implanted in any one, that appears in war. It is vain to exhort those whom neither dangers nor glory excite. Terror shuts their ears. But I have called you together to mention a few things and to make you sharers of my councils. You know, soldiers, what a calamity has been brought upon us by the cowardice of Lentulus; and how, when I awaited succors from the city, I was unable to set out for Gaul. Now, however, I will candidly tell you how our affairs stand. Two armies, one issuing from Rome, one from Gaul, beset us; want of provisions obliges us quickly to change our quarters, even if we inclined to remain where we are. Wherever we determine to go, we must open a way with our swords. Therefore it is that I admonish you that you have now need of stern and determined minds; and when you engage in battle, recollect that riches, honor, and glory, in addition to liberty, are to be won by your own right hands. If we conquer, every thing awaits us: provisions will be abundant, colonies ready, cities open. If we yield from fear, circumstances are equally adverse: neither solitude nor friend shields him whom his arms cannot protect. Besides, soldiers, the same necessity does not impel them as us. We fight for our country, our liberty, our lives; they for the domination of a few. On that account, mindful of your pristine valor, advance to the attack. You might have, with disgrace, lingered out a miserable life in exile: a few, bereft of their possessions, might have remained, fed by charity at Rome: but as such a fate seemed intolerable to freemen, you have attended me here. If you would shun those evils, now is the moment to do so. None ever exchanged war for peace, save by victory. To hope for safety in flight, and, at the same time, rescue from the enemy the arms by which the body is covered, is the height of madness. Ever in battle they run the greatest danger who are most timid: boldness is the only real rampart. When I reflect on you and your deeds, O soldiers, I have great hopes of victory. Your spirit, your age, your bravery, encourage me: besides necessity, which makes heroes even of cowards. The straits of the ground secure you from being outflanked by the enemy. Should Fortune fail to second your valor, beware lest you perish unavenged. Rather fall, fighting like men, and leave a mournful and bloody triumph to your enemies, than be butchered like sheep when captured by their arms.”\*

With what exquisite judgment and taste is the stern and mournful style of this speech suited to the circumstances, all but desperate, in which Catiline's army was then placed!

No one supposes that these were the identical words delivered by Catiline on this occasion. Unquestionably, Sallust shines through in every line. But they were pro-

bably his ideas; and, unquestionably, they were in the true style of ancient oratory. And that what was spoken fully equalled what has come down to us written, is proved by innumerable passages in speeches which undoubtedly were spoken; among which, we select the graphic picture of Antony in his revels—spoken by Cælius, and preserved by Quintilian:—

“They found him (Antony) oppressed with a half-drunken sleep, snoring aloud, lying across the most beautiful concubines, while others were reposing around. The latter, when they perceived the approach of an enemy, strove to awaken Antony, but in vain. They called on him by name, they raised him by the neck: one whispered softly in his ear, one struck him sharply; but to no purpose. When he was so far roused as to recognize the voice or touch of the nearest, he put his arms round her neck, unable alike to sleep and to rise up; but, half in a stupor, he was tossed about between the hands of the centurions and the harlots.”\*

What a picture of the triumvir and rival of Brutus, as well as of the corrupted manners of Rome!

Demosthenes, in his celebrated speech against Æschines, burst into the following strain of indignant invective:—

“You taught writing, I learned it: you were an instructor, I was the instructed: you danced at the games, I presided over them: you wrote as a clerk, I pleaded as an advocate: you were an actor in the theatres, I a spectator: you broke down, I hissed: you ever took counsel for our enemies, I for our country. In fine, now on this day the point at issue is—Am I, yet unstained in character, worthy of a crown? while to you is reserved the lot of a calumniator, and you are in danger of being silenced by not having obtained the fifth part of the votes.

“I have not fortified the city with stones, nor adorned it with tiles, neither do I take any credit for such things. But if you would behold my works aright, you will find arms, and cities, and stations, and harbors, and ships, and horses, and those who are to make use of them in our defence. This is the rampart I raised for Attica, as much as human wisdom could effect: with these I fortified the whole country, not the Piræus only and the city. I never sank before the arms or cunning of Philip. No! it was by the supineness of your own generals and allies that he triumphed.”†

We add only an extract from the noble speech of Pericles, on those who had died in the service of their country, which is the more valuable that Thucydides, who has re-

corded it in history, says that the version he has given of that masterpiece of oratory is nearly the same as he heard from Pericles himself.

“Wherefore I will congratulate rather than bewail the parents of those who have fallen that are present. They know that they were born to suffering. But the lot of those is most to be envied who have come to such an end, that it is hard to say whether their life or their death is most honorable. I know it is difficult to persuade you of this, who had often rejoiced in the good fortune of others; and it is not when we are deprived of goods not yet attained that we feel grief, but when we are bereaved of what we have already enjoyed. To some the hope of other children, who may emulate those who have gone before, may be a source of consolation. Future offspring may awaken fresh interests in place of the dead; and will doubly benefit the city by peopling its desert places, and providing for its defence. We cannot expect that those who have no children whom they may place in peril for their country, can be considered on a level with such as have made the sacrifices which those have made. To such of you as time has denied this hope, I would say, Rejoice in the honor which your children have won, and let that console the few years that still remain to you—for the love of glory alone knows no age; and in the decline of life it is not the acquisition of gain, as some say, which confers pleasures, but the consciousness of being honored.

“To the children and brothers of those we mourn, who are here present, I foresee a noble contest. Every one praises the dead. You should endeavor, I will not say to equal those we have lost, but to be only a little inferior to them. Envy often divides the living; but the grave extinguishes jealousy, for it terminates rivalry. I must speak of the virtue of the women who have shared in our bereavement; but I shall do so in a few words. Great will be your renown, if you do not yield to the weakness of your sex; and place as little difference as possible between yourselves and the virtue of men. I propose that the children of those who have fallen should be maintained till puberty at the public expense—a reward at once to the virtue of the dead, and an incitement to the emulation of the living: for among those to whom the highest rewards of virtue are opened, the most worthy citizens are found. And now, having honored the dead by your mourning, depart every one to his home.”\*

Enough—and some may, perhaps, think more than enough—has been done to convey an idea of that far-famed oratory, of which Milton has said—

“Thence to the famous orators repair,  
Those ancients, whose restless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,  
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,  
To Macedonias, and Artaxerxes’ throne.”†

\* QUINTILIAN, lib. 4, 2.

† *De Corruptis, Orat. Græc.* i. 315, 325.

\* THUCYDIDES, ii. § 22, 23.

† *Paradise Regained*, iv. 203.



For comparison with these splendid passages, we gladly lay before our readers the famous peroration of Mr. Burke's oration against Mr. Hastings, long esteemed the masterpiece of British eloquence.

"My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes—with the vices—with the exorbitant wealth—with the enormous and overpowering influence of eastern corruption. This war, my lords, we have waged for twenty-two years, and the conflict has been fought, at your Lordships' bar, for the last seven years. My Lords, twenty-two years is a great space in the scale of the life of man; it is no inconsiderable space in the history of a great nation. A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain cannot possibly be huddled over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions, that break the traditionary chain of human memory, and alter the very face of nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My Lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it; the meanest of us will, by means of it, more or less, become the concern of posterity—if we are yet to hope for such a thing, in the present state of the world, as a recording, retrospective, civilized posterity: but this is in the hand of the great Disposer of events; it is not ours to settle how it should be. My Lords, your House yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say, it stands in the midst of ruins—in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation, that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself—I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

"My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not all be involved; and if it should so happen, that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen—if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds

and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones, may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreaded agony! . . . My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! but, if you stand—and stand I trust you will—together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy—together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom—may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice."\*

The peroration of Lord Brougham's speech in favor of Queen Caroline, which was carefully studied, and, it is said, written over several times, is not unworthy to be placed beside this splendid burst.

"Such, my Lords, is the case before you! such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt, impotent to deprive of a civil right, ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence, scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows, monstrous to ruin the honor and blast the name of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against a defenceless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause: I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth as your judgment, if sentence shall pass against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril. Revere that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown, which is in jeopardy, the aristocracy, which is shaken; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne! You have said, my Lords, you have willed, the Church and the king have willed, that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has instead of that solemnity the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplication to the Throne of mercy, that that may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than

\* BURKE'S Works, vol. xvi., pages 415, 416, 417, 418, 420.

the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice."<sup>\*</sup>

On the trial of Mr. John Stockdale, Lord Erskine thus spoke:—

"I have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself among nations reluctant of our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince, surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it,' said the jealous ruler of the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—'who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in summer? Who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that rears up the shade of these lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection."<sup>†</sup>

Some of Mr. Grattan's speeches are said to have been the most eloquent ever delivered in the House of Commons. The following burst of indignant patriotism, on the supposed wrongs of Ireland, affords a favorable specimen of his style of oratory.

"Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop to declare, that here the principal men amongst us fell into mimic traces of gratitude: they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding-doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

"I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment: neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to bear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied as long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking in his rags: he may be naked, he shall

not be in rags. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live: and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, shall not die with the prophet, but survive him."<sup>\*</sup>

We shall add only to these copious and interesting quotations two passages from the greatest masters of French eloquence.

Bossuet, in his funeral oration on Henrietta, daughter of France and Queen of England, the consort of Charles I., thus expresses himself:—

"Christians!" says he, in the exordium of his discourse, "it is not surprising that the memory of a great queen—the daughter, the wife, the mother of monarchs—should attract you from all quarters to this melancholy ceremony; it will bring forcibly before your eyes one of those awful examples which demonstrate to the world the vanity of which it is composed. You will see in her single life the extremes of human things: felicity without bounds, miseries without parallel; a long and peaceable enjoyment of one of the most noble crowns in the universe—all that birth and grandeur could confer that was glorious—all that adversity and suffering could accumulate that was disastrous; the good cause attended at first with some success, then involved in the most dreadful disasters. Revolutions unheard of, rebellion long restrained, at length reigning triumphant; no curb there to license, no laws in force. Majesty itself violated by bloody hands—usurpation and tyranny, under the name of liberty—a fugitive queen, who can find no retreat in her three kingdoms, and was forced to seek in her native country a melancholy exile. Nine sea voyages undertaken against her will by a queen, in spite of wintry tempests—a throne unworthily overturned, and miraculously re-established. Behold the lessons which God has given to kings! thus does He manifest to the world the nothingness of its pompe and its grandeur. If our words fail, if language sinks beneath the grandeur of such a subject, the simple narrative is more touching than aught that words can convey. The heart of a great queen, formerly elevated by so long a course of prosperity, then steeped in all the bitterness of affliction, will speak in sufficiently touching language; and if it is not given to a private individual to teach the proper lessons from so mournful a catastrophe, the King of Israel has supplied the words—'Hear, O ye great of the earth! Take lessons, ye rulers of the world!'"<sup>†</sup>

A very different man from Bossuet, but who was perhaps his superior in nervous eloquence, Robespierre, thus spoke on the last

<sup>\*</sup> *BOSSUET'S Speeches*, I., 227, 228.

<sup>†</sup> *ERSKINE'S Speeches*, II., 244.

<sup>\*</sup> *GRATTAN'S Speeches*, I., 52, 53.

<sup>†</sup> *BOSSUET, Orationes Funebres*.

occasion when he addressed the Convention, then bent on his destruction :—

"They call me a tyrant! If I were so, they would fall at my feet: I should have gorged them with gold, assured them of impunity to their crimes, and they would have worshipped me. Had I been so, the kings whom we have conquered would have been my most cordial supporters. It is by the aid of scoundrels you arrive at tyranny. Whither tend those who combat them? To the tomb and immortality! Who is the tyrant that protects me? What is the faction to which I belong? It is yourselves! What is the party which, since the commencement of the Revolution, has crushed all other factions—has annihilated so many specious traitors? It is yourselves! It is the people; it is the force of principles! This is the party to which I am devoted, and against which crime is everywhere leagued. I am ready to lay down my life without regret. I have seen the past; I foresee the future. What lover of his country would wish to live, when he can no longer succor oppressed innocence? Why should he desire to remain in an order of things where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth—where justice is deemed an imposture—where the vilest passions, the most ridiculous fears, fill every heart, instead of the sacred interests of humanity? Who can bear the punishment of seeing that horrible succession of traitors, more or less skillful in concealing their hideous vices under the mask of virtue, and who will leave to posterity the difficult task of determining which was the most atrocious? In contemplating the multitude of vices which the Revolution has let loose pell-mell with the civic virtues, I own I sometimes fear that I myself shall be sullied in the eyes of posterity by their calumnies. But I am consoled by the reflection that, if I have seen in history all the defenders of liberty overwhelmed by calumny, I have seen their oppressors die also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. No, Chaumette! 'Death is not an eternal sleep!' Citizens, efface from the tombs that maxim, engraven by sacrilegious hands, which throws a funeral pall over nature, which discourages oppressed innocence; write rather, 'Death is the commencement of immortality!' I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible legacy, which well becomes the situation in which I am placed; it is the awful truth, 'Then shalt die!'"

It must be evident to every impartial person, from these quotations, that the superiority of ancient to modern eloquence, so far as the art itself is concerned, is great and indisputable. The strong opinion of Lord Brougham, on this subject, must command the universal assent of every reasonable mind :—

"It is impossible for any but the most careless

observer, to avoid remarking the great differences which distinguish the oratory of ancient from that of modern times. The immeasurable superiority of the former is far from being the only, or even the principal, of these diversities; that proceeds in part, from the greater power of the languages, especially the Greek—the instrument wielded by the great masters of diction; and in so far the superiority must for ever remain undiminished by any efforts on the part of modern rhetoricians. If, in such varied and perfect excellencies, the most prominent shall be selected, then doubtless is the palm due to that entire and uninterrupted devotion which throws the speaker's whole soul into his subject, and will not even—no, not for an instant—suffer a rival idea to cross its resistless course without being swiftly swept away and driven out of sight, as the most rapid engine annihilates or shoots off whatever approaches it, with a velocity that defies the eye. There is no coming back on the same ground, any more than any lingering over it. All is done at once; but the blow is as effectual as it is single, and leaves not anything to do. All is at each instant moving forward, regardless of every obstacle. The mighty flood of speech rolls on in a channel ever full, but which never overflows. Whether it rushes in a torrent of allusion, or moves along in a majestic exposition of enlarged principles, descends hoarse and headlong in overwhelming invective, or glides melodious in narrative and description, or spreads itself out shining in illustrations, its course is ever onward and ever entire; never scattered, never stagnant, never sluggish. At each point manifest progress has been made, and with all that art can do to charm, strike, and please. No sacrifice, even the smallest, is ever made to effect; nor can the hearer ever stop for an instant to contemplate or admire, or throw away a thought upon the great artist, till all is over, and the pause gives time to recover his breath."

It is the more remarkable that this great and decisive superiority on the part of ancient oratory should exist, when it is recollected that the information, sphere of ideas, and imagery at the command of public speakers, in modern times, is so widely extended in comparison of what it was in Greece and Rome. As much as the wide circuit of the globe exceeds the limited shores of the Mediterranean Sea, do the knowledge and ideas which the modern orator may make use of outstrip those which were at the disposal of the brightest genius in antiquity. Science has, since the fall of Rome, been infinitely extended, and furnished a great variety of images and allusions—many of them of the most elevated kind—which at once convey a clear idea to any educated audience, and awaken in their minds associations or recollections.

\* Lord Brougham on the Eloquence of the Ancients. *Speeches*, iv. 379, 445, 446

tions of a pleasing or ennobling description. The vast additions made to geographical and physical knowledge have rendered the wide surface of the globe, and the boundless wonders of the heavens, the theme alike for the strains of the poet, the meditations of the philosopher, and the eloquence of the orator. Modern poetry has added its treasures to those which antiquity had bequeathed to us; as if to augment the chords which eloquence can touch in the human heart. Chivalry has furnished a host of images, ideas, and associations wholly unknown to ancient times; but which, however, at times fantastic or high-flown, are all of an ennobling character, because they tend to elevate humanity above itself, and combat the selfish by the very excess of the generous affections. History has immensely extended the sphere of known events, and not only studded the annals of mankind with the brightest instances of heroism or virtue, but afforded precedents applicable to almost every change that can occur in the varied circumstances of human transaction. Above all, Religion has opened a new fountain in the human heart, and implanted in every bosom, with the exception only of those utterly depraved, associations and recollections at once of the most purifying and moving kind. The awful imagery and touching incidents of the Old Testament, exceeding those in the Iliad itself in sublimity and pathos; the pure ideas and universal charity of the New, as much above the utmost efforts of unassisted humanity, have given the orator, in modern times, a store of images and associations, which, of all others, are the most powerful in moving the human heart. If one-half of this magazine of ideas and knowledge had been at the disposal of the orators of antiquity, they would have exceeded those

of modern Europe as much in the substance and magnificence of their thoughts, as they already do in the felicity and force of their expression.

A key may be found to the causes of this remarkable superiority in ancient eloquence, notwithstanding the comparatively limited extent of the materials of which they had the disposal, in the very qualities in which the ancient orators stand pre-eminent. It is the exquisite taste and abbreviated force of their expression which renders them unrivalled. In reading their speeches, we are perpetually tempted to shut the book even in the most interesting passages, to reflect on the inimitable brevity and beauty of the language. It is a mistake to say this is owing to the construction of the Greek and Roman languages, to the absence of auxiliary verbs, and the possibility of combining expressions, as in modern German, so as to convey a complex idea in a simple word. Undoubtedly that is true; but who made the ancient languages at once so copious and condensed? It was the ancients themselves who did this. It was they who moulded their tongues into so brief and expressive a form, and, in the course of their progressive formation through successive centuries, rendered them daily more brief and more comprehensive. It was the men who made the language—not the language the men. It was their burning thoughts which created such energetic expressions, as if to let loose at once the pent-up fires of the soul. Those who assert the reverse fall into the same error as the philosophers who ascribe the character of the Anglo-Saxons to their institutions, when, in truth, their institutions are owing to their character.

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WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.  
—A glover's apprentice in Edinburgh resolved to qualify himself for a higher profession. The relation with whom he lived was very poor, and could not afford a candle, and scarcely a fire at night; and as it was only after shop hours that this young man had leisure, he had no alternative but to go into the streets at night, and plant himself with

his book near a shop-window, the lights of which enabled him to read it; and when they were put out, he used to climb a lamp-post, and hold on with the one hand while he read with the other. That person lived to be one of the greatest oriental scholars in the world, and the first book in Arabic printed in Scotland was his production.



From the North British Review.

## GENERAL BEM. \*

No portion of the history of the Hungarian war is so little known as that which had its seat in Transylvania, yet none offers a greater variety of incident, or more exciting scenes of action. This ignorance is in some degree attributable to the isolated position of the country itself, which cut it off from intercourse with the civilized world; but we suspect it has been too often purposely kept up by the false and contradictory reports spread by the Saxon newspapers, and through them made known to Germany, and so to the rest of Europe. The publication of the two works placed at the head of this article enables us to correct some of these errors, and place a clear and comprehensible account of Bem's campaign before the English reader. The first is from the pen of General Czetz, who, up to the expulsion of the Austrians and Russians from Transylvania, in March, 1849, was second in command to Bem, and himself played a very prominent part in the scenes he describes. We think General Czetz has here and there shown partiality in his judgments,—is sometimes over severe in his criticisms, and at others too lavish in his praise: but these are minor blemishes, and we feel too deeply indebted to him for this insight into an hitherto closed page of history, to carp at such trifles. It is a work of stirring interest, and we hope ere long to see it in an English dress. Captain Pataki's work will not bear comparison with that of General Czetz, but his account of the latter part of the campaign and the closing scenes of the war is particularly interesting, from his having passed them in the immediate company of Bem, to whom he was adjutant.

We pass over the outbreak of revolution in Europe generally, as well as that extraor-

inary convulsion caused in Vienna by the harangue of a Jew boy on a lamp-post followed by the downfall of Metternich, the establishment of a parliament in the capital of Austria, the flights of the Emperor, and all that confused history known as the Revolution in Vienna. It is a notable record of the outpourings of a wronged and discontented people, whose want of political education prevented their knowing how to use the opportunity chance rather than any preconceived plan had placed in their hands; of the cowardice and impotency, in such a moment, of a proud and oppressive aristocracy; and of the excessive weakness of a despotic government, when the prestige of absolutism is destroyed by the unsparing logic of a revolution. We pass over the more legal and parliamentary tactics of M. Kossuth and the Diet of Presburg, by which they secured without bloodshed such reforms in their venerable constitution as placed them, although still united to the imperial crown, under a really national administration. We pass over the treachery by which the destruction of this independence was planned,—the alternate weakness and falsehood by which it was encouraged to run riot,—and the final act of shameless treachery, by which the rebel Jellachich—the man who raised an army contrary to the command of his sovereign, and declared that he made war on his own responsibility—was empowered to deluge Hungary in blood, and wring from her the liberties so recently granted. We confine ourselves for our present purpose to the effects of these world-influencing events on the little province of Transylvania.

The Magyars of Transylvania had long desired a union of their country with the crown of Hungary, from which it had been separated ever since the battle of Mohács in 1526. Their first movement on receiving the news of the reforms in Hungary was to send up a petition for the Union to the Diet of Presburg. On the 1st of June the Diet of Transylvania was summoned to meet at Klausenburg. L. F. M. Baron Puchner, the

\* (1.) *Bem's Feldzug in Siebenbürgen in den Jahren 1848 und 1849.* Von JOHANN CZETZ, vormals Ungarischem General und Chef des Generalstabes der Ungarischen armee in Siebenbürgen. Hamburg: 1850.

(2.) *Bem in Siebenbürgen, Zur Geschichte des Ungarischen Krieges, (1848, 1849.)* Von K. M. PATAKY. Leipzig: 1850.

commander-in-chief, was named by the Emperor royal commissary, and he opened the Diet with a speech recommending the adoption of the Union, as the most certain means of increasing the strength and prosperity of the country. The Saxon members were present, and voted for the Union. It had been recommended by the crown, and was immediately confirmed. By this measure all the new reforms made by the Hungarian Diet,—the emancipation of the peasantry, the abolition of the privileges of the nobles, and the equalization of the rights of all races and religions,—were adopted and became law. In spite of this open adhesion of the military and civil authorities, as well as of the Saxons, an underhand plot was already laid by them for the destruction of the measure they were thus publicly supporting, and the Wallacks were used as the tools for this work. But a word or two on the inhabitants of Transylvania, before we proceed further.

Transylvania is divided into three districts, each possessing its own laws and separate administrations, but uniting together in a common diet. The Hungarian counties occupy the north and west, the Szekler-land the east, and the Saxon-land the south. In the Hungarian counties the nobles and citizens alone were privileged to take a part in the government; and, except in two or three counties, the majority, though by no means the whole of these privileged classes, were Magyars. Among the Szeklers the nobles still were the privileged class; but as every Szekler is born noble, it would be difficult to imagine any system more democratic. Among the Saxons nobility does not exist,—every Saxon enjoys equal rights. Throughout each of these districts, however, especially among the counties, a large portion of the inhabitants, the peasants, still remained without political rights of any kind, and were otherwise placed by law below the privileged classes. Though there are many villages of Magyar and Saxon peasants, still the majority in Transylvania is so decidedly of the Wallack race, that in speaking of the peasantry in Transylvania, the Wallack is commonly understood. By far the greater portion, therefore, of this race was without political rights, and with very inferior civil rights. The religion, too—the primitive Greek—of a great proportion of the Wallacks was only tolerated, so that their priesthood was untitled and unbeneficed, and of course but ill contented. The principal part of the education to be found among this people, at best but little, was among their priests, who exercise an immense in-

fluence over their ignorant and bigoted flocks. The revolution in Wallachia and Moldavia seems to have inspired the Wallacks of Transylvania with an idea that the time was come for them to resume dominion over the countries where they had served for so many centuries. They assumed the name of Romans, (in their own language they had always called themselves Rumunyi,) as the descendants of the Roman conquerors of Dacia, though their features bear too evident marks of their Dacian blood for any physiognomist to doubt their origin. A number of young Wallachians, educated in Paris, imbued with the wild communist doctrines of the last revolution, and, it is said, encouraged by Lamartine with the absurd idea that theirs was the mission of civilizing the countries bordering on the Danube, stemming the torrent of Russian ambition, and giving freedom to the nations of the east of Europe, sent emissaries to Transylvania and excited the priesthood, and through them the peasantry, to revolt, under the idea of forming a vast Daco-Roman empire. This empire was to include Wallachia, Moldavia, and all other countries where the Wallachian language was wholly or partially spoken, including Bessarabia, Bukovina, Transylvania, and the Banat of Hungary. The whole affair was so absurd, from the total want of means to carry it into execution, and the excessive unfitness, both from the character and state of culture, of the Wallachians, peasants as well as nobles, for a free government, that had it not been for the admixture of communism,\* it would have been of little consequence, at least in Transylvania. Communism, in the land of its birth, is little better than sentimentalized robbery; when naturalized among the brutal and savage Wallacks, it became plunder and extermination. The Wallacks were told that the land belonged of right to them, and that the Hungarians were interlopers, who must be driven back to the steppes of Asia, whence they had issued. Such doctrines find ready listeners; and it is no wonder that the promise of the division of the land among themselves, on the extermination of the present possessors, was sufficient to raise a Wallack rebellion in Transylvania against the Hungarian govern-

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\* We were amused the other day to see that a Wallachian newspaper, the "Bukovina," complained bitterly "that the Transylvanian Wallacks were unjustly accused of communistic tendencies, whereas they had never attacked the property of any other class of *men*, they had only taken that of the *nobles*." As though the poor nobles, forsooth, were unworthy the very name of men.

ment, in spite of the rights and liberties which that government had so lately conferred on them. The Wallack priests, with their bishop Saguna at their head, held meetings of many thousands at Balásfalva, where exciting speeches were made, and plans of opposition formed. These meetings were forbidden by the royal commissary, Baron Vay; but the commander-in-chief refused military aid to suppress them, and they were in secret encouraged by the Saxons and the reactionary party in Vienna.

The revolution in Wallachia was suppressed almost without a blow, and the Transylvanian Wallacks united with the Saxons, and became at once wonderfully loyal and devoted to the house of Austria.

After Austria had succeeded in putting down the revolution in Italy, she had determined to throw off the mask, and openly declare war against Hungary. Jellachich, who had been collecting a large force in Croatia, was to march to Pesth, while a movement of a similar kind was planned for Transylvania. For both these purposes the instruments to be employed were the soldiers of Border-guard, which, with the exception of the Szeklers, is entirely composed of non-Magyar races. Those of Croatia and Slavonia are Slaves; those of the Banat, Slaves and Wallacks, and those of Transylvania, except the Szeklers, pure Wallacks. Major Urban, of the 2nd Wallack border regiment, was sent for to Vienna, and received orders to assume the command of that regiment (the colonel being superseded), to raise the standard of rebellion against the Hungarian ministry, and take the Wallack insurrection under his own guidance. He published a proclamation, calling on the Wallacks to remain faithful to the Emperor, and summoning them to appear before him at Nászod, the head-quarters of his regiment. The commander-in-chief, L. F. M. Baron Puchner, disavowed this proclamation, and declared that Urban had acted without his orders or consent. Urban, however, had received his orders from a higher quarter; and the conspiracy was not yet sufficiently advanced to be communicated to such waverers as the commander-in-chief.

Event now crowded on event. Jellachich, checked at Velence, demanded a truce, broke it, and retreated to Vienna, where revolution was again rampant. Orders were now sent to Puchner to join Urban, and by attacking Transylvania on every side, prevent the escape of the Hungarian Diet to Gross Wardein or Debretzin. Urban now left his

quarters at Nászod, and took up an advanced position, threatening the Szeklerland. The Wallacks refused obedience to the Hungarian civil authorities, appointed officers of their own choosing, whom they dignified with the high-sounding titles of prefects and tribunes; organized and armed the peasantry, cut off the communications between different parts of the country, arrested messengers of government, began to plunder the property and the houses of the Hungarians, seized the Hungarian nobles wherever they could find them, and carried them bound, and often cruelly misused, to Urban, or to the Wallack committee at Balásfalva.

The Szeklers now rose, maddened by fury and indignation. At a meeting held at Agyagfalva on the 16th of October, 50,000 men, partly armed, were present, and in spite of all entreaties to the contrary, they insisted on the whole body being led against the enemy. They first, however, published a proclamation to the Wallacks, inviting them to peace and brotherhood, and promising to wait eight days for its acceptance. In vain: outrage followed on outrage. Hungarian villages were disarmed by the imperial troops; and when left in this state, were given up to the tender mercies of the Wallack hordes, who murdered every person they could get hold of.

In the meantime, the Szeklers re-established the communication between the capital and the Szeklerland, while their main body remained encamped before Maros Vásárhely, and they insisted on being led against Urban, who was some fifteen miles off, in the Saxon town of Szász Regen, with a regiment of Wallack borderers, and crowds of Wallack and Saxon insurgents. He was attacked on the 30th of October, and completely routed. Unfortunately, the undisciplined bands of Szeklers, instead of pursuing their victory, turned back to wreak their vengeance on the prosperous town of Szász Regen, which they plundered and partly burnt. Far be it from us to defend such excesses, but it must not be forgotten by what dreadful cruelties they had been provoked. Nor can it be considered any light matter, that some thousands of peaceful men should be forced to leave their homes and occupations, and take up arms in self-defence, because a nation, which for 800 years has quietly borne the yoke, and is now for the first time granted freedom and equality, should desire to dominate and tyrannize in its turn.

The main body of the Austrian army, however, was now approaching Vásárhely, under

General Gedeon ; and on the 5th of November the Szeklers met them at a short distance from the town. They could not stand against the Austrian artillery, and the battle soon ended in a confused flight ; Vásárhely was taken by the Austrians and Wallacks, and partly burnt and plundered. The Szeklers dispersed, except about 2000, who remained together, and retreated to the Három Szék, a district occupying the south-east corner of the country. The rest returned to their homes, many of them a good deal the richer for their expedition, for few things are sacred in the eyes of a Szekler, on which he can lay his hands whether the property of friend or foe. The defence of the country was now left to some 700 or 800 Honvéds,\* raw recruits, two or three troops or hussars, and the national guard of Klausenburg, against a well-disciplined army of from 15,000 to 20,000 regular troops, and a host of Wallack insurgents and Saxon national guards, variously reckoned at from 50,000 to 100,000 men.

The attempt was made, and failed. General Baldacci, who had been appointed commander of the Hungarian forces, though a courageous man, and in many respects a good soldier, proved quite incompetent to command an army. The Hungarian troops were obliged to retreat from Klausenburg, accompanied by the greater number of the liberal leaders and their families. They retreated to Bánffy Hunyad, and thence to Csucsá, a narrow defile commanding the high road to Gross Wardein, just on the confines of Hungary and Transylvania, where they took up a permanent position.

An ill-conducted expedition, on the part of the Hungarians, under Major Katona and Count Sándor Teleki, from Nagy Banyá, in the direction of Klausenburg, had completely failed, and the greater part of their forces had disbanded and dispersed to their houses ; and had it not been for the bravery of the Vienna legion, their whole artillery and baggage would have been lost. General Baldacci, after the retreat from Klausenburg, had been removed from the command, which was then placed in the hands of Major Czetz, the author of one of the books now under notice. Czetz, a young man of a Szekler family, scarce twenty-seven years of age, had been brought up in the military schools, and had been serving in the Austrian army as lieutenant at

the time the events of March opened a new career to him. He had been at once transferred to the office of the new ministry of war, where he remained till the war broke out in Transylvania, when he was sent down as the head of the general staff department of that country. On the retreat of the troops from Klausenburg, and the dismissal of Baldacci, Major Czetz (except for some twenty-four hours, during which it was held by Colonel Riezko) received the command of the army. Although he was thus placed over the heads of officers his superiors in rank, yet their want of the qualifications required for such a position rendered his nomination a matter of necessity, and it was readily asquiesced in. Till the 15th of December, when Bem arrived to take the command, Major Czetz was indefatigable in collecting and re-organizing the dispersed and discouraged forces. Additional troops were sent for from Hungary. Extraordinary exertions were made for supplying food and clothing to the army, a great part of which was still in their summer jackets, though winter had already set in, and the ground was covered with snow. The army was now divided into three corps ; the right, being under Colonel Riezko, occupied Csucsá, and consisted of the 11th and 55th Honvéd battalions, a weak troop of light horse under Captain Perezzi, and some 300 national guards, armed with lances and pitchforks, and a battery of six-pounders. The centre was under Czetz and Count Kelemén Mikes, and occupied the country about Zillah and 'Sibo ; it consisted of two battalions of regular infantry, 5650 men, and 700 hussars, with 2100 national guards, pretty well armed, and 10 field pieces. The left wing occupied Nagy Banyá, and was commanded by Major Zjurmay, and afterwards by L. Colonel Baron Bánffy ; it consisted of two battalions of regular troops, 1900 strong, the Vienna legion 400, 360 hussars, and 950 national guards, with a battery of six-pounders. Of these, Major Czetz states, that he could not reckon more than 5800 infantry, and 1335 cavalry, with twenty-four guns, as fit for service ; and this was the army with which Transylvania was to be re-conquered !

On the 15th of December, Bem arrived at Somlyo, the head-quarters of Major Czetz. Let us hear his description of Bem's appearance, and of the impression it made.

" Bem's outward man is anything but imposing : A rather short, but well proportioned figure, an oval, Polish cast of countenance, a short snub nose, a scar on the right cheek, which had been

\* The name Honvéd (from Hon, fatherland, and véd, defender) was adopted for the regular troops of the Hungarian ministry.



left by a pistol shot, an ordinary mouth and forehead, his hair gray and thin, a stick in his hand, on which he rests as he drags his right leg with its three open wounds, after him, and his, consequently, limping gait,—take this, and cover it with the best Honvéd uniform which came in his way, and you have the portrait of Bem, as he first received the officers of the army of Transylvania at Szilágy-Somlyó; and in truth, under this guise, none of us had discovered the hero who was to lead us from victory to victory; and who with such genius, was to unfold to us the mysteries of the art of war. It required, indeed, nothing less than a proclamation from Kossuth himself, before the army could be brought to trust the well tried hero of Ostrolenka. As Bem, however, cast his bright searching eye, burning with the heavenly spark of genius, along our ranks, and in comprehensible though very Polish German, gave utterance to his thoughts in these terms:—“Gentlemen, I require the strictest obedience,—whoever disobeys will be shot; I know how to reward, but I know how to punish, too. You may leave.” We all stood, dumb-struck, before the little man, for we felt we had to do with no ordinary person, but with a tried soldier, who was not to be trifled with.”

It can scarcely be uninteresting to the reader to know something of the previous life of one who now played so great a part. Joseph Bem was born at Tarnow, in Galicia, in 1795, and was, consequently, at the time we are writing of, fifty-three years old. He was descended of a respectable family inhabiting the towns of Cracow and Tarnow, and known in Poland for nearly four centuries. His father was a barrister of some eminence, and possessed landed property in the Palatinate of Cracow. Bem was intended for the profession of his father, and was sent to Cracow to pursue his studies in the university, but the triumphal entry of P. Piotrowsky in 1809, after his defeat of the Austrians, is said so completely to have fascinated the young Pole, that his father consented to his desire to become a soldier, and transferred him to the military school at Warsaw, then under the direction of the French general, Pelletier. Bem passed from this school, where he had greatly distinguished himself, into the artillery, and we find him at the opening of the French campaign of 1812, against Russia, as lieutenant in the corps of Marshal Davoust, and afterwards in that of Macdonald. After the retreat of the French, when Rapp shut himself up in Danzig, Bem was with him, and remained there thirteen months, till the place surrendered. According to the terms of the capitulation, all the Poles were to have been sent to France; but the Russians violated their promises, and Bem, with the rest, was obliged to return to Poland.

In the year 1815, when the erection of the Palatinate of Warsaw into the kingdom of Poland, and the reorganization of the Polish army out of the remains of the *grande armée* of Napoleon opened the prospect of a brighter future to the Poles, Bem re-entered the service. The Archduke Constantine, to whom the reorganization of the army was entrusted, and whose petty tyranny threw Poland at last into revolution, was hardly the man under whom a spirit such as Bem's was likely to bend itself.

Bem got into trouble, accordingly, and was suspended from active service. In 1819, however, he was reinstated, promoted to the rank of captain, and appointed professor in the School of Artillery at Warsaw. At this time Bem published a work on the use of Congreve rockets, which he had been the means of introducing into the Polish artillery. On the publication of some regulations regarding the military school, alike degrading to the professors and students, Bem protested warmly, and, finding his protest unheeded, he resigned his professorship, and incurred the implacable hatred of the Archduke Constantine. This half idiot and half madman now persecuted, without intermission the man who had dared to resist his wishes.

From 1820 to 1826, Bem was three times tried by court-martial, was three times imprisoned, and twice suspended from duty, and, even after his imprisonment was over, was sent to a small town, Kotzk, and placed under the surveillance of the police. On the accession of the present emperor, Bem applied for his discharge from the service, which he at last obtained. He then repaired to Lemberg, in Austrian Poland, where he occupied himself in the composition of a work on mechanics, of which only one volume, “On the Steam Engine,” has been as yet published.

The revolution, 1830, broke in upon Bem's studies, and called him once more into active life. He hastened to Warsaw, received his commission as major, and took the command of the horse artillery in the revolutionary army. At the battle of Iganie, Bem proved himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him. The ability with which he employed his sixteen field pieces against the forty guns of the enemy was mainly instrumental in securing the victory, and gained him the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The battle of Ostrolenka, however, was Bem's masterpiece, and justly gained him the title of the hero of that bloody day. The Polish army under Skrynecki was defeated,

and the Russian army, 80,000 strong, in full pursuit. The Russian army had forced the passage of the bridge over the Narew, and were crossing it in large masses, when Bem galloped up with a battery of horse artillery, took up a position in front of the storming columns, and poured in such a destructive fire, that he kept the whole army in check long enough to allow the Polish forces to draw off and retreat in order, when, without this assistance, their total destruction was inevitable.

Bem, now raised to the rank of colonel, and soon after to that of general, was occupied with providing a supply of arms from the manufactory of Warsaw, and with the formation of an effective corps of artillery. But the Polish struggle was approaching to its close. Warsaw was besieged by Paskiewitch, and Bem commanded at the *tête de pont* of Praga. Much to Bem's disappointment, the city capitulated, and, after two days' fighting, the National army evacuated the capital, upon which Bem, not trusting the Russian amnesty, took refuge in Prussia, and from thence removed to Paris.

In France, Bem proposed to form a Polish legion, which should remain in the French pay till an opportunity should occur for again attempting the liberation of Poland. But Louis Philippe preferred expressing his sympathy by an annual vote of the Chambers, which meant nothing; while Bem refused to join the French foreign legion, which would have reduced him to the rank of a mere mercenary adventurer.

In 1833 Bem accepted service in the Portuguese army, on the terms refused by France. But he failed in inducing the Polish refugees to follow him, and, after the expiration of the term of his engagement, returned to Paris. At Bourges he was fired at by one of his countrymen, while attempting to enlist for this expedition; and had it not been for a five franc piece in his waistcoat pocket, which turned the ball, his career would have ended here.

Bem was never inactive. He now published anonymously an historical and statistical work on each of the provinces of Poland, entitled "*la Pologne dans ses anciennes limites, &c., avec deux cartes géographiques et cinq tableaux statistiques—1836, Paris.*" But his favorite scheme was the establishment of a Polish polytechnic school in Paris, in which the young Poles should receive a scientific education fitting them for the higher branches of the military profession. This school was actually formed; but the expense

of such an undertaking was far beyond the means Bem had at his command; and, always a bad financier, he now involved himself in debt, and failed in his enterprise.

After considerable opposition, Bem succeeded in introducing into the public institutions of Paris a system of mnemonics used in Poland, and much improved by him; and in 1842 he visited England with the hope of establishing it here. He succeeded to a certain extent, and it is still used in some of the schools of London.

Bem again visited England in 1847. Weak and emaciated by a wound received thirty-one years before, he was now so lame, that he could hardly move, even with crutches. When a young man, a quarrel with a Polish officer of artillery had ended in a meeting with pistols. Fortune gave the officer the first fire; and Bem fell wounded in the thigh. The officer raised his hat and wished him good morning. "Stop," cried Bem, "it's my turn now;" and, leaning on his elbow, he coolly took his aim and sent a ball through his antagonist's heart. Bem's wound, although the ball had never been extracted, did not, for many years, prevent him from following the active life we have described. In Paris, however, it caused him so much suffering, that he submitted to an operation at the hands of the celebrated Dupuytren. After an hour's agony, Dupuytren declared the ball was in such a position, imbedded in bone, that it required other instruments to extract it than those he had brought with him, and that he must return and finish the operation the next day. Bem told him to do what he liked with him then, but that he would not hear of any second experiment. On this, Dupuytren said nothing further could be effected, and the ball was left where it was.

For some years afterward, the pain diminished, but returned again with greater violence in 1846. Bem was now entirely without means of support, broken down in health, and requiring the best surgical skill, and careful nursing. In this state he presented himself before Lord Dudley Stuart—a name it is scarce possible to mention without an expression of admiration for the constancy with which he has devoted himself to protect and aid the sufferers in the cause of Poland, or we may say of freedom.

It was contrary to the rules of the Polish Association to afford assistance to any new claimants; but, thanks to Lord Dudley Stuart, the urgent wants of Bem were allowed to form an exception. A poor pit-



tance was granted him weekly, and his admission was obtained to the hospital of University College, where he was placed under the care of Mr. Liston. The operation which Dupuytren had been attempting for an hour and failed in, was performed by Liston in less than five minutes. But many months elapsed before Bem was sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital, and he was obliged to return even a second time, before he was dismissed as cured.

While in England, Bem visited Birmingham to inquire into the manufacture of arms; for he was always preparing for the day he still hoped to witness, when he could again fight for Poland's freedom; and he knew from experience that, without good arms, nothing could be done. He spent some time also at Oxford, in the hopes of obtaining encouragement for his system of mnemonics; but those who know the indifference of our universities to anything beyond their ordinary routine, will not be surprised at his failure. All that is recollected of Bem in Oxford has been condensed in a letter to a daily paper:—"An individual of that name had indeed been observed in the streets of Oxford; he was pale, thin, and emaciated, scarcely five feet high, limping to and fro amidst the stately gothic walls of the colleges."

In April, 1848, Bem published "A Letter from a Pole to the Statesmen of Great Britain on the present Commercial and Financial Crisis;" pointing out the injury inflicted by Russia on British commerce, the opening for our trade which a free Poland might offer, and the immense stores of grain which would insure us from any future fear of famine. He proposed the formation of "An Association for the Re-establishment of Poland;" but, like his other schemes, this, too, fell through, and Bem again left England to try his fortune in revolutionized France. Of his future adventures we will let him speak for himself, in a letter addressed to Lord Dudley Stuart, from Transylvania:—

"My Lord,—Many events have taken place since I quitted London. After a stay of two months in Paris, where I knocked at every door of the government, and was answered only by vague observations, I returned to Galicia, my native country, to see into its present state. There I perceived that the clemency of the Austrian government was but feigned, and that it awaited only a favorable opportunity to crush again the new born liberty and nationality of Poland.

"To come to a thorough knowledge of the

state of things, and with a view to serve my country, I repaired to Vienna, where I arrived a few days after the revolution, and after the departure of the Emperor, its result. Invited by the National Guard of Vienna, I accepted the command of that corps, which unfortunately never exceeded in number 10,000 men.

"However, the chances seemed to be in our favor; the Hungarians had beaten and put to flight the Austrian troops, who sought for safety under the walls of Vienna.

"If the Hungarian army had then pursued them, we should have completely destroyed them, and might have then fallen upon the troops under Windischgratz, and beaten them also; in which case it would have been easy for us to have brought back the Emperor from Olmütz to Vienna. The matter would have been then settled and the constitutional regime established. But the Hungarian army was commanded by men devoted to the Austrian camarilla. The march of the army was retarded under various pretexts, and thus time was given to the Austrian forces to concentrate about Vienna, and to crush it before the attack had been made. It was only the day when Vienna, weakly defended by the national guards, fell under the murderous fire of the Austrian troops, that the Hungarian army advanced to Schwöchat, four leagues from Vienna. The Austrians were enabled to bring up all their forces to repulse the Hungarians, who, having become at length aware of the treachery of their generals and superior officers, drove them away and arrived, headed alone by young officers, promoted to command on the spur of the occasion.

"Repulsed by the enemy, the Hungarian army re-crossed the frontier and took up a position at Presburg.

"I was fortunate in being able to quit Vienna, and to arrive in disguise at Presburg. Having offered my services to the Hungarian government, the honor was conferred on me of commanding the army which was to re-conquer Transylvania."

The escape from Vienna, we believe, was made in the disguise of a coachman, after lying two or three days concealed within the town itself. An event, which Bem has not mentioned in his letter, was again nearly costing him his life. It seems to be a passion with certain weak-headed persons to believe all undertakings to which their feelings lead them to desire success, could only have failed from the treachery of those who conducted them. A young Pole, persuaded that the Vienna revolution had been betrayed by Bem, entered his room on his arrival at Pesth, presented a pistol to his head, and discharged it a few inches from his face. The ball passed through his cheek, but caused only a slight wound. The young Pole was seized, and would have been executed but for Bem's interference. While his wound was healing, Bem occupied himself with drawing

up and publishing an account of his life, to show the Hungarians how little they had to fear from treachery on his part, and in the beginning of December he received his appointment as commander-in-chief in Transylvania.

When Bem arrived in Transylvania, except some half-dozen villages and a strong pass, the whole country was in the hands of the Austrians. Three-fourths of the inhabitants—the Wallacks and Saxons—were hostile to the Hungarian cause. Their brutal excesses, while they had intimidated the Magyar population, had made them more stubborn in their enmity, from the belief that no pardon could be granted to such heinous crimes. The Transylvanian army, not exceeding in numbers 12,500, and of whom not more than 7,000 were armed and fit for service,—discouraged by defeat, mistrustful of its leaders, without clothing, without pay, and often without food; exposed to all the hardships of an early and severe winter; officered chiefly by men who had never worn a sword before the last month or two, and most of whom were very young; almost without cavalry, and with artillerymen who had never fired a gun,—was in about as poor a condition as an army could well be. The Austrians, on the contrary, had a regular army of at least 15,000 men, well clothed and fed, led by experienced officers in whom they had full confidence; furnished with fine, well drilled cavalry, and an ample corps of artillery; holding a strong fortress, and furnished with abundant stores and supplies of arms. The Austrians, too, possessed the immense advantage of being in a friendly country, in Transylvania, and possessing not less than 100,000 armed peasants at their disposal, who, if they were but of little use on the field of battle, were fully capable of impeding the communications of the enemy—murdering their couriers, cutting off supplies, acting as spies, and performing those thousand other services which a friendly population can render to an army. At the end of three months from this time Bem had driven the whole Austrian army, except the garrison of Karlsburg, out of the country, as well as 10,000 Russians who had been sent to help them. He had raised troops, and equipped them, till his army amounted to nearly 50,000 men, of whom 30,000 were well armed; and he possessed cannon and ammunition in abundance. A manufactory of small arms was established in Klausenburg. His clemency had completely gained him the confidence and affection even of his enemies;

while it had never for a moment led to suspicion of him on the part of his friends. Although a strict disciplinarian, he was positively adored by his troops, in spite of his inability to speak a word to them in a language they understood. They never spoke of him, or to him, but as "Father Bem;" and yet the Magyar is fully as jealous and distrustful of a foreigner even as the Englishman himself. We have seen the tremendous defeat and loss sustained at Visakna, yet Bem never stood higher in the affection of his troops than after that fatal battle. Of a sanguine disposition, Bem often gave utterance to hopes and promises which, in the mouth of another, would have been empty boastings; in his they were but the expressions of vivid hope, supported by the most undaunted resolution, and a confidence in his own powers, which, if it sometimes led him into misfortune, more frequently forced open a path to victory.

How far Bem was capable of handling a great army, and conducting extensive and combined manœuvres, was a question on which he himself was by no mean confident. On some one's saying how desirable it would be that the government would intrust him with the chief command of the Hungarian army, he observed,—“No! no! A great army and skilful manœuvring, that's Dembinski's affair. Give me 10,000 men who will never turn back, and plenty of guns—that is what I like.” We may add, that Bem always spoke of Dembinski with the greatest admiration, and gladly acknowledged his superior qualities as a general. We are sorry to see that some Hungarians, influenced, perhaps, in part by jealousy of foreigners, but probably more by that vulgar prejudice which recognizes merit only in success, have been led to speak of this gallant soldier and noble-minded man in terms injurious to him, and anything but honorable to themselves.

In private, Bem was retired in his manners and habits, silent in company, and reserved in his communications, even to those nearest to him. To one of his staff, who inquired what was to be done the next day, Bem answered,—“Can you keep a secret?” “Yes.” “Ah, so can I.” The cleverest spy could never make out any of his movements. Every morning the troops were paraded in marching order, and orders were then first given out. Sometimes they were to march straight to the field of battle; at others, sent back to their quarters, without any one being able even to guess, beforehand, which would happen. Bem would overlook many faults in favor of a fighting man, but he never par-

done an officer who retreated unless he contested every inch of the way. No one near him dared speak of the possibility of retreating. His own courage seemed to consist in an absolute unconsciousness of danger; and he was often vexed and disappointed to find that all men had not the same feeling. To prisoners, Bem was humane in the highest degree. Every Austrian officer was generously treated who fell into his hands. He secured them their horses and private property. On entering Hermannstadt, Puchner's orders and diplomas were found, and Bem immediately sent them to him by two non-commissioned officers, whom, perhaps out of gratitude, the Austrians attempted to take prisoners. Colonel Koppet was taken prisoner near Hermannstadt. When in Klausenburg this officer had distinguished himself from his comrades by his delicacy towards the conquered, and the disgust he openly showed towards the Wallack allies of Urban. Bem received him with every mark of respect, and told him he might choose his own place of residence. He allowed him even to go to his family, who were in the Austrian fortress of Zemesvár. It is sad to relate that this officer broke his parole, again took up arms against the Hungarians, and re-entered Transylvania with the Russians, as a general in the Austrian service. Nor was this the only instance in which Imperial officers misused the leniency of the Hungarians. We believe they argued that it was no breach of honor not to observe their parole when given to a rebel. We leave our readers to characterize this sophistry as it deserves.

Bem, although shy and reserved, was the most gallant of men in his deference to females. Lady Horatio Weston, the wife of an Englishman in the Austrian service, had been placed by her husband, for safety, in the fortress of Karlsburg, and on the retreat of the Austrians from Kronstadt, of course he had followed the army, while she was left behind. At Captain Weston's request, Mr. Colquhoun, our consul-general at Bucharest, sent his servant with a letter, to request Bem to allow him to enter Karlsburg, and bring Lady Horatio away. Bem not only complied, but sent up his own carriage, paid her every attention in his power, and appointed an officer of hussars, Baron Iosika, to escort her to the frontier. To the widow of the Austrian Major St. Quentin, who was in Klausenburg, Bem not only gave passports to enable her to leave the country, but requested her to make use of his purse to any extent she might require. To the widow of Count Mikes, his letter of

condolence was a most beautiful and touching proof of his kindness of heart and delicacy of feeling.

Nor did such qualities, united to his heroic courage, and crowned by the halo of success, (which we fear has always something to do with the matter,) fail to win him the hearts of the ladies of Transylvania. After the taking of Hermannstadt, they presented him with a beautiful Turkish sabre, formerly worn by Prince Rachotszy, worked splendid housings for his steed, and overwhelmed him with fêtes and speeches. At the same time they presented to Baron Kemény a richly ornamented buzogány, or antique staff of command, which had been once used by his ancestor, Prince Kemény, and bore his name on the handle, with the date 1640.

Those who had the best opportunity of knowing Bem's political opinions say, that he was a friend of liberty and monarchy, by no means a lover of republics, whether social or democratic. His guiding star was, as it ought have been, Poland and her restoration; and in the freedom of Hungary he thought he saw hopes for Poland's emancipation. It was the *freedom* of Poland, however, that he wished, and not that Panslavism,—that union of all the Slaves,—which, for the hope of achieving greatness, and revenging themselves on Germany, would consent to submit even to the Russian yoke.

Like many successful and self-confiding soldiers, Bem had a sovereign contempt for civilians, at least where they interfered with military matters. When he first arrived in Transylvania, a commissary had been sent down to organize and govern the country, as Bem conquered it. It had been the intention of this gentleman to accompany Bem: perhaps he had hoped to advise, and in some degree control his movements. Bem soon convinced him that his presence was not desired; and when he retired to Klausenburg, he found little was left for him but to obey the orders of Bem, and find money to pay his soldiers. Nor was this latter task an easy one, for never was a general so liberal to his troops, both officers and privates, as Bem. Every battle gained, every town taken, was an occasion for a month's extra pay, and abundant promotions. Kossuth often complained of this extravagance, and declared that if he had many such armies and generals as those in Transylvania, he should require twice as many bank-note presses to satisfy them. His own pay Bem never drew. He used to give orders on the chest for the small sums necessary for his kitchen or his immediate personal use, but of

the rest he never touched a farthing, and left the country as poor as he had entered it, though millions passed through his hands.

Bem's greatest outbreak against the civil power, however, was on his return from the Bavat, in June. He found that the amnesty, which he had granted for all political offences committed by Saxons or Wallacks, had not been observed, and that a Lutheran clergyman, Roth, who had been very active in stirring up the Saxons, and had confiscated and sold by auction the property of many Hungarians, had been condemned to death and shot. He at once published a proclamation, annulling all criminal courts, declaring the power of the government commissioners at an end, and placing the country under military rule. In private he declared, that if he could catch the commissary who had executed Roth, he would hang him on the spot. Public feeling was so strongly in Bem's favor, that no one resisted this arbitrary proceeding, and the government did not venture even to oppose him openly. His policy in this matter was as wise as it was determined.

And now the war in Hungary is over. The heroism of her sons has served only to fatten her fields with blood. Russia has thrown

her weight into the scale, and Hungary has fallen. Bem has sought other lands, in which to exercise his genius, and struggle against the oppressors of Poland,—and that the day will come when Russia and Turkey must again measure their strength, there can be little doubt. It is a question only of time. This short narrative of his first campaign in Transylvania may enable the reader to judge for himself what part "Father Bem" is likely to play when that day arrives.

So ended our paper as sent to the printer: but while passing through the press the report comes that Bem has expired at Aleppo, and been interred there with full military honors. The condition on which he entered the Turkish army suggests that, in his case, religion had never been a matter of grave conviction. On that subject he has gone to his account;—we have had to do with him as a man, a patriot, and a soldier; and with his personal history, not only on these grounds, but for the sake of the cause with which his name is so honorably associated. A slight fever, and carelessness of medical advice, were the causes of his death. The sultan, we are told, laments his decease as a heavy loss.

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From the Westminster Review.

## OEHLENSCHLÄGER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.\*

THE value of autobiography is, we believe, a point generally conceded. We can hardly, indeed, conceive a case in which an autobiography would be entirely worthless, unless where it was false, and therefore to that extent no autobiography at all, but a foolish fiction; and it is by no means necessary that the subject of it should have attained or deserved a distinguished place in any department. There is a point of view, indeed, in which we should rather prefer that of one who had never risen above mediocrity. If we wished to inquire into the spirit and

social character of any particular period, we should not think so much of studying the life of a genius, who is always more or less *sui generis*,—who subdues antagonist forces to his individual being, fuses surrounding circumstances, and stamps them with his own burning impression,—as that of the most thoroughly common-place individual that could be found—the one in whom the influences of his age acted merely in conjunction with the general laws of human nature, disturbed as little as possible by anything peculiar to himself. What a convenient standard such a one would offer for estimating the nature and amount of the influences of the age on the bulk of mankind!

The genius, it is true, in the succeeding

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\* *Meine Lebens Erinnerungen*. (Recollections of my Life.) *Ein Nachlass*, von Adam Oehenschläger. Leipzig: C. B. Lorck, 1850. London: Williams and Norgate.



age, takes his place among the efficient causes on which social character depends. Each has its use; but the life of the mere average man has, at all events, the value of greater rarity, for such a one is very seldom written. Here and there, indeed, an individual, like our well-beloved Samuel Pepys, Clerk of the Navy, is, fortunately for us, blinded to his own meanness and insignificance; and sitting down to record his small sayings and doings, his love of luxurious viands and fine clothes, his profound insensibility to all but the lowest motives, and his perfect unconsciousness of moral principles, throws a light upon the character of his age, that we should look for in vain from the lives of a Locke or a Milton. But such chroniclers as Pepys are few and far between; and biographies seldom come before us, the subject of which neither rises above, nor falls below, the convenient level of flat mediocrity. The majority hold some intermediate station between the two classes we have indicated, tending sometimes a little to the one, and sometimes to the other, so that it often requires some skill in analysis to trace accurately what belongs to the spirit of the age, what to the individual.

It may be thought, that a man occupying so high a place in the literature of his country as Oehlenschläger, would be found to belong wholly to the nobler class, but the account of his "life, character, and behavior," will, we think, scarcely bear this supposition out. We find little in it to indicate that it is the life-record of a poet—the man and his works seem to stand wholly apart. We find no struggles with the deepest problems of existence; none of that power of insight into the beauty and significance of common things, which, like the sunbeam, can turn even the dust to glory. Much of what is best worth giving also was contained in a sketch prefixed to his collected works, published at Breslau twenty years ago; and in what is here, we find page after page of random collections of those mere straws that float down the stream of memory, and which may often just as well be suffered to find their way quietly to the ocean. Although, however, we cannot deny having experienced something like disappointment that the personal character of one who is admitted to be the greatest dramatic poet his country has produced, should rise little, if at all, above the ordinary level,—we find in this, as in all faithful autobiographies, matter of great interest.

Oehlenschläger was born in 1778, in a suburb of Copenhagen, called the Wester-

brücke, leading to the royal castle of Friedrichsberg, in which, about a year after, his father obtained some humble, but not menial appointment, and where, consequently, his childhood was passed. The circumstances that surrounded his infancy were of a nature far from unfavorable to a poetic organization. The family lived in a quiet, regular, and frugal manner,—was, indeed, apparently, very poor, yet the senses and imagination of the child were early familiarized with the beauties of nature and art in the palace and its environs—painting, music, stately gardens—of which he seems to have had the free range, and while it was removed from the narrowing and depressing accompaniments of poverty, was equally out of danger of the corrupting influences of wealth. The father of Oehlenschläger was not, as has been sometimes stated, governor of the castle, but only *Schloss-verwalter*, or steward. What may be the precise duties of this office we know not, but it is evident it carried with it no dignity, and but little emolument. We will select a few extracts, to convey an idea of the ordinary course of his life at this period.

"In the South Field, laid out by Voigh, I had daily before my eyes a picture of the English natural style of landscape gardening; in the old garden that of the French formal regularity; and between both the Italian palace, full of fine rooms and beautiful pictures. My environment was in summer and winter as various as nature herself. In summer the place swarmed with people, and with gayly-dressed ladies; the whole court was present, and every Sunday we children had the opportunity of hearing beautiful military and table music. From a gallery we could see the royal party seated at dinner. The South Field was at these times seldom visited, as it was reserved for the court; but my father had a key, and I and my sister made many of our acquaintances happy by taking them in to walk with us there. It was as silent and solitary there as if it had been forty miles from the town. We used to visit the Norwegian House, as it was called, where the grandeur of nature was deceptively imitated on a small scale, to see the hermit in his cell; the grotto with its crystals and minerals like an enchanted cave; the Chinese pleasure-house with its shell work, mirrors, gaudy pictures of mandarins and club-footed ladies, and the bell on the roof, which shook and rang in the wind. Once in the summer we used to make a pilgrimage to the Zoological Garden, along the beautiful strand, or by Ørdrup, where the ancient beeches invited us to rest beneath their shade, and consume the provisions we had brought with us. There we sat on the grass, and looked on at the rope-dancers and tumblers, and cut our names on the trunks of the beeches, where they may still be read.

"Late in the autumn the royal family used to return to the city, and then the scene was entirely

changed. No more music, no more promenades, but the whole palace and gardens full of laborers and mechanics busily at work. I rambled about among masons, carpenters, painters, and upholsterers, and even ventured to accompany the plumbers out upon the roof. And as in summer I admired the elegant life of the great world, so I now watched with interest all the ways and peculiarities of the workmen, and saw the gardeners graft, and plant, and sow.

"When the actual winter came, we were left alone in the castle with no other company than two watchmen and two great yellow dogs. The whole palace belonged to us then, and I walked freely into the royal apartments, contemplated the pictures, and employed myself in building castles in the air. When the weather was fine my father allowed me to go to the town to fetch books from the circulating library; and I used to return in the twilight with six books tied up in a blue handkerchief, and along on a stick over my shoulder. Then, when we had had tea, and the lights were put on the table, we cared little for rain, or snow, or storm. My father sat in his great arm-chair, with the little dog on his dressing-gown, and read aloud; or I read to myself, and followed Albert and Julius, or Robinson Crusoe to the desert island, revelled in fairy land with Aladdin, or amused myself with Tom Jones, or laughed over Siegfried of Lindenberg. Most of Halberg's comedies I knew nearly by heart.

"My childhood was, however, not wholly passed on a bed of roses, for my parents were poor, and troubled by many cares for subsistence. Besides this, my youngest sister, Christine, had been born with a watery head, and before she died, lay for five years in the cradle, with a body like that of a new-born infant, and a head larger than that of a grown person. This great misfortune threw my mother into deep melancholy, and she was ultimately lost to us all and to herself. But the elastic spirit of childhood bore me up, and I took refuge from what was painful and oppressive in the beautiful, giving myself up to dreams in which the poetical buds of my fancy germinated. The magnificent castle, and the pure, healthy air that surrounded it, the prospect from the hill, the gay throng of people in the pleasant garden, the romantic solitude of the silent gloomy South Field, the architecture and paintings, delighted me. The pictures were my daily study. The beautiful Italian women in the smaller gallery made a deep impression on my heart; the Roman woman in the peasant's dress, who is sitting sewing; the beauty returning from the masquerade, with her mask under the pretty hat; the blonde, with the purple bodice; the fair one with the handkerchief on her head, and her slender form confined by a robe of green silk; and so forth. As a contrast to these, was to be seen Gustavus Adolphus, with his rough, honest, chivalrous face, and on the ceilings the gods of Greece—Juno with her doves, Venus, Thetis, Neptune, Jupiter. There flew dark Hatred with her torches before the face of Peace. Lorenzen's fine copy of one of Rubens' masterpieces, in which the Woman taken in Adultery is brought to Jesus, who says, 'Whosoever

is without sin among you let him cast the first stone,' made a particular impression on me, and does so still."

It may be thought, perhaps, that a position in a royal household would bring with it some tendency to what has been expressively denominated *flunkeyism*; a few trifling circumstances which are incidentally mentioned, will, we think, serve to contradict this supposition. On one occasion, Oehlenschläger, when three or four years old, had been bitten by a large dog that was chained in one of the court-yards. His mother, as soon as she had washed the wound, went to the sentinel, and desired him to shoot the animal immediately. "Good heavens, ma'am!" was the answer, "it's the king's dog—a present from some grand gentleman—I could not venture to do it." "Shoot the dog directly," repeated the mother, "he might go mad; and I must provide for the safety of my child—a child is surely of more value than a dog; I take on myself all the responsibility." The animal was destroyed accordingly; and it does not appear that the liberty assumed by the mother was ever taken amiss by the "august personage" to whom it belonged.

Again, the finely-dressed pages, who had a school in the castle, and who used to pass by the Oehlenschlägers' apartments every day, on their way to the royal table, in splendid scarlet uniforms, with gold tassels and white silk stockings, of course attracted his childish admiration; but a certain haughtiness of deportment, implying consciousness of superior rank, repelled him in an equal degree. "I never could endure those airs," he says; "they drove me wild, till I learned first to treat them with scorn, and then, in riper years, with Christian patience." His mother told him he might play with these gay pages if he liked. "But can I say *thou* to them, like other boys?" asked Adam. "No; that would not be proper." "Then I won't play with them." One day, however, one of the pages stopped to admire the Oehlenschlägers' garden, and asked whether he might come in. Adam invited him to enter, and did the honors with great politeness, till the youth began to boast of the splendors of his paternal home, and to give young Oehlenschläger to understand that he considered him as an inferior. This brought matters to a crisis, and Adam treated his noble visitor to what, in the language of the street, is called "something for yourself." The next day the eldest page came in full state to complain; but when Oehlenschläger's



father heard that the blow had been given by Adam in return for impertinence on the part of the young noble, he refused to interfere. It would appear, therefore, that though brought up in the palace of a despotic monarch, Adam was in no particular danger of imbibing a spirit of servility.

As dates are not very accurately noted, we do not know at what period the poet entered the second age of man, namely, that of the school-boy. His *debut* in the academic groves was made at a school kept by the sexton—"a school for street-boys," of which there were several in Friedrichsberg. Here he had an opportunity of studying an opposite condition of life from that which came under his observation in the palace. The boys used to come in rags and patches, with wooden shoes; the floor of the school-room was the bare earth, and the benches and tables were of the kind seen in the lowest ale-houses. Oehlenschläger's own seat was upon a shutter, and as it happened to be near the stove, he had the advantage of being able to amuse himself during school hours by melting the snow he had brought in his pockets, while the first boy of this free-and-easy seat of learning occupied his leisure by cutting grooves in the tables, with a spout at the side, and pouring beer into them, which was imbibed by the poorer lads, who kept their mouths applied to the spouts; the master or his assistant stalking about majestically in their night-caps, with long clay pipes in their mouths.

Oehlenschläger's own appearance at this time was such as to excite considerable merriment in this little world. Among other expedients for saving money, his parents had purchased some old clothes, formerly belonging to the royal family, from the master of the wardrobe, and these were manufactured into habiliments for Adam. He was a tall lad, and rose above most of his class-fellows "like Munster tower above the surrounding houses;" and he was attired in an old red coat that had belonged to the crown prince, the king's stiff boots, and trowsers of a fine green color, made out of the cashiered covering of a billiard-table. This striking costume did not, of course, pass without observation from his schoolfellows; and to their remarks, as it was not easy to vindicate the fashion of his garments, Adam had seldom any answer ready but a cuff. Ultimately, however, he succeeded in fighting his way to peace.

At certain periods a school examination was held by the bishop, or some inferior dig-

nitary, on which occasion, a prompter stood behind the boys to whisper the expected answer to the questions.

Oehlenschläger was twelve years old before he began to receive anything like regular instruction. At this time a friend of his father's obtained for him a presentation to a school in Copenhagen, and here in the capital was first awakened the theatrical taste which had such great influence on his future life. Walking home one evening from some lecture with the person with whom he boarded, and an acquaintance, a ship's captain, past the door of the theatre, the latter expressed, in a careless, *nonchalante* manner, his intention to go to the play, and, bidding adieu to his companions, disappeared through the door, from which came a gleam of magic radiance, leaving the young poet vainly fixing a longing lingering gaze on that blissful portal, like the Peri at the gate of Paradise. Soon after this he began to write plays himself; and, during his holidays, performed them in a great dining-room of the castle of Friedrichsberg, with the assistance of his sister and a schoolfellow; the spectators, when there were any, being seated at the further end.

An anecdote connected with these performances may be offered to the consideration of phrenologists. One of the actors, a boy who played a tragic father, and, attired in an old wig, looked extremely imposing, was seldom perfect in his part, but by way of compensation, could say all the stage directions without missing a word. During the representation of a very affecting drama, his memory suddenly failed him in a pathetic scene, where his daughter had fallen into a swoon, and not knowing what to do, he solemnly repeated the direction "*in the meantime the other characters assist her, and bring her to herself,*" and walked off. A comrade, however, of the poet, who was standing at the side, indignant at the effect of the scene being thus marred, administered to the forgetful actor, as he made his exit, a violent thump on the back, that not only sent him on the stage again, but suddenly restored his recollection. The missing speech was recovered, and the scene went off with its accustomed *éclat*.

Oehlenschläger received, of course, some compliments on his dramatic talents. His tutor, Edward Storm, who had himself a small reputation as a poet, declared half jestingly, that he was going to be a second Moliere; but another auditor, one of those, we presume, whom, as somebody says, we may know to be our true friends by their always

saying things we don't like to hear, told him he must not fancy himself a genius because he could make verses, and that though he might make a tolerable man of business, he would certainly never be a poet; an opinion which caused Oehlenschläger "to clench his fist in his breeches pocket." This is one instance of that extreme susceptibility to opinion—a failing commonly attendant on a poetical temperament, and called by the enemy egregious vanity, of which Oehlenschläger afterwards showed other and more striking examples.

Not to exceed our limits, we must pass over the remainder of the school days of our hero, as well as of the succeeding years during which he labored, not very perseveringly, nor very successfully, to acquire a sufficient amount of Latin and Greek to enable him to enter what is called a learned profession, and shift the scene to his nineteenth year, when we find him a member of the Theatre Royal of Copenhagen, and thus, at what would once have appeared the summit of earthly felicity. But, as it mostly happens in such cases, "'twas distance lent enchantment to the view;" and the theatre viewed from behind the scenes, wore a very different aspect from that which it presented from before the curtain. A previous acquaintance with several of the actors too, had, even before his entry within the charmed circle, pretty effectually disenchanted him; and his choice of the stage, as a profession, was in a great measure, that which is traditionally known as "Hobson's," no other means of gaining his livelihood being within his reach. It does not appear, we may add, that its adoption was attended with anything like the same amount of discredit that is attached to it in England and France. Possibly a "*grande passion*," which he entertained at the time for a young lady, who was a great favorite with the play-going public of the city, may have contributed also to this result. He had begun, he says, to find the beautiful Italian ladies in the palace picture-gallery somewhat unsatisfactory, and having one day heard it said, that "anybody might fall in love with an actress," he did not wait to be told twice, but fell in love instantly with the fair Maria Smidt. We hear, however, no further mention of Maria; and as her admirer did not meet with any great success as an actor, it was not long before he began to consider whether it was possible for him to escape from a way of life in which he found but little attraction or advantage. This wish was strengthened by his acquaintance with

the celebrated brothers Oersted, from whom he gained a higher idea of a studious life than he had hitherto formed.

"The brothers Oersted lived in a very retired manner. The first winter I knew them, they used to go about in long mantles that hung down to their heels, and so closely linked together, arm-in-arm, that they looked like a pair of twins growing together. But they outshone like Dioscuri all the rest of the students, and the fruits of their talents and their industry soon appeared in the shape of prize treatises and gold medals. I visited them often in Ehler's cottage, and how different was the society I now got into from that to which I had been accustomed. It was no more the pleasant Friedrichsberg, the merry theatre, the jovial dinner and supper parties. The Oersteds sat alone, and studied as in a monk's cell. Here first I learned to know the meaning of earnest, loving devotion to science, and a deep and melancholy feeling seized me. I had a strong consciousness that I was born for a true son of the Muses, yet I was merely idling about and doing nothing. Rosing (the principle actor of the Copenhagen theatre) was indeed convinced that I should make a figure as an actor, but few were of his opinion; and even if I did, I was weary of this life, and of this art, which depends so much on what is extraneous. My nature required to manifest itself in a higher sphere. I felt within me a capacity not yet developed, for which reason my acquaintance used to call me, in mockery, 'the man with the hidden talents.' But what could I do? For study it was, I believed, too late. I concealed my despair in my own bosom, and did not even confide it to my friends, the Oersteds. Hans Christian was the librarian of the college; the library was a large and fine collection, kept in the great hall opposite the Auditorium, where ten years afterwards I began my lectures as professor (of æsthetics), which I continued for six-and-twenty years. In this library I was standing one day, sunk in mournful contemplations. I gazed upon the many volumes, especially the old folios, as on treasures that were locked from me for ever, and tears streamed over my cheeks. In this state Hans Christian found me, and consoled me with the assurance that it was not yet too late to study if I really wished it; and he took me to his brother, who was of the same opinion."

The matter was now soon settled. It was agreed that Oehlenschläger should study the law, with the assistance of the brothers Oersted; and after sending in a very stately resignation to the manager of the theatre, he entered on his new pursuit with great zeal, though he continued, nevertheless, to make many excursions into the domains of the *belles lettres*. In the year 1800, the question offered at the University for a Prize Essay on *Æsthetics* was, "Would it be advantageous to the poetical literature of the north, that the ancient northern mythology should be

introduced and generally adopted instead of the Greek?" "That," he says, "was water to my mill. I had occupied myself much with the old Scandinavian literature and mythology; and the Oersteds agreed that it would be a good thing for me to gain an academical prize medal; I now, therefore, saddled my hobby and wrote an essay, in which I endeavored to place the northern mythology and its neglected beauties in the most favorable point of view." Oehlenschläger's essay obtained highly honorable mention as one of three, between which it was scarcely possible to decide. Ultimately, however, the gold medal was assigned to the one that had defended the cause of the Greek mythology; but, though disappointed at the moment, his exertions in this instance afterwards yielded him better fruit than a medal, since he owed to this treatise his subsequent appointment at the University as Professor of *Æsthetics*, to say nothing of an honor that certainly could not have been anticipated from it, namely, that of military promotion.

The spring of the year 1801 brought an English fleet into the Sound, and suspended for a time all private plans, and banished all thoughts but those of national defence. The whole male population of Denmark began to form into volunteer corps; the students of the University were organized under the name of the Crown Prince's Guards, and in the first battalion, Oehlenschläger was chosen to be sergeant and ensign, solely, as he believed, on the strength of his essay, and of some poems that had appeared in periodical publications. Some of these volunteer experiences are amusing enough.

We have dwelt so long on the earlier part of the biography, in which we find most interest, that we must pass quickly over the remaining volume. In 1805, Oehlenschläger, who had become favorably known by several literary performances, received from the Danish government an allowance to enable him to spend some years in travelling, with a view to complete his intellectual and artistic culture. Long before this, and while as yet he had nothing he could call his own but expectations, and when even this unsubstantial prospect was not very bright, he had ventured to solicit the hand of a young lady to whom he had become attached. He did not, indeed, look to an immediate ratification of the engagement; yet the proposal was certainly one on which it might be supposed the lady's father would have looked rather grave. Not so, however—

"I made my proposal in a very modest and timid manner—mentioned that I loved his daughter; that I had hopes of being loved again; that I was to be a lawyer, and that I was told I might qualify myself to practise in two years. My father-in-law heard me politely, without making any remark; rung the bell, sent for his daughter, told her what we had been talking of, joined our hands, and then *began to talk of something else?*"

Yet the gift thus lightly bestowed was the one whose price has been declared to be "above rubies,"—namely, a virtuous, and if we may judge from one feature of her conduct here related, a noble-minded woman. Oehlenschläger had felt many misgivings in writing to inform her of the travelling plan which must necessarily defer for a considerable time the conclusion of an engagement already of rather long standing. In answer to the letter requesting her consent to this measure, she assures him in the most earnest manner that she has nothing so much at heart as his good—that what is best for him must be most agreeable to her—concluding in these words:—

"The conviction that this journey will be useful as well as agreeable to you, and the hope that it will in no wise change your feelings towards your Christiana, shall support and console me in your absence. Blessed be the moment in which you took this resolution, and blessed those who have enabled you to execute it.

"Your CHRISTIANA."

Oehlenschläger set off for Germany with two companions, and reached Weimar, then considered the head-quarters of the Muses, as it had unfortunately become also that of the Prussian army, and just when the advance of the French was hourly expected.

"On that day we saw the streets full of fine-looking Prussian officers, who appeared to be discussing with each other some important question, and were looking into written papers. In the evening every theatre was open. The camp was pitched outside Weimar, and I wandered through it with Goethe, and thought of Wallenstein's Lager in Schiller's play. What a wonderful great movable city, full of little huts, where the fiercest warriors must at least keep the peace for some hours daily, while they eat, and drink, and sleep. The sutler-women are quite a peculiar race; the soldier needs a woman's care, and the sutler-men are nothing to them.

"The 14th of October, 1806, was approaching. Already, for some days before, we had been hearing the roar of the cannon at a distance; now it came nearer, but we had no idea where the battle would take place. I ran from the hotel where I was staying to Goethe's house; there I got consoling news that the conflict would not be in our



neighborhood; but as I was coming home, I found the satirist Falk standing in the street, pale and motionless as a statue; he assured me that all was lost. A little while before we had seen Prussian soldiers selling in the market-place French horses that they had taken; now the Prussians came flying from the battle at full gallop, and calling to us as they passed,—“Which road leads to the mountains?” There are no mountains. “Where then is the way to where there are no French?” they asked, and vanished like the wind before we could answer.”

During this battle it was that Goethe be-thought himself to get married to the mother of his son; and, in order to avoid the ridicule of an elderly pair thus ending with what ought to have come at the beginning, the ceremony was performed with the utmost privacy. While the cannon were thundering a dreadful marriage peal, the renowned poet slipped into the church with his housekeeper, and brought her back *Frau Geheimrathin von Goethe*. Further than this, no notice was taken of any change; the bride continued to treat the “*Herr Geimrath*” with the same respect as before, and to address him by his title. His friends appear to have been a good deal puzzled to know what might have been the peculiar attraction of this lady. In her youth she is stated to have been plump and rosy-cheeked, but completely of the Dutch school, and profoundly insensible to poetry. She does not appear, either, to have been very romantically devoted to her distinguished husband, for she complained of having rather too much of his exclusive society. “The Herr Geimrath and I,” she said, “sit and look at each other, and one gets rather tired of that.” Soon after the battle, Oehlenschläger left Weimar, which, he says, from a seat of the muses, had now become a hospital; and it is illustrative of the spirit of reckless mischief awakened by war, that on the road to Gotha, the postilion drove right through a field of standing corn, and on the travellers calling to him to stop, replied with great *nonchalance*—“Oh, it’s war time!” and drove on.

Oehlenschläger’s rank, as the first dramatic poet of his country, is, we believe, uncontested, as well as his great, absolute, and not merely relative merit; but we have no intention of entering here into any examination of them. We have not the materials at hand, and if we had, the subject has already been fully treated in an article on Danish poetry, in an early number of this Review. His great strength is in tragedy, and especially in subjects connected with the Scandinavian

mythology—the heroic ages of the North—as in his “*Axel and Walburg*,” “*Hakon Jarl*,” &c. His comic pieces or novels are of no remarkable merit, and he has sometimes lavished scenes of great beauty on a poor and childish subject. His productions are almost always original and healthy, and wholly free from the falsely sentimental and morbid tone of the school that numbered so many disciples at the time when his literary career began.

Although, however, we cannot enter into an examination of these productions, we may take this opportunity of stating some of the articles of Oehlenschläger’s political creed, and of the principles on which he worked.

“I had read with great attention several times Aristotle’s *Fragments upon Poetry*, and *Sophocles*. I found that the former had formed a clear conception of the nature and character of the tragedy of his own nation; that he had stated intelligibly its conditions, without showing a trace of dogmatism, or of the presumption which might say, ‘Thus have I speculated, and to these rules must any one conform who would be a tragic poet.’ He says merely, ‘Thus have great poets written tragedies, thus have they produced their effects, and these, therefore, must be the rules of the art.’ His views are these:—Tragedy must produce its effects principally by action and character; but of these, action is the most important; for a tragedy might produce an effect merely by its fable, without any drawing of character, but not conversely. What reaches the heart in a tragedy is the fable: this may be compared to the outline in a picture, the character to the coloring; even a simple chalk drawing may be beautiful; but not color without outline.

“‘Tragedy,’ says Aristotle, very truly, ‘operates especially through terror and pity: these are the wheels and springs of its movement, and these are nothing else than strong effects of our interest in human creatures resembling ourselves. Terror for their fate before it overtakes them, and pity when it has overtaken them. The material of tragedy is a struggle with misfortune, an energetic struggle; and the consolation consists in this, that though the earthly is conquered by fate, the eternal is victorious. For this reason the basis of true tragedy is a high and healthy cheerfulness. Art has nothing to do with melancholy and hypochondria, any more than with anything else that is sickly; and whoever feels himself dejected by a good tragedy, is by no means in a position to comprehend its beauties; for the proper effect, on the contrary, should be to elevate and strengthen the soul. This is why we admire tragedy, especially in youth. As we approach the grave, we have less courage to occupy ourselves with the representation of death, less pleasure in looking it in the face. We need diversion for our thoughts, we wish to be exhilarated by the comic. We must add, also, that at a riper age our enlarged

knowledge of human nature enables us to enter into finer gradations of character in all the relations of life, whilst youth rejoices only in the passionate.' Of tragic heroes, Aristotle says they should not be quite innocent, for then we are indignant at their cruel, unjust destiny; nor should they be complete villains, for then we have no compassion with them; but men of mixed qualities, who have drawn their fate on themselves without entirely deserving it. This is well said; but we may add the remark that, as Christians, we can bear to see the misfortune of a perfectly innocent person, since we no longer doubt of retributive justice, and a life of felicity beyond the grave. Even among the Greeks, the Antigone of Sophocles is perfectly innocent, and yields to no Christian in nobility of soul."

After passing briefly in review the principal dramatists of modern nations—Shakspeare, Calderon, Goethe, Schiller, &c.—he proceeds:—

"I convinced myself thus, that the æsthetic can by no means dispense with the ethical, since that is the object of the rational will. All human

actions tend either to promote or to destroy the moral order of society; and since the drama is the ideal representation of human actions, moral relations must take an important place in it. The dramatic poet ought to be an enthusiast for moral order. He must not play with his subject with cold, impartial irony, or conjure up images merely to allow them to vanish again; he must not merely agitate and excite; for in *the mere pleasure in that which awakens horror, without at the same time calling forth any noble feelings, lies the germ of all cruelty.*"

We point emphatically to this remark, because it is one which especially requires to be kept in mind in judging many imaginative productions of our day, perhaps even more than those of Oehlenschläger's. It is not only in an æsthetic point of view that it is desirable to analyze the nature of the emotions called forth by works of fiction, since they are unquestionably among the most powerful influences at our disposal in the moral training of individuals or nations.

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From the Examiner.

## POEMS OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THESE poems will be read with great and general admiration; and, wherever the name of Hartley Coleridge was known, with poignant sorrow and regret. The book establishes the fame of a poet whose life was so deplorable a contradiction to the strength and subtlety of his genius, and the capability and range of his intellect, that perhaps no such sad example has ever found similar record. Indeed we are obliged with sincere grief to doubt, whether, as written here, the memoir should have been written at all. With much respect for Mr. Derwent Coleridge, who is himself no unworthy inheritor of a great name, his white neckcloth is somewhat too prominently seen in the matter. There are too many labored explainings, starched apologies, and painful accountings for this and that. The writer was probably not conscious of the effort he was making, yet the effort is but too manifest. A simple statement of facts, a kindly allowance for circum-

stances, a mindful recollection of what his father was in physical as well as mental organization, extracts from Hartley's own letters recollections of those among whom his latter life was passed—this, as it seems to us, should have sufficed. Mr. Derwent Coleridge brings too many church-bred and town-bred notions to the grave design of moralizing and philosophizing his brother's simple life and wayward self-indulgences. His motives will be respected, and his real kindness not misunderstood; but it will be felt that a quiet and unaffected little memoir of that strange and sorry career, and of those noble nor wholly wasted powers, remains still to be written.

Meanwhile we gratefully accept the volumes before us, which in their contents are quite as decisive of Hartley Coleridge's genius as of what it might have achieved in happier circumstances. A more beautiful or sorrowful book has not been published in our day.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burned is Appollo's laurel-bough,  
That sometimes grew within this learned man.

Hartley Coleridge was the eldest son of the poet, and with much of his father's genius (which in him, however, took a more simple and practical shape than consisted with the wider and more mystical expanse of his father's mind), inherited also the defects of his organization and temperament. What would have become of the elder Coleridge but for the friends in whose home his later years found a refuge, no one can say. With no such friends or home, poor Hartley became a castaway. After a childhood of singular genius, manifested in many modes and forms, and described with charming effect by his brother in the best passages and anecdotes of the memoir, he was launched without due discipline or preparation into the University of Oxford, where the catastrophe of his life befell. He had first fairly shown his powers when the hard doom went forth which condemned them to waste and idleness. He obtained a fellowship-elect at Oriel, was dismissed on the ground of intemperance before his probationary year had passed, and wandered for the rest of his days by the scenes with which his father most wished to surround his childhood—

(But thou my babe, shall wander like a breeze  
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags  
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds  
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores  
And mountain crags)

—listening with hardly less than his father's delight to the sounds and voices of nature, in homely intimacy with all homely folk, uttering now and then piercing words of wisdom or regret, teaching little children in village schools, and——

Well, it would be perhaps too much to say that he continued to justify the rejection of the Oriel fellows. Who knows how largely that event may itself have contributed to what it too hastily anticipated and too finally condemned? It appears certain that the weakness had not thus early made itself known to Hartley's general acquaintance at the University. Mr. Dyce had nothing painful to remember of him, but describes him as a young man possessing an intellect of the highest order, with great simplicity of character and considerable oddity of manner; and he hints that the college authorities had probably resented, in the step they took, certain attacks

more declamatory than serious which Hartley had got into the habit of indulging against all established institutions. Mr. Derwent Coleridge touches this part of the subject very daintily. "My brother was, however, *I am afraid*, more sincere in his invectives against establishments, as they appeared to his eyes at Oxford and elsewhere, *than Mr. Dyce kindly supposes*." How poor Hartley would have laughed at that!

One thing to the last he continued. The simplicity of character which Mr. Dyce attributes to his youth remained with him till long after his hair was prematurely white. As Wordsworth hoped for him in his childhood, he kept

A young lamb's heart among the full grown flock;

—and some delightful recollections of his ordinary existence from day to day among the lakes and mountains, and in the service of the village schools, are contributed to his brother's Memoir. Here is one, from one of the scholars he taught:

"I first saw Hartley in the beginning, I think, of 1837, when I was at Sedbergh, and he heard us our lesson in Mr. Green's parlor. My impression of him was what I conceived Shakspeare's idea of a gentleman to be, something which we like to have in a picture. He was dressed in black, his hair, just touched with grey, fell in thick waves down his back, and he had a frilled shirt on; and there was a sort of autumnal ripeness and brightness about him. His shrill voice, and his quick authoritative "right! right!" and the chuckle with which he translated "*rerum repetundarum*" as "*peculation*, a very common vice in governors of all ages," after which he took a turn round the sofa—all struck me amazingly; his readiness astonished us all, and even himself, as he afterwards told me; for during the time he was at the school, he never had to use a dictionary once, though we read Dalzell's selections from Aristotle and Longinus, and several plays of Sophocles. He took his idea, so he said, from what De Quincy says of one of the Eton masters fagging the lesson, to the great amusement of the class, and, while waiting for the lesson, he used to read a newspaper. While acting as second master he seldom occupied the master's desk, but sat among the boys on one of the school benches. He very seldom came to school in a morning, never till about eleven, and in the afternoon about an hour after we had begun. I never knew the least liberty taken with him, though he was kinder and more familiar than was then the fashion with masters. His translations were remarkably vivid; of *μογερά μογερός* "*toiling and moiling*;" and of some ship or other in the Philoctetes, which he pronounced to be "*scudding under main-top sails*," our conceptions became intelligible. Many of his translations were writ-



ten down with his initials, and I saw some, not a long while ago, in the Sophocles of a late Tutor at Queen's College, Oxford, who had them from tradition. He gave most attention to our themes; out of those sent in he selected two or three, which he then read aloud and criticised; and once, when they happened to agree, remarked there was always a coincidence of thought amongst great men. Out of school he never mixed with the boys, but was sometimes seen, to their astonishment, running along the fields with his arms outstretched, and talking to himself. He had no pet scholars except one, a little fair-haired boy, who he said ought to have been a girl. He told me that was the only boy he ever loved, though he always loved little girls. He was remarkably fond of the travelling shows that occasionally visited the village. I have seen him clap his hands with delight; indeed, in most of the simple delights of country life, he was like a child. This is what occurs to me at present of what he was when I first knew him; and, indeed, my after recollections are of a similarly fragmentary kind, consisting only of those little, numerous, noiseless, every-day acts of kindness, the sum of which makes a christian life. His love of little children, his sympathy with the poor and suffering, his hatred of oppression, the beauty and the grace of his politeness before women, and his high manliness,—these are the features which I shall never forget while I have anything to remember."

The same writer afterwards tells us :

"On his way to one of those parties, he called on me, and I could not help saying, 'How well you look in a white neckcloth!' 'I wish you could see me sometimes,' he replied; 'if I had only black silk stockings and shoe-buckles, I should be quite a gentleman.' Those who had only seen him in the careless dress that he chose to adopt in the lanes—his trowsers, which were generally too long, doubled half way up the leg, unbrushed, and often splashed; his hat brushed the wrong way, for he never used an umbrella; and his wild, unshaven, weather-beaten look—were amazed at his metamorphose into such a faultless gentleman as he appeared when he was dressed for the evening. 'I hate silver forks with fish,' he said; 'I can't manage them.' So did Dr. Arnold, I told him. 'That's capital; I am glad of such an authority. Do you know I never understood the gladiator's excellence till the other day? The way in which my brother eats fish with a silver fork made the thing quite clear.'

"He often referred to his boyish days, when he told me he nearly poisoned half the house with his chemical infusions, and spoiled the pans, with great delight. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' was an early favorite with him. 'It was strange,' he said, 'how it had been overlooked. Children are often misunderstood. When I was a baby, I have often been in the greatest terror, when, to all appearance, I was quite still;—so frightened that I could not make a noise. Crying, I believe, is oftener a sign of happiness than the reverse. I was looked upon as a remarkable child. My mo-

ther told me, when I was born she thought me an ugly red thing: but my father took me up and said, 'There's no sweeter baby anywhere than this.' He always thought too much of me. I was very dull at school, and hated arithmetic. I always had to count on my fingers.

"He once took me to the little cottage where he lived by the Brathay, when Charles Lloyd and he were school-companions. Mrs. Nicholson, of Ambleside, told me of a donkey-race which they had from the market-cross to the end of the village and back, and how Hartley came in last, and minus his white straw hat."

Those who remember the ordinary (and most extraordinary) dress that hung about his small eager person, will smile at this entry in his journal of a visit to Rydal chapel, and the reflections awakened therein :

17th.—Sunday.—At Rydal chapel. Alas! I have been *Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens* of late. Would I could say with assurance, *Nunc interare cursus agor relictos*. I never saw Axiologus (Wordsworth) look so venerable. His cape cloak has such a gravity about it. Old gentlemen should never wear light great-coats unless they be military; and even then, Uncle Toby's Roquelaure would be more becoming than all the frogs in Styx. On the other hand, loose trowsers should never invest the nether limbs of the old. It looks as if the Septuagenarian were ashamed of a diminished calf. The sable silk is good and clerical, so are the grey pearl and the partridge. I revere grey worsted and ridge and furrow for *δυναμίδος* his sake, but perhaps the bright white lamb's wool doth most set off the leg of an elderly man. The hose should be drawn over the knees, unless the rank and fortune require diamond buckles. Paste or Bristol stones should never approach a gentleman of any age. Roomy shoes, not of varnished leather. Broad shoe-buckles, well polished. Cleanliness is an ornament to youth, but an indispensable necessity to old age. Breeches, velvet or velveteen, or some other solid stuff. There may be serious objections to reviving the trunk breeches of our ancestors. I am afraid that hoops would follow in their train. But the flapped waistcoat, the deep cuffs, and guarded pocket-holes, the low-collar, I should hail with pleasure; that is, for grandfathers, and men of grandfatherly years. I was about to add the point-lace ruffles, cravat, and frill, but I pause in consideration of the miseries and degraded state of the lace-makers."

Occasional passages in his letters are very beautiful, and very sad. Here is one—adverting to some attack made upon him :

"'This jargon,' said my orthodox reviewer, 'might be excused in an alderman of London, but not in a Fellow elect of Oriel,' or something to the same purpose, evidently designing to recall to memory the most painful passage of a life not over,

happy. But perhaps it is as well to let it alone. The writer might be some one in whom my kindred are interested; for I am as much alone in my revolt as Abdiel in his constancy."

We are glad to see valuable testimony borne by Mr. James Spedding as to his habits having left unimpaired his moral and spiritual sensibility:

"Of his general character and way of life I might have been able to say something to the purpose, if I had seen more of him. But though he was a person so interesting to me in himself, and with so many subjects of interest in common with me, that a little intercourse went a great way; so that I feel as if he knew him much better than many persons of whom I have seen much more; yet I have, in fact, been very seldom in his company. If I should say ten times altogether, I should not be understating the number; and this is not enough to qualify me for a reporter, when there must be so many competent observers living who really knew him well. One very strong impression, however, with which I always came away from him, may be worth mentioning; I mean, that his moral and spiritual sensibilities seemed to be absolutely untouched by the life he was leading. The error of his life sprung, I suppose, from moral incapacity of some kind—his way of life seemed in some things destructive of self-respect; and was certainly regarded by himself with a feeling of shame, which in his seasons of self-communion became passionate; and yet it did not at all degrade his mind. It left, not his understanding only, but also his imagination and feelings, perfectly healthy,—free, fresh, and pure. His language might be sometimes what some people would call gross, but that I think was not from any want of true delicacy, but from a masculine disdain of false delicacy; and his opinions, and judgment, and speculations, were in the highest degree refined and elevated—full of chivalrous generosity, and purity, and manly tenderness. Such, at least, was my invariable impression. It always surprised me, but fresh observations always confirmed it."

When Wordsworth heard of his death, he was much affected, and gave the touching direction to his brother—"Let him lie by us: he would have wished it." It was accordingly so arranged.

"The day following he walked over with me to Grassmere—to the churchyard, a plain enclosure of the olden time, surrounding the old village church, in which lay the remains of his wife's sister, his nephew, and his beloved daughter. Here, having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and for Mrs. Wordsworth's grave, he bade him measure out the space of a third grave for my brother, immediately beyond.

"When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave," he exclaimed, "he was standing here! pointing to the spot where my brother had

stood on the sorrowful occasion to which he alluded. Then turning to the sexton, he said, 'keep the ground for us,—we are old people, and it cannot be for long.'"

"In the grave thus marked out, my brother's remains were laid on the following Thursday, and in little more than a twelvemonth his venerable and venerated friend was brought to occupy his own. They lie in the south-east angle of the churchyard, not far from a group of trees, with the little beck, that feeds the lake with its clear waters, murmuring by their side. Around them are the quiet mountains."

We have often expressed a high opinion of Hartley Coleridge's poetical genius. It was a part of the sadness of his life that he could not concentrate his powers, in this or any other department of his intellect, to high and continuous aims—but we were not prepared for such rich proof of its exercise, within the limited field assigned to it, as these volumes offer. They largely and lastingly contribute to the rare stores of true poetry. In the sonnet Hartley Coleridge was a master unsurpassed by the greatest. To its "narrow plot of ground" his habits, when applied in the cultivation of the muse, most naturally led him—and here he may claim no undeserved companionship even with Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. We take a few—with affecting personal reference in all of them.

Hast thou not seen an aged rifted tower,  
Meet habitation for the Ghost of Time,  
Where fearful ravage makes decay sublime,  
And destitution wears the face of power?  
Yet is the fabric deck'd with many a flower  
Of fragrance wild, and many-dappled hue,  
Gold streak'd with iron-brown and nodding blue,  
Making each ruinous chink a fairy bower.  
E'en such a thing methinks I fain would be,  
Should Heaven appoint me to a lengthen'd age;  
So old in look, that Young and Old may see  
The record of my closing pilgrimage;  
Yet, to the last, a rugged wrinkled thing  
To which young sweetness may delight to cling!

Pains I have known, that cannot be again,  
And pleasures too that never can be more;  
For loss of pleasure I was never sore,  
But worse, far worse it is, to feel no pain.  
The throes and agonies of a heart explain  
Its very depth of want at inmost core;  
Prove that it does believe, and would adore,  
And doth with ill for ever strive and strain.  
I not lament for happy childish years,  
For loves departed, that have had their day,  
Or hopes that faded when my head was grey;  
For death hath left me last of my compeers;  
But for the pain I felt, the gushing tears  
I used to shed when I had gone astray.

A lonely wanderer upon earth am I,  
The waif of nature—like uprooted weed  
Borne by the stream, or like a shaken reed,  
A frail dependent of the fickle sky,  
Far, far away, are all my natural kin :  
The mother that erewhile hath hush'd my cry,  
Almost hath grown a mere fond memory.  
Where is my sister's smile ? my brother's boisterous din ?

Ah ! nowhere now. A matron grave and sage,  
A holy mother is that sister sweet.  
And that bold brother is a pastor meet  
To guide, instruct, reprove a sinful age,  
Almost I fear, and yet I fain would greet ;  
So far astray hath been my pilgrimage.

How shall a man fore-doom'd to lone estate,  
Untimely old, irreverently grey,  
Much like a patch of dusky snow in May,  
Dead sleeping in a hollow—all too late—  
How shall so poor a thing congratulate  
The blest completion of a patient wooing,  
Or how commend a younger man for doing  
What ne'er to do hath been his fault or fate ?  
There is a fable, that I once did read,  
Of a bad angel, that was someway good,  
And therefore on the brink of heaven he stood,  
Looking each way, and no way could proceed ;  
Till at the last he purged away his sin  
By loving all the joy he saw within.

Here is another poem of very touching reference to his personal story :

“When I received this volume small,  
My years were barely seventeen ;

When it was hoped I should be all  
Which once, alas ! I might have been.

And now my years are thirty-five,  
And every mother hopes her lamb,  
And every happy child alive,  
May never be what now I am.

But yet should any chance to look  
On the strange medley scribbled here,  
I charge thee, tell them little book,  
I am not vile as I appear ;

Oh ! tell them though my purpose lame  
In fortune's race, was still behind,—  
Though earthly blots my name defiled,  
They ne'er abused my better mind.

Of what men are, and why they are  
So weak, so wofully beguiled,  
Much I have learned, but, better far,  
I know my soul is reconciled.”

Before we shut the volumes—which will often and often be re-opened by their readers—we may instance, in proof of the variety of his verse, some masterly heroic couplets on the character of Dryden, which will be seen in a series of admirable “sketches of English poets” found written on the fly-leaves and covers of his copy of *Anderson's British Poets*. The successors of Dryden are not less admirably handled, and there are some sketches of Wilkie, Dodsley, Langhorne, and rhymers of that class, inimitable for their truth and spirit.

DEATH OF SIGNORA GRASSINI.—Signora Grassini, the great singer, who died a few months since at Milan, was distinguished not only for her musical talents, but also for her beauty and powers of theatrical expression.

One evening in 1810, she and Signor Crescentini performed together at the Tuileries, and sang in “Romeo and Juliet.” At the admirable scene in the third act, the Emperor Napoleon applauded vociferously, and Talma, the great tragedian, who was among the audience, wept with emotion. After the performance was ended, the Emperor conferred the decoration of a high order on Crescentini, and sent Grassini a scrap of paper, on which was written, “good for 20,000 livres—NAPOLEON.”

“Twenty thousand francs !” said one of her friends, “the sum is a large one.”

“It will serve as a dowry for one of my little nieces,” replied Grassini, quietly.

Indeed, few persons were ever more gen-

erous, tender, and considerate, toward their family, than this great singer.

Many years afterward, when the Empire had crumbled into dust, carrying with it in its fall, among other things, the rich pension of Signora Grassini, she happened to be at Bologna. There another of her nieces was for the first time presented to her, with a request that she would do something for her young relative. The little girl was extremely pretty, but not, her friends thought, fit for the stage, as her voice was a feeble contralto. Her aunt asked her to sing ; and when the timid voice had sounded a few notes, “Dear child,” said Grassini, embracing her, “you will not want me to assist you. Those who called your voice a contralto were ignorant of music. You have one of the finest sopranos in the world, and will far excel me as a singer. Take courage, and work hard, my love ; your throat will win a shower of gold.” The young girl did not disappoint her aunt's prediction. She still lives, and her name is Giulia Grisi.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## MARGARET, SISTER OF HENRY VIII.

IN the fifteenth century, the national enmity which had, from the earliest times, subsisted between England and Scotland, had reached its height. The attempts of the English monarchs—persevered in throughout a long period of two hundred years—to subjugate Scotland to their dominion, or, at least, to procure its acknowledgment of itself as a fief of the English crown, had met with the success which they deserved; and when the succession wars of the White and Red Roses took place, Scotland did not neglect to repay to her southern neighbor, with interest of a compound character, the innumerable acts of fraud, perfidy, and tyranny which she had experienced at her hands. “But,” says Miss Strickland, “neighbors, whether they be private individuals or mighty nations, cannot systematically perpetrate long courses of mutual injuries without at times becoming aware that such employment is singularly unprofitable.” The astute and sagacious mind of Henry VII. was open to this truth; and with a view to the cementing a union between the two countries, or, rather with a view to his uniting, ultimately, the two kingdoms under one crown—he, from an early period of his reign, entertained the idea of bringing about the marriage of the King of Scotland with his eldest daughter, who, in the figurative language of his councillors, “would prove the dove which was to bring to the island-kingdoms the blessings of permanent peace.” Well does Miss Strickland remark, that “the royal family of Tudor was not a nest from which doves ever sprang.” Margaret was as crooked in her policy—as capricious in her temper—as turbulent in her passions—and, in some respects, as regardless of the bloody consequences of her counsels—as her truculent and wife-killing brother, Henry VIII.

It was in the palace of Westminster that Margaret Tudor, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, first saw the light. She was born November 29th, 1489, and baptized on the succeeding day. The reason of this speedy baptism was, that the

30th of November was the day of the patron saint of Scotland, St. Andrew. Previous to the baptism she was removed, with great pomp, from Westminster Palace to Whitehall; and the christening itself took place in the church near to Westminster Abbey, dedicated to St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, who was at the same time her patroness and name-saint. All these coincidences had been arranged by Henry and his equally sagacious mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, with a view to the Scottish marriage. The Scottish nation were to receive, as a queen, one who was, in some sort, one of themselves.

We learn, from the account of the baptism of Margaret Tudor, that the practice of immersion—at least, on occasion of the baptism of royal infants—was then in existence. After her christening, Margaret was nursed at her mother's favorite palace of Shene, recently named Richmond by her father; and she was not beyond the term of early infancy when overtures were made for her betrothal with James IV. of Scotland. Before Margaret was born, James had attained to man's estate.

On the 2nd of April, 1501, Arthur, Prince of Wales, Margaret's brother, died. His death placed her next to the heir-apparent, her brother Henry, in succession to the English throne; and thenceforth, on that account, and with ideas of her being the means, through her descendants, of an ultimate consolidation of the two kingdoms of Scotland and England into one, floating in his brain, her father became still more anxious for the Scottish match. Nor was the Scottish council less desirous of this consummation. After much negotiation with reference to it between Fox, bishop of Durham, as Henry VII.'s minister, on the one hand, and the Earl of Bothwell, as Scottish plenipotentiary, on the other, the latter, accompanied by the Archbishop of Glasgow, went to London, and formally demanded the hand of the Princess Margaret in behalf of his sovereign. Henry grasped at the offer, and when one of the



lords of his privy council ventured to object to the marriage, on the score that "the Princess Margaret being next heir to her brother Henry, England might chance to become a province to Scotland," the far-seeing monarch replied, "No, the smaller will ever follow the larger kingdom." Accordingly, the "fancels" took place, and were celebrated—we use the words of John Young, Somerset Herald, who, besides being a zealous and pains-taking chronicler of all occurrences relating to the same, assisted at the ceremonial—"at the king's right royal manor of Richmond, on St. Paul's day, January 24th, 1502-3." Patrick Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, acted as proxy for the King of Scotland; and the other procurators for the marriage were the Archbishop of Glasgow and the Bishop of Murray elect.

James IV. was born in March, 1472; consequently, he was fully eighteen years older than his bride. At this part of her work Miss Strickland gives us an interesting account of his romantic attachment to, and connection with, the Lady Margaret Drummond, to whom, according to our authoress, he was actually married at the time the preceding "fancels" took place.

James IV. is usually represented, by Scottish historians, as only thirteen or fourteen at the time of his father's death; but, in point of fact, he was fully sixteen years of age. His deep and bitter remorse, on account of that event, was, in a great measure, soothed by the continuance of his affection for Margaret Drummond. This affection was secretly hallowed by the nuptial bond; and it was only the circumstance of his requiring a dispensation from the pope, on account of near relationship, that prevented his avowing it publicly, and thereby breaking his hitherto mere political contract with the daughter of Henry VII. He was even preparing to resist his council in the matter, when a fearful tragedy occurred, which left him free, in every sense of the word, to fulfil his engagement with the English princess royal. The Lady Margaret Drummond and her two sisters, Lady Fleming and Sybella Drummond, were poisoned at breakfast at Drummond Castle! By whom this dreadful tragedy was enacted has never been satisfactorily known.

By Lady Margaret Drummond, James had a daughter, also named Margaret; and, although resident at Drummond Castle at the time of the murder of her mother and aunts, she, by some means, escaped unhurt. Distracted with grief, James went to Drummond Castle and took possession of his child; and

it is a curious and remarkable fact, that had the dispensation from Rome, which James expected, reached him before the day of the fatal breakfast, this little infant would, by the laws of her country, have taken rank and station as Princess Royal of Scotland. As it was, however, James showered upon her every mark of the intensest paternal affection.

All obstacles to the real marriage of James with Margaret Tudor being now removed, the latter set forward on her journey to Scotland; and it is gratifying to know that that beloved sovereign of the Scottish nation, with whose memory so many patriotic recollections are bound up, now that the object of his first love had descended into the tomb, set himself honorably to gain the personal affections of the one who came, apparently, to supply her place. Had Margaret been, in point of age and disposition, a more suitable match for James, it is probable we should have heard of none of those illicit connections by which, during his married life, he allowed himself to be led astray. Escorted by her father, Margaret left Richmond Palace in great state, on the 16th of June, 1603, and reached Colleweston, a castle belonging to her grandmother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, on the 27th of the same month. In the great hall of this lofty pile, Henry VII. bade farewell to his favorite child, putting into her hand an illuminated missal, or hand-book of prayers, having written on it, with his own hand, the words,

"Remember y<sup>r</sup> kynde and loving fader in y<sup>r</sup> good prayers.—HENRY R."

In another part of it was written,

"Pray for your loving fader, that gave you thys booke, and I give you at all tymes godd's blessing and myne.—HENRY R."

Surrounded by knights and ladies, and received, wherever she passed, with all the splendor and distinction to which her high rank entitled her, Margaret found herself, at last, at Berwick, where "the captain of Berwick, and his wiff, my lady Darcy"—not to speak of other high dignitaries, both in church and state—were prepared to accompany her to Edinburgh.

Margaret was met, at Lamberton kirk, by the Archbishop of Glasgow, and a great company of Scottish nobles, deputed by their sovereign to receive her. Here, in the month of July, and on the green sward, a

pavilion was placed, and refreshments for the Queen of Scotland prepared.

Tradition affirms, that Margaret and James met, and were married, at Lamberton kirk; but this is not the case.

The first night that Margaret passed on Scottish ground, she slept at Fastcastle;—a fortress celebrated, among other things, as being the prototype of the Wolfscrag Tower, the residence of the Master of Ravenswood, in Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor." On the evening after—the 2d of August—she honored the abbess and holy sisterhood of nuns near Haddington with a visit, partaking of their hospitality, and sleeping under their roof. The Lords, and other male portion of the escort, slept at the Gray Friars of Haddington. The day after, she was at Dalkeith, where she was welcomed, "as lady and mistress," by Lord and Lady Merton. Dalkeith Castle was, at this time, a place of vast strength; and in 1543, Sir Ralph Sadler, in his despatches to Henry VIII., mentions that the donjon, or keep—in other words, the huge square tower, in the centre, which constituted the strongest part of a feudal castle, and in which the great hall and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, as well as the prison of the fortress, were situated—was called the Lion's Den. It was here that Margaret first met her gallant lord. Lady Merton conducted her, in great state, to her suite of apartments; and scarcely was she in possession of her chamber and withdrawing room, "when a hurrying sound in the quadrangle announced that some expected event had happened. Tumult ran through the castle, till it reached the ante-room of the royal suite, where the cry soon greeted the ear of Margaret—"The King, the King of Scotland has arrived!"

On the 7th of August, Margaret entered Edinburgh. All that the princely disposition and chivalric nature of James could do, was done to render the day of her first entrance within its walls one deserving of its being ever gratefully remembered by her. On this occasion, James, attired in grand costume, met her, half way from Edinburgh, with a gallant company.

The "right noble marriage" of the royal pair was, on the day succeeding this entrance, celebrated in the church of the Holy Cross—that is, the church of Holyrood.

If James had ever entertained any very sanguine expectations of domestic happiness with his young queen, but a very short time elapsed ere these expectations were destined to melt away. Margaret was, at this time,

hardly fourteen. In a few days after her marriage, we find her writing to her father in a peevish, discontented style; speaking of her husband as "this king here," and evincing on her part an entire absence of any sentiment, either of affection or gratitude, toward one who, by every means in his power, had endeavored to win her love.

Having, on Feb. 10th, 1505-6, brought, at Holyrood, an heir to the Scottish throne, Margaret's life was, for some days, in great danger. Her husband, in consequence, made a pilgrimage, on foot, to the shrine of St. Ninian, in Gallaway; and there made offerings for his afflicted partner's restoration to health. The queen gradually recovered; and found, on her recovery, that her liege lord, during the pilgrimage referred to, had renewed his acquaintance with Jane Kennedy, the mother of his son James Stuart, who, at eighteen years of age, was Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and fell, fighting, by his father's side at Flodden Field. The renewal of this acquaintance—independent of its immoral character—was, to James, a source of much disquiet. It brought him into collision with Archibald, Earl of Angus, surnamed Bell-the-Cat; who—notwithstanding the notoriety of her connection with the king—was paying honorable addresses to her. The latter carried her off, and married her, in defiance of the king's opposition. Old Bell-the-Cat must have been a widower at this time; for his "boy-bishop"—his third son, the learned and accomplished Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld—was born in 1474, and was, therefore, at the period of this curious contention between James and his father, about thirty-one years of age.

Margaret, herself, after her recovery, made a pilgrimage of thanks to St. Ninian's shrine. In these days of railway speed, it sounds somewhat strange to be told that this royal pilgrimage "lasted twenty days." But the roads of Scotland, at that distant era, were the reverse of smooth. And as Margaret, who travelled in a litter, had, along with her, as much baggage as "seventeen pack-horses" could carry, while her "chapel-graith"—that is, her chapel plate and furniture—was borne in two coffers, and her husband and husband's wardrobe, and chaplains, and "chapel-gear," were also there, we must make allowance for the space of time occupied in the journey.

The young prince, to whom Margaret had so recently given birth, died at Stirling Castle on the 17th of February, 1506-7. Notwithstanding, however, this event, and the



general indifferent health of the queen, the halls of old Holyrood seem to have rung merrily at the subsequent seasons of Christmas and Valentine-tide. In 1508, James had reached the zenith of his fortune and his fame. In 1509, his father-in-law, Henry VII., died; and the mighty Henry VIII. ascended the English throne. In addition to the son who had died in 1506-7, Margaret had brought James two more children—a girl in 1508, and a boy in 1509—but both had also died. In 1512 (April 11th,) she produced “ane fair prince,” who was afterwards James V. Down to this period, the state of matters between the two royal brothers-in-law—James IV. and Henry VIII.—had been tolerably friendly; but new disputes began to take place between them, and in a naval contest which subsequently occurred, James had his ships captured, and his Admiral, Barton, killed. Margaret, at this time, in Miss Strickland’s pages, begins to assume a peculiarly unamiable character. She squabbled with her brother Henry VIII., about a legacy said to have been left her by her other brother, Arthur. She attempts to interfere with her husband’s warlike designs against England. She is jealous of the Queen of France, a woman old enough to be her mother, and who was dying of decline. James IV. had sent his Lord Lion King-at-Arms to declare war against Henry VIII., who was besieging Terouenne, in France. Margaret dreamt all sorts of horrible things—woke her husband in the night—and endeavored to terrify him from his purpose by their details. These failing in their purpose, she tried him with curtain-lectures, which were of as little avail. Royal quarrels were the consequence; and Miss Strickland assures us, that *she* was the author of those two curious supernatural occurrences—one at Linlithgow, where, in St. Catherine’s Chapel, near the porch, “ane man, clad in a blue gown or blouse, belted about him with a roll of white linen,” spoke with the king, and the other at the market-cross of Edinburgh, where Platcock issued his infernal summons, at the dead of night, to

“Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,  
Whose names he then did call,”

to appear before his master in forty days—which were intended to stop James’s march into England.

It is gratifying to know that the chivalric and—whatever may have been his errors or failings otherwise—the manly hearted James

parted with Margaret on friendly, and even affectionate terms, previous to his marching to his last battle-field. Nay, he even, at this solemn parting, placed confidence in her to the fullest extent.

What boots it to tell the oft-repeated tale of fatal Flodden! Unmindful of the solemn tenderness of his parting with Margaret—

“His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow’s bower,  
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour—”

James had hardly crossed the English border, when he allowed himself to be beguiled from his duty as a husband, and his affections to be ensnared by a designing and artful woman. He had taken the castle of the Ford, the frontier castle of King Henry, whose garrison, in the absence of her husband—then a prisoner of war at Edinburgh—was commanded by Lady Heron. Lady Heron was beautiful and accomplished; and King James immediately became her slave. Under the influence of his passion James lingered on his onward march: and the Earl of Surrey—formerly his personal friend, but now his national foe—seized the opportunity, at the head of his army, of making his arrangements with better effect. The Scottish nobles, with the Earl of Angus at their head, were so indignant at James’s delay, and at his neglect of his military duties, that they urged him to return to Scotland; alleging, as a reason, that he had sufficiently redeemed his pledge to the Queen of France.

James was deaf to every lesson, and dead to every consideration of practical wisdom. He declared “he would fight the English if they were a hundred thousand more in numbers; and as for old Bell-the-Cat, he might go back if he were afraid. For himself, when he had fought the English, he would retire, and not till then.”

The sequel is well known. The morning of September the 9th, 1513, saw the battalions of James entrenched on the impregnable heights of Flodden: the evening of the same day found them broken and dispersed in the plain below,—the best blood of Scotland poured out like water—king, prince, and noble, among the slain; and “the flowers o’ the forest a’ wede away.” Loud was the wail which rose and swelled over every lowland plain, and through every highland glen, of the land of the Bruce.

The loss of Flodden paralyzed, for a moment, the heart and soul of Scotland. Although desirous to accompany her husband southward, and to endeavor to mediate a

peace between him and her brother, Margaret had been left, by James, at Linlithgow ; and here it was that her feelings, as a wife, were outraged by the reports concerning him and Lady Heron.

The death of their king, and the destruction of his nobles, was an event on which the Scottish nation looked with dismay. Their only hope was in the near relationship of their sovereign's widow to the English monarch. Margaret, as a widow, was not inconsolable for the loss of her unfaithful, though gallant husband ; as a queen she took prompt and energetic steps to protect the people left to her charge, and to have her son crowned. Desolate and almost desperate as Scotland, through the loss at Flodden, had become, Margaret, as queen-regent, did not despair either of its safety, or of its infant-king. In order to accomplish the coronation of the latter, she retreated to Perth ; whither, it is supposed, Bishop Elphinstone had already conveyed James V. No sooner was Margaret at Perth, than she wrote to her brother, imploring him to desist from warfare against Scotland, and intreating him not to oppress or injure "her little king," his nephew ; "who," according to her account, "was very small and tender, being only one year and five months old." She also told him, that, in a few months, she would become mother of a posthumous babe. Henry did not lay his sister's letter before his council ; but simply answered it by saying, that "if the Scots wanted peace they should have it ; if war they should have it. As for her husband, he had fallen by his own indiscreet rashness and foolish kindness to France. But he regretted his death as a relative."

Within twenty days after his father's death, James V. was crowned at Scone. His coronation was called the "mourning coronation," owing to the tears which were shed by the assembled nobility, clergy, and commonalty, when they beheld the ancient crown of Scotland held over the baby-brow of their infant sovereign, and when they remembered the recent loss of that princely monarch, who is acknowledged, even by the virulent and king-hating pen of Buchanan, to have been "dear to all men while living, and mightily lamented by his people at his death."

Beyond the loss of king, nobles, and others—but, surely, that was heavy enough loss, indeed !—no additional immediate injury accrued to Scotland from Flodden fight. Flodden was a drawn battle ; and, says Miss Strickland, "had it taken place on Scottish ground it would have been reckoned another

Bannockburn : the English must have retreated [for they did so on their own ground] and the Scots would have retained possession of the field."

James IV.'s will was read at a parliament convened by the queen, and held at Stirling Castle on the 21st December, 1513 ; and although his appointment of his widow as tutrix to his son was contrary to the ancient customs of Scotland, "which always placed the executive power in the next male heir," such was the respect and tenderness entertained for his memory, that she was unanimously recognized as regent. The lord chancellor, James Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, and the Earls of Arran, Huntley, and Angus were appointed as her assistants in this responsible office. Margaret had, at this time, just entered her twenty-fifth year. Thus matured in point of age, and enjoying the confidence of the nation whom she was appointed to govern, she might, by the wisdom and prudence of her future administration, have gained for herself a high place in Scottish history. But the very first action of her life, after entering upon her career as regent, showed that she had already bent her mind to the pursuit of an underhand and tortuous policy. She concealed the treasure which her husband had committed to her for the use of his successor ; and, instead of applying it for the legitimate carrying on of the affairs of the government, made it the means of gratifying her own personal partialities. At the very parliament at which she was recognized as regent, the officers of the crown were much surprised to find an empty treasury. Little suspecting the real truth, James's lack of wisdom in attacking England, apparently without the pecuniary means of carrying on the warfare, became a subject of severe censure ; and so little regardless was Margaret of the confidence which her husband had placed in her, and of the injury thus done to her royal lord's memory, that it is only in the present day, and from her own letters, that the real circumstances of the case have come to light.

Margaret's sin, with respect to the concealment of her husband's treasure, soon met with its punishment. In consequence of the seemingly exhausted state of the royal exchequer, Bishop Elphinstone, in a speech delivered to the parliament convened at Stirling Castle, recommended the sending for, to France, of the next heir to the crown, John, Duke of Albany, in order that he might, in the destitute state of the national treasury, assist the queen-regent in carrying on the

affairs of the country. Alarmed at this suggestion, and with a view to his preventing the ascendancy of the French interest in Scotland, Henry VIII. wrote to his sister, urging her to thwart, by every means in her power, the plans for Albany's arrival. This Margaret was not indisposed to do; but bad health during the winter of 1513-14 compelled her to desist from much political agitation, and on the 30th of April, 1514, she was delivered at Stirling Castle of a posthumous boy, who was baptized Alexander, and entitled Duke of Ross.

It has been seen, that previous to the death of James IV., Margaret had allied herself to the Douglas family, with a view to a prevention of the war with England. Old Bell-the-Cat was now in his grave; and—his eldest son, George, Master of Douglas, having fallen at Flodden—his title and vast estates were in possession of his grandson, Archibald, Earl of Angus. This Earl was but in his nineteenth year when he took his place at the Scottish council-board. Angus, though so young, was already a widower; and, while he was projecting a new matrimonial alliance with the Lady Jane Stuart, the beautiful daughter of the house of Traquair, Margaret Tudor, attracted by his fine person, fixed on him her affections, and drew him within her snare. The prospect of governing Scotland, through the medium of his being her wedded lord, was no inconsiderable item in the reasons which induced Angus to meet her advances. Angus and the queen-regent were privately married at Kinnoul church, on the 4th of August, 1514.

The day before this, her second marriage, Margaret had made Angus's uncle, Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld; and afterwards, on the death of Bishop Elphinstone, a few weeks afterwards, of her own arbitrary will, and without the slightest regard to the rights of election in the church, she raised him to the primacy, as Archbishop of St. Andrews. Not long after this event did her marriage remain undiscovered. It had been committed to the keeping of twelve damsels, of whom her Uncle Gavin declares that "they were of her council most secrete:" the consequence was, that it was quite public early in November, 1514. The promotion of Gavin Douglas to the primacy, and her other actions, tending to the renewed exaltation of the ambitious house of Douglas, had alarmed the Scottish nation; and great was the rage and indignation among all ranks of people when the real cause of this favoritism became known. The council solemnly deposed Mar-

garet from the regency; and, at the same time, ordered the Lord Lion king-at-arms to signify to Angus, "that he must forthwith appear before the lords of the council, to answer for his boldness in marrying her without their assent and recommendation." On the execution of this mission, the dignity of the Lord Lion was outraged in a manner in which the dignity of a Lord Lion had never been outraged before. When he delivered his message, Queen Margaret received him in state, supported by her youthful spouse at her side, and by his stalwart grandsire, Lord Drummond; and the reply to the message was—from Lord Drummond—a thundering box on the ear! For this outrage Lord Drummond paid dearly at a subsequent period of his life. The scene itself took place at Stirling Castle.

From the day of her imprudent love-match with Angus, Margaret bade adieu to the enjoyment of everything in the shape of even comparative tranquillity of mind. Henceforward, strife and dissension—storm and tempest—were to be the elements in which she was doomed to live. Angus, her husband, was hot-headed, and endeavored to establish his wife's authority by the most violent and illegal means; and when it was found that the Scottish nation, as a body, were determined to resist that authority, Margaret applied to her brother for aid, and meditated an escape, with her son, James V., to England. It is somewhat singular that Henry VIII. was quite pleased with his sister's alliance with the Earl of Angus. He was glad of anything that would create division in the Scottish realm; and thus, in relation to what this mighty prince of the Tudor line might have been otherwise inclined to consider an act of degradation on Margaret's part, he acted accordingly.

The commencement of the regency of the Duke of Albany was signalized by the imprisonment of Lord Drummond in Blackness Castle, together with the confiscation of all his lands and goods, on account of his striking the Lord Lion of Scotland, while obeying the commands of the council. Gavin Douglas, also, was committed to prison, because of his having aimed at the primacy. These were acts of sore tribulation to Margaret; and she is said to have gone down on her knees, unsuccessfully, to Albany in behalf of Drummond. At this time, she complains that all her party "had deserted her, except her husband, the Earl of Angus, and Lord Home;"—the latter thus having, in the course of six weeks, from being her chief op-



ponent, turned to be her active partisan against the regent. Drummond was, shortly afterwards, at the intercession of the parliament, pardoned by the regent, and had his estates restored to him. But now a more important struggle between the queen and Albany than that of the regency was entered upon. This was connected with the possession of her two children. Queen Margaret held them in the castle of Edinburgh; and, toward the end of July, Albany and the council appointed four peers, out of whom Margaret was to choose three, to whom she was to entrust the charge of her royal infants.

But whatever may have been the "high spirit" which animated the breast of Margaret Tudor, very little of that commodity seems, on this occasion, to have influenced her husband Angus. Afraid lest he should forfeit life and lands by disobeying the regent, who was then sitting in full national council, he had a notarial instrument drawn, attested by proper witnesses, affirming that he had desired the queen to surrender the children. The words of Lord Dacre, in his despatch to his own court, are—"And the Earl of *Anguish* said, and showed openly, it was his *woll* and mind that the king and his brother should be delivered according to the decree of parliament; and thereupon desired to give an instrument, for fear of losing his life and lands." Angus's pusillanimity rendered him, henceforward, an object of contempt to Albany. It was at this period that Angus gave utterance to the saying, "that he would rather hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep!" when the queen, having fled with her precious charge to Stirling Castle, found herself shut up there without her husband, who had betaken himself to his titular county, in preference to accompanying her thither. Thus left to her own unaided exertions, and perceiving it vain to attempt to stand a siege at the hands of the regent, she, in the beginning of the month of August, surrendered to Albany's keeping her royal infants.

We are not writing Margaret Tudor's life; and, therefore, we pass over her scheme, at Linlithgow, assisted by Lord Home, for stealing her children, and escaping with them to England—her flight to Tantallan—her giving birth, at Harbottle, or Hardbattle Castle, a rugged border-fortress, to a daughter by Angus, the Lady Margaret Douglas, who is known, in history, as the immediate ancestress of the present royal family—and her passage, on the invitation of Henry VIII., under the escort of Lord Dacre, across the border, into her brother's dominions. At

Harbottle she suffered much misery, and was even on the brink of the grave; and at Morpeth Castle—whither Lord Dacre took her—she heard of the death of her son, the Duke of Ross, who fell sick of some infantine disorder, and died at Stirling Castle, Dec. 18, 1515. At Morpeth, Angus a second time deserted her; and, accepting of terms of compromise from Albany, returned to Scotland. After this, her stages to London were short and easy; and when she arrived at Greenwich, where her brother's palace was, we find "bluff King Hal" giving vent to his indignation against his brother-in-law Angus, on account of his sister, by uttering the pithy expression—"Done like a Scot!"

Margaret's visit to the south was signalized by many brilliant festivals, which her tyrannical, but, in his own way, affectionate brother devised on her account.

But, even amid these gay and princely scenes, Margaret did not lose sight of her one great and engrossing object; that of the recovery and establishment of her power in Scotland. On the contrary, she spent the summer chiefly in keeping up, against the Scottish regent, a series of active intrigues. Forgetting, or, at least, overlooking, for the present, her husband's conduct with regard to her, she instigated him, in every possible way, through the medium of her letters, to aid the king, her brother, in injuring the interests of his native land.

When Henry VIII., at the season of Advent, removed to his palace of Westminster, he established his sister in "the antique residence of the kings of Scotland, situated in that enclosure, or court, below Charing Cross, which still bears the name of Scotland Yard." Here she occupied herself in endeavoring—but in vain—to procure large sums of money from her brother, for the purpose of her keeping, in what she considered a sufficiently gorgeous style, the approaching Christmas of 1516-17. About this time, the expected departure of the Scottish regent to France gave her strong hopes of a recovery of her political ascendancy in the North. Toward the close of 1516, the state of health of Albany's wife, in France, was such that her death was expected. This was, undoubtedly, one reason why Albany wished to shake himself free of Scottish affairs; but perhaps an equally strong reason for the earnest desire which he displayed to leave behind him the "land of the mountain and the flood," and to set foot again on the soil of "La belle France," may be traced to

the unintermitting misery experienced by him in guiding the helm of the Scottish state. To his familiar friends he wished he had broken "all his legs and arms before he had stirred a step toward Scotland." This energetic wish clearly indicates the little satisfaction he had had in endeavoring to regulate, or control, the leading spirits of barbarous Caledonia. While such was the state of matters on the northern side of the Tweed, Margaret settled with her brother that she should return to Scotland in the middle of May. This intention she was obliged to postpone for a few days, in consequence of an insurrection which broke out in London among the apprentices, and which, by old chroniclers, is called "Evil May-day." But, on the 18th of May, after the suppression of the insurrection, she left London, and took her journey northward. At Berwick, she was met by her husband, Angus, whose infidelities having been reported to her, she received him with transports of anger. A sullen pacification took place between them; and she immediately proceeded as far as Edinburgh, in the neighborhood of which, at Craigmillar Castle, she was permitted to see her son, James V., though afterwards, on suspicion that she meant to steal him into England, future access to him was denied her.

To the end of her days, the career of Margaret, as the result of her own ambition, turbulence, and selfish policy, was one of sorrow. She was hardly established in Scotland, when she was discontented with her prospects there. She writes to her brother "that she will never abide therein." She announces to Cardinal Wolsey her intention of divorcing Angus. She quarrels with her friend, Bishop Gavin Douglas; and when, in 1521, she sued her husband at Rome for a divorce, she found her plea there opposed by the King of England himself. Previous to this, Albany—partly in consequence of her intrigues for his return—had come back to Scotland; and Angus had begun to show himself a man of ability and courage. While intriguing to get rid of Angus, Margaret evidently flattered herself with the idea that a fortunate succession of happy events—the contemplated death of Albany's wife among them—would, ultimately, make her the lawful spouse of the regent; but these illusions were finally dissipated by her suffering an attack of small-pox, which deprived her of her beauty, in the winter of 1522.

Subsequent to this destruction of her personal attractions, Margaret Tudor's cause in Scotland—unworthy and base as, in most respects, it was—extended through a period of twenty more years. Having traced it thus far, we have no desire to pursue it longer in detail. We leave the remainder of it to be gathered from the delightful pages of Miss Strickland; who gives, at length, her alternate treachery toward friend and foe—her illegal divorce from Angus—her declared marriage with Harry Stuart, whom her son, James V., created Lord Methven—her crooked diplomacy, and betrayal of her son's confidence—her dislike to Methven, and her wish to shake him off for the purpose of re-uniting herself to Angus—her son's stoppage of the new project of divorce—her rage thereat—her illness, confession, death, and burial. She died at Methven Castle, near Perth, towards the end of Nov., 1541; commanding the friars to whom she confessed "to sit on their knees before the king, her son, and beseech that he would be good and gracious to Lord Angus." Not only so; but she, moreover, exceedingly lamented, and asked "God's mercy that she had offended the said earl as she had."

In addition to her anxiety concerning Angus, she requested her confessors "to solicit her son, James V., for her, to be good to the Lady Margaret Douglas, her daughter, and that he would give her what goods she left, thinking it right because her daughter had never had anything of her." Like many others, similarly situated, Margaret had made no will previous to her mortal illness; and the distractions of a death-bed prevented her remedying this oversight. Her funeral was a most magnificent one. A long array of clergy and nobility attended her remains from Methven Castle to Perth, where her son James laid her head in the grave. She was buried in the abbey church of St. John, belonging to the great Carthusian monastery from which Perth formerly took the name of "St. Johnston," and in the vault of James I., near his body and that of his queen, Jane Reaufort, the founders of the monastery.

Of Margaret's two widowers, Angus and Methven, the former, at the period of her death, was an exile, residing with his and her daughter, Lady Margaret Douglas, at the court of Henry VIII. She had a son and daughter by Lord Methven.



From Fraser's Magazine.

## GABRIELLE; OR, THE SISTERS.

Those who weep not here, shall weep eternally hereafter.

*Ecclesiæ Græcæ Monumenta.*

DIM voices haunt me from the past—for the dream of life is dreamed, and may now be revealed; the dreamer is loitering on the Bier Path leading to the green grass mounds, whence mouldering hands seem to point upwards and say, "Look thy last on the blue skies, and come rest with us."

I have no happy childhood to recall; for I began to think so early, that pain and thought are linked together. I had a father, and a sister two years my senior; and our home was a small cottage, surrounded by a flower-garden, on the outskirts of a town, where the chime of church-bells was distinctly heard. These are sweet, romantic associations; but "garden flowers," and "silvery chimes," and "childhood's home," are words which awaken no answering chord in my heart—for Reality was stern, and Fancy wove no fabric of fairy texture wherewith to cover the naked truth.

My mother died when I was born; and my father was a thin pale man, always wrapped in flannels about the head and throat, and moving slowly with the aid of a stick. He never breakfasted with us—we were kept in the kitchen, to save firing—but he came down late in the forenoon, and when it was warm and sunshiny he would take a gentle stroll into the fields, never townwards. We dined at a late hour, and there were always delicacies for my father; and after dinner he sat over his wine, smoking cigars and reading the newspapers, till it was time to go to bed. He took little notice of Gabrielle or me, except to command silence, or to send us for anything he wanted. There were two parlors in the cottage, one at each side of the door; the furniture was scanty and mean, and the parlor on the left-hand side never had a fire in it, for my father always inhabited the other. It was bitter cold for Gabrielle and me in this left-hand room during the winter, for we were often turned in there to

amuse ourselves; our sole domestic—an ancient Irish servitor, retained by my father solely on account of her culinary accomplishments—never admitted us poor shivering girls into the kitchen when she was cooking, for, said Nelly,—

"If I am teased or narvous I shall, may be, spoil the dinner, and then our Lady save us from the masther's growl."

No one ever came near us—we seemed utterly neglected, and our very existence unknown. The house was redolent with the fumes of tobacco, and the garden where we played was a wilderness of weeds—amongst which roses bloomed in summer, and Gabrielle and I watched for their coming with delight: those summer roses, on the great tangled bushes, were surely more beautiful to us than to other and more fortunate children—we gathered and preserved each leaf as it fell, and never was fragrance so delicious!

Now it may naturally be supposed, that from ignorance our impressions were not painful; but from the time when I first began to notice and comprehend, I also began to bitterly feel our condition, and Gabrielle felt it far more than I did. We knew that we were half-starved, half-clad, neglected, unloved creatures, and that our parent was a personification of selfishness. We saw other children prettily dressed, walking past with their mothers or nurses—or trotting to school, healthful and happy; and our hearts yearned to be like them—yearned for a mother's kiss! Gabrielle was habitually silent and proud, though often passionate when we were at play together; but the outburst was soon over, and she hugged me again directly. I early learnt to dislike all ugly things from gazing on her—her beauty was of a kind to dazzle a child—she was so brilliantly fair and colorless, with clustering golden hair falling to her waist, and large soft blue eyes,

which always made me think of heaven and the angels; for, thanks to His mercy, I knew of them when I was yet a child.

Of course we were unacquainted with our father's history as we afterwards heard it. He was of a decayed but noble family, and—alas! it is a commonplace tale—he had ruined his fortunes and broken his wife's heart by gambling. Worse even than this, he was irretrievably disgraced and lost to society, having been detected as a cheat; and broken down in every sense of the word, with a trifling annuity only to subsist on, he lived, as I remember him, pampered, luxurious, and utterly forgetful of all save Self. And, oh! God grant there be none—poor or rich, high or low—who can repeat the sacred name of “father” as I do, without an emotion of tenderness, without the slightest gossamer thread of love or respect twined around the memory to bind the parental benediction thereto.

Nelly had followed our deceased mother from her native isle, for she too was Irish, and clung to our father, ministering to his habits and tastes, a good deal, I believe, for our sakes, and to keep near us. She was a coarse woman; and, unlike her race in general, exhibited but few outward demonstrations of attachment. When her work was done in the evening, she sometimes taught us the alphabet and to spell words of three letters; the rest we mastered for ourselves, and taught each other, and so in process of time we were able to read. The like with writing: Nelly pointed out the rudiments, and Gabrielle, endowed with magical powers of swift perception, speedily wrought out lessons both for herself and me. The only books in the house were a cookery-book; a spelling-book which Nelly borrowed; a great huge History of England, which formed her usual footstool; and an ancient, equally large, Bible, full of quaint pictures. Would that I had the latter blessed volume bound in gold now, and set with diamonds! A new epoch opened in my life. I had already thought, now I understood; and the light divine dawned on my soul as Nelly, the humble instrument of grace, in simple words explained all that was wanting: for our faith is very simple, notwithstanding the ineffable glories of Jesus and redemption. I dreamed by night of Jesus and of angels, and of shepherds watching their flocks “all seated on the ground;” and I used to ask Nelly if she did not think an angel must be just like Gabrielle, with shining wings, certainly? But Nelly would say that Miss Gabrielle was too

proud for an angel, and never likely to become one unless she liked her Bible better; and it was too true that my darling sister had not the same love for holy things that I had then. She liked to read of Queen Bess and bluff King Hal; but when we found our way to a church, and heard the chaunting, her emotions far surpassed mine, and she sobbed outright. At length Gabrielle, who had been pondering many days without speaking, confided to me her determination to ask our father to send us to school.

“Why should I not ask him, Ruth?” she said. “I wonder we never thought of it before—only he is always poorly, or smoking, or drinking.”

I observed her beautiful lip curl as she spoke in a contemptuous tone, and I thought that Jesus taught *not* so; but I feared to speak—so I wept, and knelt down alone and prayed for my sister.

Gabrielle did ask him, and my father laid down his paper, and took the cigar from his mouth, gazing in dull amazement at the speaker; but I saw his gaze become more earnest and observant as he said,—

“Why, girl, how old are you?”

“I was thirteen last month,” replied Gabrielle.

“You are a monstrous tall girl of your age, then, I declare; and you have learnt to read from Nelly, haven't you?”

“Yes, we have,” was the quiet reply; “but we wish to learn something more than that.”

“Then you must go to some charity school, miss, for I have no money to pay for such nonsense; you can read and write and sew, and what more would you have? Pass the claret nearer, and reach me those cigars; and take yourselves off, for my head is splitting.”

I must draw a veil over Gabrielle's passion when we were alone.

“It is not for myself only that I sorrow,” she exclaimed, as her sobs subsided; “but you, poor, little, delicate thing, with your lameness, what is to become of you in the big world if you are left alone? You cannot be a servant; and what are we to do without education? for Nelly has told me our father's income dies with him.”

Her expressions were incoherent; and when I tried to comfort her, by assurances that the blessed Saviour cared for the fatherless, she turned away and left me. So ended the first and last application to our parent.

When I remember Gabrielle's career from that period to her sixteenth year, I much

marvel at the precocity of intellect she exhibited, and the powers of mind with which she was endowed. We had no money to procure books—no means to purchase even the common necessities of clothing, which too often made us ashamed to appear in church. But suddenly Gabrielle seemed to become a woman, and I her trusting child. She was silent and cold; but not sullen or cold to me, though her mouth became compressed as if from bitter thought, and never lost that expression again, save when she smiled. Oh, that sunny smile of radiant beauty! I see it now—I see it now! I tried to win her, by coaxing and fondling, to read the Holy Book; but Gabrielle said we were outcasts, and deserted by God. When I heard that, my wan cheeks burned with indignation, and I exclaimed, “You are wicked to say so;” but Gabrielle was not angry, for tears stood in her eyes as she fixed them on me, whispering.—

“Poor little cripple—sweet, gentle, loving sister—the angels that whisper these good things to you pass me over. I hear them not, Ruth.”

“Sister, sister, they speak and you will not hear: do you think the stupid lame Ruth is favored beyond the clever, the beautiful, the noble Gabrielle?”

Then, with an outburst of passionate love, she would take me in her arms, and weep long and bitterly. I knew that I could not enter into the depths of her feelings, but I comprehended her haughty bearing and scornful glances; for the neighbors looked at us pitifully, and Gabrielle writhed beneath it: child as she was, there was something awful and grand in her lonely majesty of demeanor. Her self-denying, constant devotion towards me—often ailing and pining as I was—I repaid by an affection which I am sure is quite different from that entertained by sisters happily placed for each other: Gabrielle was as mother and sister, and friend and nurse, and playmate, all in one, to me. She, and the bright young roses in our neglected garden, were the only two beautiful creations I had ever seen. It was well for me, in my childish simplicity, that I knew not the wreck of mind—the waste of brilliant powers for want of cultivation—of which Gabrielle was the victim; but she knew it, and brooded over it, and the festering poison of hatred and contempt changed her innocent, affectionate nature, towards all created things, except her own and only sister.

We never wearied of listening to Nelly's

accounts of the former grandeur of our maternal ancestors, intermixed with wild legends of chivalrous love and gallant derring. She told us, too, of our ancient blood on the father's side, and that we were the great-grandchildren of a belted earl. Gabrielle's pale cheeks flushed not—her eyes were downcast; but I knew the sufferings of the proud, beautiful girl. I, too, humble as I was, felt what we were—what we ought to have been; and the blood of the De Courcys and O'Briens mounted to my throbbing temples.

Gabrielle was a lady—a lady in each action, word, and look; poorly and insufficiently clad, her tall graceful form bore the unmistakable mark of hereditary breeding, which neither poverty nor neglect could eradicate. It was not her exceeding loveliness which alone attracted observation, but it was a refinement and elegance which no education can bestow—it was Nature's stamp on one of her most peerless and exquisite productions. One evening, when we had been listening to Nelly's discourse by the kitchen fire, a sudden and new thought took hold of my imagination, nor could I rest until I had imparted it to Gabrielle. It was this—that she might marry some great, rich man, and so release us from want and privation; for, of course, my home would always be with her!

Gabrielle looked gravely on my upturned face as I knelt beside her, and confided this “new plan.”

“Ruth,” she said, “you are a wise and a singular child, and you deserve to be trusted. I mean to become a rich man's wife if I have the opportunity; but how it is to be brought about, your good book, perhaps, may tell.”

“Oh, darling,” I cried, “do not smile so scornfully when you speak of that blessed dear book; it would comfort and lead you, indeed it would, if you would but open and read its pages.”

“Well, well, parson Ruth,” she cried, laughing, “that will do. When the rich man comes down from the clouds to make me his bride, I promise you I'll have a book bound in gold like that; and you shall be educated, my darling Ruth, as the daughters of the De Courcys ought to be, and you shall forget that we have no father, no mother.”

“Forget our father?” said I, “never, never.”

Gabrielle was terribly shaken and agitated; little more than a child in years, injustice and sorrow had taught her the emotions of

age; yet she was a guileless child in the world's ways, as events soon proved.

We used to ramble out into the adjacent meadows; and doubtless our roamings would have extended far and wide, had not my lameness precluded much walking, and Gabrielle never had a thought of leaving me. So we were contented to saunter by a shining stream that meandered amid the rich pasture-land near our home; this stream was frequented by those fortunate anglers only who obtained permission from the lady of the manor to fish in it, and this permit was not lavishly bestowed; consequently, our favorite haunt was usually a solitary one. But soon after Gabrielle had completed her sixteenth year we noted a sickly youth, who patiently pursued his quiet sport by the hour together, and never looked round as we passed and repassed him. Some trifling "chance" (as it is called) led to his thanking Gabrielle for assisting to disentangle his line, which had caught amid the willow branches overhanging the water; the same "chance" caused him to observe his beautiful assistant, and I saw his start of surprise and admiration. He was a silly-looking lad, we thought, dressed like a gentleman, and behaving as one; and he was never absent now from the meadows when we were there. He always bowed, and often addressed some passing observation to us, but timidly and respectfully, for Gabrielle was a girl to command both homage and respect. She pitied the lonely, pale young man, who seemed so pleased to find any one to speak to, and exhibited such extraordinary patience and perseverance, for he never caught a fish that we saw. Through the medium of a gossip of Nelly, who was kitchen-maid at the principal inn, we ascertained that our new acquaintance was staying there for his health's benefit, and for the purpose of angling; that his name was Erminstoun, only son of the rich Mr. Erminstoun, banker, of T——. Nelly's gossip had a sister who lived at Erminstoun Hall, so there was no doubt about the correctness of the information, both as regarded Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's identity, and the enormous wealth of which it was said his father was possessed. The informant added, that poor Mr. Thomas was a *leetle* soft maybe, but the idol of his parent; and that he squandered "money like nothing," "being a generous, open-handed, good young gentleman."

I observed a great change in Gabrielle's manner, after hearing this, towards her admirer—for so he must be termed—as admi-

ration was so evident in each word and look: by and bye Gabrielle went out alone—there was no one to question or rebuke her; and in six weeks from the day that Mr. Thomas Erminstoun first saw her she became his wife. Yes, startling as it appears, it all seemed very natural and simple of accomplishment then: early one brilliant summer morning, Gabrielle woke me, and bade me rise directly, as she wished to confide something of great importance, which was about to take place in a few hours. Pale, but composed, she proceeded to array herself and me in plain white robes, and straw bonnets; new, and purely white, yet perfectly simple and inexpensive, though far better than the habiliments we had been accustomed to wear. Gabrielle took them from a box, which must have come when I was sleeping; and when our toilet was completed, I compared her in my own mind to one of those young maidens whom I had seen in the church, when bands of fair creatures were assembled for confirmation. She looked not like a *bride*—there was no blushing, no trembling; but a calm self-possession, and determination of purpose, which awed me.

"My wise little sister Ruth," she said, "I am going to be married this morning to Mr. Thomas Erminstoun, at —— church. You are my bridesmaid, and the clerk gives me away. I shall not come back here any more, for a chaise and four waits in Yarrow Wood to convey us away directly after our marriage. You will come home, darling, and take off your marriage apparel to appear before *him*; and as I do not often dine with him, and he never asks for me, I shall not be missed. So say nothing—Nelly's tongue is tied—fear not her. Be patient, beloved one, till you hear from me: bright days are coming, Ruth, and we do not part for long."

Here she wept, oh, so bitterly, I thought she would die. Amazed and trembling, I ventured to ask if she loved Mr. Thomas Erminstoun better than me, for jealousy rankled, and at fourteen I knew nothing of *love*.

"Love *him*!" she cried, vehemently, clasping her hands wildly; "I love only you on earth, my Ruth, my sister. He is a fool; and I marry him to save you and myself from degradation and misery. He buys me with his wealth. I am little more than sixteen"—she hung down her lovely head, poor thing—"but I am old in sorrow; I am hardened in sin, for I am about to commit a



great sin. I vow to love, where I despise; to obey, when I mean to rule; and to honor, when I hold the imbecile youth in utter contempt!"

Vain were supplications and prayers to wait. Gabrielle led me away to the meadows, where a fly was in waiting, which conveyed us to the church. I saw her married; I signed something in a great book; I felt her warm tears and embraces, and I knew that Mr. Thomas Erminstoun kissed me too, as he disappeared with Gabrielle, and the clerk placed me in the fly alone, which put me down in the same place, in the quiet meadows by the shining water. I sat down and wept till I became exhausted. Was this all a dream? Had Gabrielle really gone? My child-sister married? Become rich and great? But I treasured her words, hurried home, and put on my old dark dress; and Nelly said not a word. Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's gold had secured her silence; and she was to "know nothing," but to take care of me for the present."

Ere my father retired to rest that night, a letter was brought addressed to him. I never knew the contents, but it was from Gabrielle and Gabrielle's husband. I did not see him again for some days, and then he never looked at me; and strange, strange it seemed, Gabrielle had disappeared like a snow wreath, in silence, in mystery; and I exclaimed in agony,—“Was there ever anything like this in the world before?”

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My father made himself acquainted with the position of the young man whom his daughter had gone off with, and also of the legality of their marriage; that ascertained satisfactorily, he sank into the same hopeless slothfulness and indolence as heretofore, dozing life away, and considering he had achieved a prodigious labor in making the necessary inquiries.

Very soon after this I had my first letter—doubly dear and interesting because it was from Gabrielle. The inn servant brought it under pretext of visiting Nelly, so my father knew nothing about it. Ah, that first letter! shall I ever forget how I bathed it with my tears, and covered it with kisses? It was short, and merely said they were in lodgings for the present, because Mr. Erminstoun had not yet forgiven his son: not a word about her happiness; not a word of her husband; but she concluded by saying, “that very soon she hoped to send for her darling Ruth—never to be parted more.”

I know that my guardian angel whispered the thoughts that now came into my head as I read and pondered; because I had prayed to be led as a sheep by the shepherd, being but a simple, weakly child. I determined on two things—to show the letter I had received from Gabrielle to my father, for conscience loudly whispered concealment was wrong; and never to quit him, because the time might come when he, perhaps, would require, or be glad of my attendance. I felt quite happy after forming these resolutions on my knees; and I wrote to Gabrielle, telling her of them. I know not if my father observed what I said, but he took no notice, for he was half asleep and smoking; so I left the letter beside him, as I ever did afterwards, for I often heard from my beloved sister: and oh! but it *was* hard to resist her entreaties that I would come to her—that it was for my sake as well as her own she had taken so bold a step; and that now she had a pleasant home for me, and I refused. It was hard to refuse; but God was with me, or I never could have had strength of myself to persevere in duty, and “*deny myself*.” When Gabrielle found arguments and entreaties vain, she gave way to bursts of anguish that nearly overcame me; but when “I was weak, then I was strong,” and I clasped my precious Bible, and told her I *dared* not leave my father.

Then came presents of books, and all kinds of beautiful and useful things, to add to my comfort or improvement. Gabrielle told me that they were settled in a pretty cottage near the Hall, and that Mr. Erminstoun had forgiven his son. Mr. Erminstoun was a widower, and had five daughters by a former marriage,—Gabrielle's husband being the only child of his second union: the Misses Erminstoun were all flourishing in single blessedness, and were known throughout the country-side as the “proud Miss Erminstouns.” These ladies were tall, and what some folks call “dashing women;” wearing high feathers, bright colors, and riding hither and thither in showy equipages, or going to church on the Sabbath with a footman following their solemn and majestic approach to the house of prayer, carrying the richly-emblazoned books of these “miserable sinners.”

How I pined to hear from Gabrielle that she was happy, and cherished by her new connections; that she was humbled also, in some measure—abashed at the bold step she had taken. So young—so fair—so



determined. I trembled, girl as I was, when I thought that God's wrath might fall on her dear head, and chasten her rebellious spirit.

Six months subsequent to Gabrielle's departure our father died, after but a few days' severe suffering. Dying, he took my hand and murmured,—“Good child!” and those precious words fell as a blessing on my soul; and I know he listened to the prayers which God put into my heart to make for his departing spirit. I mourned for the dead, because he was my father and I his child.

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Nelly accompanied me to my sister's home; and fairyland seemed opening to my view when I embraced Gabrielle once more. What a pleasant home it was!—a cottage, not much larger than the one I had left—but how different! Elegance and comfort were combined; and when I saw the rare exotics in the tasteful conservatory, I remembered the roses in our wilderness. Ah, I doubt if we ever valued flowers as we did those precious dewy buds. Wood End Cottage stood on the brow of a hill, commanding a fair prospect of sylvan quietude; the old parsonage was adjacent, inhabited by a bachelor curate, “poor and pious,” the church tower peeping forth from a clump of trees. The peal of soft bells in that mouldering tower seemed to me like unearthly music: my heart thrilled as I heard their singular, melancholy chime. There were fine monuments within the church, and it had a superb painted window, on which the sun always cast its last gleams during the hours of summer evening service.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Erminstoun, was paler and thinner than when I had seen him last, and I was shocked and alarmed at his appearance. His love for Gabrielle amounted to idolatry; and for her sake he loved and cherished me. She was colder and haughtier in manner than ever, receiving passively all the devoted tenderness lavished by her husband: this pained me sadly, for though he was assuredly simple, there was an earnest truthfulness and kindness about him, which won on the affections amazingly. He would speak to me of Gabrielle by the hour together, with ever-increasing delight; we both marvelled at her surpassing beauty, which each week became more angelic and pure in character.

On me alone all my sister's caresses were bestowed; all the pent-up love of a passionate nature found vent in my arms, which

were twined around her with strange enthusiastic love; therefore it was, her faults occasioned me such agony—for I could not but see them—and I alone, of all the world, knew her noble nature—knew what she “might have been.” I told her that I expected to have found her cheerful now she had a happy home of her own.

“Happy! cheerful!” she cried, sadly. “A childhood such as mine was, flings dark shadows over all futurity, Ruth.”

“Oh, speak not so, beloved,” I replied; “have you not a good husband, your error mercifully forgiven? are you not surrounded by blessings?”

“And dependent,” she answered, bitterly.

“But dependent on your husband, as the Bible says every woman should be.”

“And my husband is utterly dependent on his father, Ruth; he has neither ability nor health to help himself, and on his father he depends for our bread. I have but exchanged one bondage for another; and all my hope is now centred in you, dearest, to educate you—to render you independent of this cold, hard world.”

“Why, Gabrielle,” I said, “you are not seventeen yet—it is not too late, is it, for you also to be educated?”

“Too late, too late,” answered Gabrielle, mournfully. “Listen, wise Ruth, I shall be a mother soon; and to my child, if it is spared, and to you, I devote myself. You have seen the Misses Erminstoun—you have seen vulgarity, insolence, and absurd pretension; they have taunted me with my ignorance, and I will not change it now. The blood of the De Courcys and O'Briens has made me a lady; and all the wealth of the Indies cannot make them so. No, Ruth, I will remain in ignorance, and yet tower above them, high as the clouds above the dull earth, in innate superiority and power of mind!”

“Oh, my sister,” I urged timidly, “it is not well to think highly of one's self—the Bible teaches not so.”

“Ruth! Ruth!” she exclaimed, impatiently, “it is not that I think highly of myself, as you well know; you well know with what anguish I have deplored our wants; it is pretension I despise, and rise above; talent, and learning, and virtue, and nobleness, that I revere, and could worship!”

“But, beloved,” I urged, “people may be very kind and good, without being so mighty clever.”

“The Erminstouns female are not kind,

are not good," she haughtily replied; "the Erminstouns male are fools! Ruth, I have changed one bondage for another, and the sins of the father fall on the innocent child. I have changed starvation, and cold, and degradation, for hateful dependence on the vulgar and despised. Wo is me, wo is me! If I can but save you, my sister, and make you independent, I can bear my lot."

My education commenced, and they called me a "wise child:" every one was kind to the poor cripple, even the "proud Miss Erminstouns," who cast envious and disdainful glances on my beautiful sister, which she repaid with unutterable scorn—silent, but sure. Oh, how I prayed Gabrielle to *try* and win their love; to read her Bible, and therein find that "a kind word turneth away wrath;" but Gabrielle was proud as Lucifer, and liked not to read of humility and forbearance. I found a zealous friend and instructor in Mr. Dacre, the "poor, pious curate;" he was a college friend of my brother-in-law, and a few years his senior. I felt assured that Mr. Dacre thought Mr. Thomas's life a very precarious one, from the way in which he spoke to him on religious subjects, and the anxiety he evinced as to his spiritual welfare. Mr. Dacre used also to call me his "wise little friend;" and we were wont to speak of passages in the book I loved best. What thought I of him? Why, sometimes in my own mind I would compare him to an apostle—St. Paul, for instance—sincere, learned, and inspired; but then St. Paul haunted my day-dreams as a reverend gentleman with a beard and flowing robes, while Mr. Dacre was young, handsome, and excessively neat in his ecclesiastical costume and appointments generally. Mr. Dacre had serious dark eyes—solemn eyes they were, in my estimation, but the very sweetest smile in the world; and one of the Misses Erminstoun seemed to think so too; but people said that the pious young minister was vowed to celibacy.

There was also another frequent visitor at Erminstoun Hall, who not seldom found his way to Wood End Cottage; and this was no less a personage than Lord Treherne, who resided at Treherne Abbey in princely magnificence, and had lately become a widower. This nobleman was upwards of sixty, stately, cold, and reserved in manner, and rarely warmed into a smile, except in contemplation of woman's beauty; of which, indeed, he was an enthusiastic admirer. The late Lady Treherne had presented her lord with no family; and the disappointment was

bitterly felt by Lord Treherne, who most ardently desired an heir to succeed to his ancient title and immense possessions. It was rumored abroad that the eldest Miss Erminstoun was likely to become the favored lady on whom his lordship's second choice might fall: she was still a handsome woman, and as cold and haughty as Lord Treherne himself; but, notwithstanding her smiles and encouragement, the ancient cavalier in search of a bride did not propose. Nay, on the contrary, he evinced considerable interest in Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's failing health; he was the poor young gentleman's godfather, and it seemed not improbable that, in the event of his lordship dying childless, his godson might inherit a desirable fortune. Rare fruits and flowers arrived in profusion from the Abbey; and my lord showed great interest in my progress, while Gabrielle treated him with far more freedom than she did any one else, and seemed pleased and gratified by his fatherly attentions.

At length the time arrived when Gabrielle became the mother of as lovely a babe as ever entered this world of wo; and it was a fair and touching sight to behold the young mother caressing her infant daughter. I have often wondered that I felt no pangs of jealousy, for the beauteous stranger more than divided my sister's love for me—she engaged it nearly all: and there was something fearful and sublime in the exceeding idolatry of Gabrielle for her sweet baby. Self was immolated altogether; and when she hung over the baby's couch each night, watching its happy, peaceful slumbers, it was difficult to say which of the twain was the more beautiful. Repose marked the countenance of each—Gabrielle's was imbued with the heavenly repose of parental love.

In less than twelve months after its birth, that poor baby was fatherless. I had anticipated and foreseen this calamity; and Gabrielle conducted herself, as I believed she would, without hypocrisy, but with serious propriety. Sad scenes followed this solemn event; the Misses Erminstoun wished to take her child from Gabrielle, to bring it up at the Hall. Mr. Erminstoun urged her compliance, and recommended my sister to seek "a situation" for me, as "he had already so expensive an establishment to keep up; and now poor Thomas was gone, there was really no occasion for Wood End Cottage to be on his hands. Gabrielle must find a home in some farm-house."

All this came about in a few months, from

one thing to another; and the young widow, who had been ever hated as a wife, was grudging her daily support by her deceased husband's family. "Give up her child?" Gabrielle only laughed when they spoke of that; but her laugh rings in my ears yet! though it was as soft and musical as the old church bells.

We left Wood End Cottage, and found refuge in a retired farm-house, as Mr. Erminstoun proposed; but we were together: and there were many who cried "shame" on the rich banker, for thus casting off his daughter-in-law and his grandchild. Small was the pittance he allowed for our subsistence; and the Misses Erminstoun never noticed Gabrielle on her refusal to part with the child. "She was not fit," they bruited about, "to bring up their poor brother's daughter. She was ignorant, uneducated, and unamiable, besides being basely ungrateful for kindness lavished; she had a cold heart and a repellant manner, which had steeled their sympathies towards her." They thought themselves ill-used at Erminstoun Hall; and the five Misses Erminstoun regarded Gabrielle and her poor little daughter as mere interlopers, who were robbing them of their father's money.

Well might Gabrielle say,—"I have changed one bondage for another!" but I never heard her repeat that now. She was silent, even to me. No murmur escaped her lips; and what she felt or suffered I knew not. Little Ella was a pale flower, like her mother; but as similar to the parent rose as an opening rosebud.

"What could I do?" were the words I was continually repeating to myself. "I must not be an added burden to Mr. Erminstoun. I have already profited by my sister's union with his son, by having gratefully received instruction in various branches of learning, and can I not do something for myself?" What this *something* was to be, I could not define. My lameness precluded active employment, and I was too young to become a "companion." I confided my thoughts and wishes to Mr. Dacre, who often visited us, speaking words of balm and consolation to the afflicted. Gabrielle listened to his words, as she never had done to mine; and he could reprove, admonish, exhort, or cheer, when all human hope seemed deserting us. For where were we to look for a shelter, should it please Mr. Erminstoun to withdraw his allowance, to force Gabrielle to abandon her child to save it from want? I verily believe, had it not been for that pre-

cious babe, she would have begged her bread, and suffered me to do so, rather than be dependent on the scanty-doled-out bounty of Mr. Erminstoun.

During the twelve months that elapsed after her husband's death there was a "great calm" over Gabrielle—a tranquillity, like that exhibited by an individual walking in sleep. I had expected despair and passion when her lofty spirit was thus trampled to the dust; but no, as I have said, she was strangely tranquil—strangely silent. There was no resignation—that is quite another thing; and, except when my sister listened to Mr. Dacre, she never read her Bible, or suffered me to read it to her: but his deep, full, rich voice, inexpressibly touching and sweet in all its modulations, ever won her wrapt, undivided attention. She attended the church where he officiated; and though the Erminstouns had a sumptuously-decorated pew there, it was not to that the young widow resorted; she sat amid the poor in the aisle, beneath a magnificent monument of the Treherne family, where the glorious sunset rays, streaming through the illuminated window, fell full upon her clustering golden hair and downcast eyes. There was a pride in this, not humility; and Gabrielle deceived herself, as, with a quiet grace peculiarly her own, she glided to her lowly seat, rejecting Lord Treherne's proffered accommodation, as he courteously stood with his pew door open, bowing to the fair creature as if she had been a queen. The five Misses Erminstoun knelt on their velvet cushions, arrayed in feathers and finery, and strong in riches and worldly advantages; but my pale sister, in her coarsely-fashioned mourning garb, seated on a bench, and kneeling on the stone, might have been taken for the regal lady, and they her plebeian attendants.

Spiteful glances they cast towards Gabrielle, many a time and oft, when my Lord Treherne so pointedly paid his respectful devoirs; and there was as much pride and haughtiness in Gabrielle's heart as in theirs. Poor thing! she said truly, that "early shadows had darkened her soul," and what had she left but *pride*? Not an iota of woman's besetting littleness had my sister,—noble, generous, self-denying, devoted where she loved; her sweetness had been poisoned, nor had she sought that fountain of living water which alone can purify such bitterness. Gentle in manner, pure in heart, affectionate in disposition, Gabrielle's pride wrought her misery. Lord Treherne never came in person to our humble home—he had but once

paid his respects to Gabrielle since her widowhood ; but the rarest exotics continued to decorate our poor room, constantly replenished from Treherne Abbey, and sent with his lordship's card by a confidential domestic. He was always at church now, and people remarked " how pious my lord had latterly become." I was far too young and inexperienced then to understand or appreciate this delicacy and propriety on Lord Treherne's part. But Mr. Dacre understood it ; nor would he have intruded on our privacy, save in his ministerial capacity, and for the purpose of aiding and assisting me in the studies I endeavored to pursue. There was a " halo of sanctity" around Mr. Dacre, which effectually precluded any approach to freedom or frivolous conversation, in any society wherein he might be placed. He gave the tone to that society, and the gay and dashing Misses Erminstoun became subdued in his presence ; while Lord Treherne, with excellent taste, not only showed the outward respect due to Mr. Dacre's sacred and high office, but the regard which his personal qualities deserved.

I have often looked back on that time immediately after my brother-in-law's decease, with wonder at our serenity—nay, almost contentment and happiness ; despite the anguish and humiliation I knew Gabrielle must endure, her smile was ever beautiful and sweet, and illumined our poor home with the sunshine of heaven. Our baby was, I think I may say, almost equally dear to us both—it had two mothers, Gabrielle said : and what with nursing the darling little thing, and learning my lessons, and Mr. Dacre's visits, time flew rapidly.

On the appearance of each fresh token of Lord Treherne's remembrance, I observed an expression flit across my sister's face which I could not define ; it was of triumph and agony combined, and she always flew to her baby, clasping it convulsively to her bosom, and whispering words of strange import. On Mr. Dacre's expressive, serious countenance, also, I noticed passing clouds, as Gabrielle bestowed enthusiastic admiration on the superb exotics. Why this was I could by no means satisfactorily decide, as Mr. Dacre, so kind and generous, must approve the disinterested delicacy exhibited by Lord Treherne, in his offerings to the fatherless and widow. But the disinterestedness of my lord's attentions was a myth which I soon discarded : for in twelve months subsequent to Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's decease, a letter from Treherne Abbey was brought to Ga-

brielle, sealed with the armorial bearings of the Trehernes, and signed by the present representative of that noble race. We were seated at our fire-side, busy with domestic needlework, and I saw Gabrielle's hands tremble as she opened it, while that strange, wild expression of triumph and pain flitted more than once over her face as she perused the missive. She silently gave it to me, and with amazement I read its contents—such an idea had never once entered my simple brain. Lord Treherne made Gabrielle an offer of his hand and heart, signifying that if she would graciously incline her ear to his suit, a brilliant destiny awaited her infant daughter—on whom, and on its lovely mother, the most munificent settlements should be made. I laughed heartily as I read his lordship's rhapsodies, becoming a young lover : and I said, returning the epistle to Gabrielle, " What a pity, dearest, that we cannot have such a noble father for our little Ella !" the possibility of Gabrielle's marrying a man of nearly seventy never entered into my calculations for a moment. Therefore, my astonishment was overwhelming when she seriously answered,—

" Why cannot Lord Treherne be a father to my child, Ruth ?"

" Because, dearest, you could not marry him—he is so old."

" But I mean to marry him, Ruth : could you doubt it ? Could I have lived on as I have done without prophetic hope to support me ? Think you, if Lord Treherne were double the age, I would refuse rank, wealth, and power ? Oh, Ruth, were I alone, it might be different." She spoke in a tone of suppressed anguish and passionate regret. " But look on her," pointing to the sleeping cherub ; " for her sake I would immolate myself on any altar of sacrifice. Her fate shall be a brighter one than her mother's—if that mother has power to save and to bless ! *She* must not be doomed to poverty or dependence. No, no ! I give her a father who can restore in her the ancient glories of our race ; for my Ella is a descendant of the chivalrous O'Briens and the noble De Courcys."

" And of the Erminstouns of Erminstoun Hall," I gently suggested, for Gabrielle was greatly excited.

" Name them not, Ruth ; name them not, if you love me. To change their hated name, what would I not do ?"

Alas ! thought I, you are deceiving yourself, my poor sister, in this supposed immolation on an altar of sacrifice ; it is not for your child's sake alone, though you fancy so.



But Blanche Erminstoun will be disappointed, revenge obtained, and pride amply gratified, and truly "the heart is deceitful above all things."

Mr. Dacre entered the apartment as Gabrielle ceased speaking, for we had not heard his modest signal, and he was unannounced. My sister colored to the very temples on seeing the young pastor, and her hands trembled in the vain endeavor to fold Lord Treherne's letter, which at length she impatiently crushed together. I heard a half-smothered hysterical sob, as, with a faltering voice, she bade our guest "Good evening." Ah! when the heart is aching and throbbing with agony, concealed and suppressed, it requires heroic self-command to descend to the common-places of this workaday world; but women early learn to conceal and subdue their feelings, when premature sorrows have divided them from real or pretended sympathies. I read my sister's heart, I knew her secret, and I inwardly murmured, "Alas for woman's love, it is cast aside!"

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My sister's marriage with Lord Treherne was a strictly private one, (Gabrielle had stipulated for this,) his lordship's chaplain performing the ceremony. My thoughts reverted to Gabrielle's first marriage, when the clerk gave her away and she was clad in muslin; now she was arrayed in satin and glittering gems, and a peer of the realm, an old friend of the bridegroom, gave her lily hand at the altar to her noble lover. Twice she was forsworn; but the desecration to her soul was not so great on the first as on the present occasion, for then her heart was still her own; while now, alas for woman's love, it was cast aside!

In a few weeks after the marriage we all departed for the Continent, where we remained for the six following years, Gabrielle and myself receiving instructions in every accomplishment suitable to our position. It was charming to witness with what celerity my beautiful sister acquired everything she undertook, for she was as anxious as her lord to adorn the high station to which she now belonged. Wherever we went, the fame of Lady Treherne's beauty went with us, while her fascination of manner and high-bred elegance perfectly satisfied her fastidious husband that he had made a wise and prudent choice. There was one drawback to his lordship's perfect contentment, and this was the absence of the much-wished-for heir, for Gabrielle presented no children to her

husband; and our little Ella, a fairy child of brilliant gifts and almost superhuman loveliness, became as necessary to Lord Treherne's happiness as she was to her doting mother's. It was settled ere we returned to England that Ella was to drop the name of Erminstoun, and as Lord Treherne's acknowledged heiress, legal forms were to be immediately adopted in order to ratify the change of name to that of the family appellation of the Trehernes.

With a murmur of grateful feeling I saw Gabrielle kneel beside her aged husband, and thank him fondly for this proof of regard; triumph sparkling in her eyes, and Lord Treherne laid his hand on her fair head, blessing her as he did so. She had made him a good wife, in every sense of the term: he never forgot that her blood equalled his own. But Gabrielle did, for that very reason; her gratitude made her humble toward him, because he was humble toward her: nor did Lord Treherne ever cease to think that Gabrielle had conferred a favor in marrying him.

A succession of *fêtes* and entertainments were given at Treherne Abbey after our return, and Gabrielle was the star on whom all gazed with delighted admiration. All the country families flocked to pay their homage, but the Erminstouns came not until Lady Treherne extended a hand of welcome to her first husband's family; she was too exalted, both in station and mind, to cherish the pitiful remembrances of their former unkindness. There were but two Misses Erminstoun now, the others were well married, (according to the world's notion, that is,) and the youngest, who had not given up hopes of yet becoming Mrs. Dacre, had transformed herself into a nun-like damsel, something between a Sister of Charity and a Quakeress in exterior: perhaps Mr. Dacre read the interior too well, and, notwithstanding the lady's assiduous visits to the poor, attendance on the charity-schools, and regular loud devotions at church, Mr. Dacre remained obdurate and wedded to celibacy. It might be that he disapproved of the marriage of the clergy, but I think he was at one time vulnerable on that point.

How delighted I was to see him once more, to hear him call me his "wise little friend," with his former sweet smile and affectionate manner; six years had changed him—he looked rather careworn, and well he might, for he was a true worker in the Lord's vineyard: nor was his mission confined to the poor; the rich and noble also felt his



influence. Lord and Lady Treherne greeted him as an old and valued friend; nor could I detect the slightest agitation in Gabrielle's manner, and my former suspicions almost faded away. She brought our fair Ella to welcome "papa and mamma's friend" to Treherne; and Ella, with her winning, gentle ways, soon made Mr. Dacre understand that she loved him very much indeed: she was a holy child, and the principal joy of her innocent life was to hear me tell her those stories in which I used to take delight in my early days—how contrasted to hers! She would sing her pretty hymns, seated on a low footstool at Lord Treherne's feet; and the stately nobleman, with tears in his eyes, used to exclaim with pathos,—

"Sister Ruth, sister Ruth, my heart mis-gives me; the angels surely will take this child to themselves, and leave us desolate."

Mr. Dacre came not frequently to Treherne, but he was a quick observer, and he saw that we had set up an idol for ourselves in this child; he cautioned us, but Gabrielle shivered—yes, *shivered* with dismay, at the bare suggestion he hinted at,—that God was a "jealous God," and permitted no idolatrous worship to pass unreprieved.

Poor young mother, how can I relate the scenes I lived to witness!

Ella died, aged ten years. The mother sat by her coffin four days and nights, speechless and still; we dared not attempt to remove her; there was an alarming expression in her eyes if we did, that made the medical men uncertain how to act. She had tasted no food since the child died; she was hopeful to the last; it was impossible, she said, that her child could die; her faculties could not comprehend the immensity of the anguish in store for her. So there she sat like stone—cold, and silent, and wan, as the effigy she watched. Who dared to awaken the mother?

Mr. Dacre undertook the awful task, but it was almost too much for his tender, sympathizing heart; nerved by strength from above, he came to us—for I never left my sister—and we three were alone with the dead.

It harrows my soul to dwell on this subject, and it seemed cruel to awaken the benumbed mother to reality and life again, but it was done; and then words were spoken far too solemn and sacred to repeat here, and hearts were opened that otherwise might have remained sealed till the judgment-day. Gabrielle, for the first time in her life, knew herself as she was; and, prostrate beside her dead child, cried, "I have deserved thy chastening rod, for thou art the Lord, and I thy creature;

deal with me as thou seest best." Pride abased, hope crushed, heart contrite and broken, never, never had Gabrielle been so dear to me: and during many weeks that I watched beside her couch, as she fluctuated betwixt life and death, I knew that she was an altered being, and that this bitter affliction had not been sent in vain. She came gently home to God, and humbly knelt a suppliant at the mercy throne, for ever crying,—

"Thou art wisest! Thou art best! Thou alone knowest what is good for us! Thy will be done!"

The blow had fallen heavily on Lord Treherne, but for two years my sister lived to bless and comfort him; then it became evident to all that the mother was about to rejoin her child in the mansions of the blest. She expressed a wish that Mr. Dacre should read the funeral service over her, and he administered the last blessed consolations to her departing spirit; no remnants of mortal weakness lurked in his heart as he stood beside the dying, for he knew that in this world they were as pilgrims and strangers, but in that to which Gabrielle was hastening they would be reunited in glory,—no more partings, no more tears. She died calmly, with her hands clasped in Lord Treherne's and mine; while Mr. Dacre knelt absorbed in prayer, she passed away, and we looked on each other in speechless sorrow, and then on what had been my young and beautiful sister.

Of my own deep grief and lacerated heart I will not speak; Lord Treherne required all my care and attention, nor would he hear of my quitting him,—indeed, he would scarcely bear me to be out of sight; the heavy infirmities of advanced years had suddenly increased since his double bereavement, and I felt very grateful that to my humble efforts he owed any glimpse of sunshine. He was a severe bodily sufferer for many years, but affliction was not sent in vain, for Lord Treherne became perfectly prepared for the awful change awaiting him, trusting in his merits alone. Those were blessed hours when Mr. Dacre spoke to him of the dear departed, who had only journeyed on before,—of God's ways in bringing us to Himself, chastening pride and self-reliance, and tolerating no idol worship. Lord Treherne, with lavish generosity, made an ample provision for his "wise little Ruth," as he ever smilingly called me to the last. He died peacefully, and the abby came into the possession of a distant branch of the Treherne family.

Wood End cottage was vacant, and I pur-

chased it; and assisted by Mr. Dacre in the labor of love for our blessed Master, life has not passed idly, and I humbly trust not entirely without being of use in my generation. Previous to his decease, Lord Treherne caused a splendid monument to be erected in Wood End Church to the memory of Gabrielle and Ella, his adopted daughter: the spotless marble is exquisitely wrought, the mother and child reposing side by side as if asleep, with their hands meekly folded on their breasts, and their eyes closed as if weary—**weary.**

The last fading hues of sunset, which so often rested on Gabrielle's form as she knelt in her widowhood beneath the monumental glories of the Trehernes, now illumines the sculptured stone, which mysteriously hints of hidden things—corruption and the worm.

I love to kneel in the house of prayer where Gabrielle knelt: dim voices haunt me from the past: my place is prepared among the green grass mounds, for no tablet or record shall mark the spot where "Ruth the Cripple" reposes, sweetly slumbering with the sod on her bosom, "dust to dust."



**PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF NEANDER.—**One might pass Neander in the streets of Berlin, and little dream that the grotesque figure, so ill-favored and oddly attired, and so seemingly heedless of the whole outer world, was the greatest living church historian, and one of the chief leaders of the mind of Germany. Nature certainly did not lavish on his person many of her graces, and art seemed to undo the little that nature had done. His features bore the mark of the most ungainly Jewish type; while his dress was not unlike that of a well known tribe of his Jewish brethren, the dealers in old clothes in the back-lanes of London. No one who ever saw him in his class-room can forget the place or the man. There he stood behind a table nearly as high as himself, with his sunken eyes all but closed, or twinkling below his shaggy eye-brows, and with his thick black hair covering the greater part of his ample brow. He wore a long surtout, carelessly buttoned over a spotted vest, with outside boots which reached nearly to his knees. Such was the bizarre figure that, to the stranger's surprise, entered the class-room, itself the largest in the university. His eyes were either half closed or fixed on the desk before him, and, on taking his place, he seized a pen which lay ready for his use. This pen he would twist and tear to pieces during the

lecture, and at intervals, as some weighty utterance made him raise his sonorous voice, he would turn to his right side and lift up both his hands in the air, as in the attitude of a frantic dervish. During these different actions of the upper part of the body, one foot was placed upon the other, or when he became more animated, it was made to swing round with considerable force and strike the wall behind. Occasionally the pen which he held in his hand would fall over the side of the desk, to the great amusement of the class. When this happened, he became disconcerted for a moment, then began to manipulate with one of his fingers in a like way, until some student sitting near him supplied him with another pen, when the same round of movements went on as strangely as before. In all this there is not the slightest exaggeration; we have given only an imperfect description of the reality. Yet this singularity of manner had nothing in common with that affectation which courts notoriety at the expense of custom or taste. Neander manifested a character of the most guileless simplicity, and a high-souled superiority above everything that is false. The truth is, these matters of conventionalism never entered his mind. His world was not that of vulgar show or fashion, but of moral aims and the divine life.

From Tait's Magazine.

## LORD CARLISLE ON POPE.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY, ESQ.

LORD CARLISLE's recent lecture upon Pope, addressed to an audience of artisans, drew the public attention first of all upon himself—that was inevitable. No man can depart conspicuously from the usages or the apparent sympathies of his own class, under whatsoever motive, but that of necessity he will awaken for the *immediate* and the first result of his act an emotion of curiosity. But all curiosity is allied to the comic, and is not an ennobling emotion, either for him who feels it, or for him who is its object. A second, however, and more thoughtful consideration of such an act may redeem it from this vulgarizing taint of oddity. Reflection may satisfy us, as in the present case it *did* satisfy those persons who were best acquainted with Lord Carlisle's public character, that this eccentric step had been adopted, not in ostentation with any view to its eccentricity, but *in spite* of its eccentricity, and from impulses of large prospective benignity that would not suffer itself to be defeated by the chances of immediate misconstruction.

Whether advantageous, therefore, to Lord Carlisle, or disadvantageous, (and in that case, I believe, most unjust,) the first impressions derived from this remarkable lecture pointed themselves exclusively to the person of the lecturer—to his general qualifications for such a task, and to his possible motives for undertaking it. Nobody inquired *what* it was that the noble lord had been discussing, so great was every man's astonishment that before such an audience any noble lord should have condescended to discuss anything at all. But gradually all wonder subsides—*de jure*, in nine days; and, after this collapse of the primary interest, there was leisure for a secondary interest to gather about the *subject* of the patrician lecture. Had it any cryptical meaning? Coming from a man so closely connected with the Government, could it be open to any hieroglyphic or ulterior interpretations, intelligible to Whigs, and significant to ministerial partisans? Finally, this secondary interest has usurped upon what ori-

ginally had been a purely personal interest. POPE! What novelty was there still open to even literary gleaners about *him*, a man that had been in his grave for 106 years? What *could* there remain to say on such a theme? And what was it, in fact, that Lord Carlisle *had* said to his Yorkshire audience?

There was, therefore, a double aspect in the public interest—one looking to the rank of the lecturer, one to the singularity of his theme. There was the curiosity that connected itself with the assumption of a troublesome duty in the service of the lowest ranks by a volunteer from the highest; and, secondly, there was another curiosity connecting itself with the choice of a subject that had no special reference to this particular generation, and seemed to have no special adaptation to the intellectual capacities of a working audience.

This double aspect of the public surprise suggests a double question. The volunteer assumption by a nobleman of this particular office in this particular service may, in the eyes of some people, bear a philosophic value, as though it indicated some changes going on beneath the surface of society in the relations of our English aristocracy to our English laboring body. On the other hand, it will be regarded by multitudes as the casual caprice of an individual—a caprice of vanity by those who do not know Lord Carlisle's personal qualities, a caprice of patriotic benevolence by those who do. According to the construction of the case as thus indicated, oscillating between a question of profound revolution moving subterraneously amongst us, and a purely personal question, such a discussion would ascend to the philosophic level, or sink to the level of gossip. The other direction of the public surprise points to a question that will interest a far greater body of thinkers. Whatever judgment may be formed on the general fact that a nobleman of ancient descent has thought fit to come forward as a lecturer to the humblest of his countrymen upon subjects detached

from politics, there will yet remain a call for a second judgment upon the fitness of the particular subject selected for a lecture under such remarkable circumstances. The two questions are entirely disconnected. It is on the latter, viz., the character and pretensions of Pope, as selected by Lord Carlisle for such an inaugural experiment, that I myself feel much interest. Universally it must have been felt as an objection, that such a selection had no special adaptation to the age or to the audience. I say this with no wish to undervalue the lecture, which I understand to have been ably composed, nor the services of the lecturer, whose motives and public character, in common with most of his countrymen, I admire. I speak of it all only as a public opportunity suddenly laid open for drawing attention to the true pretensions of Pope, as the most brilliant writer of his own class in European literature; or, at least, of drawing attention to some characteristics in the most popular section of Pope's works which hitherto have lurked unnoticed.

This is my object, and none that can be supposed personal to Lord Carlisle. Pope, as the subject of the lecture, and not the earlier question as to the propriety of any lecture at all, under the circumstances recited, furnishes my *thesis*—that thesis on which the reader will understand me to speak with decision; not with the decision of arrogance, but with that which rightfully belongs to a faithful study of the author. The editors of Pope are not all equally careless, but all are careless; and, under the shelter of this carelessness, the most deep-seated vices of Pope's moral and satirical sketches have escaped detection, or at least have escaped exposure. These, and the other errors traditionally connected with the rank and valuation of Pope as a classic, are what I profess to speak of deliberately and firmly. Meantime, to the extent of a few sentences, I will take the liberty of suggesting, rather than delivering, an opinion upon the other question, viz., the prudence in a man holding Lord Carlisle's rank of lecturing at all to any public audience. But on this part of the subject I beg to be understood as speaking doubtfully, conjecturally, and without a sufficient basis of facts.

The late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, notoriously a man of great ingenuity, possessing also prodigious fertility of thought, and armed with the rare advantage of being almost demoniacally in earnest, was, however (in some sort of balance to these splendid gifts), tainted to excess with the scrofula of impracticable

crotchets. That was the opinion secretly held about him by most of his nearest friends; and it is notorious that he scarcely ever published a pamphlet or contribution to a journal in which he did not contrive to offend all parties, both friendly and hostile, by some ebullition of this capricious character. He hated, for instance, the High Church with a hatred more than theological; and *that* would have recommended him to the favorable consideration of many thousands of persons in this realm, the same who have been secretly foremost in the recent outbreak of fanaticism against the Roman Catholics; but unfortunately it happened that, although not hating the Low Church, (the self-styled Evangelicals,) he despised them so profoundly as to make all alliance between them impossible. He hated also many individuals; but, not to do him any injustice, most (or perhaps all) of these were people that had been long dead; and among them, by the way, was Livy, the historian, whom I distinguish by name, as furnishing, perhaps, the liveliest illustration of the whimsical and all but lunatic excess to which these personal hatreds were sometimes pushed; for it is a fact that, when the course of an Italian tour had brought him unavoidably to the birth-place of Livy, Dr. Arnold felicitated himself upon having borne the air of that city—in fact, upon having survived such a collision with the local remembrances of the poor historian, very much in those terms which Mr. Governor Holwell might have used on finding himself “pretty bobbish” on the morning after the memorable night in the Black Hole of Calcutta: he could hardly believe that he still lived.\* And yet, how had the eloquent historian trespassed on his patience and his weak powers of toleration? Livy was certainly not very learned in the archæologies of his own country; where all men had gone astray, he went astray. And in geography, as regarded the Italian movements of Hannibal, he erred with his eyes open. But these were no objects of Livy's ambition: what he aspired to do was, to tell the story, “the tale divine,” of Roman energy and perseverance; and he so told it that no man, as regards the mere artifices of narration, would ever have presumed to tell it after him. I cite this particular case as illustrating the furnace-heat of Dr. Arnold's antipathies, unless where

\* A similar instance of a craze beyond the bounds of perfect physical sanity may be found in Dr. Arnold's nervous paroxysm of horror on hearing St. Paul placed on a level with St. John the Evangelist.



some consideration of kindness and Christian charity interposed to temper his fury. This check naturally offered itself only with regard to individuals; and therefore, in dealing with institutions, he acknowledged no check at all, but gave full swing to the license of his wrath. Amongst our own institutions, that one which he seems most profoundly to have hated was our nobility; or, speaking more generally, our aristocracy. Some deadly aboriginal schism he seems to have imagined between this order and the democratic orders; some predestined feud as between the head of the serpent and the heel of man. Accordingly, as one of the means most clamorously invoked by our social position for averting some dreadful convulsion constantly brooding over England, he insists upon a closer approximation between our highest classes and our lowest. Especially he seems to think that the peasantry needed to be conciliated by more familiar intercourse, or more open expression of interest in their concerns, and by domiciliary visits not offered in too oppressive a spirit of condescension. But the close observer of our social condition will differ with Dr. Arnold at starting, as to the facts. The ancient territorial nobility are not those who offend by *hauteur*. On the contrary, a spirit of parental kindness marks the intercourse of the old authentic aristocracy with their dependants, and especially with the two classes of peasants on their own estates, and their domestic servants.\* Those who *really* offend on this point are the *nouveaux riches*—the *parvenus*. And yet it would be great injustice to say that even these offend habitually. No laws of classification are so false as those which

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\* And, by the way, as to servants, a great man may offend in two ways: either by treating his servants himself superciliously, or secondly, which is quite reconcileable with the most paternal behavior on his own part, by suffering them to treat the public superciliously. Accordingly, all novelists who happen to have no acquaintance with the realities of life as it now exists, especially therefore rustic Scotch novelists, describe the servants of noblemen as "insolent and pampered menials." But, on the contrary, at no houses whatever are persons of doubtful appearance and anomalous costume sure of more respectful attention than at those of the great feudal aristocracy. At a merchant's or a banker's house, it is odds but the porter or the footman will govern himself in his behavior by his own private construction of the case, which (as to foreigners) is pretty sure to be wrong. But in London, at a nobleman's door, the servants show, by the readiness of their civilities to all such questionable comers, that they have taken their lesson from a higher source than their own inexperience or unlearned fancies.

originate in human scurrility. Aldermen, until very lately, were, by an old traditional scurrility, so proverbially classed as gluttons and commorants, hovering over dinner-tables, with no other characteristics whatever, or openings to any redeeming qualities, that men became as seriously perplexed in our days at meeting an eloquent, enlightened, and accomplished alderman, as they would have been by an introduction to a benevolent cut-throat, or a patriotic incendiary. The same thing happened in ancient days. Quite as obstinate as any modern prejudice against a London alderman was the old Attic prejudice against the natives of Boeotia. Originally it had grown up under two causes—1st, the animosities incident to neighborhood too close; 2dly, the difference of bodily constitution consequent upon a radically different descent. The blood was different; and by a wider difference, perhaps, than that between Celtic and Teutonic. The garrulous Athenian despised the hesitating (but for that reason more reflecting) Boeotian; and this feeling was carried so far, that at last it provoked satire itself to turn round with scorn upon the very prejudice which the spirit of satire had originally kindled. Disgusted with this arrogant assumption of disgust, the Roman satirist reminded the scorers that men not inferior to the greatest of their own had been bred, or might be bred, amongst those whom they scorned:—

"Summos posse viros, et magna exempla duros,  
Verecun in patriâ, crassoque sub aëre nasci."

Now, if there is any similar alienation between our lowest classes and our highest, such as Dr. Arnold imagined to exist in England, at least it does not assume any such character of disgust, nor clothe itself in similar expressions of scorn. Practical jealousy, so far as it exists at all, lies between classes much less widely separated. The master manufacturer is sometimes jealous of those amongst his ministerial agents who tread too nearly upon his own traces; he is jealous sometimes of their advances in domestic refinement; he is jealous of their aspirations after a higher education. And, on *their* part, the workmen are apt to regard their masters as having an ultimate interest violently conflicting with their own. In these *strata* of society there really *are* symptoms of mutual mistrust and hostility. Capital, and the aristocracy of wealth, is a standing object of suspicion, of fear, and therefore of angry irritation to the working-classes. But as to the aristocracy of rank and high birth, either



it is little known to those classes, as happens in the most populous hives of our manufacturing industry, and is regarded, therefore, with no positive feeling of any kind, or else, as in the more exclusively agricultural and pastoral districts, is looked up to by the peasantry with blind feelings of reverence as amongst the immemorial monuments of the past—involved in one common mist of antiquity with the rivers and hills of the district, with the cathedrals, and their own ancestors. A half-religious sentiment of reverence for an old time-out-of-mind family, associated with some antique residence, hall, or abbey, or castle, is a well-known affection of the rural mind in England; and if in one half it points to an infirmity not far off from legendary superstition, in the other half it wears the grace of chivalry and legendary romance. Any malignant scoff, therefore, against the peerage of England, such as calling the House of Lords a Hospital of Incurables, has always been a town-bred scurrility, not only never adopted by the simple rural laborer, but not even known to him, or distinctly intelligible, supposing it were.

If, therefore, there are great convulsions lying in wait for the framework of our English society; if, and more in sorrow than in hope, some vast attempt may be anticipated for re-casting the whole of our social organization; and if it is probable that this attempt will commence in the blind wrath of maddened or despairing labor—still there is no ground for thinking, with Dr. Arnold, that this wrath, however blind, (unless treacherously misled,) would apply itself primarily to the destruction of our old landed aristocracy. It would often find itself grievously in error and self-baffled, even when following its first headlong impulses of revenge; but these are the impulses that it *would* follow, and none of these would primarily point in that direction. Suppose, however, that the probabilities were different, and that a policy of conciliation were become peculiarly needful to the aristocracy—which is what Dr. Arnold does suppose—in that case, might not the course indicated by Lord Carlisle, viz., advancing upon a new line of *intellectual* communication with the laboring classes, be the surest mode of retrieving their affections, as most likely to flatter their self-esteem in its noblest aspirations?

One swallow, it is true, cannot make a summer; and others of the aristocracy must repeat the experiment of Lord Carlisle before any ground can be won for the interests of the order. Even in Lord Carlisle, it might

be added, the experiment, if it were not followed up, would not count for more than a caprice. But, on the other hand, think as we may of the probable results, in reference to the *purposes* of its author, we ought to regard it as a sufficient justification, that *thus* the ice has been broken, that *thus* a beginning has been made, and *thus* a sanction established, under which no man, if otherwise free to enter upon such a path, needs ever again to find an obstacle in rank the highest, or in blood the most ancient. He is authorized by a Howard; and though doubts must still linger about the propriety of such a course, when estimated as a means to a specific end; yet for itself, in reference to the prudery of social decorum, we may now pronounce, that to lecture without fee or reward, before any audience whatever, is henceforth privileged by authentic precedent; and, unless adulterating with political partizanship, is consecrated by its own noble purposes.

Still, if it be urged that these noble purposes are not ratified and sealed by a solitary experiment, I should answer, that undoubtedly Lord Carlisle has placed himself under a silent obligation to renew his generous effort; or, in the event of his failing to do so, will have made himself a debtor to public censure, as one who has planned what he has not been strong enough to accomplish, and has founded a stair-case or a portico to a temple yet in the clouds. *Had* he the ulterior purposes assumed? Then, by deserting or neglecting them, he puts on record the instability of his own will. *Had* he *not* these ulterior purposes? Then, and in that confession, vanishes into vapor the whole dignity of his bold pretensions, as the navigator who first doubled the Cape of Storms\* into an untried sea.

But against a man dealing presumably with a noble purpose we should reckon nobly. Mean jealousies have no place in circumstances where, as yet, no meanness has been exhibited. The exaction would be too severe upon Lord Carlisle if, by one act of kindness, he had pledged himself to a thousand; and if, because once his graciousness had been conspicuous, he were held bound over, in all time coming, to the unintermitting energies of a missionary amongst pagans. The laboring men of Yorkshire have not the

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\* "Cape of Storms," which should, *primâ facie*, be the Cape of Terrors. But it bears a deep allegoric sense to the bold wrestler with such terrors, that in English, and at length to all the world, this Cape of Terrors has transfigured itself into the Cape of Good Hope.

clamorous necessities of pagans ; and *therefore* Lord Carlisle has not assumed the duties of a working missionary. When, by personally coming forward to lecture, he inaugurated a new era of intellectual prospects for the sons of toil, implicitly he promised that he would himself, from time to time, come forward to co-operate with a movement that had owed its birth to his own summons and impulse. But if he cannot honorably release himself from engagements voluntarily assumed, on the other hand he cannot justly be loaded with the responsibility of a continued participation in the details of the work which he has set in motion. By sympathy with the liberal purposes of an intellectual movement he gives to that movement its initial impulse. Henceforward it suffices if at intervals he continues to it such expressions of the same sympathy as may sustain its original activity, or at least may sustain the credit of his own consistency. It cannot be expected that any person in the circumstances of Lord Carlisle should continue even intermittingly to lecture. It is enough if, by any other modes of encouragement, or by inciting others to follow the precedent which he has set, he continues to express an unabated interest in the great cause of intellectual progress amongst poor men.

A doubt may be raised, meantime, whether literature is the proper channel into which the intellectual energies of the poor should be directed. For the affirmative it may be urged, that the interest in literature is universal, while the interest in science is exceedingly limited. On the other hand, it may truly be retorted that the scientific interest may be artificially extended by culture ; and that these two great advantages would, in that case, arise : 1, That the apparatus of means and instruments is much smaller in the one case than the other ; 2, That science opens into a progression of growing interest ; whereas literature, having no determined order of advance, and offering no regular succession of stages to the student, does not with the same certainty secure a self-maintaining growth of pleasurable excitement. Some remedy, however, will be applied to this last evil, if a regular plan of *study* should ever be devised for literature, and perhaps that may be found not impossible.

But now, coming to the second question, namely, this question, *If any lecture at all, why upon Pope?* We may see reason to think that Lord Carlisle was in error. To make a choice which is not altogether the best will not of necessity argue an error ; be-

cause much must be allowed to constitutional differences of judgment or of sensibility, which may be all equally right as against any philosophic attempts to prove any one of them wrong. And a lecturer who is possibly aware of not having made the choice which was absolutely best, may defend himself upon the ground that accidental advantages of a personal kind, such as previous familiarity with the subject, or pre-conformity of taste to the characteristic qualities of the author selected, may have qualified him to lecture on that theme with more effect and with more benefit than upon a theme confessedly higher but less tractable for himself with his own peculiar preparations. Here, however, the case is different. What might be no error *per se*, becomes one if the special circumstances of the situation show it to have rested upon a deep misconception. Given the audience which Lord Carlisle had before him, the audience which he anticipated, and which he proposed to himself as the modulating law for the quality and style of his lecture, that same choice becomes a profound error which, for a different audience, more refined or more miscellaneous, would have been no error at all. I do not fear that I shall offend Lord Carlisle, so upright as he has always shown himself, so manly, and so faithful to his own views of truth, by repeating firmly that such a choice in such a situation argues a deep misconception of the true intellectual agencies by which Pope acts as a power in literature, and of the moral relations to general human sensibilities or *universal* nature which such agencies involve. My belief is, that, if a prize had been offered for a bad and malappropriate subject, none worse could have been suggested ; unless, perhaps, it had been the Letters of Madame de Sevigne, or the Fables of La Fontaine ; in both of which cases the delicacies and subtle felicities of treatment are even more microscopic, more shy, and more inapprehensible without a special training and culture, than in Pope. And in this point they all agree, with no great difference amongst the three, that the sort of culture which forms the previous condition for enjoying them (a *conditio sine qua non*) is not of a kind to be won from study. Even of *that* a mechanic artisan, whose daily bread depends upon his labor, cannot have had much. But the dedication of a life to books would here avail but little. What is needed must be the sort of culture won from complex social intercourse ; and of this the laboring artisan can have had none at all. Even the higher ranks, during those

stages of society when social meetings are difficult, are rare, and consequently have their whole intellectual opportunities exhausted in forms and elaborate ceremonials, are not able to develop what may be called the social sense, that living, trembling sensibility to the expressions and the electric changes of human thought and feeling, so infinite as they are potentially, and as they will show themselves to be when the intercourse is free, is sudden, is spontaneous, and therefore has not leisure to be false, amongst all varieties of combination as to sex, age, rank, position, and personal accomplishments. Up to the time of James the First society amongst ourselves wore a picturesque and even a scenical exterior: but the inner life and its pulsations had not then been revealed. Great passions were required to stir the freezing waters; so that certain kinds of comedy, in which such passions are inappropriate, could not then exist. And partly to this cause it was amongst the early Romans, united with the almost Asiatic seclusion from social meetings of female influence, or in any virtual sense even of female presence, that we must ascribe the meagreness of the true social interest, and of the dialogue exhibited by Plautus. Two separate frosts, during a century otherwise so full of movement as the sixteenth in England, repressed and killed all germinations of free intellectual or social intercourse amongst ourselves. One was the national reserve; and this was strengthened by concurring with a national temperament—not phlegmatic, (as is so falsely alleged,) but melancholic, dignified, and for that reason, if there had been no other, anti-mercenary. But the main cause of this reserve lay in the infrequency of visits consequent upon the difficulties of local movement. The other frost lay in the Spanish stateliness and the inflexibility of our social ceremonies. Our social meetings of this period, even for purposes of pleasure, were true *solemnities*. With usage of politeness that laid a weight of silence and delay upon every movement of a social company, rapid motion of thought or fancy became in a literal sense *physically* impossible. Not until, first, our *capital* city had prodigiously expanded; not until, secondly, our representative system had so unfolded its tendencies as to bring *politics* within the lawful privilege of ordinary conversation; not until, thirdly, the expansions of *commerce* had forced us into the continual necessity of talking with strangers; fourthly, not until all these changes, gradually break-

ing up the repulsion which separated our ungarrulous nation, had been ratified by continual improvements applied to the construction of *roads* and the arts of *locomotion*, could it be said that such a state of social intercourse existed as would naturally prompt the mind to seek food for its own intellectual activity in contemplating the phenomena of that intercourse. The primary aspects and the rapid changes of such an object could not arise until the object itself arose. Satire, which follows social intercourse as a shadow follows a body, was chained up till then. In Marston and in Donne (a man yet unappreciated) satire first began to respire freely, but applying itself too much, as in the great dramatists contemporary with Shakspeare, to the exterior play of society. Under Charles II. in the hands of Dryden, and under Anne in those of Pope, the larger and more intellectual sweep of satire showed that social activities were now approaching to their culmination. Now, at length, it became evident that a new mode of pleasure had been ripened, and that a great instinct of the intellect had opened for itself an appropriate channel. No longer were social parties the old heraldic solemnities\* enjoyed by red letters in the almanac, in which the chief objects were to discharge some arrear of ceremonious debt, or to ventilate old velvets, or to *apricate* and refresh old gouty systems and old traditions of feudal ostentation, which both alike suffered and grew smoke-dried under too rigorous a seclusion. By a great transmigration, festal assemblages had assumed their proper station, and had unfolded their capacities, as true auxiliaries to the same general functions of intellect—otherwise expressing themselves and feeding themselves through literature, through the fine arts, and through scenic representations. A new world of pleasures had opened itself, offering new subjects of activity to the intellect, but also presupposing a new discipline and experience for enjoying them.

Precisely at this point starts off what I presume to think the great error of Lord Carlisle. He postulates as if it were a mere gift of inevitable instinct, what too certainly is the gift, and the tardy gift, of training;

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\* "Heraldic solemnities"—

"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare;  
Since seldom coming in the long year set,  
Like precious stones they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

—Shakspeare, 52d Sonnet



which training, again, is not to be won from efforts of study, but is in the nature of a slow deposition—or sediment, as it were—from a constant, perhaps at the moment an unconscious, experience. Apparently the error is twofold: first, an oversight, in which it is probable that, without altogether overlooking the truth, Lord Carlisle allowed to it a very insufficient emphasis; but, secondly, a positive misconception of a broad character. The oversight is probably his own, and originating in a general habit of too large and liberal concession; but the misconception, I suspect, that he owes to another.

First, concerning the first. It is evidently assumed, in the adoption of Pope for his subject, that mechanic artists, as a body, are capable of appreciating Pope. I deny it; and in this I offer them no affront. If they cannot enjoy, or if often they cannot so much as understand Pope, on the other hand they can both enjoy and understand a far greater poet. It is no insult; but, on the contrary, it is often a secret compliment to the simplicity and the *breadth* of a man's intellectual nature, that he cannot enter into the artificial, the tortuous, the conventional. Many a rude mind has comprehended to the full both Milton in his elementary grandeur, and Shakspeare in his impassioned depths, that could not have even dimly guessed at the meaning of a situation in comedy, where the comic rested upon arbitrary rules and conventional proprieties. In all satiric sketches of society, even where the direct object may happen to have a catholic intelligibility, there is much amongst the allusions that surround and invest it which no man will ever understand that has not personally mixed in society, or understand without very disproportional commentaries; and even in that case he will not enjoy it. This is true of such compositions as a class; but Pope, in reference to this difficulty, is disadvantageously distinguished even amongst his order. Dryden, for instance, is far larger and more capacious in his satire, and in all the genial parts would approach the level of universal sympathies; whereas Pope, besides that the basis of his ridicule is continually too narrow, local, and casual, is rank to utter corruption, with a disease far deeper than false refinement or conventionalism. Pardon me, reader, if I use a coarse word and a malignant word, which I should abhor to use unless where, as in this case, I seek to rouse the vigilance of the inattentive by the apparent intemperance of the language. Pope, in too many instances, for the sake of some momentary and

farcical effect, deliberately assumes the license of a *liar*. Not only he adopts the language of moral indignation where we know that it could not possibly have existed, seeing that the story to which this pretended indignation is attached was to Pope's knowledge a pure fabrication, but he also cites, as weighty evidences in the *forum* of morality, anecdotes which he had gravely transplanted from a jest-book.\* Upon this, however, the most painful feature amongst Pope's literary habits, I will not dwell, as I shall immediately have occasion to notice it again. I notice it at all only for its too certain effect in limiting the sympathy with Pope's satiric and moral writings. Absolute truth and simplicity are demanded by all of us as preconditions to any sympathy with moral expressions of anger or intolerance. In all conventionalism there is a philosophic falsehood; and *that* would be more than sufficient to repel all general sympathy with Pope from the mind of the laboring man, apart from the effect of direct falsification applied to facts, or of fantastic extravagance applied to opinions. Of this bar to the popularity of Pope it cannot be supposed that Lord Carlisle was unaware. Doubtless he knew it, but did not allow it the weight which in practice it would be found to deserve. Yet why? Suppose that the unpopular tendency in Pope's writings were of a nature to be surmounted—upon a sufficient motive arising, suppose it not absolutely impossible to bring Pope within the toleration of working-men, upon whom, however, all that is bad would

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\* "I give and I bequeath, old Euclio said"—and the ridiculous story of the dying epicure insisting upon having his luxurious dish brought back to his death-bed (for why not? since at any rate, eating or not eating, he was doomed to die) are amongst the lowest rubbish of jest-books—having done duty for the Christian and the Pagan worlds through a course of eighteen centuries. Not to linger upon the nursery silliness that could swallow the legend of epicureanism surviving up to the very brink of the grave, and when even the hypocrisy of *medical* hope had ceased to flatter, what a cruel memento of the infirmity charged upon himself was Pope preparing, whilst he intended nothing worse than a falsehood! He meant only to tell a lie; naturally, perhaps, saying to himself, What's one lie more or less! And behold, if his friends are to be believed, he was unconsciously writing a sort of hieroglyphic epitaph for his own tomb-stone. Dr. Johnson's taste for petty gossip was so keen, that I distrust all his anecdotes. That Pope killed himself by potted lampreys, which he had dressed with his own hands, I greatly doubt; but if anything inclines me to believe it, chiefly it is the fury of his invectives against epicures and gluttons. What most of all he attacked as a moralist was the particular vice which most of all besieged him.

tell fearfully, and most of Pope's peculiar brilliancy would absolutely go for nothing—this notwithstanding, suppose the point established that by huge efforts by pulling and hauling, by coaxing and flattering, and *invita Minerva*, the working-man might at length be *converted* to Pope; yet, finally, when all was over, what object, what commensurate end, could be alleged in justification of so much preternatural effort? You have got your man into harness, that is true, and in a sullen fashion he pulls at his burden. But, after all, why not have yoked him according to his own original inclinations, and suffered him to pull where he would pull cheerfully? You have quelled a natural resistance, but clearly with so much loss of power to all parties as was spent upon the resistance; and with what final gain to any party?

The answer to this lies in the second of the errors which I have imputed to Lord Carlisle. The first error was, perhaps, no more than an undervaluation of the truth. The second, if I divine it rightly, rests upon a total misconception, viz., the attribution to Pope of some special authority as a moral teacher. And this, if it were really so, would go far to justify Lord Carlisle in his attempt to fix the attention of literary students amongst the working-classes upon the writings of Pope. Rightly he would judge, that some leading classic must furnish the central object for the general studies. Each man would have his own separate favorites; but it would be well that the whole community of students should also have some *common* point of interest and discussion. Pope, for such a purpose, has some real advantages. He is far enough from our own times to stand aloof from the corroding controversies of the age—he is near enough to speak in a diction but slightly differing from our own. He is sparkling with wit and brilliant good sense, and his poems are all separately short. But if Lord Carlisle count it for his main advantage that he is by distinction a *moral* poet, and this I must suppose in order to find any solution whatever for the eagerness to press him upon the attention of our most numerous classes, when is it that this idea has originated? I suspect that it is derived originally from a distinguished man of genius in the last generation, viz., Lord Byron. Amongst the guardians of Lord Byron, one was the late Lord Carlisle; and Lord Byron was, besides, connected by blood with the House of Howard: so that there were natural reasons why a man of such extraordinary intellectual power should

early obtain a profound influence over the present Earl of Carlisle. And the prejudice, which I suppose to have been first planted by Lord Byron, would very easily strengthen itself by the general cast of Pope's topics and pretensions. He writes with a showy air of disparaging riches, of doing homage to private worth, of honoring patriotism, and so on, through all the common-places of creditable morality. But in the midst of this surface display, and in defiance of his ostentatious pretensions, Pope is *not*, in any deep or sincere sense, a moral thinker; and in his own heart there was a misgiving, not to be silenced, that he was not.

Yet this is strange. Surely, Lord Carlisle, a man of ability and experience, might have credit given him for power to form a right judgment on such a question as that—*power* undoubtedly, if he had ever been led to use his power, that is, to make up his opinion in *resistance* to the popular impression. But to this very probability he never had any motive; and the reason why I presume to set up my individual opinion in this case against that of the multitude is, because I know experimentally that, until a man has a sincere interest in such a question, and sits himself diligently to examine and collate the facts, he will pretty certainly have no title to give any verdict on the case.

What made Lord Byron undertake the patronage of Pope? It was, as usually happened with *him*, a motive of hostility to some contemporaries. He wished to write up Pope by way of writing down others. But, whatever were the motive, we may judge of the style in which he carried out his intentions by the following well-known *mot*. Having mentioned the poets, he compares them with the moralists—"the moralists," these are his words, "the moralists, their betters." How, or in what sense that would satisfy even a lampooner, are moralists as a class the "betters" in a collation with poets as a class? It is pretty clear at starting that, *in order* to be a moralist of the first rank, that is, to carry a great moral truth with heart-shaking force into the mind, a moralist must begin by becoming a poet. For instance, "to justify the ways of God to man." *That* is a grand moral doctrine; but to utter the doctrine authentically a man must write a "Paradise Lost." The order of precedency, therefore, between poets and moralists, as laid down by Lord Byron, is very soon inverted by a slight effort of reflection.

But without exacting from a man so self-willed as Lord Byron (and at that moment



in a great passion) any philosophic vigor, it may be worth while, so far as the case concerns Pope, to ponder for one moment upon this invidious comparison, and to expose the fallacy which it conceals. By the term *moralist* we indicate two kinds of thinkers, differing as much in quality as a chestnut horse from horse chestnut, and in rank as a Roman proconsul from the nautical consul's first clerk at a sea-port. A clerical moralist in a pulpit, reading a sermon, is a moralist in the sense of one who applies the rules of a known ethical system, viz., that system which is contained in the New Testament, to the ordinary cases of human action. Such a man pretends to no originality—it would be criminal in him to do so; or, if he seeks for novelty in any shape or degree, it is exclusively in the quality of his illustrations. But there is another use of the word *moralist*, which indicates an intellectual architect of the first class. A Grecian moralist was one who published a new *theory* of morals—that is, he assumed some new central principle, from which he endeavored, with more or less success, to derive all the virtues and vices, and thus introduced new relations amongst the keys or elementary gamut of our moral nature.\* For example, the Peripatetic system of morality, that of Aristotle, had for its fundamental principle, that all vices formed one or other of two polar extremes, one pole being in excess, the other in defect; and that the corresponding virtue lay on an

\* Upon this principle I doubt not that we should interpret the sayings attributed to the seven wise men of Greece. If we regard them as insulated aphorisms, they strike us all as mere impertinences; for by what right is some one prudential admonition separately illuminated and left as a solemn legacy to all posterity in slight of others equally cogent? For instance, *Meden agan*—nothing in excess—is a maxim not to be neglected, but still not entitled to the exclusive homage which is implied in its present acceptance. The mistake, meantime, I believe to be, not in the Grecian pleiad of sages, but in ourselves, who have falsely apprehended them. The man, for instance (Bias was it, or who?) who left me this old saw about excess, did not mean to bias me in favor of that one moral caution; this would have argued a craze in favor of one element amongst many. What he meant was, to indicate the *radix* out of which his particular system was expanded. It was the key-note out of which, under the laws of thorough-bass, were generated the whole chord and its affinities. Whilst the whole evolution of the system was in lively remembrance, there needed no more than this short-hand memento for recalling it. But now, when the lapse of time has left the little maxim stranded on the shore of wrecks, naturally it happens that what was in old days the key-stone of an arch has come to be compounded with its superfluous rubbish.

equatorial line between these two poles. Here, because the new principle became a law of coercion for the entire system, since it must be carried out harmoniously with regard to every element that could move a question, the difficulties were great, and hardly to be met by mere artifices of ingenuity. The legislative principle needed to be profound and comprehensive; and a moralist in this sense, the founder of an ethical system, really looked something like a great man.

But, valued upon that scale, Pope is nobody: or, in Newmarket language, if ranked against Chrysippus, or Plato, or Aristotle, or Epicurus, he would be found "nowhere." He is reduced, therefore, at one blow to the level of a pulpit moralist, or mere applier of moral laws to human actions. And in a function so exceedingly humble, philosophically considered, how could he pretend to precedence in respect of anybody, unless it were the amen clerk, or the sexton?

In reality, however, the case is worse. If a man did really bring all human actions under the light of any moral system whatever, provided that he *could* do so sternly, justly, and without favor this way or that, he would perform an exemplary service such as no man ever *has* performed. And this is what we mean by casuistry, which is the application of a moral principle to the *cases* arising in human life. A *case* means a genuine class of human acts, but differentiated in the way that law cases are. For we see that every case in the law courts conforms in the major part to the genuine class; but always, or nearly always, it presents some one differential feature peculiar to itself; and the question about it always is, Whether the differential feature is sufficient to take it out of the universal rule, or whether, in fact, it ought not to disturb the incidence of the legal rule? This is what we mean by casuistry. All law in its practical processes is a mode of casuistry. And it is clear, that any practical ethics, ethics applied to the realities of life, ought to take the professed shape of casuistry. We do not evade the thing by evading the name. But because casuistry, under that name, has been chiefly cultivated by the Roman Catholic Church, we Protestants, with our ridiculous prudery, find a stumbling-block in the very name. This, however, is the only service that *can* be rendered to morality among us. And nothing approaching to this has been attempted by Pope.

What is it, then, that he *has* attempted?

Certainly he imagines himself to have done something or other in behalf of moral philosophy. For in a well-known couplet he informs us—

“That not in Fancy’s maze he lingered long,  
But stooped to Truth, and *moralized* his song.”

Upon these lines a lady once made to me this very acute and significant remark. The particular direction, she said, in which Pope fancied that he came upon Truth, showed pretty clearly what sort of truth it was that he searched after. Had he represented Fancy, as often is done, soaring aloft amongst the clouds, then, because Truth must be held to lie in the opposite direction, there might have been pleaded a necessity for *descending* upon truth, like one who is looking for mushrooms. But as Fancy, by good luck, is simply described as roaming about amongst labyrinths, which are always constructed upon dead levels, he had left it free for himself to soar after Truth into the clouds. But *that* was a mode of truth which Pope cared little for; if *she* chose to go galavanting amongst the clouds, Pope, for *his* part, was the last person to follow her. Neither was he the man to go down into a well in search of her. Truth was not liable to wet feet—but Pope *was*. And he had no such ardor for Truth as would ever lead him to forget that wells were damp, and bronchitis alarming to a man of his constitution.

Whatever service Pope may have meditated to the philosophy of morals, he has

certainly performed none. The direct contributions which he offered to this philosophy in his “*Essay on Man*,” are not of a nature to satisfy any party; because at present the whole system may be read into different, and sometimes into opposite meanings, according to the quality of the integrations supplied for filling up the chasms in the chain of the development. The sort of service, however, expected from Pope in such a field, falls in better with the style of his satires and moral epistles, than of a work professedly metaphysical. Here, however, most eminently it is that the falseness and hypocrisy which besieged his satirical career have made themselves manifest; and the dilemma for any working-man who should apply himself to these sections of Pope’s writings is precisely this: Reading them with the slight and languid attention which belongs to ordinary reading, they will make no particular discoveries of Pope’s hollowness and treacherous infidelities to the truth, whether as to things or persons; but in such a case neither will they reap any benefit. On the other hand, if they so far carry out Lord Carlisle’s advice as to enter upon the study of Pope in the spirit of earnest students, and so as really to possess themselves of the key to his inner mind, they will rise from their labors not so much in any spirit of gratitude for enlarged and humanizing views of man, as in a spirit of cynical disgust at finding that such views can be so easily counterfeited, and so often virtually betrayed.

THE QUEEN’S SPEECH.—Everybody knows that the “*QUEEN’S SPEECH*” does not deserve its name. It is not the queen’s, nor is it a speech; it is a document. The first minister sketches it, subsequent cabinet councils reduce it to shape, and it is then submitted to her majesty. When returned with her approval, the speech is divulged (at a ministerial dinner) to the non-cabinet members of the administration. Thus the mere topics of the manifesto ooze out at the clubs the night before the speech is spoken. But it is the actual text which the public is eager for, and, that no time may be lost, emissaries from the London evening papers appear at the treasury about the time when her majesty is preparing her toilette, at Buckingham Palace, for the ceremony. The moment the gun announces that the procession is in motion, the evening paper envoys are

obliged with copies of the document; and before the queen has done speaking in the house, her words are in type. Formerly the gentlemen of the press were locked in a room in the treasury till the *cortège* was on its way back. Some years ago an escape was made from the official durance, which caused some amusement. The editor of the government paper in Dublin was most anxious to start for Liverpool by one o’clock, to catch the packet for Dublin. The speech was handed some time before that hour, and the key was turned as usual. Presently, however, the clerks and messengers were alarmed by frantic cries of “*Fire*.” They opened the door, the room was filled with smoke. The editor, in the confusion, made his escape, leaving the frightened clerks to extinguish the harmless sheet of brown paper he had intentionally ignited.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.

### REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

A SMARTER trader, a keener appreciator of the tendencies to a rise or fall in colonial produce—sugars more especially—than John Linden, of Mincing Lane, it would have been difficult to point out in the wide city of London. He was not so immensely rich as many others engaged in the same merchant-traffic as himself; nothing at all like it, indeed, for I doubt that he could at any time have been esteemed worth more than from eighty to ninety thousand pounds; but his transactions, although limited in extent, when compared with those of the mammoth colonial houses, almost always returned more or less of profit; the result of his remarkable keenness and sagacity in scenting hurricanes, black insurrections, and emancipation bills, whilst yet inappreciable, or deemed afar off, by less sensitive organizations. At least to this wonderful prescience of future sugar-value did Mr. Linden himself attribute his rise in the world, and gradual increase in rotundity, riches, and respectability. This constant success engendered, as it is too apt to do, inordinate egotism, conceit, self-esteem, vanity. There was scarcely a social, governmental, or economical problem which he did not believe himself capable of solving as easily as he could eat his dinner when hungry. Common-sense business-habits—his favorite phrase—he believed to be quite sufficient for the elucidation of the most difficult question in law, physic, or divinity. The science of law, especially, he held to be an alphabet which any man—of common-sense and business-habits—could as easily master as he could count five on his fingers; and there was no end to his ridicule of the men with horse-hair head-dresses, and their quirks, quiddits, cases, tenures, and such-like devil's lingo. Lawyers, according to him, were a set of thorough humbugs and impostors, who gained their living by false pretence—that of affording advice and counsel, which every sane man could better render

himself. He was unmistakeably mad upon this subject, and he carried his insane theory into practice. He drew his own leases, examined the titles of some house-property he purchased, and set his hand and seal to the final deeds, guided only by his own common-sense spectacles. Once he bid, at the Auction Mart, as high as fifty-three thousand pounds for the Holmford estate, Herefordshire; and had he not been outbidden by young Paliser, son of the then recently deceased eminent distiller, who was eager to obtain the property, with a view to a seat in parliament, which its possession was said to almost insure—he would, I had not at the time the slightest doubt, have completed the purchase, without for a moment dreaming of submitting the vender's title to the scrutiny of a professional adviser. Mr. Linden, I should mention, had been for some time desirous of resigning his business in Mincing Lane to his son, Thomas Linden, the only child born to him by his long-since deceased wife, and of retiring, an estated squirearch, to the *otium cum.*, or *sine dignitate*, as the case might be, of a country life; and this disposition had of late been much quickened by daily-increasing apprehensions of negro emancipation and revolutionary interference with differential duties—changes which, in conjunction with others of similar character, would infallibly bring about that utter commercial ruin which Mr. Linden, like every other rich and about-to-retire merchant or tradesman whom I have ever known, constantly prophesied to be near at hand, and inevitable.

With such a gentleman the firm of Flint & Sharp had only professional interviews, when procrastinating or doubtful debtors required that he should put on the screw—a process which I have no doubt he would himself have confidently performed, but for the waste of valuable time which doing so would necessarily involve. Both Flint and

myself were, however, privately intimate with him—Flint more especially, who had known him from boyhood—and we frequently dined with him on a Sunday at his little box at Fulham. Latterly, we had on these occasions met there a Mrs. Arnold and her daughter Catherine—an apparently amiable, and certainly very pretty and interesting young person, to whom, Mr. Linden confidentially informed us, his son Tom had been for some time engaged.

“I don’t know much about her family,” observed Mr. Linden one day, in the course of a gossip at the office, “but she moves in very respectable society. Tom met her at the Slades ;” but I do know she has something like thirty-five thousand pounds in the funds. The instant I was informed how matters stood with the young folk, I, as a matter of common sense and business, asked the mother, Mrs. Arnold, for a reference to her banker or solicitor—there being no doubt that a woman and a minor would be in lawyers’ leading-strings—and she referred me to Messrs. Dobson of Chancery Lane. You know the Dobsons ?”

“Perfectly : what was the reply ?”

“That Catherine Arnold, when she came of age—it wants but a very short time of that now—would be entitled to the capital of thirty-four thousand seven hundred pounds, bequeathed by an uncle, and now lodged in the funds in the names of the trustees, Crowther & Jenkins of Leadenhall-street, by whom the interest on that sum was regularly paid, half-yearly, through the Messrs. Dobson, for the maintenance and education of the heiress. A common-sense, business-like letter in every respect, and extremely satisfactory ; and as soon as he pleases, after Catherine Arnold comes of age, and into actual possession of her fortune, Tom may have her, with my blessing over the bargain.”

I dined at Laurel Villa, Fulham, about two months after this conversation, and Linden and I found ourselves alone over the dessert—the young people having gone out for a stroll, attracted doubtless by the gay aspect of the Thames, which flows past the miniature grounds attached to the villa. Never had I seen Mr. Linden in so gay, so mirthful a mood.

“Pass the decanter,” he exclaimed, the instant the door had closed upon Tom and his *financée*. “Pass the decanter, Sharp ; I have news for you, my boy, now they are gone.”

“Indeed ; and what may the news be ?”

“Fill a bumper for yourself, and I’ll give

you a toast. Here’s to the health and prosperity of the proprietor of the Holmford estate ; and may he live a thousand years, and one over !—Hip—hip—hurra !”

He swallowed his glass of wine, and then, in his intensity of glee, laughed himself purple.

“You needn’t stare so,” he said, as soon as he had partially recovered breath ; “I am the proprietor of the Holmford property—bought it for fifty-six thousand pounds of that young scant-grace and spendthrift, Palliser—fifteen thousand pounds less than what it cost him, with the outlay he has made upon it. Signed, sealed, delivered, paid for yesterday. Ha ! ha ! ho ! Leave John Linden alone for a bargain ! It’s worth seventy thousand pounds if it’s worth a shilling. I say,” continued he, after a renewed spasm of exuberant mirth, “not a word about it to anybody—mind ! I promised Palliser, who is quietly packing up to be off to Italy, or Australia, or Constantinople, or the devil—all of them, perhaps, in succession—not to mention a word about it till he was well’off—you understand ? Ha ! ha !—ho ! ho !” again burst out Mr. Linden. “I pity the poor creditors though ! Bless you ! I shouldn’t have had it at anything like the price, only for his knowing that I was not likely to be running about exposing the affair, by asking lawyers whether an estate in a family possession, as this was in Dursley’s for three hundred years, had a good title or not. So be careful not to drop a word, even to Tom—for my honor’s sake. A delicious bargain, and no mistake ! Worth, if a penny, seventy thousand pounds. Ha ! ha !—ho ! ho !

“Then you have really parted with that enormous sum of money without having had the title to the estate professionally examined ?”

“Title ! Fiddlestick ! I looked over the deeds myself. Besides, haven’t I told you the ancestors of Dursley, from whose executors Palliser purchased the estate, were in possession of it for centuries ? What better title than prescription can there be ?”

“That may be true enough ; but still”——

“I ought, you think, to have risked losing the bargain by delay, and have squandered time and money upon fellows in horse-hair wigs, in order to ascertain what I sufficiently well knew already ? Pooh ! I am not in my second childhood yet !”

It was useless to argue with him ; besides the mischief, if mischief there was, had been done, and the not long delayed entrance of



the young couple necessitating a change of topic, I innocently inquired what he thought of the Negro Emancipation Bill which Mr. Stanley, as the organ of the ministry, had introduced a few evenings previously, and was awarded by a perfect deluge of loquacious indignation and invective; during a pause in which hurly-burly of angry words I contrived to effect my escape.

"Crowther & Jenkins!" exclaimed one morning Mr. Flint, looking up from the "Times" newspaper he held in his hand. "Crowther & Jenkins!—what is it we know about Crowther & Jenkins?"

The question was addressed to me, and I, like my partner, could not at the moment precisely recall why those names sounded upon our ears with a certain degree of interest, as well as familiarity. "Crowther & Jenkins!" I echoed. "True: what do we know about Crowther & Jenkins? Oh, I have it!—they are the executors of a will under which young Linden's pretty bride, that is to be, inherits her fortune."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Flint, as he put down the paper, and looked me gravely in the face—"I remember now: their names are in the list of bankrupts. A failure in the gambling corn-trade too. I hope they have not been speculating with the young woman's money."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Mr. Linden was announced, and presently in walked that gentleman in a state of considerable excitement.

"I told you," he began, "some time ago about Crowther & Jenkins being the persons in whose names Catherine Arnold's money stood in the funds?"

"Yes," replied Flint; "and I see by the Gazette they are bankrupts, and by your face, that they have speculated with your intended daughter-in-law's money, and lost it."

"Positively so!" rejoined Mr. Linden, with great heat. "Drew it out many months ago! But they have exceedingly wealthy connections—as least Crowther has—who will, I suppose, arrange Miss Arnold's claim rather than their relative should be arraigned for felony."

"Felony!—you are mistaken, my good sir. There is no felony—no *legal* felony, I mean—in the matter. Miss Arnold can only prove against the estate like any other creditor."

"The devil she can't! Tom, then, must look out for another wife, for I am credibly informed there won't be a shilling in the pound."

And so it turned out. The great corn firm had been insolvent for years; and after speculating desperately, and to a frightful extent, with a view to recover themselves, had failed to an enormous amount—their assets, comparatively speaking, proving to be *nil*.

The ruin spread around, chiefly on account of the vast quantity of accommodation-paper they had afloat, was terrible; but upon no one did the blow fall with greater severity than on young Linden and his promised wife. His father ordered him to instantly break off all acquaintance with Miss Arnold; and on the son, who was deeply attached to her, peremptorily refusing to do so, Linden senior threatened to turn him out of doors, and ultimately disinherit him. Angry, indignant, and in love, Thomas Linden did a very rash and foolish thing; he persuaded Catherine Arnold to consent to a private marriage, arguing that if the indissoluble knot were once fairly tied, his father would, as a matter of course—he being an only child—become reconciled to what he could no longer hope to prevent or remedy.

The imprudent young man deceived both himself and her who trusted in his pleasing plausibilities. Ten minutes after he had disclosed the marriage to his father, he was turned, almost penniless, out of doors; and the exasperated and inexorable old man refused to listen to any representation in his favor, by whomsoever proffered, and finally, even to permit the mention of his name in his hearing.

"It's of no use," said Mr. Flint, on returning for the last time from a mission undertaken to extort, if possible, some provision against absolute starvation for the newly-wedded couple. "He is as cold and hard as adamant, and I think, if possible, even more of a tiger than before. He will be here presently to give instructions for his will."

"His will! Surely he will draw that up himself after his own common-sense, business fashion?"

"He would unquestionably have done so a short time since; but some events that have lately occurred have considerably shaken his estimate of his own infallibility, and he is, moreover, determined, he says, that there shall be no mistake as to effectually disinheriting his son. He has made two or three heavy losses, and his mind is altogether in a very cankered, distempered state."

Mr. Linden called, as he had promised to do, and gave us the written heads of a will which he desired to have at once formally



drawn up. By this instrument he devised the Holmford estate, and all other property, real and personal, of which he might die possessed, to certain charitable institutions, in varying proportions, payable as soon after his death as the property could be turned into money. "The statute of mortmain does not give me much uneasiness," remarked the vindictive old man, with a bitter smile. "I shall last some time yet. I would have left it all to you, Flint," he added, "only that I knew you would defeat my purpose by giving it back to that disobedient, ungrateful, worthless boy."

"Do leave it to me," rejoined Mr. Flint, with grave emphasis, "and I promise you faithfully this—that the wish respecting it, whatever it may be, which trembles on your lip as you are about to leave this world for another, and when it be too late to formally revoke the testament you now propose, shall be strictly carried out. That time cannot be a very distant one, John Linden, for a man whose hair is white as yours."

It was preaching to the winds. He was deaf, blind, mute, to every attempt at changing his resolve. The will was drawn in accordance with his peremptorily-iterated instructions, and duly signed, sealed, and attested. Not very long afterwards, Mr. Linden disposed of his business in Mincing Lane, and retired to Holmford, but with nothing like the money-fortune he had once calculated upon, the losses alluded to by Mr. Flint, and followed by others, having considerably diminished his wealth.

We ultimately obtained a respectable and remunerative situation for Thomas Linden in a mercantile house at Belfast, with which we were professionally acquainted; and after securing berths in the *Erin* steamer, he, with his wife and mother-in-law, came, with a kind of hopeful sadness in their looks and voices, to bid us farewell—for a very long time they and we also feared.

For an eternity, it seemed, on reading the account of the loss of the *Erin*, a few days afterwards, with every soul on board! Their names were published with those of the other passengers who had embarked, and we had of course concluded that they had perished, when a letter reached us from Belfast, stating, that through some delay on the part of Mrs. Arnold, they had happily lost their passage in the *Erin*, and embarked in the next steamer for Belfast, where they arrived in perfect safety. We forwarded this intelligence to Holmford, but it elicited no reply.

We heard nothing of Mr. Linden for about

two months, except by occasional notices in the "Hereford Times," which he regularly forwarded to the office, relative to the improvements on the Holmford estate, either actually begun or contemplated by its new proprietor. He very suddenly re-appeared. I was cooling my heels in the waiting-room of the Chambers of the Barons of the Exchequer, Chancery Lane, awaiting my turn of admission, when one of our clerks came in half-breathless with haste. "You are wanted, sir, immediately; Mr. Flint is out, and Mr. Linden is at the office raving like a madman." I instantly transferred the business I was in attendance at chambers upon to the clerk, and with the help of a cab soon reached home.

Mr. Linden was not *raving* when I arrived. The violence of the paroxysm of rage and terror by which he was possessed had passed away, and he looked, as I entered, the image of pale, rigid, iron, dumb despair. He held a letter and a strip of parchment in his hand: these he presented, and with white, stammering lips, bade me read. The letter was from an attorney of the name of Sawbridge, giving notice of an action of ejectment, to oust him from the possession of the Holmford estate, the property, according to Mr. Sawbridge, of one Edwin Majoribanks; and the strip of parchment was the writ by which the letter had been quickly followed. I was astounded; and my scared looks questioned Mr. Linden for further information.

"I do not quite understand it," he said, in a horse, palpitating voice. "No possession or title in the venders; a niece not of age—executors no power to sell—Palliser discovered it, robbed me, absconded, and I, Oh God, am a miserable beggar!"

The last words were uttered with a convulsive scream, and after a few frightful struggles he fell down in a fit. I had him conveyed to bed, and as soon as he was somewhat recovered, I hastened off to ascertain from Sawbridge, whom I knew very intimately, the nature of the claim intended to be set up for the plaintiff, Edwin Majoribanks.

I met Sawbridge just as he was leaving his office; and as he was in too great a hurry to turn back, I walked along with him, and he rapidly detailed the chief facts about to be embodied in the plaintiff's declaration. Archibald Dursley, once a London merchant, and who died a bachelor, had bequeathed his estate, real and personal, to his brother Charles, and a niece, his sister's child—two-thirds to the niece, and one-third to the bro-

ther. The Holmford property, the will directed, should be sold by public auction when the niece came of age, unless she, by marriage or otherwise, was enabled, within six months after attaining her majority, to pay over to Charles Dursley his third in money, according to a valuation made for the purpose by competent assessors. The brother, Charles Dursley, had urged upon the executors to anticipate the time directed by the will for the sale of the property; and having persuaded the niece to give a written authorization for the immediate sale, the executors chiefly, Sawbridge supposed, prompted by their own necessities, sold the estate accordingly. But the niece not being of age when she signed the authority to sell, her consent was of no legal value; and she having since died intestate, Edwin Majoribanks, her cousin and undoubted heir-at-law—for the property could not have passed from her, even by marriage—now claimed the estate. Charles Dursley, the brother, was dead; “and,” continued Mr. Sawbridge, “the worst of it is, Linden will never get a farthing of his purchase-money from the venders, for they are bankrupt; nor from Palliser, who has made permanent arrangements for continuing abroad, out of harm’s reach. It is just as I tell you,” he added, as we shook hands at parting; “but you will of course see the will, and satisfy yourself. Good-by.”

Here was a precious result of amateur common-sense lawyership! Linden could only have examined the abstract of title furnished him by Palliser’s attorney, and not the right of Dursley’s executors to sell; or had not been aware that the niece could not, during her minority, subscribe an effective legal consent.

I found Mr. Flint at the office, and quickly imparted the astounding news. He was as much taken aback as myself.

“The obstinate, pig-headed old ass!” he exclaimed; “it almost serves him right, if only for his Tom-fool nonsense of ‘Every man his own lawyer.’ What did you say was the niece’s name?”

“Well, I don’t remember that Sawbridge told me, he was in such a hurry; but suppose you go at once and look over the will?”

“True, I will do so;” and away he went.

“This is a very singular affair, Sharp,” said Mr. Flint, on his return from Doctors’ Commons, at the same time composedly seating himself, hooking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, crossing his legs, and tilting his chair back on its hind legs. “A very singular affair. Whom, in the name of

the god of thieves—Mercury, wasn’t he called?—do you suppose the bankrupt executors to be? No other,” continued Mr. Flint, with a sudden burst, “than Crowther & Jenkins!”

“The devil!—and the niece then is”——

“Catherine Arnold—Tom Linden’s wife—supposed to have been drowned in the *Erin*! That’s check-mate, I rather fancy—not only to Mr. Edwin Majoribanks, but some one else we know of. The old fellow up stairs won’t refuse to acknowledge his daughter-in-law now, I fancy!”

This was indeed a happy change in the fortunes of the House of Linden; and we discussed, with much alacrity, the best mode of turning disclosures so momentous and surprising to the best account. As a first step, a letter, with an enclosure, was despatched to Belfast, requiring the return of Thomas Linden and family immediately; and the next was to plead in form to the action. This done, we awaited Catherine Linden’s arrival in London, and Mr. Linden senior’s convalescence—for his mental agitation had resulted in a sharp fit of illness—to effect a satisfactory and just arrangement.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Linden and Mrs. Arnold arrived by the earliest steamer that left Belfast after the receipt of our letter; and much astonished were they by the intelligence that awaited them. Catherine Linden was for confirming the validity of the sale of the Holmford estate by her now authoritative consent at once, as a mere act of common justice and good faith; but this, looking at the total loss of fortune she had sustained by the knavery of the executors, and the obstinate, mulish temper of the father-in-law, from whom she had already received such harsh treatment, could not for a moment be permitted; and it was finally resolved to take advantage of the legal position in which she stood, to enforce a due present provision for herself and husband, and their ultimate succession to the estate.

John Linden gradually recovered; and as soon as it was deemed prudent to do so, we informed him that the niece was not dead, as the plaintiff in the action of ejectment had supposed, and that of course, if she could now be persuaded to ratify the imperative consent she had formerly subscribed, he might retain Holmford. At first he received the intelligence as a gleam of light and hope, but he soon relapsed into doubt and gloom. “What chance was there,” he hopelessly argued, “that, holding the legal power, she would not exercise it?” It was not, he said,

in human nature to do otherwise; and he commissioned us to make liberal offers for a compromise: half—he would be content to lose half his purchase-money; even a greater sacrifice than that he would agree to—anything, indeed, that would not be utter ruin—that did not involve utter beggary and destitution in old age.

Three days after this conversation, I announced to him that the lady and her husband were below, and desirous of seeing him.

“What do they say?” he eagerly demanded. “Will they accept of half—two-thirds? What do they say?”

“I cannot precisely tell you. They wish to see you alone, and you can urge your own views and offers.” He trembled violently, and shrank nervously back as I placed my hand on the door-handle of the private office. He presently recovered in some degree his self-possession, passed in, and I withdrew from the humiliating, but salutary spectacle of obdurate tyrant power, compelled to hum-

ble itself before those whom it had previously scorned and trampled upon.

The legal arrangements which Flint and I had suggested were effected, and Linden senior, accompanied by his son, daughter-in-law, and Mrs. Arnold, set off in restored amity for Holmford House. Edwin Majoribanks abandoned his action, and Palliser, finding that matters were satisfactorily arranged, returned to England. We afterwards knew that he had discovered the defect of title, on applying to a well-known conveyancer, to raise a considerable sum by way of mortgage, and that his first step was to threaten legal proceedings against Crowther & Jenkins for the recovery of his money; but a hint he obtained of the futility of proceedings against them, determined him to offer the estate at a low figure to Linden, relying upon that gentleman's ostentatious contempt of lawyers that the blot in the title, subjected only to his own common-sense spectacles, would not be perceived.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## LITERARY MEN OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

A HISTORY of English Literature and its Professors for the last fifty years would turn up some curious and surprising problems. Such a history is one of the actual wants of the time; and any leisurely gentleman who possesses the requisite knowledge and discrimination, would confer a benefit upon the world by undertaking it. In these days of rapid labor and universal production, it is highly desirable that we should suspend our toils for a moment, and look back a generation or so, to see how our predecessors got on without the help of all that magical machinery which the progress of science and education has placed in our more favored hands. The comparison would be serviceable. It would enable us to ascertain whether we have actually advanced, or stood still, or gone back, and how much of that extraordinary amount of literary energy we display is expended upon a sort of rotatory motion, which leaves us in the end at the point from which we started. The whole subject is crowded with suggestive matter, well worthy of the attention

of the leisurely gentleman to whom we have alluded, and who, quietly examining the bustle and hubbub, “through the loop-holes of retreat,” might be able to tell us in what particulars we are better or worse—intellectually considered—than the good people who went before us in the juvenile days of Pitt, when England was insulated by a continental war. Has Literature kept pace with the conquests of steam and electricity, and the new agents and combinations with which we have invoked the secrets of Nature, and rendered them tributary to the wants of a new era of material civilization? Has the Poet kept ahead with the Chemist and the Engineer? Has the Novel, the History, the Drama sped on with the Blue Book and the Newspaper? Travels through Europe, we know, have prodigiously increased since the peace; but have the travels through other regions, such as the Heart and Brain, the Passions and Moral Powers of Man, exhibited similar activity?

There have been great changes in the world within fifty years—changes for good,

changes for evil, changes that have accelerated progress in some directions, and paralyzed it in others, and that, upon the whole, have essentially altered the vital conditions of society. Fifty years ago (we have the fact upon actual authority) a journey of eighty miles, to "Edinboro' town," occupied three days; we can now go from London to Edinburgh, a distance of upwards of four hundred miles, in less than twelve hours. This is a sample of one class of changes, which, involving a multitude of interests and habits, originating new views of life, and opening up new facilities of intercourse, may be said to have effected, not merely the inter-relations of the people, but the development of those specialities which afforded so tempting a field to the speculations of the old writers. London goes down into the country, and all around the country in a few hours; and every country town and drowsy village comes up to London when it likes. And at each terminus there is a conjuring little bell, by the help of which you can call upon people hundreds and hundreds of miles off, just as if you were ringing at their doors, and talking to them on the steps. The metropolis is present everywhere, and the stillness of rural life, the small aristocracies of distant districts, the social scale that once assigned to the squire, and the doctor, and other local notabilities, a place in the mythology of the peasants, where the "Dons" ruled like so many Jupiters, are broken up forever. Much charming eccentricity and originality has departed with them. The country gentleman is now half-town bred; parish penetration no longer discovers superhuman qualities in the great brewer, or the indefatigable attorney, the horizon is enlarged, and the rustic who watches the fiery chariot take its departure, freighted with crowds of human beings, and bearing tidings of life to remote scenes of activity, to be scattered from its wings as it flies along, cannot help having large thoughts and ruminations put into his head, and is conscious, for the first time, of looking out into that world which lies beyond the boundaries of the park wall and the finger post, which had hitherto been to him a sort of mysterious direction into a region of ether.

So long as the-unmixed country life existed, it afforded a complete contrast to the life of the great world. The novelist and the dramatist, the satirist and the painter of manners, the poet and the moralist, had here ample materials to work upon—diversified, fresh, and peculiar. The rapid means of inter-communication that now bring these opposite

nationalities face to face, have had the effect of levelling many broad distinctions, and, to a certain extent, effacing the salient features which yielded such rich fields of speculation to the literary observer.

But it is not merely by this species of social levelling that the domain of literature has been flattened and rendered comparatively barren. It has also lost a grand resource by the diffusion of knowledge. The schoolmaster, and the broad sheets, and penny museums and menageries, and anthologies of all conceivable kinds of information that have gone abroad amongst the people, have contributed largely to narrow the enterprise of imaginative writers. The newspaper, which may be considered in its present influential shape as a creation of the last fifty years, has enlightened every nook, and cranny, and green dell, and murky cabin in the kingdom, and dispelled the ignorance and credulity upon which masses of books used to "repose and fatten" in by-gone days. Superstition and an easy faith were invaluable allies of the romances and slip-shod novels of Minerva. But who is there left to believe in them now? to be taken by their persecuted heroines and impenetrable villains? What chance would Amanda have now, with her hair streaming on the midnight winds, or flying from the ravisher in a thin muslin, through a drizzling sleet? or how would Ludovico, watching the supernatural visitor in a haunted chamber, hope to thrill the nerves of the reader with the "Times" spread out before him in the broad daylight of this age of stubborn facts and a perambulating police? The age of marvels, as well as the age of chivalry, is gone, and a race of uncomfortable sceptics, who are wide-awake, and by no means to be hocussed, has succeeded. And with all that innocence and implicit reliance upon impossibilities, think of the inventive faculties they nourished, which have gone out along with them. If we can have no more "Recluses of the Lake," no more "Children of the Abbey," no more "Bandits' Embraces on the Grave," or "One-handed Monks," or "Tears of Sensibility," neither can we ever again (in our time at least) have any more Charlotte Smiths, or Maria Regina Roches, or Annes of Swansea. The golden age of romances in seven volumes, and of novels of exhausting correspondence between despairing lovers and their innumerable friends and enemies, whose mission upon earth consisted in writing interminable letters about them, is at an end.

Authors in those days had easier work



and larger profits than in our more *exigeant* age. They were neither so numerous, nor was the audience they had to address so well qualified to judge of their demerits. It is a remarkable illustration of the vicissitudes which take place in literature, that the average circulation of books should diminish with the increase of population, of education, and of readers: and that there should have been, upon the whole, a larger demand for books at a period when the census was some millions below its present amount, and the number of readers bore a still greater disproportion to the population. But the apparent contradiction is susceptible of a simple explanation. The spread of cheap publications, to say nothing of the transformation of readers into writers, which has made such multitudes of men their own authors, and flooded the world with more volumes than the world can find time to read, will go a considerable way to account for the depreciation in the sale of books. People cannot write their own books and read other people's books at the same moment; nor can the great bulk of the busy classes, who have little leisure on their hands, be expected to indulge in the troublesome luxury of exploring our voluminous issues in search of pleasure or profit, when there are so many fly-leaves floating about from which they can extract scraps of condensed amusement and instruction, at the smallest possible outlay of time. On the other hand, although readers were numerically fewer fifty years ago, their attention was not distracted by a crowd of miscellaneous publications, nor their choice perplexed by an overflow of volumes which the most diligent student might despair of getting through in a life time. There was nothing to read but books—and they read them; and as the supply did not then, as it does now, swamp the demand, every book had a fair command of the market.

A literary history of the last half century, which should conduct us to the present day, with a clear running exposition of mutations and their causes, might help in some degree to check production in directions where it is ill done or overdone, and to stimulate it in directions where it is more consonant to the spirit of the times. A judicious examination of our exuberance and our shortcomings would serve to show the actual image of our literature "reflected as in a glass," and enable us to see more clearly wherein we have failed in adapting our book-utterances to the altered world around us, and the new fields, as yet untilled, to

which our energies may be advantageously applied.

We had hoped to find something of this kind in a work recently published, containing the personal memoirs and recollections of a "Literary Veteran."\* The period it embraces—from 1794 to 1849—is exactly the period within which all these remarkable changes have taken place. But the work does not realize an anticipation which, perhaps, we had no right to form from its title. As a stray contribution to the literary biography of the time, it is not deficient in anecdotal and characteristic interest, and abounds in sketches of a state of society and of celebrated persons, from which some useful hints may be drawn for the more comprehensive history we have suggested.

The auto-biography of Mr. Gillies—the writer of these volumes—opens a strange chapter in the chronicles of authorship. If individual instances cannot be safely accepted as guides to the general conditions of the literary life, they seldom fail to throw up incidental illustrations of those experiences which are common to all men who follow letters as a profession. In this particular case there are some peculiarities and exceptional features; but there are also some details that show the rocks and quicksands which too often impede and endanger the onward struggles of the regular *littérateur*.

Mr. Gillies, we believe, is chiefly known to the public as a skilful translator of German and Danish literature, and as the founder of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, an undertaking in which he embarked upon the advice of Sir Walter Scott. He was born and brought up in an old country house in Scotland, and completed his education in Edinburgh; but he tells us that he was so disgusted with the habits of the city, that he was rejoiced at being summoned back, by a fit of sickness, to the bleak solitude of the county of Kincardine.

His temperament appears from the outset to have unfitted him for the ordinary labors and conflicts to which men are exposed who have to fight their way through the world. His health was bad, he was subject to fantastical depressions of spirits, and had acquired eccentric habits and odd views of life. Both Wordsworth and Scott, in their early correspondence with him, endeavored, without much practical effect, to reason him out of

\* *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished Characters, from 1794 to 1849.* By R. P. Gillies. 3 vols. Bentley.



these morbid tendencies, which might partly be attributed to constitutional causes, and partly to the strange style of society from which he derived his first experiences. Living in retirement, and cultivating, without aim or method, a vagrant passion for desultory reading, followed by the usual results of extensive scribbling, the roots were not tended and nourished with sufficient care for the tree to grow up with the vigor requisite to produce much fruit.

The paramount desire of Mr. Gillies, all through life, seems to have been the possession of a quiet and secluded home. Yet, from his own picture of his career, and the restless nature that was for ever dwelling up in wrong places, to disturb and distract his plans, no man appears to have been less calculated to take the necessary steps to ensure the accomplishment of his object, or to prize it when attained. It is the distinguishing disposition of some men to yearn most for that which is most out of their reach, and to think themselves singularly capable of appreciating those sources of happiness which they are least qualified to enjoy. Forming our estimate of Mr. Gillies from the materials he has himself supplied, we cannot help thinking that the description applies very accurately to his case, and will go some way to explain the difficulties that beset him in after life.

Before he had yet attained his majority he inherited the paternal property, and went to Edinburgh to study for the bar. While he was passing through his terms, a relation wanted money to invest in a speculation, which he easily persuaded Mr. Gillies was a much better thing than landed investments. The consequence was, that Mr. Gillies consented to join in a bond for raising the required funds, mortgaging his estate by way of security for the loan. The issue may be foreseen. The speculation failed, and the paternal acres were sold under his feet, casting him in the long run for the means of support upon those talents which he had hitherto only coquetted with for his amusement. This incident, which influenced all the incidents that ensued in a life of strife and vicissitude, throws us a little in advance of the narrative; but as we do not propose to follow the memoir through its subsequent stages, the order of events need not be very strictly observed.

Under the pressure of these unfortunate circumstances, Mr. Gillies looked to the bar for succor; but he was no sooner fairly launched in the profession, than, finding it not quite so profitable at first as he expected,

and being constitutionally somewhat impatient and capricious, without waiting to give himself time to test the experiment, he turned to literature as a more likely means of securing a suitable income. No doubt literature is a tempting alternative to minds that are not well adapted for more orderly and drudging pursuits; but even literature, vagrant and irresponsible as it looks upon the surface, cannot be prosecuted with creditable or successful results without steady perseverance and systematic labor. And it is to the absence of these qualities, more than to the deficiency of intellectual power, that half the failures and misfortunes of literary men must be honestly ascribed. Mr. Gillies does not seem to have been constant to any pursuit. He candidly avows that he never had a capacity for "money-making," and that it was his peculiar bent, from first to last, to "despise beaten paths." But men who "despise beaten paths," and who are always for striking out into excursive and experimental trips, coming back again mortified and exhausted, cannot very reasonably hope to arrive at the end of the journey as speedily, or in as good condition, as those who have pushed vigorously on, looking neither to the right nor the left. In the short season of his youthful prosperity, when he had the power in his own hands of carving out his future career, he yielded himself up to listless and shifting occupations, as fickle and unstable as dreams. We find him, like a true dreamer, giving large prices for old editions of books, forgetting that new editions were cheaper, and more practically valuable. He also indulged in the picture mania, and once entertained an idea of copying some of the fine things he had expended his money upon; this project, however, was relinquished almost as soon as it was formed. All his undertakings, as he himself frankly acknowledges, were no better than "twisting ropes of sand." Such, we apprehend, is the moral of his life. But it is not as the moral of Mr. Gillies' life that we desire to point it out expressly; it carries more weight and importance as the moral of all lives that are not regulated by a wise appreciation of opportunities, and a strenuous consistency in the pursuit of definite aims.

Being now embarked in literature as a profession, Mr. Gillies addressed himself to German and Danish translations, in which, at that time, he had the field nearly to himself, and in which he achieved considerable success; and, having grasped his first laurels, he went for a time upon the Continent,

where he saw some of the people he had put into English. On his return, he found his property gradually dwindling out of his hands; and finally came a total break up, which induced him to make a journey to London, for the purpose of establishing the Foreign Quarterly Review, as a foundation to rebuild his demolished fortune upon.

From that moment his evil destiny was never weary of persecuting him. Pecuniary troubles thickened upon him. Debts grew in magnitude by the addition of attorneys' costs, and his days were so fretted over with anxieties, that the laborious designs he had marked out for the quietude of his library were perpetually frustrated. The more he struggled in the meshes, the more he became involved and incapable of extricating himself. Into this part of his narrative, which he has expanded with a painful and unprofitable minuteness, we must, of course, decline to enter. It is purely personal; and the only ground of justification that can be offered for so elaborate an exposition of private humiliations is, that it is patriotically intended as an exposure of the iniquities of the old law of arrest for debt, and of the crushing power vested in the hands of lawyers, by which they are enabled to heap up overwhelming expenses upon the debtor. These are questions which no tribunal is competent to decide through particular instances, which must, in any state of the law, be left to repose upon their own merits. But, whatever grievances Mr. Gillies may have labored under, in consequence of bad laws and worse lawyers, we cannot restrain the expression of our regret for his own sake, and the sake of literature, that he should have adopted such a mode of putting them upon record. It certainly does not contribute to improve the charm or enliven the interest of his autobiography.

Looking back upon the opening of the experiences collected into these volumes, we are recalled to a state of society which existed in Scotland half a century ago, and which is not yet, perhaps, entirely gone out. How books ever came to be sold or read amongst the class depicted by Mr. Gillies as the landed gentry of Scotland, at the close of the eighteenth century, is a problem we are wholly at a loss to solve.

The old Scotch laird was the type of a race, some samples of which, no doubt, still survive in remote corners of the northern kingdom. He flourished at the height of his glory in the days of hard drinking, hard riding, and other equally violent cus-

toms. Mr. Gillies furnishes a few anecdotes of these worthies, which, coming out quietly in a book, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, when it is the careful study of every respectable man to adapt himself to that Procrustean standard of uniformity which eschews excesses and salient idiosyncrasies of all kinds, have a very startling effect. What would be thought, in these times, of a landed proprietor who, like the Laird of Bonnymune, should get so drunk at the house of a neighbor as to be deceived into the belief that the top of a turf wall was the back of his own horse, and should whoop and halloo under the impression that he was actually riding home, until, tumbling off, fast asleep, he should be carried off to bed? Or of an estated gentleman who, like Lord Kinton, should send for a rascally attorney that had seized upon the goods of a poor farmer, and, after discharging the debt, should compel his unlucky guest to eat a pair of candles, under the terror of locked doors and a brace of loaded pistols? The Prince of Wales, it appears, took great delight in these stories; but surely it must have been from the art and breadth of delineation with which they were related. Such bits of character-painting depend on tone, gesture, and impulse, rather than upon their intrinsic humor, and are more effective as oral traditions, preserved for the rampant after-dinner delectation of kindred spirits, than as written narratives. In print, their rich coloring disappears, and their subtle spirit of frolic evaporates.

The literary society of Scotland, contemporaneous with these vigorous Bacchanalians, went a great way, however, to redeem the intellectual character of the country; and men like Dugald Stewart, Playfair, and Brown, offer a refreshing contrast to the Lairds of Skene, and Brucks, and Usan, and the rest of the half-savage chieftains who enacted such frantic horrors in their mountain fastnesses. Mr. Gillies enjoyed some intercourse with most of the distinguished people, and has carried away recollections of them, which will possess no inconsiderable interest in the localities where they were personally known. Amongst the celebrities he fell in with was Mackenzie, the author of the "Man of Feeling," at that time a living tradition of an expired school.

Mackenzie may be cited as an instance of the slightness of the materials out of which inordinate reputations were sometimes made in those days, compared with the extent of production which is now indispensable to the

attainment of a position equally popular and influential. "The Man of Feeling" sufficed to crown Mackenzie with an established fame in his own age, and to transmit it to ours, although the book itself is unknown to nine-tenths of the people who are familiar with the name of the author. Campbell was the last of the race that acquired a great reputation by a small amount of toil and invention. We are not disputing the justness of the title to these distinctions, which may often be as nobly won, or perhaps more nobly, by single efforts, than by repeated and accumulated performances. Hohen-Linden alone was enough for a fame that shall survive as long as our language is read or spoken. We are simply pointing out a characteristic difference in the demands of the two periods, and the greater pressure which is now made upon the energies and resources of authors, and to which they must respond, at a cost of labor and energy under which intellects like Mackenzie's would have been crushed, before they can hope to make a decided impression on our versatile, capricious, and exacting public. Compare the two novelettes of Mackenzie's with the catalogues, for they amount to that of the fictions of Bulwer and Dickens; think of the very slender quantity of invention and character, of passion and observation they contain, placed in juxtaposition with the variety of plot and action, the masses of movement, the extent of surface traversed, the phases of humanity explored and exhibited, and the endless combinations of dramatic interest that may be traced through these works; and pronounce upon the difficulties that have been vanquished on the one side, contrasted with the short and easy victory that was achieved on the other. Yet Mackenzie's name will, in all probability, live side by side with the names of our most voluminous writers, whether his grasp of the sympathies of mankind be found large enough to justify the rank accorded to him, by a posterity that does not always take the trouble to inquire into the validity of the claims it tacitly accepts.

The last age, therefore, was a more fortunate age for authors than the present. There is so much to be done in these times before an author can attract an audience to himself—there are so many conflicting novelties to divert and distract attention—that more exertion and ability are now expended in the mere struggle to be heard than was formerly sufficient to secure success. There are fifty Mackenzies amongst us at this mo-

ment buried in obscurity, and lifting their voices in vain. The public know nothing of this. They do not even credit it when it is asserted, but fall back on the old dogma that if there were such people they would be sure to make themselves felt. Yet it is true, nevertheless, that there are fifty such, not capable, perhaps, of exactly the same enamelled sentiment and wire-drawn refinement, (which it would not be very desirable to revive,) but capable of infinitely higher and more comprehensive efforts. But in the whirl and crush they are lost, and may deem themselves lucky if they escape being trodden under foot. The public literally know nothing of the Prophets, and Teachers, and Civilizers, who are working for them through channels that bring no personal glory, and who help on anonymously, unable to reap the profit which is their due, that great work of human advancement which, without their aid would, at best, only stagger forward blindly towards the distant goal. In the despair of accomplishing individual recognition, they throw themselves into labors which condemn them to remain unknown, but in which they frequently develop a command of resources that would have brought them both fame and fortune in the last century. Do the public ever inquire to what undistinguished Instructors they are indebted for the masculine power and wide-reaching knowledge poured out with such freshness and unfailing fertility in the columns of the daily papers? Do the public care to dispense to the nameless laborers in the thousand and one periodicals that swarm on their tables, any special marks even of the fugitive interest they may be presumed to take in the toil that contributes so largely to their entertainment? The pampered public are content to be amused, and trouble themselves no farther.

The pecuniary rewards of authors have fallen in the same ratio. Only some five-and-twenty years ago Mr. Gillies, sitting down in London as an editor of a Review, from which he expected to derive about £200 a year, anticipated that he should "easily earn" by other works, £800 a year more. "This was no arrogant presumption on my part," he observes; "I was advised in the belief, and in those days, when railroads and cheap publications were unknown, such an income for a working author was reckoned a very small and moderate estimate!" The world has turned round several times since those golden days, and the "working author" has not profited b



its revolutions. The writer of an able article on the present state of literature, in a recent number of the "North British Review," says that £1000 a year is about the average income of working authorship; but we apprehend that, like some of our Rural Commissioners, who, having been sent into the country to ascertain the condition of the poor, derived their information from the tables of the gentry, the Reviewer formed his estimate upon the high and narrow basis of his own experience. If we could descend into the struggling crowd to which this description more expressly applies, we suspect it would be discovered that the ample revenues with which the Reviewer endows them individually, would cover the whole gains of a small batch of industrious laborers. But this is a matter upon which speculation must necessarily be vague and inconclusive. The income of authors must mainly depend on the nature of their acquirements, and their power of adapting them, with practical facility, to the wants of the market. The highest order of talent is not always the most profitable. There must be not only knowledge, but skill, in the use that is made of it. A writer must understand his art as well as his subject. The time is gone by when authorship was an inspiration. Something more is demanded now, and without that something more great successes are unattainable. The failures of authors are not always referable to deficiency of capacity, nor their triumphs to its possession alone. Under these various conditions of the craft, it is obvious that the results must be various. But there can be no difficulty in determining the general fact that, with the increase of authorship, the profits of authorship have proportionably diminished. We believe they have diminished in a still greater ratio. Certain it is that the prospects which were held out to Mr. Gillies, as a "working author," twenty-five years ago, would be regarded as a tantalizing myth, by a heavy majority of the working authors of the present day.

But to return to Mackenzie, who, when Mr. Gillies met him, was upward of seventy years of age, and was regarded as the only surviving representative of a literature which, even then, was either gone by or rapidly vanishing. He seems to have been living jauntily upon his fame, drifting about Edinburgh in a long dark *surtout*, which hung as loosely about him as if there were a skeleton beneath. His face worn away, and sharpened in expression, resembled that of Voltaire;

and he had such an air of the churchyard about him, that he was called the ghost. Yet we are assured that he was wonderfully cheerful in society, was a great walker, generally attended by a favorite pointer, that no weather daunted him, and that, although he had long ceased to write, he still continued to haunt the book-shops and libraries; and that, being consulted by canny James Ballantyne on the first sheets of "Waverley," he oracularly pronounced it to be the work of no ordinary man. These fragments are not much; but they are sufficient to afford a glimpse of the macilent figure of a writer who, long before the world was agitated by the private griefs of Herr Werter, threw many a boarding-school and quiet homestead into a state of perturbation, from which they had not recovered when the revolutionary proof-sheets of Waverley first saw the light.

Scott, Jeffrey, and, latterly, Hogg succeeded to the prominent places on the Edinburgh stage vacated by the mathematicians and experimental philosophers, and brought in a new era with them. The early poetry of Scott, and the long train of historical romances, imparted an impulse to the age which has not yet spent its force; and the inauguration of Blackwood's Magazine, in which Hogg was a conspicuous actor, produced an effect on the tone of current literature which soon penetrated beyond the Border. But the Edinburgh Review was the most striking feature of that period of transition, developing, for the first time, a system of sustained criticism destined to exercise an important influence over the public taste. From the days of Dryden, who may be considered as the first English writer that laid down the elements of criticism, to the appearance of the Edinburgh Review, the advance that had been made towards anything like a jurisdiction in literature was slow and uncertain, deriving its chief support from the incidental contributions of such men as Addison and Johnson, but never succeeding in the attempt to shape the principles of art into a code, or to set up an authority competent to administer them. Here was a tribunal, thoroughly qualified upon all questions established and recognised at once. It is not within the scope of our desultory gossip to discuss the manner in which it discharged its functions; we are now interested only in the new power it introduced, and the standard it erected for regulating the verdicts of public opinion. The old lumbering Monthly Review and the Gentleman's Maga-

zine had endeavored, as well as they could, to chronicle the progress of books; but that was all. Their judgments very closely resembled the judgments of our masters in chancery under the winding-up act, and the great difficulty was to disentangle an intelligible doctrine from amidst their blunders and contradictions. The Edinburgh Review was consistent, able, and luminous; and, whatever differences it precipitated in the world, differences inseparable from the action of such publications, the deep and salutary impression it made upon popular literature may be said to have formed an epoch in our annals.

We cannot have a more conclusive illustration of the vicissitudes that have passed over us since the beginning of the century than is furnished by the results that followed. When the Edinburgh Review was founded, the deliberate interval of three months between the responses of the oracle gave a solemnity and weight to its decisions, which suited the pace at which the age was moving. But steam communication, railway miracles, the *Times* newspaper on the Bourse in Paris at half-past one o'clock P. M., and an electric net-work of confidential whippers all over the surface of Europe, have cast us into a wholly different state of existence. We can no longer afford to wait a quarter of a year for the sentence of the critical tribunal. *Nous avons changé cela.* We have shortened the process, and cheapened it, and adapted the machinery of our literary courts to the impatience of science, and the rapidity of production. We now get our cases heard, argued, and decided before the printer's ink is dry in which the pleadings are handed up to the Bench. Within the compass of a week there is more work got through, great and small, than was ever contemplated, or could have been so effectively dispatched, in the Quarterly sittings. This is another significant sign of our condition. The Review has now other business to transact. In literature it must be content to discharge the functions of an appellate court, into which few cases find their way, but whose decisions may be received as final upon points of law. In politics, and tardy Social questions, that must be kept a long time before the public before public opinion can be brought to bear upon them, the legitimate value and authority of the Review will probably always be felt and deferred to.

Jeffrey was the soul of that novel undertaking, and was to all appearance the last

man to whom it could have been entrusted with safety. He was to be met with at all the balls and routs of Modern Athens. In society he was "the gayest of the gay," invited everywhere, to be seen everywhere, in the morning on the parade, during mid-day at the Parliament House, then out promenading or riding, then out to a dinner party, and a rout or two afterwards, to be wound up at a supper with congenial *convives*. His disorderly chambers in Queen-street betrayed few symptoms of studious habits, while the multitude of notes and visiting-cards inserted in the frame of the looking-glass over the mantelpiece, indicated his devotion to habits of an opposite kind. The wonder was to find in this lively young barrister the special man for the onerous office which he filled with distinction for many subsequent years. But it was no such great wonder after all. It is the young who regenerate the world! It is to the young alone we must look for the boldness of conception, the indifference to difficulties, the elements of activity and daring, the freshness, eagerness, and self-reliance which are essential to the achievement of hazardous enterprises.

Wordsworth was contemporaneous with the Review, and was one of the earliest of its victims. Of a joyous and elastic physical constitution, strengthened by habitual exercise in the mountains, he was in some respects the reverse of Jeffrey. He abhorred wine and fermented liquors, yet highly enjoyed "convivial" society, although he seldom went into it. As to reviews and reviewers, he appears to have held them in utter contempt, his soul being, as he says of Milton, and as quoted by Mr. Gillies, like a star, and taking a starry pleasure in dwelling apart, in a certain high consciousness of its own elevation. It is no disparagement to the genius of Wordsworth as a poet, to say that, as far as all present opportunities enable us to judge, he was but an indifferent critic of others, and by no means capable of estimating himself. His tendency was to underrate in the one direction, and to overrate in the other. He held Byron in aversion, and had but an indifferent opinion of Scott; and upon all occasions, when questions of taste were in dispute, referred to his own works as the unerring criterion and final appeal. In one of his letters to Mr. Gillies, when he wants to show what a "bad writer" Byron was, he picks out a line from him and contrasts it with one of his own, where the same sentiment is put, not "formally" as Byron puts



it, "but ejaculated, as it were, fortuitously in the musical succession of pre-conceived feeling," a process Mr. Gillies must have been rather puzzled to comprehend. If the forthcoming life of Wordsworth be addressed to the elucidation of his poetical labours, it will be a book of permanent interest; but little or worse is to be expected from his correspondence, or the dicta gathered from his conversations. His fame must be delicately conserved, or some risk will be incurred by penetrating beyond the boundaries of his works, which are the best monuments of his genius, and which, in fact, enclose all the events of his life. We believe that he was latterly prevailed upon to note down the circumstances in which they originated, and the trains of thought out of which they flowed, or which they were intended to illustrate, and that it was his own desire that his biography should be limited to these memoranda. If that desire has been observed, and that no mistaken admiration shall have led to the introduction of the contemporary criticisms he occasionally uttered, in which the weakness of his judgment betrayed him into the strangest fallacies and prejudices, his biography will exhibit a life pure and lofty, and transmit his name to future times with the full lustre which his own ambition yearned for.

Hogg had quite as high an opinion of his own powers as Wordsworth. But what was a deep conviction in Wordsworth, shut up and somewhat scornful towards the outer world, was in Hogg pure vanity, and danced upon the surface. When Mr. Gillies hinted at revisions and the advice of friends, reminding him that "Voltaire had his old woman," (Mr. Gillies, we presume, meant Moliere,) and that Scott was in the habit of consulting Erskine and others on his poems, Hogg replied, "That's vera like a man that's frightened to gang by himsel, and needs somebody to lead him. Eh man, neither William Erskine, nor any critic beneath the sun shall ever lead *mei*! If I hae na sense enuch to mak and mend my ain wark, no other hands or heads shall meddle wi't; I want nae help, thank God, neither from books nor men." This was frank and out-spoken. The vanity here was open and decisive, and was generated by that facility in composition which constantly kept his thoughts in advance of his pen. He could not believe that a man who was able to compose with such celerity could stand in need of any one's advice. Ease was power with him—fluency included all the qualities requisite to perfection. Hogg

had another pleasant crotchet about authorship. He maintained that book-learning could be of no use to a veritable poet, and that, to make sure of avoiding imitation, it was necessary to keep clear of books. That was his own side of the question, and he held to it pertinaciously—the illiterate against the learned, genius against knowledge, for works that are to have the true impress of natural feeling and originality. Notions such as these, launched on the refined society of Edinburgh by an inspired shepherd, were calculated to startle the tranquil coteries who had hitherto relied upon book-learning for everything. The consequence was, that the number of aspiring geniuses marvellously increased; and as Hogg had laid it down as an immutable maxim that no man could be a poet, unless he was perfectly original, they rushed into all sorts of contortions and eccentricities in the divine rage to be quite new, and unlike everybody else. Even James Hogg, therefore, had some share in the revolutions of the literary world.

It would not be so easy to produce a revolution now. When original writers start up they are always followed by imitators; but novelties supersede each other too rapidly in our day to make it worth while to cultivate the art of imitation. Literary fashions do not last long enough—they come in and go out too quickly—to encourage much speculation in second-hand popularity. Besides, the world is growing too practical to attach the same importance to forms that produced only a few years back such tribes of Scotts and Byrons. And writers who apply themselves to literature as a profession, or even in the hope of earning personal distinction by their labours, must sooner or later discover the tendency of the age they address.

It is evident, from the amount of ability employed anonymously in modes unknown to our immediate predecessors, exercising a wide influence over the public mind, and reflecting back no reputation upon the individuals from whom it emanates, that authorship has taken up new ground, and is dependent, to a considerable extent, upon precarious resources. The periodical writer, whatever skill or erudition he may possess, whatever successes he may achieve, is unknown to the public, and through a life of labour is unable to accomplish a reputation upon which he can ultimately found any claims to sympathy or succor. He is forced into the dark by the pressure of an altered system, and compelled to forego fame, which in his, as in all other pursuits, is the foundation of fortune, for the sake of

employment which his urgent necessities render imperative. Nor is this all. The excess of production has reduced the stimulus to exertion by lowering the scale of profits. He cannot afford to run the chance of embracing those departments of literature for which nature and opportunity may have best qualified him. He has no choice but to cultivate the occupations from which alone he can wring an income, whether he is fitted for them

or not. How little we know how many excellent novelists, dramatists, historians, and biographers are wrecked in newspapers and magazines! The retrospect, upon the whole, conducts us to this conclusion, that we have advanced into a period of increased literary activity, but that the palmy days when great reputations, with corresponding advantages, were gained by small and leisurely efforts, are at an end.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE CLOISTER LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

THE 28th of September, 1556, was a great day in the annals of Laredo, in Biscay. Once a commercial station of the Romans, and in later times, the naval arsenal, whence St. Ferdinand sailed to the Guadalquivir and the conquest of Seville, its haven is now so decayed and sand-choked, that it can scarcely afford refuge to a fishing craft. Here, however, on the day in question, three centuries ago, a fleet of seventy Flemish and Spanish sail cast anchor. From a frigate bearing the imperial standard of the house of Austria came a group of gentlemen and ladies, of whom the principal personage was a spare and sallow man, past the middle age, and plainly attired in mourning. He was received at the landing-place by the bishop of Salamanca and some attendants, and being worn with suffering and fatigue, he was carried up from the boat in a chair. By his side walked two ladies, in widows' weeds, who appeared to be about the same age as himself, and whose pale features, both in cast and expression, strongly resembled his own. Since Columbus stepped ashore at Palos, with his red men from the New World, Spain had seen no debarkation so remarkable; for the voyagers were the Emperor Charles V. and his sisters, Mary queen of Hungary, and Eleanor, queen of Portugal and France, now on their way from Brussels, where they had made their last appearance on the stage of the world, to those Spanish cloisters, wherein they had resolved to await the hour when the curtain should drop on life itself.

Charles himself appears to have been powerfully affected by the scene and circumstan-

ces around him. Kneeling upon the long-desired soil of Spain, he is said to have kissed the earth, ejaculating, "I salute thee, O common mother! Naked came I forth of the womb to receive the treasures of the earth, and naked am I about to return to the bosom of the universal mother." He then drew from his bosom the crucifix which he always wore, and kissing it devoutly, returned thanks to the Saviour for having thus brought him in safety to the wished for haven. The ocean itself furnished its comment upon the irretraceable step which he had taken. From Flushing to Laredo, the weather had been calm, and the voyage prosperous; but the evening of the day of landing closed with a storm, which shattered and dispersed the fleet, and sunk the frigate which the emperor had quitted a few hours before. This accident must have recalled to his recollection a similar escape which he had made many years before on his coronation day at Bologna. There he had just passed through a wooden gallery which connected his palace with the church, where the pope and the crown awaited him, when the props upon which the structure rested gave way, and it fell with a sudden crash, killing several persons in the street below.

The emperor's first care, after landing, was to send a message to the general of the order of St. Jerome, requiring his attendance at Valladolid, and desiring that no time might be lost in preparing the convent of Yuste for his reception. He himself, set forward, as soon as he was able to travel, and was carried sometimes in a horse-litter, sometimes in a

chair on men's shoulders, by slow and painful stages to Burgos. Near that ancient city, he was met by the constable of Castile, Pedro Fernandez de Velasco, who lodged him for some days in the noble palace of his family, known as the Casa del Cordon, from a massive cord of St. Francis, wrought in stone, with which the architect has adorned and protected the great portal. The little town of Dueñas was the next resting-place, and there its lord, the count of Buendia, did the honors of his feudal castle on the adjacent height rising abruptly from the bare plains of the Arlanzon. At Torquemada, the royal party was received by the bishop of the diocese, Pedro de Gasca, a divine, whose skilful diplomacy, in repressing a formidable rebellion, had saved Peru to Castile, and who had lately been rewarded by the emperor with the mitre of Palencia. But in spite of these demonstrations of respect and gratitude, Charles was made painfully sensible of the change which his own act had wrought in his condition. The barons and the great churchmen, who, a few months before, would have flocked from all parts to do him honor, now appeared in very scanty numbers, or they permitted him to pass unnoticed through the lands, and by the homes which they perhaps owed to his bounty. He and his sister Eleanor must have remembered with a sigh the time when he first set foot in Spain, thirty-eight years before, and found the shores of Asturias, and the highways of Castile, thronged with loyal crowds, hastening to tender their homage. In the forgetfulness of the new generation, he may also have been reminded how he himself had treated with coldness and slighting the great cardinal Ximenes, who had worn out his declining years in defending and maintaining the prerogatives of the catholic crown. His long and varied experience of men made him incapable of deriving any pleasure from their applause, but not altogether incapable of being pained by their neglect. His pride was hurt at finding himself so quickly forgotten; and he is said to have evinced a bitter sense of the surprise, by the remark, "I might well say that I was naked!" It is probable, therefore, that he declined the honors of a public entry into Valladolid, not merely from a desire to shun the pomps and vanities of state, but also from a secret apprehension that it might prove but a pitiful shadow of former pageants. That the citizens might not be balked of their show, while the emperor entered privately on the 23d of October, it was agreed that the two queens, his sisters, should make their

appearance there in a public manner the next day.

Valladolid was at that time the opulent and flourishing capital of Spain, and the seat of government, carried on under the regency of the emperor's daughter, Juana. This young princess was the widow of the prince of Brazil, heir-apparent of the crown of Portugal, and mother of the unfortunate king Sebastian. She performed the duties of her high place with great prudence, firmness, and moderation; but with this peculiarity, that she appeared at her public receptions closely veiled, allowing her face to be seen only for a moment, that the foreign ambassadors might be satisfied of her personal identity. With her nephew, Don Carlos, then a boy of ten years old, by her side, the Infanta met her father on the staircase of the palace of the Count of Melito, which he had chosen for his place of sojourn. The day following, the arrival of the two queens was celebrated by a grand procession, and by an evening banquet and ball in the royal palace, at which the emperor appears to have been present. Some few of the grandees, the Admiral and the Constable of Castile, Benavente, Astorga, Sesa, and others, were there to do honor to their ancient lord, whose hand was also kissed in due form by the members of the council of Castile. At this ball, or perhaps at some later festivity, Charles caused the wives of all his personal attendants to be assembled around him, and bade each, in particular, farewell. Perico de Sant Erbas, a famous jester of the court, passing by at the moment, the emperor good-humoredly saluted him by taking off his hat. "What! do you uncover to me?" said the bitter fool; "does it mean that you are no longer emperor?" "No, Pedro," replied the object of his jest; "it means that I have nothing to give you beyond this courtesy."

During his stay of ten days, Charles bestowed but a passing glance on the machine of government over which he had so long presided, and which was now directed by his demure daughter. The secretary of the council, Juan Vasquez de Molina, an old and trusted servant of his own, was the only public man with whom he held any confidential converse. The new rooms which he had caused to be erected at Yuste, and the ordering of his life there, were now of more moment to him than the movements of the leaguers in Flanders, or the state of opinion in Germany. He therefore gave frequent audiences to Francisco de Tofño, the general of the Jeromites, and to Fray Martin de An-

gulo, prior of Yuste. Having resolved that his solitude should be shared by his natural son, Don Juan of Austria, a nameless lad of ten, then living in the family of his mayordomo, Luis of Quixada, he despatched that trusty follower to remove his household from Castile to Estramadura.

It was at Valladolid that Charles saw for the first and last time the ill-fated child who bore his name, and had the prospect one day of wearing some of his crowns. Although only ten years old, Don Carlos had already shown symptoms of the mental malady which darkened the long life of Queen Juan, his great-grandmother by the side both of his father, Philip of Spain, and of his mother, Mary of Portugal. Of a sullen and passionate temper, he lived in a state of perpetual rebellion against his aunt, and displayed in the nursery the weakly mischievous spirit which marked his short career at his father's court. His grandfather appears not to have suspected that his mind was diseased, but to have regarded him as a forward and untractable child, whose future interests would be best served by an unsparing use of the rod. He therefore recommended increased severity of discipline, and remarked to his sisters, that he had observed with concern the boy's unpromising conduct and manners, and that it was very doubtful how the man would turn out. This opinion was conveyed by Queen Eleanor to Philip II., who had requested his aunt to note carefully the impression left by his son on the emperor's mind; and it is said to have laid the foundation for the aversion which the king entertained towards Carlos. Following the advice of her father, the Infanta soon after ordered the removal of the prince to Bergos; but the plague breaking out in that city, he was sent, by an ominous chance, to Tordesillas, to the palace from whose windows the unhappy Juana, dead to the living world, had gazed for forty-seven years at the sepulchre of her fair and faithless lord.

A sojourn of about ten days at Valladolid sufficed the emperor for rest, and for the preparations for his journey. His daughter was occupied with the duties of administration; and of his sisters he appears to have seen enough on the way from Flanders. Whether it was that he was weary of these royal matrons, or that he regarded their society as a worldly enjoyment which he ought to forego, he declined their proposal to come and reside near his retreat, at Plasencia. After much debate, they finally chose Guadalupe as their residence, where they quar-

relled with the duke of Infantado for refusing them his palace, and went to open war with the alcalde for imprisoning one of their serving-men.

Early in November,\* their brother set out on his last earthly journey. The distance from Valladolid to Yuste was between forty and fifty leagues, or somewhere between 130 and 150 English miles. The route taken has not been specified by the emperor's biographers. The best and the easiest road lay through Salamanca and Plasencia. But as he does not appear to have passed through the latter city, he probably likewise avoided the former, and the pageants and orations with which the doctors of the great university would have delighted to celebrate his visit. In that case, he must have taken the road by Medina del Campo and Peñaranda. At Medina he doubtless was lodged in the fine old palace of the crown, called the Torre de Mota, where, fifty years before, his grandmother, Isabella the Catholic, ended her noble life and glorious reign; and at Peñaranda he was probably entertained in the mansion of the Bracamontes. These two towns rise like islands in their naked undulating plains, covered partly with corn, partly with marshy heath. Southward, the country is clothed with straggling woods of evergreen oak, becoming denser at the base and on the lower slopes of the wild Sierra of Bejar, the centre of that mountain chain which forms the backbone of the peninsula, extending from Moncayo in Aragon, to the Rock of Lisbon on the Atlantic. At the alpine town of Bejar, cresting a bold height, and overhanging a tumbling stream, the great family of the Zuñigas, created dukes of the place by Isabella, and known to fame in arts and arms and the dedication of Don Quixote, possess a noble castle, ruined by the French, which there can be little doubt served as a halting-place for the imperial pilgrim. He advanced by very short stages, travelling in a litter, and often suffering great pain. But his spirits rose as he neared the desired haven. In the craggy gorge of Puertonuevo, as he was being carried over some unusually difficult ground in a chair, his attendants were deploring the extreme ruggedness of the pass. "I shall never have to go through another," said he, "and truly it is worth enduring some pain to reach so sweet and healthy a resting-place as Yuste." Having crossed the

\* Sandoval says he left on the 4th November; Cabrera, that he left on the 1st; and Sigüenza gives the end of October as the time of his departure.



mountains without mischance, he arrived on the eleventh of November, St. Martin's day, at Xarandilla, a little village at the foot of the steep Peñanegra, and then, as now, chiefly peopled with swineherds, whose pigs, feeding in the surrounding forests, maintain the fame of porciferous Estremadura. Here he took up his abode in the castle of the Count of Oropesa, head of a powerful branch of the great house of Toledo, and feudal lord of Xarandilla.

This visit, which was intended to be brief, was prolonged for nearly three months. Before entering the cloister of Yuste, the emperor wished to pay off the greater part of his retinue. But for this purpose money was needful, and money was the one thing always wanting in the affairs of Spain. The delay which took place in providing it on this occasion, has often been cited as an instance of the ingratitude of Philip II.; but it is probable that a bare exchequer and a clumsy system of finance, which crippled his actions as a king, have also blackened his character as a son.

The emperor endured the annoyance with his usual coolness. On his arrival at the castle, he was waited on by the prior of Yuste, with whom he had already become acquainted at Valladolid. He afterwards repaid the attention by making a forenoon excursion to Yuste, and inspecting more carefully the spot which his memory and his hope had so long pictured as the sweetest nook in a world of disappointment. This visit took place on the 23d of November, St. Catherine's day. On alighting at the convent, Charles immediately repaired to the church, and prayed there awhile; after which he was conducted over the monastic buildings, and then over the new apartments which had been erected for his reception. The plan of this addition had been made by the architect, Gaspar de Vega, from a sketch, it is said, drawn by the emperor's own hand. He now expressed himself as quite satisfied with the accuracy with which his ideas had been wrought out, and returned through the wintry woods in high good humor.

The arrival at Xarandilla of Luis Quixada, with Don Juan of Austria, was another of those little incidents which had become great events in the life of Charles. As he did not choose during his life to acknowledge the youth as his son, the future hero of Lepanto passed for the page of Quixada, and was presented to his father as bearer of an offering from Doña Magdalena de Ulloa. He was then in his twelfth year, and was re-

markable for his personal beauty and his engaging manners. These so captivated Charles, that he ever afterwards liked to have the boy about him; and it was one of the few solaces of his solitude to note the princely promise of this unknown son of his old age.

At length, the tardy treasury messenger arrived, bearing a bag of thirty thousand ducats for the former possessor of Mexico and Peru. The emperor was now enabled to pay their wages to the servants whom he was about to discharge. Some of these he recommended to the notice of the king or the princess-regent; to others he dispensed sparing gratuities in money; and so he closed his accounts with the world.

On the afternoon of the 3d of February, 1557, being the feast of St Blas, he was lifted into his litter for the last time, and was borne westward along the rough mountain track, beneath the leafless oaks, to the monastery of Yuste. He was accompanied by the count of Oropesa, Don Fernando de Toledo, and his own personal suite, including the followers whom he had just discharged, but who evinced their respect by attending him to his journey's close. The cavalcade reached Yuste about five in the evening. Prior Angulo was waiting to receive his imperial guest at the gate. On alighting, the emperor, being unable to walk, was placed in a chair, and carried to the door of the church. At the threshold he was met by the whole brotherhood in procession, chanting the *Te Deum* to the music of the organ. The altars and the aisle were brilliantly lighted up with tapers, and decked with their richest frontals, hangings, and plate. Borne through the pomp to the steps of the high altar, Charles knelt down and returned thanks to God for the happy termination of his journey, and joined in the vesper service of the brotherhood. When that was ended, the friars came to be presented to him one by one, each kissing his hand and receiving his fraternal embrace. During this ceremony, his departing servants stood round, expressing their emotion by tears and lamentations, which were still heard late in the evening, round the gate of the convent. Attended by the count of Oropesa and the gentlemen of his suite, Charles then retired to take possession of his new home, and to enter upon that life of prayer and repose for which he had so long sighed.

The monastery of Yuste stands on the lower slopes of the lofty mountain chain which walls towards the north the beautiful

Vera, or valley, of Plasencia. The city of Plasencia is seated seven leagues to the westward in the plains below; the village of Quacos lies about an English mile to the south, towards the foot of the mountain. The monastery owes its name to a streamlet which descends from the sierra, and its origin to the piety of one Sancho Martin, of Quacos, who granted, in 1402, a piece of land to two hermits from Plasencia. Here these holy men built their cells and planted an orchard, and obtained, in 1408, by the favor of the Infant Don Fernando, a bull for the foundation of a Jeromite house in the rule of St. Augustine. In spite, however, of this authority, while the works were still in progress, the friars of a neighboring convent, armed with an order from the bishop of Plasencia, set upon them and dispossessed them of their land and unfinished walls, an act of violence against which they appealed to the archbishop of Santiago. The judgment of the primate being given in their favor, they next applied for aid to their neighbor, Garci Alvarez de Toledo, Lord of Oropesa, who accordingly came forth from his castle of Xarandilla, and drove out the intruders. Nor was it only with the strong hand that this noble protected the young community; for at the chapter of St. Jerome, held at Guadalupe in 1415, their house would not have been received into the order, but for his generosity in guaranteeing a revenue sufficient for the maintenance of a prior and twelve brethren, under a rule in which mendicancy was forbidden. The buildings were also erected at his cost, and his subsequent benefactions were large and frequent. He was therefore constituted by the grateful monks protector of the convent, and the distinction became hereditary in his descendants, the counts of Oropesa.

Their early struggles past, the Jeromites of Yuste grew and prospered. Gifts and bequests were the chief events in their peaceful annals. They became patrons of chapelries and hermitages; they made them orchards and olive-groves; and their corn and wine increased. Their hostel, dispensary, and other offices, were patterns of monastic comfort and order; and in due time they built a new church, a simple, solid, and spacious structure in the pointed style. A few years before the emperor came to dwell amongst them, they had added to their small antique cloister a new quadrangle of stately proportions and elegant classical design.

Though more remarkable for the natural beauty around its walls than for the vigor of

the spiritual life within, Yuste did not fail to boast of its worthies. The prior Jerome, a son of the great house of Zuñiga, was cited as a model of austere and active holiness. The lay brother, Melchor de Yepes, crippled in felling a huge chesnut-tree in the forest, was a pattern of bed-ridden patience and piety. Fray Hernando de Corral was the scholar and book collector of the house; although he was also, for that reason perhaps, considered as scarcely of a sound mind. He left many copious notes in the fly-leaves of his black-letter folios. Fray Juan de Xeres, an old soldier of the great Captain, was distinguished by the gift of second-sight, and was nursed on his death-bed by the eleven thousand virgins. Still more favored was Fray Rodrigo de Caceres; for the Blessed Mary herself, in answer to his repeated prayers, came down in visible shape, and received his spirit on the eve of the feast of her Assumption. And prior Diego de San Geronimo was so popular in the Vera as a preacher, that when he grew old and infirm, the people of Garganta la Olla endeavored to lure him to their pulpit by making a road, which was called that of Fray Diego.

In works of charity—that redeeming virtue of the monastic system—the fathers of Yuste were diligent and bounteous. Six hundred fanegas, or about one hundred and twenty quarters of wheat, in ordinary years, and in years of scarcity as much as fifteen hundred fanegas were distributed at the convent-gate; large donations of bread, meat, and oil and some money were made, either publicly or in private, by the prior, at Easter and other festivals; and the sick poor in the village of Quacos were freely supplied with food, medicine, and advice.

The lodging, or palace, as the friars loved to call it, of the emperor, was constructed under the eye of Fray Antonio de Villacastin, a brother of the house, and afterwards well known to fame as the master of the works at the Escorial. The site of it had been inspected in May, 1554, by Philip II., then on his way to England to marry queen Mary Tudor. Backed by the massive south wall of the church, the building presented its simple front of two stories to the garden and the noontide sun. Each story contained four chambers, two on either side of a corridor, which traverses the structure from east to west, and leads at either end into a broad porch, or covered gallery, supported on pillars, and open to the air. All the rooms were furnished with ample fire-places, in accordance with the Flemish wants and ways

of the inhabitants. The chambers which look on the garden are bright and pleasant, but those on the north side are gloomy, and even dark, the light being admitted only by windows opening on the corridor, or on the external and deeply-shadowed porches. Charles inhabited the upper rooms, and slept in that at the north-east corner, from which a door or window had been cut through the church wall, within the chancel, and close to the high altar. From the eastern porch, or gallery, an inclined path led down into the garden, to save him the fatigue of going up and down stairs. His attendants were, for the most part, lodged in apartments built for them near the new cloister; and the hostel of the convent was given up to the physician, the bakers, and the brewers. His private rooms being surrounded on three sides by the garden, he took exclusive possession of that, and put it under the care of gardeners of his own. The friars established their pot-herbs in a piece of ground to the eastward, behind some tall elm trees, and adjoining the emperor's domain, but separated from it by a high wall, which they caused to be built when they found that he wished for complete seclusion.

Time, with its chances and changes, has dealt rudely with this fair home of the monarch and the monk. Yuste was sacked in 1809 by the French invader; and in later years, the Spanish informer has annihilated the race of picturesque drones, who, for a while, re-occupied, and might have repaired the ruins of their pleasant hive. Of the two cloisters, the greater is choked with the rubbish of its fallen upper story, its richly-carved capitals peeping here and there from the soil and wild shrubs. Two sides of the smaller and older cloister still stand, with tottering blackened walls, and rotting floors and ceilings. The strong, granite-vaulted church is a hollow shell; the fine wood-work of its stalls has been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Quacos; and the beautiful blue and yellow tiles which lined the chancel are fast dropping from the walls. In the emperor's dwelling, the lower chambers are turned into a magazine of firewood; and in the rooms above, where he lived and died, maize and olives are garnered, and the silkworm winds its cocoon in dust and darkness. But the lovely face of nature, the hill, the forest, and the field, the generous soil, and the genial sky, remain with charms unchanged, to testify how well the imperial eagle chose the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings. From the

balcony of Charles' cabinet the eye ranges over a foreground of rounded knolls, clad in walnut and chesnut, in which the mountain dies gently away into the broad bosom of the Vera. Not a building is in sight, but a summer-house, peering above mulberry tops, at the lower side of the garden, and a hermitage of Our Lady of Solitude, about a mile distant, hung upon a rocky height, that swells like an isle out of the sea of forest. Immediately below the windows the garden slopes gently to the sun, shaded here and there with the massive foliage of the fig, or feathery almond boughs, and breathing perfume from tall orange-trees, cuttings of which some monks themselves transplanted, vainly strove to keep alive at the bleak Escorial. And beyond the west wall, filling all the wide space in front of the gates of the convent and the palace, rises the noble shade of the great walnut tree, *el nogal grande*, of Yuste—a forest-king, which has seen the hermit's cell rise into a royal convent, and sink into a ruin; which has seen the beginning and the end of the Spanish order of Jerome, and the Spanish dynasty of Austria.

At Xarandilla, Charles had cast aside the last shreds of the purple. The annual revenue which he had reserved to himself out of the wealth of half the world, was twelve thousand ducats, or about fifteen hundred pounds sterling. His confidential attendants were eleven in number: Louis Quixada, chamberlain and chief of the household; Martin Gatzelu, secretary; William Van Male, gentleman of the chamber; Moron, gentleman of the chamber and almoner; Juan Gaytan, steward; Henrique Matisio Charles Pubest, usher; and two valets. Juanelo Turriano, an Italian engineer, who had acquired a considerable reputation by his hydraulic works to supply water to the Alcazar of Toledo, was engaged to assist in the philosophical experiments and mechanical labors which formed the emperor's principal amusement. Last, but not least, a Jeromite father from Sta. Engracio, at Zaragoza, Fray Juan de Regla, filled the important post of confessor. The lower rank of servants, cooks, brewers, bakers, grooms, and scullions, and a couple of laundresses, swelled the total number of his household to about sixty persons, an establishment not greater than was then maintained by many a private *hidalgo*.

The mayordomo, Luis Quixada, or, to give him his entire appellation, Luis Mendez Quixada Manual de Figueredo y Mendoza, is worthy of notice, not only as first minister of this tiny court, but as being closely associa-



ated with one of the greatest names in the military history of Europe. A courtier and soldier from his early youth, he was heir of an elder brother, slain before Tunis, who had been one of the most distinguished captains of the famous infantry of Castille; and he had been himself for many years the tried companion-in-arms and the trusted personal friend of the emperor. In 1549 he married Doña Magdalena de Ulloa, a lady of ancient race and gentlest nature, with whom he retired for a while to his patrimonial lordship of Villagarcia, near Valladolid.

On his quitting the court at Brussels, Charles confided to his care his illegitimate son, Don Juan of Austria, then a boy of four years old, exacting a promise of strict secrecy as to his parentage. The boy was accordingly brought up with the tenderest care by the childless Magdalena; and the secret of his birth so well kept, that she for many years suspected him to be the fruit of some early attachment of her lord. When the emperor retired to Yuste, Quixada followed him thither, removing his household from Villagarcia, and establishing it in the neighborhood of the convent, probably in the village of Quacos.

He was thus enabled to enjoy somewhat of the society of his wife, and the emperor had the gratification of seeing his son when he chose. Don Juan was now a fine lad, in his eleventh year. He passed amongst the neighbors for Quixada's page, and remained under the guardianship of Doña Magdalena, whose efforts to imbue him with devotion towards the Blessed Virgin are supposed by his historians to have borne good fruit in the banners, embroidered with our Lady's image, which floated from his galleys at Lepanto. He likewise exercised in the Yuste forest the cross-bow, which had dealt destruction amongst the sparrows of Leganes, his early home in Castille.

If the number of servants in the train of Charles should savor, in this age, somewhat of unnecessary parade, the ascetic character of the recluse will be redeemed by a glance at the interior of his dwelling. "The palace of Yuste, when prepared for his reception, seemed," says the historian Sandoval, "rather to have been newly pillaged by the enemy than furnished for a great prince." Accustomed from his infancy to the finest tapestry, designed by Italian pencils for the looms of Flanders, he now lived within walls entirely bare, except in his bed-chamber, which was hung with coarse brown or black cloth. The sole appliances for rest to be

found in his apartments, were a bed and an old arm-chair, not worth four reals. Four silver trenchers of the plainest kind, for the use of his table, were the only things amongst his goods and chattles which could tempt a thief to break through and steal. A few choice pictures alone remained with him, as memorials of the magnificence which he had foregone, and of the arts which he had so loved. Over the high altar of the convent church, and within sight of his bed, he is said to have placed that celebrated composition known as *The Glory of Titian*, a picture of the Last Judgment, in which Charles, his beautiful empress, and their royal children, were represented, in the great painter's noblest style, as entering the heavenly mansions of life eternal. He had also brought with him a portrait of the empress, and a picture of our Lord's Agony in the Garden, likewise from the easel of Titian; and there is now at the Escorial a masterpiece by the same hand, St. Jerome praying in his cavern, which is traditionally reputed to have hung in his oratory at Yuste.

From the garden beneath the palace windows the emperor's table was supplied with fruit and vegetables; and a couple of cows, grazing in the forest, furnished him with milk. A pony and an old mule composed the entire stud of the prince, who formerly took peculiar pleasure in possessing the stoutest chargers of Guelderland and the fleetest genets of Cordova.

To atone, perhaps, for such deficiency of creature comforts, the general of the Jeromites and the prior of Yuste had been at some pains to provide their guest with spiritual luxuries. Knowing his passionate love of music, they had recruited the force of their choir with fourteen or fifteen brethren distinguished for their fine voices and musical skill. And for his sole benefit and delectation they had provided no less than three preachers, the most eloquent in the Spanish fold of Jerome. The first of these, Fray Juan de Acaloras, harangued his way to the bishopric of the Canaries; the second, Fray Francisco de Villalva, also obtained by his sermons great fame, and the post of chaplain to Philip II.; while the third, Fray Juan de Santandres, though less noted as an orator, was had in reverence as a prophet, having foretold the exact day and hour of his own death.

A short time sufficed for the emperor to accustom himself to the simple and changeless tenor of monastic life. Every morning his confessor appeared at his bed-side, to inquire how he had passed the night, and to assist him in his private devotions. At ten



he rose, and was dressed by his valets, after which he heard mass in the convent church. According to his invariable habit, which in Italy was said to have given rise to the saying, *dalla messa, alla mensa*, (from mass to mess,) he went from church to dinner, about noon. Eating had ever been one of his favorite pleasures, and it was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy, or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine upon the rich dishes against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had vainly protested a quarter of a century before. Eel-pasties, anchovies, and frogs, were the savory food which he loved, unwisely and too well, as Frederick afterwards loved his polenta. The meal was long, for his teeth were few and far between; and his hands, also, were much disabled by gout, in spite of which he always chose to carve for himself. His physician attended him at table, and at least learned the cause of the mischiefs which his art was to counteract. While he dined, he conversed with the doctor on matters of science, generally of natural history, and if any difference of opinion arose between them, the confessor was sent for to settle the point out of Pliny. When the cloth was drawn, Fray Juan de Regla came to read to him, generally from one of his favorite divines—Augustine, Jerome, or Bernard; an exercise which was followed by conversation and an hour of slumber. At three o'clock, the monks were assembled in the convent to hear a sermon delivered by one of the imperial preachers, or a passage read from the Bible, usually from the epistle to the Romans, the emperor's favorite book. To these discourses or readings Charles always listened with profound attention; and if sickness or letter-writing prevented his attendance, he never failed to send a formal excuse to the prior, and to require from his confessor an account of what had been preached or read. The rest of the afternoon he sometimes whiled away in the workshop of Turriano, and in the construction of pieces of mechanism, especially clocks, of which more than a hundred were said, in one rather improbable account, to tick in the emperor's apartments, and reckon to a fraction the hours of his retired leisure. Sometimes he fed his pet birds, which appear to have taken the place of the stately wolf-hounds that followed at his heel in the days when he sat to Titian; or a stroll amongst his fruit-trees and flowers filled up the time to vespers and supper. At the lower end of the garden, approached by a closely-shaded path, there

may still be seen the ruins of a little summer-house, closely embowered, and looking out upon the woodlands of the Vera. Beyond this limit the emperor rarely extended his excursions, which were always made, slowly and painfully, on foot; for the first time that he mounted his pony he was seized with a violent giddiness, and almost fell into the arms of his attendants. Such was the last appearance, in the saddle, of the accomplished cavalier, of whom his troopers used to say, that had he not been born a king, he would have been the prince of light-horsemen, and whose seat and hand excited at Calais gate the admiration of the English knights fresh from the tournaments—

Where England vied with France in pride,  
On the famous field of gold.

Music, which had been one of the chief pleasures of his secular life, continued to solace and cheer him to the last. In the conduct of the organ and the choir he took the greatest interest, and through the window which opened from his bed-chamber upon the high altar, his voice might often be heard accompanying the chant of the friars. His ear never failed to detect a wrong note, and the mouth whence it came; and he would frequently mutter the name of the offender, with the addition of "*hideputa bermejo*," or some other epithet which savored rather of the soldier than the saint. Guerrero, a chapel-master of Seville, having presented him with his book of masses and motets, he caused one of the former to be performed before him. When it was ended, he remarked to his confessor that Guerrero was a cunning thief; and going over the piece, he pointed out the plagiarisms with which it abounded, and named the composers whose works had suffered pillage.

In laying down the sceptre, Charles had resolved to have no farther personal concern with temporal affairs. The petitioners, who at first besieged his retreat, soon ceased from troubling, when they found themselves referred to the princess-regent at Valladolid, or to the king in Flanders. He declined giving any attention to matters beyond the walls of the convent, unless they concerned the interests of his children or the church. His advice was, however, frequently asked by his son and daughter, and couriers often went and came between Yuste and the courts. But with the patronage of the state he never interfered, except on two occasions, when he recommended the case of a Catalonian lady to the favorable consideration of the Infanta

and asked for an order of knighthood for a veteran brother in arms.

The rites of religion now formed the business of his life, and he transacted that business with his usual method and regularity. No enthusiast novice was ever more solicitous to fulfill to the letter every law of his rubric. On the first Sunday of his residence at the convent, as he went to high mass, he observed the friar who was sprinkling the holy water hesitate when his turn came to be aspersed. Taking the hyssop, therefore, from his hand, he bestowed a plentiful shower upon his own face and clothes, saying, as he returned the instrument, "This, father, is the way you must do it next time." Another friar, offering the pyx to his lips in a similar diffident manner, he took it between his hands, and not only kissed it fervently, but applied it to his forehead and eyes with true oriental reverence. Although provided with an indulgence for eating before communion, he never availed himself of it but when he was suffering from extreme debility; and he always heard two masses on the days when he received the eucharist. On Ash Wednesday, he required his entire household, down to the meanest scullion, to communicate; and on these occasions he stood on the top step of the altar, to observe that the muster was complete. For the benefit of his Flemings, he had a chaplain of their country, who lived at Xarandilla, and came over at stated times, when his flock were assembled for confession. The emperor himself usually heard mass from the window of his bed-chamber, which looked into the church; but at complines he went up into the choir with the fathers, and prayed in a devout and audible tone, in his tribune. During the season of Lent, which came round twice during his residence at Yuste, he regularly appeared in his place in the choir, on Fridays, when it was the custom of the fraternity to perform their discipline in public; and at the end of the appointed prayers, extinguishing the taper which he, like the rest, held in his hand, he flogged himself with such sincerity of purpose, that the scourge was stained with blood, and the beholders singularly edified. On Good Friday, he went forth at the head of his household to adore the holy cross; and although he was so infirm that he was obliged to be almost carried by the men on whom he leaned, he insisted upon prostrating himself three times upon the ground, in the manner of the friars, before he approached the blessed symbol with his lips. The feast of St. Matthew, his birth-day—a day of great things in his life—he always

celebrated with peculiar devotion. He appeared at mass, in a dress of ceremony, and wearing the collar of the Fleece; and at the time of the offertory, he went forward, and expressed his gratitude to God by a large donation. The church was thronged with strangers; and the crowd who could not gain admittance was so great, that one sermon was preached outside, whilst another was being pronounced before the emperor and his household within.

With the friars, his hosts, Charles lived on the most familiar and friendly footing. When the visitors of the order paid their triennial visit of inspection to Yuste, they represented to him, with all respect, that his majesty himself was the only inmate of the convent with whom they had any fault to find; and they entreated him to discontinue those benefactions which he was in the habit of bestowing on the fraternity, and which the rule of St. Jerome did not allow his children to receive. He knew all the fathers by name and by sight, and frequently conversed with them, as well as with the prior. One of his favorites was a lay-brother, called Alonso Mudarra, once a man of rank and family in the world, and now working out his own salvation in the humble post of cook to the convent. This worthy had an only daughter, who did not share her father's contempt for mundane things. When she came with her husband to visit him at Yuste, Fray Alonso, arrayed in his dirtiest apron, thus addressed her: "Daughter, behold my gala apparel; obedience is now my treasure and my pride; for you, in your silks and vanities, I entertain profound pity." So saying, he returned to his kitchen, and would never see her more; an effort of holiness to which he appears to owe his place in the chronicles of the order.

The emperor was conversing one day with his confessor, Regla, when that priest chose to speak, in the mitre-shunning cant of his cloth, of the great reluctance which he had felt in accepting a post of such weighty responsibility. "Never fear," said Charles, somewhat maliciously, and as if conscious that he was dealing with a hypocrite; "before I left Flanders, four doctors were engaged for a whole year in easing my conscience; so you have nothing to answer for but what happens here."

When he had completed a year of residence at the convent, some good-humored bantering passed between him and the master of the novices, about its being now time for him to make profession; and he afterwards said that he was prevented from taking

the vows of the order, and becoming a monk in earnest, only by the state of his health. St. Blas's day, 1558, the anniversary of his arrival was held as a festival, and celebrated by masses, the *Te Deum*, a procession by the fathers, and a sermon by Villalva. In the afternoon, the emperor gave a sumptuous repast to the whole convent, out in the fields, it being the custom of the fraternity to celebrate any accession to their numbers by a pic-nic. The country people about Plasencia sent a quantity of partridges and kids to aid the feast, which was likewise enlivened by the presence of the Flemish servants, male and female, and his other retainers, from the village of Quacos. The prior provided a more permanent memorial of the day by opening a new book for the names of brethren admitted into the convent, on the first leaf of which the emperor inscribed his name—an autograph which remained the pride of the archives till their destruction by the dragoons of Buonaparte.

The retired emperor had not many visitors in his solitude; and of these few, Juan de Vega, president of the council of Castile, was the only personage in high office. He was sent down by the princess-regent, apparently to see that her father was treated with due attention by the provincial authorities. But with his neighbors, great and small, Charles lived in a state of amity which it would have been well for the world had he been able to maintain with his fellow-potentates of Christendom. The few nobles and gentry of the Vera were graciously received when they came to pay their respects at Yuste. Oropesa and his brothers frequently rode forth from Xarandilla, to inquire after the health of their former guest. From Plasencia came a still more distinguished and no less welcome guest, Luis de Avila, comendador-mayor of Alcantara. Long the *fidus Achates* of the emperor, this old soldier-courtier had obtained considerable fame by becoming his Quintus Curtius. His Commentaries on the Wars against the Protestants of Germany, first published in 1546, had been several times reprinted, and had already been translated into Latin, French, Flemish, English, and Italian. Having married the wealthy heiress of the Zufigas, he was now living in laurelled ease at Plasencia, in that fine palace of Mirabel, which is still one of the chief ornaments of the beautiful city. The memoirs of the campaigns in Africa, which he is said to have left in manuscript, were perhaps the occupation of his leisure. Charles always

received his historian with kindness; and it is characteristic of the times, that it was noted as a mark of singular favor, that he ordered a capon to be reserved for him from his own well-supplied board. It may seem strange that a retired prince, who had never been a lover of parade, should not have broken through the ceremonial law which condemned a monarch to eat alone. But we must remember that he was a Spaniard living amongst Spaniards; and that, near a century later, the force of forms was still so strong, that the great minister of France, when most wanting in ships, preferred that the Spanish fleet should retire from the blockade of Rochelle, rather than that the admiral should wear his grandee hat in the Most Christian presence.

The emperor was fond of talking over his feats of arms with the veteran who had shared and recorded them. One day, in the course of such conversation, Don Luis said that he had caused a ceiling of his house to be painted in fresco, with a view of the battle of Renti, and the Frenchmen flying before the soldiers of Castille. "Not so," said Charles; "let the painter modify this if he can; for it was no headlong flight, but an honorable retreat." This was not the less candid, that French historians claim the victory for their own side. Considering that the action had been fought only three or four years before it was said to have been painted, it is possible that Renti has been substituted for the name of some other less doubtful field. But Luis de Avila was of easy faith when the honor of Castille was concerned, and may well be supposed capable of setting down a success to the wrong account, when he did not hesitate to record it in his book, that the miracle of Ajalon had been repeated at Muhlberg. Some years afterwards the duke of Alva, who had been in that battle, was asked by the French king whether he had observed that the sun stood still. "I was so busy that day," said the old soldier, "with what was passing on earth, that I had no time to notice what took place in heaven."

An anecdote of Avila and his master, though not falling within the period of their retirement to Estremadura, may be related here, as serving to show the characters of the two men. Some years before his abdication, Charles had amused the leisure of his sick-room by making a prose translation of Olivier de la Marches' forgotten allegorical poem, *Le Chevalier delibere*. He then employed Fernando de Acunha, a man of let-



ters attached to the Saxon court, to turn his labors into Castilian verse, and he finally handed it over to William Van Male, one of the gentlemen of the chamber, telling him that he might publish it for his own benefit. Avila and the other Spaniards hearing of the concession, wickedly affected the greatest envy at the good fortune of the Fleming; the historian, in particular, in his quality of author, assuring the emperor that the publication could not fail to realize a profit of five hundred crowns. That desire to print, which, more or less developed, exists in every one that writes, being thus stimulated by the suggestion, that to gratify that desire would be to confer a favor which should cost him nothing. Charles became impatient to see his lucubrations in type. Insisting that his bounty should be accepted at once, he turned a deaf ear to the timid hints of Van Male, as to the risk and expense of the speculation; and the end was, that the poor man had to pay Jean Steels for printing and publishing two thousand copies of a book, which is now scarce, probably because the greater part of the impression passed at once from the publisher to the pastry-cook. The waggy on the part of Avila was the more wicked, because the victim had translated his Commentaries into Latin for him. It forms, however, the subject of an agreeable letter, wherein Van Male complains of the undue expectations raised in the emperor's mind by his "windy Spaniards," and ruefully looks forward to reaping a harvest of mere straw and chaff.

It was not only by calling at Yuste that the noble lieges of the emperor testified their homage. Mules were driven to his gate laden with more substantial tokens of loyalty and affection. The Count of Oropesa kept his table supplied with game from the forest and the hill; and the prelates of Toledo, Mondoñedo Segovia, and Salamanca offered similar proofs that they had not forgotten the giver of their mitres. The Jeromites of Guadalupe, rich in sheep and beeves, sent calves, lambs fattened on bread, and delicate fruits; and from his sister Catherine, queen of Portugal, there came every fortnight a supply of conserves and linen.

The villagers of Quacos alone furnished some exceptions to the respect in which their imperial neighbor was held. Although they received the greater part of the hundred ducats which he dispensed every month for charitable purposes, they poached the trout in the fish-ponds which had been formed for his service in Garganta la Olla; and they

drove his cows to the parish pound whenever they strayed beyond their legitimate pastures. One fellow, having sold the crop on his cherry-tree at double its value, to the emperor's purveyor, when he found that it was left ungathered for a few days, took the opportunity of disposing of it a second time to another purchaser, who, of course, left nothing but bare boughs to the rightful owner of the fruit. Wearied with these annoyances, the emperor complained to the President of Castille, who administered to the district judge, one Licentiate Murga, a severe rebuke, which that functionary, in his turn, visited upon the unruly rustics. Several culprits were apprehended; but while Castilian justice was taking its deliberate course, some of them who were related to friars of Yuste, by the influence of their friends at court, got the emperor himself to petition that the sentence might be light.

To his servants Charles was a kind and lenient master. He bore patiently with Adrian, the cook, though he left the cinnamon that he loved out of the dishes; and he contented himself with mildly admonishing Pelayo, the baker, who got drunk and neglected his oven, of which the result was burnt bread, that sorely tried the toothless gums of his master. His old military habits, however, still adhered to him, and though gentle in his manner of enforcing it, he was something of a martinet in maintaining the discipline of his household and the convent. Nor had he lost that love of petty economies which made him sit bareheaded in the rain without the walls of Naumburg, saving a new velvet cap under his arm, while they fetched him an old one from the town. Observing, in his walks, or from his window, that a certain basket daily came and went between his garden and the garden of the friars, he caused Moron to institute an examination, which led to the harmless discovery that his Flemings were in the habit of bartering egg-plants with the Jeromites for onions. He had also been disturbed by suspicious gatherings of young women at the convent gate, who stood there gossiping under pretence of receiving alms. When the visitors came their rounds, he therefore brought the matter under their notice. The result of the complaint was, that the conventual dole was ordered to be sent round in certain portions to the alcaldes of the various villages, for distribution on the spot; and, moreover, the crier went down the straggling, uneven street of Quacos, making the ungallant proclamation, that any woman who



should be found nearer to Yuste than a certain oratory, about two gunshots from the gate, should be punished with a hundred stripes.

In the month of September, 1557, the emperor received a visit from his sisters, the Queens Eleanor and Mary. These royal widows, weary of Guadalajara, its unyielding duke, and its troublesome alcalde, were once more in search of a residence. They had cast their eyes on the banks of the Guadiana, and they were now on their way to that frontier of Portugal. Neither the convent nor the palace of Yuste being sufficiently commodious to receive them, they lived at Xarandilla, as guests of Oropesa. The shattered health of the Queen of France rendered the journey from the castle to the convent, although performed in a litter, so fatiguing to her, that she accomplished it only twice. Nor was her brother's strength sufficient to enable him to return the visits of his favorite sister. But Queen Mary was seven years younger, and still possessed much of the vigor which amazed Roger Ascham, when he met her galloping into Tongres, far ahead of her suite, although it was the tenth day she had passed in the saddle. She therefore mounted her horse almost

every day, and rode through the fading forest to converse with the recluse at Yuste. At the end of a fortnight the queens took a sorrowful leave of their brother, and proceeded on their way to Badajoz, whither the Infanta Mary of Portugal, daughter of Queen Eleanor, had come from Lisbon to receive them. After this meeting, which was destined to be the last, the queens returned to the little town of Talaverilla, on the bare plains of Merida, where they had determined to fix their abode. But they found there no continuing city. In a few weeks Eleanor was seized with a fever, which carried her off on the 25th of February, 1558, the sixtieth year of her age. When the emperor heard of her illness, he despatched Luis Quixada to attend upon her; but she was already at rest ere the mayordomo reached Talaverilla. Queen Mary went back with Quixada to Yuste. Her health being now much shaken, and the emperor being unable to move from the convent, she was lodged, on this occasion, in his apartments. At the end of eight days, she bade him a last farewell, and retired to Cigales, a hamlet two leagues north of Valladolid, and crowning a vine-clad hill on the western side of the valley of the Pisuergra.

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From Dickens' Household Words.

## THE STORY OF GIOVANNI BELZONI.

ONE day, in the beginning of the year 1803, Mr. Salt, whose name has since become so celebrated amongst the discoverers of Egyptian antiquities, observed before one of the public rooms of Edinburgh a great crowd assembled. For almost every one there exists a mysterious attraction in the sight of a number of people, and Mr. Salt, no wiser than his neighbors, pushed his way, when the doors were opened into the room. There, on a sort of stage, he saw a tall and powerfully-built young man performing various gymnastic exercises, and feats of strength. While this Hercules in tinsel was lifting enormous weights, and jumping from a table over the heads of twelve men, a pretty, deli-

cate-looking young woman, was arranging some hydraulic machines and musical glasses, with which the entertainment was to terminate. As the price of admission was nominal, she occasionally also handed round a small wooden bowl, in order to collect gratuities from the spectators.

Very few of those who were enjoying the exhibition gave anything; and when the young woman approached her husband, and showed him the few coins she had received, he hastened to terminate his performance. Mr. Salt pitied the poor fellow, and as the young woman was passing said to her:

"You forgot to present your bowl for my contribution. Here it is."

He slipped a silver coin into her hand. Both she and her husband thanked him warmly; the latter in broken English, and with an Italian accent.

Mr. Salt, who had but just returned from Rome, replied in Italian; and perceiving, in the stranger's manner of expressing himself, a degree of refinement not to be expected from a mountebank, asked him whence he came, and what was his history.

"Six months ago, sir," replied the man, "if any one had told me that I should be reduced to earn my bread by exhibiting my strength in public, I should have felt greatly inclined to knock him down. I came to England for the purpose of making known some hydraulic machines of my invention; but the spirit of routine, and the love of ignorance, closed every avenue against me. Previously, before losing all my hopes of success, I married this young girl. Had I been alone in the world, I verily believe that the bitter destruction of my expectations would have rendered me careless of supporting life; but how could I leave *her* in misery?"

"But why not try to display your really extraordinary strength and dexterity under more favorable circumstances? Why do you not offer your services to some theatrical manager?"

"Hungry people, sir, cannot wait. I did not think of resorting to this method of earning a piece of bread, until I saw my wife ready to perish for want of it."

The kind Mr. Salt not only relieved his immediate wants, but offered to recommend him and his wife to the manager of Astley's Circus, in London. Gratefully and eagerly did the wanderers accept this offer; and while in company with their benefactor, who paid for their places on the coach, they journeyed towards town, the man related his history. Born at Padua, the son of a poor barber, and one of fourteen children, Giovanni Battista Belzoni felt from his earliest youth a longing desire to visit foreign lands. This "truant disposition" was fostered, if not caused, by the stories of maritime adventures told him by an old sailor, who was strongly suspected of having, during many years, practised the profession of a pirate.

The reading, or rather devouring, of a translated copy of "Robinson Crusoe," (and it is a most remarkable circumstance that the book, which has for its avowed purpose the disheartening of restless adventurers, should have made wanderers and voyagers innumerable,) gave form and fixedness to his purpose of rambling; and, in company with

his youngest brother, the boy set out one fine morning, without any intention but the somewhat vague one of "traveling to seek their fortune." The young fugitives walked several miles, without knowing, in the least, whither they were going, when a pedlar, who was riding slowly by in a cart, accosted them, and asked if they were going to Ferrara. Belzoni, although he had never heard the name before, immediately answered in the affirmative. The good-natured merchant, pleased with the countenances, and pitying the tired looks of the children, not only gave them a place in his vehicle, but shared with them his luncheon of bread, cheese, and fruit. That night they occupied part of their companion's lodging; but next day, as his business required him to stop at the village where they slept, the two boys took leave of him, and pursued their journey. Their next adventure was not so fortunate. Meeting an empty return carriage, they asked the *vetturino* to give them a ride; and he consenting, they joyfully got in. Arrived at Ferrara, the *vetturino* asked them for money. Giovanni, astonished, replied that they had none; and the unfeeling man stripped the poor children of their upper garments, leaving them half naked and penniless in the streets of an unknown city. Giovanni's undaunted spirit would have led him still to persevere in the wild-goose chase which had lured him from his home; but his brother Antonio wept, and complained so loudly, that he was fain to console the child by consenting to retrace their steps to Padua. That night, clasped in each other's arms, they slept beneath a doorway, and the next morning set out for their native city, begging their food on the journey.

The severe chastisement which Giovanni, as the instigator of this escapade, received on his return, did not in anywise cure his love of rambling. He submitted, however, to learn his father's trade, and at the age of eighteen, armed with shaving and hair-cutting implements, he set out for Rome, and there exercised the occupation of a barber with success. After some time, he became deeply attached to a girl, who, after encouraging his addresses, deserted him and married a wealthy rival. This disappointment preyed so deeply on Belzoni, that, renouncing at the same time love and the razor, the world and the brazen bowl of suds, he entered a convent, and became a Capuchin. The leisure of the cloister was employed by him in the study of hydraulics; and he was busy in constructing an Artesian well within the monastic pre-

cincts when the French army under Napoleon took possession of Rome. The monks of every order were expelled and dispersed; and our poor Capuchin, obliged to cut his own beard, purchased once more the implements of his despised calling, and traveled into Holland, the head-quarters of hydraulics, which were still his passion. The Dutch did not encourage him, and he came to this country. Here he met his future wife, and consoled himself for his past misfortunes by marrying one who proved, through weal and woe, a fond and faithful partner. The crude hydraulic inventions of a wandering Italian were as little heeded here as on the Continent; and we have already seen the expedient to which Belzoni was obliged to have recourse when Mr. Salt met him in Edinburgh.

Having reached London, the kind antiquary introduced his *protégés* to the manager of Astley's. The practised eye of the renowned equestrian immediately appreciated at their value the beauty and athletic vigor of the Paduan Goliath; and he engaged both him and his wife at a liberal salary. He caused a piece, entitled "The twelve labors of Hercules," to be arranged expressly for his new performers; and Mr. Salt had soon afterwards the satisfaction of seeing Giovanni Belzoni appear on the stage, carrying twelve men on his arms and shoulders, while Madame, in the costume of Cupid, stood at the top, as the apex of a pyramid, and waved a tiny crimson flag.

After some time, Mr. Salt went to Egypt as consul, and there became acquainted with Signor Drouetti. The two friends, equally enthusiastic on the subject of Egyptian antiquities, set to work to prosecute researches, with an ardor of rivalry which approached somewhat too nearly to jealousy. Each aspired to undertake the boldest expeditions, and to attempt the most hazardous excavations. But the great object of their ambition was an enormous bust of Memnon, in rose-colored granite, which lay half buried in the sand on the left bank of the Nile.

Signor Drouetti had failed in all his attempts to raise it, nor was Mr. Salt a whit more successful. One day, while the latter was thinking what a pity it was that such a precious monument should be left to perish by decay, a stranger asked to speak with him. Mr. Salt desired him to be admitted; and immediately, despite his visitor's oriental garb and long beard, he recognised the Hercules of Astley's.

"What has brought you to Egypt?" asked the astonished consul.

"You shall hear, sir," replied the Italian. "After having completed my engagement in London, I set out for Lisbon, where I was employed by the manager of the theatre of San Carlo to perform the part of Samson, in a Scriptural piece which had been arranged expressly for me. From thence I went to Madrid, where I appeared with applause in the theatre Della Puerto del Sol. After having collected a tolerable sum of money, I resolved to come here. My first object is to induce the Pasha to adopt an hydraulic machine for raising the waters of the Nile."

Mr. Salt then explained his wishes respecting the antiquities; but Belzoni could not, he said, enter upon that till he had carried out his scheme of waterworks.

He was accompanied, he said in continuation, by Mrs. Belzoni, and by an Irish lad of the name of James Curtain; and had reached Alexandria just as the plague was beginning to disappear from that city, as it always does on the approach of St. John's day, when, as almost everybody knows, "out of respect for the saint," it entirely ceases. The state of the country was still very alarming, yet Mr. Belzoni and his little party ventured to land, and performed quarantine in the French quarter; where, though really very unwell, they were wise enough to disguise their situation; "for the plague is so dreadful a scourge," he observed, "and operates so powerfully on human fears and human prejudices, that, during its prevalence, if a man be ill, he must be ill of the plague, and if he die, he must have died of the plague."

Belzoni went straight to Cairo, where he was well received by Mr. Baghos, interpreter to Mahommed Ali, to whom Mr. Salt recommended him. Mr. Baghos immediately prepared to introduce him to the Pasha, that he might come to some arrangement respecting the hydraulic machine, which he proposed to construct for watering the gardens of the seraglio. As they were proceeding towards the palace, through one of the principal streets of Cairo, a fanatical Mussulman struck Mr. Belzoni so fiercely on the leg with his staff, that it tore away a large piece of flesh. The blow was severe, and the discharge of blood copious, and he was obliged to be conveyed home, where he remained under cure thirty days before he could support himself on the wounded leg. When able to leave the house, he was presented to the Pasha,

who received him very civilly; but on being told of the misfortune which had happened to him, contented himself with coolly observing, "that such accidents could not be avoided where there were troops."

An arrangement was immediately concluded for erecting a machine, which was to raise as much water with one ox as the ordinary ones do with four. Mr. Belzoni soon found, however, that he had many prejudices to encounter, and many obstacles to overcome, on the part of those who were employed in the construction of the work, as well as of those who owned the cattle engaged in drawing water for the Pasha's gardens. The fate of a machine which had been sent from England taught him to augur no good for that which he had undertaken to construct. Though of the most costly description, and every way equal to perform what it was calculated to do, it had failed to answer the unreasonable expectations of the Turks,—because "the quantity of water raised by it was not sufficient to inundate the whole country in an hour!—which was their measure of the power of an English water-wheel."

When that of Belzoni was completed, the Pasha proceeded to the gardens of Soubra to witness its effect. The machine was set to work, and, although constructed of bad materials, and of unskillful workmanship, its powers were greater than had been contracted for; yet the Arabs, from interested motives, declared against it. The Pasha, however, though evidently disappointed, admitted that it was equal to four of the ordinary kind, and, consequently, accorded with the agreement. Unluckily, he took it into his head to have the oxen removed, and, "by way of frolic," to see what effect could be produced by putting fifteen men into the wheel. The Irish lad got in with them; but no sooner had the wheel begun to turn than the Arabs jumped out, leaving the lad alone in it. The wheel, relieved from its load, flew back with such velocity, that poor Curtain was flung out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs; and, being entangled in the machinery, would, in all probability, have lost his life, had not Belzoni applied his prodigious strength to the wheel, and stopped it. The accident, however, was fatal to the project and to the future hopes of the projector.

At that time the insolence of the Turkish officers of the Pashalic was at its height, and the very sight of a "dog of a Christian" raised the ire of the more bigoted followers of the Prophet. While at Soubra, which is

close to Cairo, Belzoni had a narrow escape from assassination. He relates the adventure in his work on Egypt:—

"Some particular business calling me to Cairo, I was on my ass in one of the narrow streets, where I met a loaded camel. The space that remained between the camel and the wall was so little, that I could scarcely pass; and at that moment I was met by a Binbashi, a subaltern officer, at the head of his men. For the instant I was the only obstacle that prevented his proceeding on the road; and I could neither retreat nor turn round, to give him room to pass. Seeing it was a Frank who stopped his way, he gave me a violent blow on my stomach. Not being accustomed to put up with such salutations, I returned the compliment with my whip across his naked shoulders. Instantly he took his pistol out of his belt; I jumped off my ass; he retired about two yards, pulled the trigger, fired at my head, singed the hair near my right ear, and killed one of his own soldiers, who, by this time, had come behind me. Finding that he had missed his aim, he took a second pistol; but his own soldiers assailed and disarmed him. A great noise arose in the street, and, as it happened to be close to the seraglio in the Esbakie, some of the guards ran up; but on seeing what the matter was, they interfered and stopped the Binbashi. I thought my company was not wanted, so I mounted my charger, and rode off. I went to Mr. Baghos, and told him what had happened. We repaired immediately to the citadel, saw the Pasha, and related the circumstance to him. He was much concerned, and wished to know where the soldier was, but observed, that it was too late that evening to have him taken up. However, he was apprehended the next day, and I never heard or knew anything more about him. Such a lesson on the subject was not lost upon me; and I took good care in future not to give the least opportunity of the kind to men of that description, who can murder an European with as much indifference as they would kill an insect."

Ruined by the loss of all his savings, which he had spent in the construction of his water machines, Belzoni once more applied to Mr. Salt, and undertook the furtherance of his scheme, to convey to England the bust of Memnon. So eager was he, that the same day the Italian set out for the ruins of Thebes, and hired a hundred natives, whom he made clear away the sand which half covered the stone colossus. With a large staff in his hand, Belzoni commanded his army of Mus-



solmen, directed their labors, astonished them with displays of his physical strength, learned to speak their language with marvellous facility, and speedily came to be regarded by them as a superior being, endowed with magical power.

One day, however, his money failed; and at the same time the rising of the Nile destroyed, in two hours, the work of three months. The *fellaks* rebelled: one of them rushed towards Belzoni, intending to strike him with his dagger. The Italian coolly waited his approach, disarmed him, and then, seising him by the feet, lifted him as though he had been a basil wand, and began to inflict vigorous blows on the other insurgents with this novel and extemporary weapon of defence. The lesson was not thrown away: very speedily the *fellaks* returned to their duty; and after eighteen days' incessant labor, Memnon trembled at his base, and was moved towards the bank of the Nile.

The embarkation of this enormous statue presented difficulties almost as great as those which attended its disinterment and land transport. Nevertheless, the intelligence and perseverance of Belzoni surmounted every obstacle; and he brought his wondrous conquest to London, where its arrival produced a sensation similar to that caused more recently in Paris by the sight of the Obelisk of Luxor. Loaded with praise, and also with more substantial gifts, Belzoni now became an important personage, returned to Egypt and to his friend Mr. Salt. The latter proposed to him to go up the Nile, and attempt the removal of the sand-hills which covered the principal portion of the magnificent temple of Ebsamboul. Belzoni readily consented, set out for Lower Nubia, ventured boldly amongst the savage tribes who wander through the sandy desert; returning to Thebes, he was rewarded, not only by the success of his special mission, but also by discovering the temple of Luxor.

In all his undertakings, however enterprising, Belzoni was aided and cheered by the presence of his wife. The expedition to Nubia was, however, thought too hazardous for her to undertake. But in the absence of her husband she was not idle; she dug up the statue of Jupiter Ammon, with the ram's head on his knee, which is now in the British Museum.

The temple of Luxor had been so completely, and for so long a period, buried in sand, that even its existence remained unsuspected. It had been dedicated to Isis by the Queen of Rameses the Great; and the de-

scriptions which travelers give of it resemble those of the palaces in the "Arabian Nights." Four colossal figures, sixty-one feet in height, are seated in front. Eight others, forty-eight in height, and standing up, support the roof of the principal inner hall, in which gigantic bas-reliefs represent the whole history of Rameses. Sixteen other halls, scarcely smaller than the first, display in all their primitive splendor many gorgeous paintings, and the mysterious forms of myriads of statues.

After this discovery, Belzoni took up his temporary abode in the valley of *Biban-el-Mouloek* (Tombs of the Kings). He had already remarked there, amongst the rocks, a fissure of a peculiar form, and which was evidently the work of man. He caused this opening to be enlarged, and soon discovered the entrance to a long corridor, whose walls were covered with sculptures and hieroglyphical paintings. A deep fosse and a wall barred the further end of the cave; but he broke a passage through, and found a second vault, in which stood an alabaster sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics. He took possession of this, and sent it safely to Europe. His own account of these difficulties is extremely interesting:—

"Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all; the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions; which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the walls, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose;

and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads, rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways—some standing, some lying, and some on their heads."

Afterwards, Belzoni travelled to the shores of the Red Sea, inspected the ruins of Berenice; then returned to Cairo, and directed excavations to be made at the bases of the great pyramids of Ghizeh; penetrated into that of Chephren—which had hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans—and discovered within it the sacred chamber where repose the hallowed bones of the bull Apis. The Valley of Faïoum, the Lake Mœris, the ruins of Arsinœ, the sands of Lybia, all yielded up their secrets to his dauntless spirit of research. He visited the oasis of El-Cassar, and the Fountain of the Sun; strangled in his arms two treacherous guides, who tried to assassinate him; and then left Egypt, and returned to Padua with his wife.

The son of the humble barber had now become a rich and celebrated personage. A triumphal entry was prepared for him; and the municipal authorities of his native city met him at the gate, and presented him with an address. Manfredini was commissioned to engrave a medal which should commemorate the history of the illustrious traveler. England, however, soon claimed him; and on his arrival in London, he was received with the same honors as in his own country. Then he published an account of his travels, under the following title: "Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries in the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Cities of Egypt and Nubia, &c."

In 1822, Belzoni returned to Africa, with the intention of penetrating to Timbuctoo. Passing in the following year from the Bight of Benin towards Houssa, he was attacked with dysentery; was carried back to Gato, and thence put on board an English vessel lying off the coast. There, with much firmness and resignation, he prepared to meet his end. He entrusted the captain with a large amethyst to be given to his wife, and also with a letter which he wrote to his faithful companion through good and evil days. Soon afterwards he breathed his last. They buried him at Gato, at the foot of a large tree, and engraved on his tomb the following epitaph in English:—

*"Here lies Belzoni, who died at this place, on his way to Timbuctoo, December 3d, 1823."*

Belzoni was but forty-five years old when he died. A statue of him was erected at Padua on the 4th of July, 1827. Very recently the Government of Great Britain bestowed on his widow the tardy solace of a small pension.

Giovanni Belzoni, the once starving mountebank, became one of the most illustrious men in Europe!—an encouraging example to all those who have not only sound heads to project, but stout hearts to execute.

From The People's Journal.

## THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

BY PARSON FRANK.

Yes, noble Arnold, thou did'st well to die!  
 Needed but this, that the dark earth should hide  
 The seed, to have the harvest far and wide.

At our side  
 Thou spakest, scarce heard. But now thou art on high,  
 Among the immortal and invisible quire,  
 And straight, like thunder, (silent till the fire  
 Which caused it dies,) thy soul's majestic voice  
 Is rolling o'er the wonder-smitten land;  
 And Truth that sate in drought, dares to rejoice,  
 Marking that all admire, some understand.

THOS. BURRIDGE.

IN any journal devoted to the interest of "progress," the name of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, must have an influence and attraction of its own. He has done more to promote reform and liberal thought in that body of the nation to which he was officially attached, than any one else with whose life and writings I am acquainted. The church of England received an agitating impulse by his agency, similar to that which moved the stagnant waters of Bethesda when the angel visited it. It may be true that Arnold was not a perfectly original thinker, and that he has left nothing to establish a reputation for vast, fervent, comprehensive genius; it may be true that his leading principles were not self-cogitated, but derived, with alterations and modifications, from Germany and cognate sources. But the same may be alleged of Coleridge, who was rather an adapter and interpreter of German philosophy than an independent and original thinker, whatever his potential and latent qualifications may have been; yet Coleridge is justly regarded as having given an impetus and a new direction to English literature—he is still the hierophant and pervading spirit of its poetry, its transcendental philosophy, its criticism, its æsthetics. In like manner, Arnold is the Coryphæus of the advance party of his order. His name is the rallying point of those who grow weary of excessive dogmatism, and consider the literal, implastic creeds of hard-

headed, scholastic, ultra-logical system-mongers a fertile source of fanaticism and bigotry, of mental bondage and spiritual deformity. He heads the free-thinkers in his own line of things. His life was a series of heavy blows and great discouragements to the health and well-being of dogma. He was a brave man, who was not content with things at second-hand, provided he felt adequate to grapple with questions, the solution of which was assumed to be infallibly this or indubitably that by men of like passions with himself, like means of attaining to certainty, and like hindrances to prevent such attainment. When reproached with the fault of an unsubmitive understanding, his answer\* was, that of all faults this seemed to him the most difficult to define or discern; "for who shall say where the understanding ought to submit itself, unless where it is inclined to advocate anything immoral? We know that what in one age has been called the spirit of rebellious reason, has in another been allowed by all good men to have been nothing but a sound judgment exempt from superstition. We know that the Catholics look with as great horror on the consequences of denying the infallibility of the church as you can on those of denying the entire inspiration of the Scriptures; and that, to come nearer to the point, the inspiration of the Scriptures, in points of

\* Addressed to the Rev. John Tucker, the present Secretary of the Church Missionary Society.

physical science, was once insisted on as stoutly as it is now maintained with regard to matter of history. Now, it may be correct to deny their inspiration in one and not in the other; but I think it hard to ascribe the one opinion to anything morally faulty more than the other." This was bold speech for an Oxford doctor and Rugby headmaster. True, others had spoken in the same direction, but not with the same unreserved candor. Others had suggested similar principles, but without similar readiness to follow them out and abide by their results. We often find a salvo fired against dogmatism by men of mark in the church; let me quote one, for example, by the celebrated poet and divine, Dr. Donne, a contemporary of Shakespeare, and of standard repute in the lists of the orthodox—the extract I have borrowed from the first volume of Southey's *Common-place Book*. "I begin to think, that as litigious men tired with suits admit any arbitrement; and princes travelled with long and wasteful war, descend to such conditions of peace as they are soon ashamed to have embraced; so philosophers, and so all sects of Christians, after long disputations and controversies, have allowed many things for positive and dogmatical truths which are not worthy of that dignity; and so many doctrines have grown to be the ordinary diet and food of our spirits, and have place in the pap of catechisms, which were admitted but as physic in the present distemper, or accepted in a lazy weariness, when men, so they might have something to rely upon, and to excuse themselves from more painful inquisition, never examined what that was." Few have the courage to undertake this "*painful inquisition*"—and they accept the physic as pap, the temporary as permanent. Moore's satirical lines are well known, upon the subject of subscription and matriculation at Oxford—

There, my lad, lie the Articles—just thirty-nine—  
No occasion to count—you've now only to sign—  
Let's run over the items . . .

That's sufficient—now sign—having read quite enough,

You believe in the full and true meaning thereof?

(Boy stares.)

Oh, a mere form of words to make things smooth and brief—

A commodious and short make-believe of belief,  
Which our church has drawn up in a form thus articular,

To keep out, in general, all who're particular.

But what's the boy doing? what! reading all through,

And my luncheon fast cooling!—this never will do.

In the words of a living essayist, "Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon were only young men and libraries when they wrote those books . . . The writer was a just and wise man. Henceforward it is settled, his book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious. The guide is a tyrant. We sought a brother, and lo, a governor!—The sluggish and perverted multitude, always slow to the incursions of reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry if it is disparaged." The application of this is obvious. And Arnold is one of those men who think that if it is right and wholesome to insist upon the right of private judgment in the sixteenth century, in order to escape the trammels of a foreign despotism, it is also right and wholesome to insist upon it in the nineteenth century, when confronting the claims of a torpid and superannuated dogmatism. There are men in all ages who, as Goethe says in his autobiography, cherish a warm hostility to all forms of the schools, especially if these forms, separated from their living origin, have degenerated into phrases, and have thus lost altogether their first, fresh significance. The elements of Arnold's constitution were in harmony with this class of mind. They were opposed to the rigorous rule and peremptory logic of what Wordsworth calls—

Dogmatic teachers of the snow-white fur,  
And wrangling schoolmen of the scarlet hood,  
Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,  
Press the point home.

compelling adhesion and *ex animo* subscription to their subtle speculations and far-fetched themes. Arnold had more sympathy with men like Neander, who taught, that to bind the unity of Christian consciousness to a unity of speculative apprehension, excluding all differences, is to produce a narrow and narrowing uniformity, calculated to check the free and natural evolution of Christian faith and life. He felt, as a recent writer has expressed it, that Christianity "was not instituted as we have it, ready made to our hands by dogmatic authority, but by the fierce conflicts of opinions and beliefs, and different modes of interpretation of the mystery of our being, and by the subtle metaphysical exercise of all the faculties of that generation of wonderful men whom we call *Fathers*, but



who were, in their day, men—mortal, struggling men—whose *theology* had to be painfully wrestled for, and conquered from the realms of doubt; they had no *authority*, no traditional standard of belief or knowledge to appeal to: they had to fight like men, and compel order from the breaking up and vanishing away of that which had been the law of old." He felt that to prostrate the mind and do violence to the affections, by forcing both to pay homage to a system of pure, cold, clear, but perhaps lifeless dogma, was not real religion, but very far from it. He felt that it was practicable to examine the outworks of the faith, and see where untempered mortar had been used, and where ignorant masonry had been employed, and where decaying materials had been consecrated, without injury to the faith itself—nay, that the vitality, the healthy action, the spontaneity of faith would be benefitted by removing obstructions to its free and natural development. Accordingly he was a reformer. His protest against a false conservatism, (for there is a true one,) and his arguments in favor of progress and reform, of course raised a hornet's nest about his ears. But he dared them to sting him: and when they took him at his word, and stung him with all their might, and in the tenderest parts of his frame, why, he winced under the smart, and again did battle with the buzzing foe. He was an enthusiastic seeker after truth, and was honestly impatient of those to whom its first semblance, or its faded outlines, or its distorted counterfeit were enough. Knowing that Truth has her penalties as well as her privileges, he was willing to pay the one that he might be free of the other. Sydney Yendys finely says,—

Truth is a spear  
Thrown by the blind. Truth is a Nemesis  
Which leadeth her beloved by the hand  
Through all things; giving him no task to break  
A bruised reed, but bidding him stand firm  
Though she crush worlds.

The truth-seeker has, indeed, much to endure. As Emerson writes, "For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road, accepting the fashions, the education, the religion of society, he takes the cross of making his own, and of course, the self-accusation, the faint heart, the frequent uncertainty and loss of time which are the nettles and tangling vines in the way of the self-relying and self-directed; and the state of virtual hostility in which he seems to stand to society, and especially to educated society." All this

was in Arnold's experience. But he held fast to what he deemed true, and waved off all that he deemed false. He would not nestle and cherish in his bosom aught that seemed unreal or exploded. He would not, on the one hand, renounce unpopular verities, though worried by packs of sharp-scented, loud-baying assailants; nor, on the other hand, would he quit his belief "that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirmed it to be the crack of doom." Great, therefore, was the stay and solace of his heart of hearts—the consciousness of devotion not to party but to truth. And though much of his way was desert, yet could he go on that way rejoicing, scattering in stony places the seed of his best thoughts, not without faith that one day even the desert should be glad and blossom like the rose.

Arnold's Oxford career was illustrious: his friend, Mr. Justice Coleridge, a man of widely different views, gives an interesting retrospective review of it. While a fellow of Oriel college, the future master of Rugby, mixed with some of the leading intellects of the day, such as the late Dr. Copleston, bishop of Landaff, a first-rate classic; Davison, the well-known writer on prophecy; Pusey, Newman, and Kable, the field-marshal of the "tract" legion; Whateley, the clear-headed and liberal-minded archbishop of Dublin; and Hampden, a name as instinct with controversial suggestions as that of Gorham. When Arnold left the university, he married and settled at Laleham, where he took pupils, which place he left in 1828, on his election to the important post at Rugby, which he held to the last. His plans to reform and elevate the school were bold and independent, like himself; that they were successful we see by the greatly improved aspect of that institution. He cultivated true manliness in the boys, treating them as gentlemen and reasonable beings, and making them respect themselves by the mere respect he showed to them, placing implicit confidence in a boy's assertion, and then, if a falsehood was discovered, punishing it severely.\* There grew up in consequence a general feeling that "it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one." When open bad feeling was exhibited by a number of the pupils, he would appeal to every high feeling which they had desecrated. "I cannot remain here if all is to be carried on by constraint and force; if I am to be here as a gaoler, I will resign my office at once." His

\* See Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, vol. i., chap. iii.

own life was eminently an exemplification of his teaching. He proved to the boys by his daily conduct, in and out of school-hours, that religion meant something; that it ought to and might pervade and hallow all the ordinary details of existence; and that to separate "religious" and "secular" is a mistake fruitful with mischief and practical delusion. His method of education, as some one observed at the time, "was not (according to the popular phrase) based upon religion, but was itself *religious*." His natural faculties, says Mr. Stanley, "were not unclothed but clothed upon; they were at once colored by and gave a colour to the belief which they received. It was in his common acts of life, whether public or private, that the depth of his religious convictions most visibly appeared." Like the "Roman" of Sydney Yendys, he taught

That not a bare  
Untempled spot, unblest, unconsecrate  
On earth, but is sufficient sanctuary  
For the best hour of the best life; no cloud  
In any heaven so dark that a good prayer  
Cannot ascend.

He cherished the mood described by Wordsworth,

Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.

To him we may apply the words of Carlyle in *Past and Present*: "Heaven lies over him wherever he goes or stands on the earth; making all the earth a mystic temple to him; the earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover, doing God's messages among men; that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God. Wonder, miracle encompasses the man; he lives in an element of miracle. His religion, his worship was like his daily bread to him—which he did not take the trouble to talk much about; which he merely ate at stated intervals, and lived and did his work upon." He throve, too, upon this fare:

A man he seemed of cheerful yesterdays,  
And confident to-morrows.

Let me jot down, in a random, unsystematic form, a few of Dr. Arnold's characteristic opinions—such as brought upon his head so many rude names and angry imputations. He told the narrow-minded that narrow-mindedness tends to wickedness, because it does not extend its watchfulness to every part of our moral nature. He told

stiff, old-fashioned churchmen, the *laudatores temporis acti*, that divinity students ought not to make technical "divinity" all in all, but should enlarge their minds by constantly reading the works of our greatest philosophers, orators, and poets—declaring that he could not find one really great man among "our old divines," and that John Bunyan had incomparably greater genius than any of them. He disliked church Articles, he said, because they represent truth untruly, *i. e.*, in an unedifying manner, and thus robbed of its living truth, while it retains its mere literal form. He complained that his own Church, which he severely calls "the child of regal and aristocratical selfishness, and unprincipled tyranny," had never dared to speak boldly to the great, but contented herself with lecturing the poor. He opposed the Judaistic theory of the "Sabbath," and the authenticity of certain parts of Scripture. Staunch Protestant as he was, he would not call the Church of Rome idolatrous. He considered the principle of conservatism to be not only foolish, but to be actually *felo de se*; destroying what it loves because it will not mend it. High-churchism, on the one hand, was to him intolerable; and on the other, he expressed himself "keenly alive to the mental defects of the Dissenters as a body—the characteristic faults of the English mind, viz., narrowness of view, and a want of learning and a sound critical spirit—being exhibited to my mind in the Dissenters, almost in caricature." The *Record* newspaper disgusted him, as a true specimen of the "Evangelical" party, "with their infinitely little minds, disputing about *anise* and *cummin*, when heaven and earth are coming together around them." Elsewhere he writes, "A good Christian, with a low understanding, a bad education, and ignorance of the world, becomes an evangelical;" and his biographer mentions that Arnold was constantly repelled from this party by his strong sense of the obstacles which their narrow views and technical phraseology were, as he considered, for ever opposing to the real and practical application of the Old and New Testament, as the remedy of the great wants of the age, social, moral, and intellectual. His pamphlet on *Church Reform* irritated all sections of his brethren. His arguments for catholic emancipation gained him a fair share of abuse. His interest in the London University was another crying sin. He shocked prudes, and prigs, and pedants, by becoming a stated contributor to newspapers, and magnifying his office as such. He felt

what Mr. Gilfillan says of John Sterling, "impatient of the cant, and common-places, and bigotry of ordinary theologians—sick of the senseless controversies of his church." With all his polemical tendencies, he maintained a healthy vitality of personal religion, fresh, hearty, impulsive; and exulted with a boyish ardor in those recreations and natural pursuits for which none feel a zest but the simple in taste, the innocent, the pure.

Of his writings little need be said here. His edition of *Thucydides* is a standard work, and gave an impetus to classical literature in England, which had been so drooping and so dependent for supplies upon the scholarship of Germany. His *History of Rome* is unfinished—a defect which its merit makes the more to be regretted. Of course, Niebuhr is his great guide and authority; he reviewed the latter in the *Quarterly* of 1825. As Regius Professor of Modern History, he published lectures on that comprehensive subject, his object in their treatment being to do for English history what Guizot had done for French, in his famous course at the Old Sorbonne. Six volumes of valuable sermons he gave to the world—sermons in which we miss the singular power of J. H. Newman, the mystic charm of Manning, the spiritual depth of Julius Hare, the rushing eloquence of Chalmers, and the sparkling flow of Melvill; but which have a serious meaning, a clear, sound-judging, impressive mannerism all their own. His style is delightfully transparent—the right words fall into the right places, and strike home with a force

as real as it is unpretending. He avoids fine writing, and yet he is a fine writer:—

Non equidem hoc studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis  
Pagina turgescat,

as Persius says; but his skill in composition is of a kind which tells upon us with lasting effect, and which is hard indeed to be attained, like most exhibitions of ease—serene and self-possessed. Among his miscellaneous works may be mentioned his articles in the *Englishman's Register* and the *Sheffield Courant*; (on the social distress of the lower orders;) critiques of Southey's *Wat Tyler*, and Cunningham's *De Rancé*, inserted in the *British Critic*; papers in the *Edinburgh Review* upon Dr. Hampden, &c.; pamphlets on education, on the "Christian duty of conceding the Roman Catholic Claims;" (1828;) on Chartism, Church, and State, Mechanics' Institutes, and the Cholera of 1831.

"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," was the spirit of Arnold's public and private career. *Forward!* was his watchword. *Excelsior!* was his motto. "Meet is it," says Tennyson,

Meet is it changes should control  
Our being, lest we rust in ease.  
We all are changed by still degrees,  
All but the basis of the soul.

E'en now we hear with inward strife  
A motion toiling in the gloom—  
The spirit of the years to come  
Yearning to mix himself with life.

FANNY KEMBLE IN LONDON.—A great name drew me on Monday to Mrs. Kemble's Shakspeare Readings at the St. James's Theatre. Such an intellectual delight! To those who really love Shakspeare, and have any feeling for what is highest in dramatic art, there can be no performance half so fascinating as these readings. By means of changes of voice, unforced, yet marked, and sufficient gesticulation to explain the text, aided by the fine commentary of eye and brow, Mrs. Kemble brings before you the whole scene, enacts every part, and moves you as the play itself would move you. One great charm in these Readings, and one which gives them such superiority over performances, is, that all the minor parts assume their true position, and produce the harmony which the poet designed. Every one knows the exquisite beauty of some of those minor

parts, and know also the merciless massacre of them on the stage.

With regard to her reading of the greater characters, some difference of opinion will naturally exist, but no one will deny that her reading is thoughtful and striking. The versatility displayed in her rendering of the saucy child York, and the smooth hypocrisy of Richard in their colloquy was greatly applauded. I have heard Tieck read Shakspeare, and Seydelman, the great tragedian: but although the former is celebrated as the first of *readers*, and the latter was to my thinking, one of the first of actors—although both of them *read* better than Mrs. Kemble, in the strict sense of the word—yet, for *dramatic* reading, that is to say, for giving you the effects of acting without the aids of the stage, I prefer Mrs. Kemble.—*Leader*.

From the Literary Gazette.

## WILLIAM PENN AND MR. MACAULAY.\*

It is the misfortune of history that its great events and leading characters are judged according to the personal and political feelings of the historian. Even the history of distant ages is colored, and frequently misrepresented, by the passions and prejudices of the writer. We have seen how Mitford's hatred of the Whigs in England, and of the revolutionary party in France, led him to falsify the History of Greece, and to calumniate the great Athenian democracy; and how Gibbon's rejection of Christianity induced this greatest of historians to give a ready credence to unsupported charges against the Christians, and to find apologies for the conduct of all who were its opponents and persecutors. The events of more recent times, connected with our great party struggles in the church and in the state, have naturally received a still greater distortion from the ecclesiastical and political opinions of the writers. The student who has painfully sought to ascertain the real history of the great struggle between the First Charles and his parliament, or of the still fiercer conflict between the different parties of the First Revolution in France, must often have read with astonishment the perversions of facts in the transparent but sophistical narrative of Hume, and in the brilliant but paradoxical pages of Lamar-tine.

But if it is difficult to look for truth in an historian, it appears almost hopeless to expect it in a biographer. In addition to the causes we have already mentioned, which tend to lead the historian astray, the biographer has besetting sins of his own. His love of his subject makes him blind to the faults of his hero, and almost invariably induces him to magnify his virtues, to conceal his defects, and to palliate, when he cannot excuse, his more serious offences. Of this we have a striking example in the work before us.

\* *William Penn: an Historical Biography. With an extra chapter on "The Macaulay Charges."* By William Hepworth Dixon. 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

William Penn was a great and a good man. He demands and deserves our respect and admiration. But in the course of his life he was guilty of acts which an impartial biographer ought not to have passed over without words of reprehension. We do not believe that Penn ever violated his conscience to do an evil deed; but, like many other good men, his otherwise clear perception of right and wrong became clouded by his desire to promote the interests of a righteous cause, and he was thus led to be a party to proceedings which he would, in other circumstances, have been the first to condemn. The case is one of ordinary occurrence in life, and ought not to excite our surprise. Penn, however great his virtues, was not raised above the ordinary defects of humanity. In order to place his new settlement in the new hemisphere on a secure foundation, and to gain toleration for his suffering co-religionists, it was of primary importance to Penn to preserve his influence at court. But it was impossible to preserve this influence at such a court as that of the Second James, without lending himself occasionally to transactions of which the morality was, to use the mildest expression, somewhat questionable. Some of these transactions had been previously pointed out by Sir James Mackintosh, and have been more recently denounced by Mr Macaulay in strong and pointed terms. We think that Mr. Macaulay did not make sufficient allowance for the circumstances in which Penn was placed; and that he ought to have borne in mind that the Tempter appeared to the good man as an Angel of Light, holding out to him the alluring bait, that, by a little compliance with the wishes of the court, he would advance what was dearest to his heart—the interests of pure and undefiled religion. It is easy to find an apology for some of the charges which Mr. Macaulay has brought against Penn; but it is impossible to acquit him of them all.

We have given our own view of Penn's conduct in an eventful period of his life, that our readers may be placed in a better posi-



tion for understanding the important question, to which we are now anxious to direct their attention. It is not our purpose, at present, to speak of the general merits of Mr. Dixon's biography, but to confine ourselves to the "extra chapter," in which, far from admitting any of the accusations to be true which Mr. Macaulay has brought against Penn, Mr. Dixon accuses that eminent historian of the grossest exaggerations, and of an almost wilful perversion of facts. This is a serious charge, and deserves our careful consideration; for, if true, it will seriously damage Mr. Macaulay's credit as a historian. A great writer must not, however, be robbed of his literary character on trivial grounds. We have, therefore, considered it our duty, although personally unacquainted with Mr. Macaulay, to expose Mr. Dixon's allegations to a close and sifting examination; and the result has been, as our readers will presently see, that Mr. Dixon has failed to substantiate the majority of his accusations, and stands convicted of deliberately garbling one of his authorities to establish his point.

Mr. Dixon has classified Mr. Macaulay's charges against Penn under the five following heads:—

"1. That his connection with the court in 1684, while he lived at Kensington, caused his own sect to look coldly on him, and even treat him with obloquy. 2. That 'he extorted money' from the girls at Taunton for the maids of honor. 3. That he allowed himself to be employed in the work of seducing Kiffin into a compliance with court designs. 4. That he endeavored to gain William's assent to the promulgated edict suspending the penal laws. 5. That he 'did his best to seduce' the Magdalen collegians 'from the path of right,' and was 'a broker in simony of a peculiarly discreditable kind.'"

Of these accusations the first and fourth are not of much importance; and we only notice the first because, at the commencement of his indictment, Dr. Dixon is himself guilty of the very offence with which he charges Mr. Macaulay. Mr. Dixon first quotes the following words of Mr. Macaulay:—

"He was soon surrounded by flatterers and suplicants. His house at Kensington was sometimes thronged at his hour of rising by more than two hundred suitors. He paid dear, however, for this seeming prosperity. Even his own sect looked coldly on him, and requited his services with obloquy."

and then adds:—

"His *only* authority for this statement is Gerard Ordes, (Hist. Qua. lib. ii. 1695,) a Dutchman, who

never was in England in his life, and whose work the Society of Friends has never recognised."

Now, not to enter into any controversy as to the value of Croese's book—a book repeatedly quoted, and with high commendation, by Clarkson, in his "Life of Penn"—Mr. Dixon has in this short sentence fallen into two gross mistakes. 1st. Croese's authority is not the only authority cited by Mr. Macaulay. In the very same note in which Croese is quoted, ("History," vol. ii. p. 292,) Bonrepaux, a very intelligent and observant man, who was much about the court, is produced as a witness to the same effect, "Penn, Chef des Quakers, qu'on sait être dans les intérêts du Roi d'Angleterre, est si fort décrié parmi ceux de son parti qu'ils n'ait plus aucune confiance en lui." 2d. Gerard Croese had been in England, and in Penn's house there. He says, speaking of the crowd of suitors who filled the antechambers, "*Vidi quandoque de hoc genere hominum non minus bis centum.*" This passage it is inexcusable in Mr. Dixon to have forgotten, for it is not only quoted by Mr. Macaulay, (vol. i. page 508,) but it is even referred to by Mr. Dixon himself in a previous part of his own work (p. 291.)

The three other charges we must examine more at length. We shall take them in the following order—first, the transaction between Kiffin and Penn—secondly, the Magdalen College affair—and, thirdly, the extortion of money from the girls of Taunton for the queen's maids of honor.

First, as to Kiffin, Mr. Dixon says:—

"Towards the close of his reign, when the churchmen openly repudiated their own doctrine of passive obedience, James became anxious to secure the adhesion of his dissenting subjects; and among other leading men he courted Penn's old opponent, William Kiffin, by the offer of a city magistracy. But two of Kiffin's grandsons had been taken and executed in the western rebellion, and it was doubted whether the old man would comply with the wishes of the court. At this point Mr. Macaulay introduces Penn. 'The heartless and venal sycophants of Whitehall, judging by themselves, thought that the old man would be easily propitiated by an alderman's gown, and by some compensation in money, for the property which his grandsons had forfeited. Penn was employed in the work of seduction, but to no purpose.' Now, there is not the slightest foundation in history for this statement. Mr. Macaulay here asserts that Penn was 'employed' by the 'heartless and venal sycophants' of the court to seduce Kiffin into an acceptance of the alderman's gown—and that he failed. The passage means this, or it means nothing. It will be allowed that on such a point Kiffin himself must be the best

authority: in his autobiography, lately published from the original manuscripts, he says,—*In a little after, a great temptation attended me, which was a commission from the King to be one of the aldermen of the city of London; which, as soon as I heard of it, I used all the diligence I could to be excused, both by some lords near the King, and also by Sir Nicholas Butler and Mr. Penn. But it was all in vain.* This is just the reverse of what Mr. Macaulay states. Penn did not go to Kiffin; Kiffin went to Penn. Instead of being employed in the work of seduction, he was engaged in the task of intercession. Mr. Macaulay makes Kiffin refuse the magistracy: Kiffin says he accepted it:—*The next court-day I came to the court, and took upon me the office of alderman.*"

We do not hesitate to say that this account of the transaction is grossly dishonest. In order to prove his assertion that Penn was employed only in the work of intercession, and not in that of seduction, Mr. Dixon quotes the words from Kiffin's memoirs, which we have printed in italics. But our readers will not be a little astonished to learn that this passage is preceded and followed by words which fully bear out Mr. Macaulay's assertion, but which Mr. Dixon studiously avoids quoting. Just before, Kiffin says:—"This plot being carried on with all diligence, took with several dissenters; but, indeed, they were few, and for the generality of the meaner sort, William Penn being the head of that party." But the passage which immediately follows Mr. Dixon's quotation is still more important. "I was told," says Kiffin, "that they (evidently Butler and Penn) knew that I had an interest that might serve the king; and, although they knew my sufferings were great, in cutting off my two grandchildren, and losing their estates, yet it should be made up to me, both in their estates, and also in what honor or advantage I could reasonably desire for myself." Can anything be clearer than that Penn was employed in the work of seduction, and did actually offer Kiffin a bribe to commit an illegal act?

Secondly, as to the Magdalen College affair. The entire passage in Mr. Dixon's work in relation to this matter is too long for quotation; but we will give his remarks upon the most serious part of Mr. Macaulay's charge, namely, that Penn endeavoured to persuade Dr. Hough to yield to James, by holding out the prospect of a bishopric. Mr. Dixon says:—

"Did Penn deal 'in simony of a particularly disreputable kind, and use a bishopric as a bait to

tempt a divine to perjury?' Mr. Macaulay continues to represent him as employed by the court; and having, as he says, failed in his attempt to terrify the collegian into obedience, he 'then tried a gentler tone.' He had an interview with Hough, and with some of the Fellows, and after many professions of sympathy and friendship, began to hint at a compromise. . . . 'How should you like,' said Penn, 'to See Dr. Hough, Bishop of Oxford?' Hereupon follows the indignation about simony and perjury. Now let us see what is really known about this interview. Dr. Hough, its chief subject, wrote on the evening of the day on which it took place a letter to his cousin, in which he recited the principal heads of the discourse,—and this account, from one too deeply interested to be impartial, and too much excited to remember anything but what especially concerned his own prospects and position, is unfortunately the only existing authority. Hunt was not present at this interview, and no account of it is preserved in the Magdalen College MSS. Holden's MS. letters in the same library commence posterior to the affair of Penn; and Baron Jenner's MS. account of the Visitation is not to be found. But let us take the authority we have, imperfect though it be, and see what matter can be drawn from it in support of the accusation. What says Hough? In the outset, instead of Penn being 'employed,' as Mr. Macaulay continues to misrepresent him, to solicit the Fellows, it appears that the Fellows had sent a deputation to him, consisting of Hough and the principal members of the college. Their conversation lasted three hours; the substance of it I have given in the text of the ninth chapter of the memoir; Mr. Macaulay's version of it is inexact in all its essential particulars. 'He then tried a gentler tone.' The historian does not seem to know that two interviews took place, one at Oxford, the other at Windsor, with six weeks of an interval; there is no evidence, except the spurious letter, that he ever used other than a gentle tone. He 'began to hint at a compromise: the words of Hough are—'I thank God he did not so much as offer at any proposal by way of accommodation.' How reconcile such statements! Now let us hear what Hough says of the simony and perjury. Penn, who, according to Swift, 'spoke agreeably and with spirit,' was always more or less facetious in conversation. Like his father, he was fond of a joke, and had that delight in drollery which belongs to the highest natures. In the imperfect report of this very conversation we see how he played with the subject:—'Christ's Church is a noble structure, University is a pleasant place and Magdalen College is a comely building.' Hough, though not the most quick-witted of men, saw that he 'had a hand to joll upon us.' Stolid and heavy, Hough, no doubt reported the conversation honestly, so far as he could remember and understand it. To quote his words—'Once he said, smiling, if the Bishop of Oxford die, Dr. Hough may be made Bishop. What think you of that, gentlemen?' Cradock, one of the Fellows present, took up the tone of pleasantry, and replied, 'they should be heartily glad of it—for it would do very well with

the presidency." Does any one doubt that this was a mere pleasantry? Observe, Penn had no commission to treat with the Fellows,—that he met them at their own request, to consider how he could serve their interests. That Cradock thought it a joke, is evident from his retort. Had the suggestion of the bishopric been in earnest, it must have been offered on condition of Hough giving up the presidency of his college—that being the point at issue. In such a case, to talk of the combination of the two offices would have been insulting and absurd. Even Hough himself, the least jocular of men, understood this remark as a mere pleasantry, for he instantly adds, 'But I told him, *seriously*, I had no ambition.' The playful allusion is Mr. Macaulay's 'hint at a compromise;' but the attempt to make it look like a serious proposal is perfectly absurd in the face of Hough's emphatic declaration, that 'he did not so much as offer at any proposal by way of accommodation.' And yet this innocent mirth, accepted and understood as such by all the parties concerned, after a lapse of nearly two centuries, is revived and tortured into a ground for one of the foulest accusations ever brought against an historical reputation! Is this English history?"

Now passing over for the present the offensive and insulting language at the close of the preceding extract, it would be quite sufficient, in reply to all Mr. Dixon has said, to reprint Hough's letter just as it stands. That letter would prove that Penn employed both intimidation and something very like corruption to induce the President and Fellows to submit. One point, however, deserves notice. Mr. Macaulay says, "Penn began to hint at a compromise." Mr. Dixon, after his usual fashion of quoting, picks out of Hough's letter, a few words which cannot be properly understood without the context. "I thank God, he did not so much as offer at any proposal by way of accommodation." There Mr. Dixon stops, and very triumphantly asks, "How reconcile such statements?" Very easily, by simply going on, and quoting what follows immediately, "Only once, upon the mention of the Bishop of Oxford's indisposition, he said, 'If the Bishop of Oxford die Dr. Hough may be made bishop.'" Surely the meaning of the whole sentence taken together is this—"He made no offer of accommodation except that one hint." The notion that through the whole conversation Penn was jesting, and that Hough was too stupid to understand him, is below refutation.

Thirdly, as to the extortion of money from the maids of Taunton for the queen's maid's of honor. Mr. Macaulay, in vol. ii. p. 655,

of his History, gives the following account of this transaction :—

"But the prey on which they pounced most eagerly, was one which it might have been thought that even the most ungentle natures would have spared. Already some of the girls who had presented the standard to Monmouth at Taunton had cruelly expiated their offence. \* \* Most of the young ladies, however, who had walked in the procession were still alive. Some of them were under ten years of age. All had acted under the orders of their schoolmistress, without knowing that they were committing a crime. The queen's maids of honor asked the royal permission to wring money out of the parents of the poor children; and the permission was granted. An order was sent down to Taunton that all these little girls should be seized and imprisoned. Sir Francis Warre, of Hestercombe, the tory member for Bridgewater, was requested to undertake the office of exacting the ransom. He was charged to declare in strong language that the maids of honor would not endure delay; that they were determined to prosecute to outlawry, unless a reasonable sum were forthcoming; and that by a reasonable sum was meant seven thousand pounds. Warre excused himself from taking any part in a transaction so scandalous. The maids of honor then requested William Penn to act for them; and Penn accepted the commission. Yet it should seem that a little of the pertinacious scrupulosity which he had often shown about taking off his hat would not have been altogether out of place on this occasion. He probably silenced the remonstrances of his conscience by repeating to himself that none of the money which he extorted would go into his own pocket; that if he refused to be the agent of the ladies they would find agents less humane; that by complying he should increase his influence at the court; and that his influence at the court had already enabled him, and might still enable him, to render great services to his oppressed brethren. The maids of honor were at last forced to content themselves with less than a third part of what they had demanded."

In support of Penn's share in this transaction, Mr. Macaulay refers to a "letter of Sunderland to Penn," from the State Paper Office, in the Mackintosh Collection. But in order to understand fully the following discussion, it is necessary to lay before our readers Mr. Dixon's narrative of the whole affair :—

"That the reader may understand the Taunton affair, I must point out the features, with more exactness than Mr. Macaulay has done, which relate to his charge against Penn. When Monmouth arrived at Taunton, he found that the town had pledged itself to the rebellion, by the signal act of having had wrought, at the public expense, a set of royal standards for him and his army, by the daughters of the principal families. The ceremony of presenting these standards was one

of the most important acts of the rebellion; at the head of her procession the schoolmistress carried the emblems of royal power—the Bible and the sword;—and the royal banner was presented to the Duke as to their sovereign. Thereupon he assumed the name of King,—set a price on his uncle's head,—and proclaimed the Parliament then sitting, a treasonable convention, to be pursued with war and destruction. This in-munity cost Monmouth his head, and won a gibbet for hundreds of his followers. The case of the maidens was not different to that of many others. They had taken, with their parents' knowledge, a prominent part in the rebellion; and when the day of vengeance came, they stood before the law guilty of a crime for which the sentence was—death. The idea of sending them to the scaffold for faults which were their parents' more than their own, was, of course, not thought of; but that the parents might not escape punishment, the power to pardon them was given by the King to the maids of honor,—not likely, I must suppose, to be the most exacting of creditors,—as a sort of fee or bounty. It is to be remembered that the sale of pardons was, in that age, a regular profession; from the King—at least in Charles's time—to the link-boy or the porter at his gates, almost every man and woman connected with the court regularly sold his or her influence. The young girls about the Queen, daughters, be it remembered, of the first families in the land, had no proper conception of the horrid wickedness of this brokerage; and they requested the Duke of Somerset to get the affair arranged for them on the best terms. Somerset wrote to Sir Francis Warre, the member for Bridgewater, asking him as a personal favor to see the parents, as being a neighbor and likely to be known to them, or to name some proper agent who might arrange the business. Warre had evidently no wish to be mixed up with an affair of this kind; and he replied that it was already in proper hands, those of one Bird, the town clerk. For some unknown reason the maids of honor forbade this agent to proceed in their behalf, and Warre was again applied to; but he refused to name a broker on the spot, excusing himself on the plea that the schoolmistress was a woman of mean birth, and the young ladies were acting at the time under her orders. Weeks elapsed, and no settlement was made by the parents; nor do we know—except by inference—what was done in the matter at court, until the following letter was written:

“Whitehall, Feby 13th, 1655-6.

“Mr. Pennes,—Her Maj<sup>ties</sup> Maids of Honor having acquainted me that they designe to employ you and Mr. Walden in making a composition with the Relations of the Maids of Taunton for the high Misdemeanor they have been guilty of, I do at their request hereby let you know that His Maj<sup>ty</sup> has been pleased to give their Fines to the said Maids of Honor, and therefore recommend it to Mr. Walden and you to make the most advantageous composition you can in their behalfe.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

“SUNDERLAND P.”

Sir James Mackintosh took for granted

that the Mr. Pennes to whom this letter was addressed, was the celebrated William Penn, and Mr. Macaulay has adopted the same conclusion. Nor will it appear singular to any one that they should have done so, when they had other proofs before them of Penn's subseriency to the court. Mr. Dixon, however, brings forward the following reasons to show that this letter was not addressed to William Penn, but to a certain George Pennes, a “low hanger-on about the back-doors of the court.”

“(1.) In the first place it does not bear his name: he never wrote his name ‘Pennes,’ nor did others ever so write it. In the Pennsylvania correspondence, in the Minutes of the Privy Council, and in the letters of Van Citters, Locke, Lawton, Bailey, Creech, and Hunt, and in the correspondence of his private friends, I have seen it written hundreds of times, but never once, even by accident, with an e final. Least of all men could Sunderland, his intimate acquaintance from boyhood, make such a mistake.—(2.) The letter is highly disrespectful, if supposed to be written to a man of his rank—a man who had refused a peerage, and who stood before the court, not only as a personal friend to the King, but as Lord Proprietor of the largest province in America; the more especially would this be the case when it is considered that the letter was written by the polite and diplomatic Earl of Sunderland.—(3.) The work to be done required a low, trafficking agent, who could go down to Taunton, and stay there until the business was concluded: it is obvious that this could not be done by William Penn.—(4.) The letter is evidently a reply to an offer of service: the maids of honor ‘designe to employ’ Mr. Pennes and Mr. Walden, because, as it seems to me, they had applied for the office. Malice itself would shrink from the assumption that the governor of Pennsylvania would voluntarily solicit such an employment.—(5.) It is contrary to everything else that is known of Penn that he would allow himself, on any pretence, to be drawn into such a business.—(6.) No mention of it occurs in any of his letters: I have read some hundreds of them, and although he was the most communicative of correspondents, not a trace of his action, or of his having been applied to in the affair is to be found. Knowing his epistolary habit, this fact alone would have satisfied my own mind.—(7.) No mention has been made of his interference by any news-writer, pamphleteer, or historian,—though, had he been concerned, the host of maligners, who rose against him on the flight of James, could certainly not have failed to point their sarcasms with the ‘scandalous transaction’ and extortion of money.—(8.) No tradition of his appearance on the scene is preserved in the neighborhood; when, had he really been the agent employed, it is impossible that so conspicuous a broker could have faded so soon from local recollection.

“But, if William Penn were not the ‘Mr. Pennes’ addressed by Lord Sunderland, and designed by



the ladies to be employed in their behalf—who was the man? A little research enables me to answer this question. In the Registers of the Privy Council I find this entry:—

“November 25th, 1657.

“GEORGE PENNE.—Upon reading the petition of George Penne, Gent., setting forth that his family, having been great sufferers for their loyalty, He humbly begs that His Majesty would be graciously pleased to grant him a patent for the sole exercising the royal Oake lottery, and licensing all other games in His Majesty's plantations in America, for twenty-one years. His Majesty in Council is pleased to refer this matter to the consideration of the Rt. Hon. the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and upon what their lordships report of what is fit to be done therein for the petitioner, His Majesty will declare his further pleasure.”

“This man, whose fitting reward, according to his own estimate of the value of his services, was the title of a gaming-table, was the Mr. Penne. His name is always spelt with the final e. In the first draft of the foregoing minute, the clerk had spelt the name George Penn, both in the margin and in the text, but has filled the final letter in afterwards, as if prophetically guarding against any confusion of this wretched fellow with the great governor of Pennsylvania. He was a low hauger-on about the back-doors of the court, ready for any dirty work. When pardons were to be bought and sold, he was a pardon-broker. He was actively engaged in the Taunton affair; and among other feats, as I am able to state, on the authority of a family cash-book, still preserved, he obtained £85 from Nathaniel Pinney as the ransom of his brother, Azariah Pinney, one of the transported rebels. Mr. Walden was apparently an agent of the same kind, and equally and deservedly obscure. For some reason, however, the ‘designs to employ’ these men miscarried, and the maids of honor found another agent in the person of Brent, the Popish lawyer, who was a regular pardon-broker, and was arrested on the flight of King James, as I find by the minutes of Privy Council. This fellow employed as great a rascal as himself, one Crane, of Bridgewater, as his sub-agent, and between them they settled the business, as Oldmixon relates.”

Mr. Dixon has here made out a stronger case; and if we had not lost all confidence in his unsupported statement, after his garbling Kiffin's testimony in so shameless a manner, we should be ready to admit that both Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Macaulay had made a mistake in identifying the “Penne” addressed by Lord Sunderland with William Penn. If, as Mr. Dixon asserts, evidence can be produced to prove that an agent named George Penne really was busy at Taunton as a broker in pardons, we do not doubt that Sir James Mackintosh, if he had been living, would with pleasure have acknowledged his

mistake, or that Mr. Macaulay would now do so. Mr. Dixon, however, produces no such evidence. He talks of an old cash-book, but he does not tell us where it is to be found. If it really exists, neither Sir James nor Mr. Macaulay can be blamed for not having known of its existence. If it does not exist, we think that all the probabilities are strongly against William Penn, and we are sure that Mr. Dixon's arguments are utterly worthless. Nobody who is in the habit of turning over papers of the seventeenth century would attach the smallest importance to the spelling of a name. The letter of Sunderland is in official form, and would not have been at all disrespectful if it had been addressed to the first subject in England. As to the argument that the office of driving a bargain for the maids of honor was too low for Penn's place in society, it is certain that it had just before been offered by the Duke of Somerset to Sir Francis Warre, member of parliament for Bridgewater, and one of the first gentlemen of the West. Mr. Dixon says that Penn would not have undertaken so wicked and shameful a commission; and then, with strange inconsistency, he proceeds to vindicate the proceedings of the maids of honor. If the maids of honor were not to blame, how could it be wicked in Penn to be their agent? If, on the other hand, the service was so infamous that no honest man would have anything to do with it, how can we acquit the ladies who asked for such a service? As to their humanity, the question is fully settled by the Duke of Somerset's letter to Sir Francis Warre: “Let them know,” says his Grace, “that if they do thus put it off from time to time, that the maydes of honour are resolved to sue them to an outlawry.”

In parting with Mr. Dixon, we have a word or two to say respecting the tone and temper of his strictures upon Mr. Macaulay. They are exceedingly rude and exceedingly offensive. Mr. Macaulay is a scholar and a gentleman. He has done good service to literature by his numerous writings; and his works are read with admiration wherever the English language is spoken. We do not, however, claim for him any exemption from criticism. Literature is a republic, and will not tolerate a dictator. Mr. Macaulay's “History of England” is amenable to the same criticism as any other work in our language. It is impossible that it should be free from inaccuracies and mistakes. No great historical work ever has been. Even Gibbon, Niebuhr, and Grote—perhaps the three most careful and most pains-taking of modern historians—have

fallen into mistakes, and have unconsciously allowed their religious or political sentiments to give a false color to a portion of their narratives. We do not mean to deny that similar charges may be substantiated against Mr. Macaulay. But we do claim that such charges should be brought after due deliberation, and in a tone and a spirit befitting a gentleman and a scholar. Mr. Macaulay's high reputation entitles him to such treatment from any literary opponent. Whether he has given an erroneous account of the character of William Penn was surely a subject which might have been discussed with temper and moderation. Mr. Dixon, however, has chosen to pursue a different course. He has spoken of Mr. Macaulay's labors in language which we do not choose to characterize by the strong terms of reprobation which it deserves. But he may rest assured, that such language will injure himself far more than Mr. Macaulay. The only apology we can make for Mr. Dixon is the supposition, that he belongs to the Society of Friends, and

therefore resents Mr. Macaulay's attack upon one of the great ornaments of his party as a personal insult to himself. But if such be the case, he has learnt to little purpose the lessons of meekness and forgiveness of injuries which that respectable society is supposed to inculcate. Even if Mr. Dixon's charges were true, they could not justify the intemperance of his language. But it is not to be borne, that such language should be employed by a writer whom we have convicted of tampering with his authorities to make out his case. Mr. Dixon has been apparently led astray by two strong temptations;—first, by the usual partiality of a biographer for his subject, and secondly, by the desire of gaining notoriety by an attack upon one of the most eminent writers of the age. We trust, however, that our exposure of Mr. Dixon's proceedings will be a lesson to him for the future, and will prove a warning to all aspirants to literary fame, not to endeavor to gain a momentary reputation for themselves by attacking the well-earned fame of others.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THERE are, perhaps, no two men who ever lived, and left behind them their own memoirs, who display a more remarkable contrast, than Benjamin Franklin and Benvenuto Cellini. The first is an impersonation of the utilitarianism of modern times, as is the second of the fervid and fiery spirit of the middle ages. The reader of Cellini's autobiography is transported back, with marvellous vividness, to the glorious but troubled period of the Italian republics, and of the revival of art; he mixes with that galaxy of gifted artists who have left behind them an immortal name; he enters into their manners, feelings, habits, and foibles, as much as if he had been himself living in the midst of them. The artist of that age was a vastly different being from him of the present day. Such was the stimulus given by the spirit of the times to men of genius, and such was the unsettled state of society, that we find them at once painters, sculptors, architects, engineers,

musicians, poets, courtiers, and captains. They were called upon to do everything; one day to carve a statue for the decoration of a city, and the next, peradventure, to draw a plan of fortification for its defence, Benvenuto having, in fact, been thus required to fortify Paris, Rome, and Florence, in the course of his migratory career. Those were days, too, in which every quarrel was put to the arbitrement of the sword, and an artist was called upon to fight for his reputation, after he achieved it by his genius. They were times when morals were often at the lowest ebb, and superstition at its highest flow; in short, when the papal system, at its zenith of splendor and corruption, was paramount over the Italian mind. The spirit of this age, which never can return, was vividly impersonated in Benvenuto Cellini. Loose and reckless in his morals, but profoundly devout and superstitious, always prompt to engage in broils, and repeatedly guilty of

homicide, he recounts with the same calm complacency and immeasurable vanity his artistic achievements, his personal encounters, his necromantic visions, his illicit amours, and his visitations in prison by the Saviour of the world. All his adversaries are knaves and fools; and if he puts a man to death, it is never without the most conclusive reasons. He is a striking and painful instance how completely the influence of a false religion may deprave the natural sentiment of right and wrong. However flagrant were his violations of duty, the absolution of the Pope was always at hand, and always sufficient to lull to rest the troubled conscience of Benvenuto, and, to say truth, it was always most liberally afforded in his behalf.

He was born at Florence in the year 1500, and was contemporary with Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Baccio Bandinelli, Torregiano, and a host of other famous men. His father bound him apprentice to a goldsmith, and he soon distinguished himself by his extraordinary abilities. Driven from Florence by a fray, he repaired to Rome, where he obtained much patronage, and afterwards to his native city. Here he was a second time obliged to fly, having nearly killed one of his rivals in art. Again he returns to Rome, where he was soon taken notice of by the Pope, and employed in many important commissions. It was a most exciting period; the Constable of Bourbon was just about to besiege Rome, and Benvenuto, while engaged in a skirmish without the walls, declares that he was the individual who shot the Constable as he scaled the wall of the city. He was now shut up with the Pope in the Castle of St. Angelo, where he performed a notable and Munchausen-like feat of skill.

"I now gave my whole attention to firing my guns, by which means I did signal execution, so that I had in a high degree acquired the favor and good graces of his Holiness. There passed not a day that I did not kill some of the army without the castle. One day amongst others, the Pope happened to walk upon the round rampart, when he saw in the public walks a Spanish colonel whom he knew by certain tokens; and understanding that he had formerly been in his service, he said something concerning him, all the while observing him attentively. I, who was above at the battery, and knew nothing of the matter, but saw a man who was employed in getting the ramparts repaired, and who stood with a spear in his hand, dressed in rose-color, began to deliberate how I should lay him flat. I took my swivel, which was

almost equal to a demi-culverin, turned it round, and charging it with a good quantity of fine and coarse powder mixed, aimed it at him exactly; though he was at so great a distance, that it could not be expected any effort of art should make such pieces carry so far, I fired off the gun, and hit the man in red exactly in the middle; he had arrogantly placed his sword before him in a sort of Spanish bravado, but the ball of my piece hit against his sword, and the man was seen severed into two pieces. The Pope, who did not dream of any such thing, was highly delighted and surprised at what he saw, as well because he thought it impossible that such a piece could carry so far, as by reason he could not conceive how the man could be cut into two pieces. Upon this he sent for me, and made an inquiry into the whole affair: I told him the art I had used to fire in that manner; but as for the man's being split into two pieces, neither he nor I were able to account for it. So falling upon my knees, I intreated his Holiness to absolve me from the guilt of homicide, *as likewise from other crimes which I had committed in that castle in the service of the church.* The Pope, lifting up his hands, and making the sign of the cross over me, said that he blessed me, and gave me his absolution for *all the homicides that I had ever committed, or ever should commit, in the service of the apostolical church.*"

After these passages of arms, we find Cellini, in the pursuit of his profession, again dividing himself between Florence and Rome. The Pope still continued his fast friend and patron, but some of the cardinals being his enemies, he was often embroiled in disputes with them, and through them with his Holiness himself.

"The Pope set out for Bologna, leaving Cardinal Salviati, his legate, in Rome, and ordered him to hurry me on with the work, expressing himself in these words: 'Benvenuto is a man that sets but little value upon his abilities, and less upon me; so be sure that you hurry him on, that the chalice may be finished at my return.' This stupid cardinal sent to me in about eight days, ordering me to bring my work with me; but I went to him without it. As soon as I came into his presence, he said to me: 'Where is this fantastical work of yours? Have you finished it?' I made answer, 'Most reverend sir, I have not finished my fantastical work, as you are pleased to call it, nor can I finish it, except you give me wherewithal to enable me.' Scarce had I uttered these words,

when the cardinal, whose face was liker that of an ass than a human creature, began to look more hideous than before, and immediately proceeding to abusive language, said, 'I'll confine you aboard a galley, and then you will be glad to finish the work.' As I had a brute to deal with, I used the language proper on the occasion, which was as follows: 'My lord, when I am guilty of crimes deserving the galleys, then you may send me thither; but for such an offence as mine, I am not afraid: nay, I will tell you more, on account of this ill treatment I will not finish this work at all; so send no more for me, for I will not come, except I am compelled by the city guard.' The foolish cardinal then tried by fair means to persuade me to go on with the work in hand, and to bring what I had done, that he might examine it. In answer to all his persuasions I said, 'Tell his Holiness to send me the materials, if he would have me finish this fantastical work; nor would I give him any other answer, inasmuch that, despairing of success, he at last ceased to trouble me with his importunities. The Pope returned from Bologna, and immediately inquired after me, for the cardinal had already given him, by letter, the most unfavorable account of me he possibly could. His Holiness being incensed against me to the highest degree, ordered me to come to him with my work; and I obeyed. During the time he was at Bologna, I had so severe a defluxion upon my eyes, that life became almost insupportable to me: that was the first cause of my not proceeding with the chalice. So much did I suffer by this disorder, that I really thought I should lose my eyesight; and I computed how much would be sufficient for my support when I was blind. In my way to the palace, I meditated within myself an excuse for discontinuing the work; and thought, that whilst the Pope was considering and examining my performance, I might acquaint him with my case; but I was mistaken: for as soon as I appeared in his presence, he said to me, with great asperity, 'Let me see that work of yours. Is it finished?' Upon my producing it, he flew into a more violent passion than before, and said, 'As there is truth in God, I assure you, since you value no living soul, that if a regard to decency did not prevent me, I would order both you and your work to be thrown this moment out of the window.' Seeing the Pope thus inflamed with brutal fury, I was for quitting his presence directly; and as he continued his bravadoes, I put the chalice under my cloak, muttering these

words to myself, 'The whole world would prove unable to make a blind man proceed in such an undertaking as this.' The Pope then, with a louder voice than before, said, 'Come hither:—What's that you say?' For a while I hesitated whether I should run down stairs. At last I plucked up my courage, and falling on my knees, exclaimed aloud in these words, because he continued to scold, 'Is it reasonable when I am become blind with a disorder, you should oblige me to continue to work?' He answered: 'You could see well enough to come hither, and I don't believe one word of what you say.' Observing that he spoke with a milder tone of voice, I replied, 'If your Holiness will ask your physician, you will find that I declare the truth.' 'I shall inquire into the matter at my leisure,' said he. I now perceived that I had an opportunity to plead my cause, and therefore delivered myself thus: 'I am persuaded, most holy father, that the author of all this mischief is no other than Cardinal Salviati, because he sent for me immediately upon your Holiness's departure; and when I came to him, called my work a fantastical piece, and told me he would make me finish it in a galley: these opprobrious words made such an impression on me, that through the great perturbation of mind I was in, I felt my face all on a sudden inflamed, and my eyes were attacked by so violent a heat that I could hardly find my way home. A few days after there fell upon them two cataracts, which blinded me to such a degree that I could hardly see the light; and since your Holiness's departure I have not been able to do a stroke of work.' Having spoken thus, I rose up and withdrew. I was told that the Pope said, after I was gone, 'When places of trust are given, discretion is not always conveyed with them. I did not bid the cardinal treat people quite so roughly; if it be true that he has a disorder in his eyes, as I shall know by asking my physician, I shall be inclined to look upon him with an eye of compassion.' There happened to be present a person of distinction, who was a great favorite with the Pope, and equally conspicuous for his extraordinary virtues and endowments; having inquired of the pontiff who I was, he added, 'Holy father, I ask you this, because you appeared to me, in the same breath, to fall into a most violent passion and to be equally affected and softened into pity; so I desire to know who he is. If he be a person deserving of assistance, I'll tell him a secret to cure his disorder.' The Pope made answer, 'The person you speak of is one of



the greatest geniuses in his way that the world ever produced—when I see you again I will show you some of his admirable performances, as likewise the man himself; and it will be a great satisfaction to me, if you are able to do him any service.’”

The pope was soon after attacked by a fatal disorder. Benvenuto put on his sword, and repaired to St. Peter's, where he had kissed the feet of the deceased pontiff, “and could not refrain from tears.” On his way home he fell into a brawl, one of the many in which he was always getting engaged, and the consequences of which proved fatal to his adversary, one Pompeo, a rival in his own profession, who had unfairly decried his works.

“Whilst I was sitting here, in the company of several of my friends, Pompeo happened to pass by in the midst of ten armed men, and when he came opposite to the place where I sat, stopped awhile as if he had an intention to begin a quarrel. The brave young men, my friends, were for having me draw directly, but I instantly reflected that by complying with their desire I could not avoid hurting innocent persons, therefore thought it most advisable to expose none but myself to danger. Pompeo having made a short stop before my door, began to laugh in my face; and when he went off, his comrades fell a laughing likewise, shook their head, and made many gestures in derision, bullying me at a strange rate. My companions were for interposing in the quarrel, but I told them in an angry mood that in my disputes I never had occasion for the help of any champions, and that I knew how to end them unassisted; so that every man might mind his own business. Mortified at this answer, they went away, muttering to themselves: amongst these was the dearest friend I had in the world, whose name was Albertaccio de Bene, own brother to Allessandro and Albizzo, who now resides at Lyons, and is exceeding wealthy. This Albertaccio del Bene was one of the most surprising young men I ever knew; as intrepid as Cæsar, and one who loved me as he loved himself: he was well aware that my forbearance was not an effect of pusillanimity, but of the most undaunted resolution, which he knew to be one of my distinguishing characteristics: in answer, therefore, to what I said, he begged of me as a favor, that I would indulge him so far as to take him for my companion in any enterprise. To this I replied, ‘My dearest friend Albertaccio, a time will soon come that I shall have occasion for your assistance; but

on the present occasion, if you love me, do not give yourself any concern about me; only mind your own affairs, and quit the place directly, as the rest have done, for we must not trifle away time.’ These words were uttered in great haste; in the mean time my enemies of the Banchi quarter had walked on slowly towards a place called Chia-vica and reached a crossway where several streets meet; but that in which stood the house of my adversary Pompeo led directly to the Campo di Fiore. Pompeo entered an apothecary's shop at the corner of the Chia-vica, about some business, and stayed with him some time. I was told that that he had boasted of having bullied me; but it turned out a fatal adventure to him; for just as I arrived at that quarter, he was coming out of the shop, and his bravos having made an opening, formed a circle round him. I thereupon clapped my hand to a sharp dagger, and having forced my way through the file of ruffians, laid hold of him by the breast so quickly, and with such presence of mind, that there was not one of them able to defend him. I pulled him towards me, to give him a blow in front, but he turned his face about through excess of terror, so that I wounded him exactly under the ear; and upon repeating my blow he fell down dead. It had never been my intention to kill him, but only to wound him dangerously, but blows are not always under command. Having pulled back the dagger with my left hand, and drawn my sword with the right, in order to defend myself, when I found that all the ruffians ran up to the dead body, and none of them towards me, or seemed at all disposed to encounter me, I retreated towards the street Julia, revolving within myself whether I could make my escape.”

Nothing can be more truly edifying than the conduct of the new pope when informed of this untoward business.

“As soon,” says Benvenuto, “as this new pontiff had settled other affairs of greater importance, he inquired after me, and declared that he would employ nobody else to stamp his coins. When he spoke thus, a gentleman, whose name was Signor Latino Giovenale, said that I was obliged to abscond for having killed one Pompeo, a Milanese, in a fray; he then gave an account of the whole affair, putting it in the most favorable light for me that was possible. The pope made answer, ‘I never heard of the death of Pompeo, but I have often heard of Benvenuto's provocation; so let a safe-conduct be instantly made out, and that will secure him

from all manner of danger.' There happened to be present an intimate friend of Pompeo's, who was likewise a favorite of the pontiff; this was Signor Ambrogio, a native of Milan. This person told his Holiness that it might be of dangerous consequence to grant such favors immediately upon being raised to his new dignity. The pope instantly turning about to him, said, '*You do not understand these matters; I must inform you that men who are masters in their profession, like Benvenuto, should not be subject to the laws; but he less than any other, for I am sensible that he was in the right in the whole affair.*'"

After a while the Emperor Charles V. made his triumphal entry into Rome, when Benvenuto was chosen by the pope to present him with a specimen of his skill, and remained for half an hour in conversation with the emperor, which shows, as Vasari observes, "that he knew as well how to speak to princes, as to exert himself in his art." This flattering incident was soon followed by a terrible reverse of fortune. Upon a false charge of having concealed certain jewels entrusted to his care, he was thrown into a dungeon in the castle of St. Angelo. There the vividness of his imagination, combined with the consciousness of his innocence, soon pictured our Saviour as coming personally to console him for his miseries. After a preliminary vision, he observes:—

"There appeared a Christ upon a cross formed of the self-same matter as the sun, and so gracious and pleasing was his aspect, that no human imagination could ever form so much as a faint idea of such beauty. As I was contemplating this glorious apparition I cried out aloud, 'A miracle! a miracle! O God! O clemency divine! O goodness infinite! what mercies dost thou lavish on me this morning!' At the very time that I thus meditated and uttered these words, the figure of Christ began to move towards the side where the rays were concentrated; and the middle of the sun swelled and bulged out as at first: the protuberance having increased considerably, was at last converted into the figure of a beautiful Virgin Mary, who appeared to sit with her Son in her arms in a graceful attitude, and even to smile; she stood between two angels of so divine a beauty, that imagination could not even form an idea of such perfection. I likewise saw in the same sun a figure dressed in sacerdotal robes; this figure turned its back to me, and looked towards the Blessed Virgin holding Christ in her arms. All these things I clearly and plainly saw, and with a

loud voice continued to return thanks to the Almighty. This wonderful phenomenon having appeared before me about eight minutes, vanished from my sight, and I was instantly conveyed back to my couch. I then began to make loud exclamations, crying out thus: 'It has pleased the Almighty to reveal to me all his glory in a splendor which perhaps no mortal eye ever before beheld; hence I know that I am free, happy, and in favor with God; as for you, unhappy wretches, you will continue in disgrace with him. Know that I am certain that on All-Saints day, on which I was born, in 1500, the night of the first November, exactly at twelve o'clock; know, I say, that on the anniversary of that day you will be obliged to take me out of this dismal cell; for I have seen it with my eyes, and it was prefigured on the throne of God. The priest who looked towards Christ, and had his back turned to me, was St. Peter, who pleaded my cause, and appeared to be quite ashamed that such cruel insults should be offered to Christians in his house. So proclaim it everywhere, that no one has any further power to hurt me, and tell the pope, *that if he will supply me with wax or paper to represent the glorious vision sent to me from heaven, I will certainly do it.*'"

After this release from prison, Benvenuto repaired to the court of the munificent Francis I. of France, with whom he became a great favorite; but in consequence of his haughty and independent humor, was so persecuted by Madame d'Etampes, the king's mistress, that he at length repaired to Florence, there to reap fresh triumphs, and to engage in fresh disputes. Baccio Bandinelli, the celebrated sculptor, was the principal object of our Benvenuto's jealousy, and the following scene between them, in presence of the Duke of Florence, is, perhaps, the richest specimen of artists' quarrels on record:—

"One holiday I went to the palace immediately after dinner, and entering the Hall where the great clock stands, I saw the door of the wardrobe open; as I presented myself, the duke beckoned to me, and with great complaisance addressed me thus: 'You are welcome to court,' alluding to my name of Benvenuto; 'take this little chest, which was sent to me as a present by Signor Stephano of Palestrina; open it, and let us see what it contains.' I instantly opened it, and answered the duke: 'This, my lord, is the figure of a little boy in Greek marble, and is, indeed, a very extraordinary piece; I don't

remember ever having seen amongst the antiquities so beautiful a performance, or one of so exquisite a taste; I therefore offer your excellency to restore its head, arms, and feet; and make an eagle for it, that it may be called a Ganymede: and though it is by no means proper for me to patch up old statues, as that is generally done by a sort of bunglers in the business, who acquit themselves very indifferently, the excellence of this great master is such, that it powerfully excites me to do him this piece of service.' The duke was highly pleased to find the figure had such merit, and asked me several questions about it: 'Tell me,' says he, 'Benvenuto, in what precise consists the extraordinary excellence of this great master, which excites in you such wonder and surprise?' I endeavored the best I could to give him an idea of the extraordinary beauty of the statue, of the great genius, skill and admirable manner of the artist, conspicuous in his work; topics on which I enlarged a long time, and that with the greater earnestness, as I perceived that his excellency took pleasure in listening to me. Whilst I amused him so agreeably with my conversation, a page happened to open the door of the wardrobe, and just as he came out Bandinello entered: the duke, seeing him, appeared to be in some disorder, and asked him, with a stern look, what he was about. Bandinello, without making any answer, immediately fixed his eye on the little chest, in which the above-mentioned statue was very plainly to be seen; then shaking his head, he turned to the duke, and said, with a scornful sneer, 'My lord, this is one of those things I have so often spoken to your excellency about; depend upon it, the ancients knew nothing of the anatomy of the parts, and for that reason their works abound with errors.' I stood silent, and gave no attention to what he had advanced, but on the contrary turned my back to him. When the fool had made an end of his nonsensical harangue, the duke, addressing himself to me, said, 'Benvenuto, this is quite the reverse of what you awhile ago so much boasted, and seemed to prove by so many specious arguments: so endeavor to defend your own cause.' To these words of the duke, which were spoken with great mildness, I answered, 'My lord, your excellency is to understand that Baccio Bandinello is a compound of everything that is bad, and so he has always been; insomuch, that whatsoever he looks at is by his fascinating eyes, however superlatively good in itself, immediately converted into something supremely evil:

but I, who am inclined to good alone, see the truth through a happier medium; so that all I mentioned a while ago to your excellency concerning that beautiful figure is strictly and literally true, and what Bandinello has said of it is purely the result of his own innate malevolence.'

"The duke seemed to hear me with pleasure; and whilst I expressed myself thus, Bandinello writhed himself into a variety of contortions, and made his face, which was by nature very ugly, quite hideous by his frightful grimaces. Immediately the duke, quitting the hall, went down to the ground-floor apartments, and Bandinello after him: the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, pulling me by the cloak, encouraged me to go after him; so we followed the duke till he sat himself down in one of the rooms, and Bandinello and I placed ourselves, one on his right, the other on the left. I remained silent, and many of the duke's servants who stood round kept their eyes fixed on Bandinello, tittering when they recollected what I had said to him in the hall above. Bandinello again began to chatter, and said, that when he exhibited his Hercules and Cacus to the public, he really believed there were above a hundred lampoons published against him, which contained all the vilest ribaldry that could enter into the imagination of the rabble. To this I answered, 'My lord, when your great artist, Michel Angelo Buonarrotti, exhibited his sacristy, in which so many beautiful figures are to be seen, the members of the admirable school of Florence, which loves and encourages genius wherever it displays itself, published above a hundred sonnets, wherein they vie with each other which should praise him most; and as Bandinello deserved all the ill that was said of his work, so Michel Angelo merited the highest encomiums that were bestowed on his performance.' Upon my expressing myself thus, Bandinello was incensed to such a degree, that he was ready to burst with fury, and turning to me said, 'What faults have you to find with my statues?' I answered, 'I will soon tell you them, if you have but the patience to hear me.' He replied, 'Tell them, then.' The duke and all present listened with the utmost attention. I began by premising that I was sorry to be obliged to lay before him all the blemishes of his work, and that I was not so properly delivering my own sentiments, as declaring what was said of it by the ingenious school of Florence. However, as the fellow at one time said something disobliging, at another made some offensive gesture with his

hands or his feet, he put me into such a passion that I behaved with a rudeness which I should otherwise have avoided.

“ ‘The ingenious school of Florence,’ said I, ‘declares what follows:—If the hair of your Hercules were shaved off, there would not remain skull enough to hold his brains; with regard to his face, it is hard to distinguish whether it be the face of a man, or that of a creature something between a lion and an ox; it discovers no attention to what it is about; and it is so badly set upon the neck, with so little art and so ungraceful a manner, that a more shocking piece of work was never seen: his great brawny back resembles the two pommels of an ass’s pack-saddle; his breasts and their muscles bear no similitude to those of a man, but appear like a sack of melons; as he leans directly against the wall, the small of the back has the appearance of a bag filled with long cucumbers; it is impossible to conceive in what manner the two legs are fastened to this distorted figure, for it is hard to distinguish upon which leg he stands, or upon which he exerts any effort of his strength, nor does he appear to stand upon both, as he is sometimes represented by those masters of the art of statuary who know something of their business; it is plain, too, that the statue inclines more than one-third of a cubit forward, and this is the greatest and the most insupportable blunder which pretenders to sculpture are guilty of; as for the arms, they both hang down in the most awkward and ungraceful manner imaginable, and so little art is displayed in them, that people would be almost tempted to think that you never saw a naked man in your life; the right leg of Hercules and that of Cacus touch at the middle of their calves, and, if they were to be separated, not one of them only, but both would remain without a calf in the place where they touch: besides, one of the Hercules’ feet is quite buried, and the other seems to have fire under it.’ Thus I went on, but the man could no longer stay with patience to hear the defects of his figure of Cacus enumerated; one reason was that what I said was true, the other, that I made the duke perfectly acquainted with his real character, as well as the rest of those present, who discovered the greatest symptoms of surprise imaginable, and began to be sensible that all I said was true. The brutish fellow thereupon said, ‘O thou slanderer, dost thou say nothing of my design?’ I answered that he who drew a good one, could never work ill, and that I was convinced his design

was of a piece with his works. Seeing that the duke and all present showed, by their sarcastic looks and gestures, that they thought the censure of his performance to be just, he let his insolence entirely get the better of him, and, turning about to me with a most brutish physiognomy, assailed me with the most infamous epithets. When he expressed himself thus, the duke and all present frowned upon him, and discovered symptoms of the highest displeasure. I, though full of passion, thought it best to treat him with ridicule, and succeeded so well, that none present could contain themselves, but both the duke and all present set up a loud laugh. Though I endeavored to put a good face upon the matter, I was ready to burst with vexation, that one of the most worthless wretches upon earth should have the impudence to affront me in so gross a manner, in the presence of a great prince: but the reader should at the same time take into consideration, that on this occasion the duke was affronted and not I; for had I not been in his august presence, I should have killed the villain upon the spot. Perceiving that the noble personages present never once ceased laughing, this low buffoon, to divert them from deriding him, began to change the subject, and said, ‘This Benvenuto here goes about making it his boast that I promised him a block of marble.’ ‘How,’ said I, interrupting him, ‘did you not send word by your journeyman, Francis Matteo Fabbro, that if I chose to work in marble, you would make me a present of a piece? Did I not accept the offer, and don’t I still require of you the performance of your promise?’ He replied then, ‘Depend upon it, you shall never have it.’ Thereupon I, who was incensed to the highest pitch by his former abuse, being suddenly deprived of my reason, as it were, forgot for a moment that I was in the presence of the duke, and cried out to him in a passion: ‘In plain terms, either send the marble to my house, or think of another world, for I will infallibly send you out of this:’ but, immediately recollecting that I was in the presence of so great a prince, I turned with an air of humility to his excellency, and said, ‘My lord, one fool makes a hundred; the folly of this man has made me forget your excellency’s glory, and myself, for which I humbly beg your lordship’s pardon.’ The duke, addressing himself to Bandinello, asked him whether it was true that he had promised me the marble. Bandinello answered it was. The duke thereupon said to me, ‘Return to your work and



take a piece of marble to your liking." I replied that he had promised to send me one to my own house. Terrible words passed upon the occasion, and I insisted upon receiving it in that manner, and no other."

But we should stretch this article beyond all reasonable limits, did we go on any longer quoting scene after scene from this most amusing of autobiographies. Suffice it to

say, that in 1570 Benvenuto Cellini at length died at Florence, which he had so greatly contributed to adorn, where he had risen to the very highest honors, and where he was buried with the greatest funeral pomp. His character is better displayed by his own pen; than it could be by the most elaborate estimate on the part of others.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## JOANNA BAILLIE.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.

AN eminent name has lately been struck from off the roll of living authors. Within the last few weeks, the papers record the death of this distinguished dramatist and most amiable lady, at the unusually protracted period of eighty-nine. The literary world of the present day, and the public in general, had so completely lost sight of her for many years, from the total retirement in which her long and tranquil old age exhausted itself, that we thought, in common with many, she had disappeared from her terrestrial pilgrimage long since. We numbered her with remembrances of the past, and considered her as much the property of history as sundry obsolete members of the House of Commons, whose mortal substance, much attenuated, we are assured still flickers uneasily round their accustomed benches, opposing everything and everybody. The announcement of her very recent demise was, at first, a little startling; it seemed as if a departed spirit had obtained leave to return, after a temporary sojourn in Elysium, to declare its own final translation. We are reminded of Lord Chesterfield's saying of himself and Lord Trawley, when both were very old and infirm, and looked as if they had been exhumed—"Trawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known."

I saw Joanna Baillie, for the first time, in Edinburgh, in 1820. I had long admired the writer, and looked on the woman with mingled interest and curiosity. She was then verging on fifty-eight, with an appearance of health, which, though in a slight frame, indicated longevity. I saw a small, prim, and Quaker-like looking person, in plain attire, with gentle, unobtrusive manners, and devoid of affectation; rather silent, and more inclined to listen than to talk. There was no tinge of the blue-stocking in her style of conversation, no assumption of conscious importance in her demeanor, and less of literary display than in any author or authoress I had ever been in company with. It was difficult to persuade yourself that the little, insignificant, and rather common-place looking individual before you, could have conceived and embodied, with such potent energy, the deadly hatred of De Montford, or the fiery love of Basil. Living in the seclusion of a quiet, narrow, domestic circle, without practical experience of the world's doings, "she kept the noiseless tenor of her way," unchequered by stirring incidents to disturb or excite a tranquil, uniform course of life. With no knowledge but what was supplied by reading and reflection, her high imaginative genius enabled her to grapple in description with the absorbing passions which

give their color to the more active scenes of existence, and to depict them with as much truth and identity, as if she had felt and participated in all that she delineates.

An anecdote related to me at the time, by a party present, illustrates pleasingly the natural simplicity of her character. Being on a visit with Sir Walter Scott, she was taken to see the ruins of Melrose Abbey, we conclude, as a matter of course, "by the pale moonlight," as the poet recommends. The wonders of the eastern window were especially pointed out to her, with the complicated and delicate tracery of the arches, in some portions as clearly defined as when they first received outline and form from the chisel of the cutter. All stood silently round, and turned toward the great poetic lioness, expecting some burst of high-flown admiration, or fervid eulogium. Note-books were beginning to peep out, ears were erect, and expectation on the tip-toe. After gazing intently for some moments, she said quietly, and almost to herself, "It is really very fine—what a beautiful pattern it would make!" The loftiest genius dwells not always on Olympus, but sometimes treads on level ground, and descends to the thoughts and feelings of everyday humanity.

Very few of Miss Baillie's plays have been acted, and none with permanent success. Her first series of the "Plays on the Passions," was an experiment in a new walk, not intended for the stage, and in truth much more adapted to the study. These plays deal too exclusively in the evolvment of one particular thought, the consequences of one particular agency. They are metaphysical ideas rather than practical events, and require to be paused on and reflected over, before you can thoroughly comprehend and enter into the object of the writer. They are distinctly dramatic poems, rather than acting dramas.

The public, when "De Montfort" was announced for representation at Drury-lane, in 1800, roused up from the periodical apathy which ever and anon comes over them; the critics announced the approach of a new era in dramatic literature, and the talents of the great actors, then in their zenith, left no doubt that the conceptions of the author would be fully realized. The excitement was great, and the disappointment commensurate. The audience yawned in spite of themselves, in spite of the exquisite poetry, the vigorous passion, and the transcendent acting of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. There was a total absence of underplot, or

skilfully interwoven subordinate characters—no variety, no relief; it was all De Montfort, with his deadly hatred, his unsatisfactory reasons for it, his gloomy meditations, and their inevitable catastrophe; there was a heavy, unredeemed monotony, which wrapped all round like a sepulchral shroud, and reduced to suffering what should have been enjoyment. It was a positive reprieve when the curtain dropped; and though all felt convinced they had been dealing with a very superior production, many doubted if they understood it; few shed tears, (the most genuine test of tragedy,) and still fewer cared to undergo the operation a second time. The play was put on the shelf after a short run of eleven nights.

More than twenty years after, "De Montfort" was revived at Drury-lane, for Edmund Kean, in 1821, with various alterations, and a last act entirely re-written by the authoress. Much expectation was again raised; Kean himself expected to do wonders with the part, and we have heard from some who saw it, that the performance was one of his greatest efforts; he acted with all his tremendous energy, and at that time his powers were undiminished. But the same result ensued, from the original cause; the play was still found to be a ponderous monodrama, and its resurrection was even more transient than its first existence. All this is very discouraging, and rather extraordinary, where there is such undoubted excellence in the author, and that excellence has been so ably illustrated by the best performers of modern times. Look at "the Stranger," which keeps the stage, and never fails to please the audience, although modern critics have of late entered into a crusade against this and other dramas of the same class. Why it scarcely possesses a tithe of the merit or pretensions of "De Montfort," yet is it a far more effective play, and the same great actors, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, immortalized this German impropriety, while they failed in giving permanent life to the purer and more legitimate English tragedy. It must be (as we think) that the one, with all its faults and inferiority, is more natural than the other—more intelligible to the mass of the spectators, and more likely to happen to-day or to-morrow. The one is simple, the other strained. It is the rule opposed to the exception: we sympathize more readily with what is likely, than what is barely possible. Many are inclined to think the authoress of "De Montfort" had gone beyond nature, in coloring hatred so strongly,

when arising from an insignificant cause, and cherished pertinaciously after so long an interval. For one case of romantic or high-wrought incident, whether of crime or virtue, and which only happens to peculiar natures, under peculiar circumstances, there occur twenty common ones in the ordinary occurrences of every-day life, which, as everybody can understand, they take a greater interest in. If this reasoning is correct, it applies as a general rule, although introduced to bear on a particular instance, and proves that a mere skilful playwright may carry away the public voice, which is sometimes refused to higher genius and far more profound conceptions.

Miss Baillie having written her double series of "Plays on the Passions," which were generally pronounced more adapted to the closet than the stage, published in 1804 an additional volume of three "Miscellaneous Plays," intended more expressly for representation, and all of which, at different times, had been offered to and rejected by the London managers. She was evidently anxious that her dramas should be acted, and says in her preface:—

"It has been, and still is, my strongest desire to add a few pieces to the stock of what may be called our national or permanently acting plays, how unequal soever my abilities may be to the object of my ambition."

And again:—

"I have wished to leave behind me in the world a few plays, some of which might have a chance of continuing to be acted even in our canvass theatres and barns, and of preserving to my name some remembrance of that species of amusement which I have, above every other, enjoyed."

She says, very justly too, that the failure of her attempts to add to the acted drama is the more to be regretted, as having no opportunity of seeing any of her productions on the stage, many faults, respecting effect, arising from want of practical experience, would remain undiscovered, and thus render improvement in her subsequent productions almost impossible. This preface was published after the first production of *De Montfort*, although written probably at an antecedent date. That she had, even without experience, some idea of what are called stage effects, or *coups de theatre*, may be evidenced by several instances from her dramas. The arrangements for the execution of *Ethwald* ;\*

the sawing asunder of the planks supporting the scaffold, by Ohio the negro, in *Rayner* ; and the contrivance of Othoric to escape death with torture in *Constantine Paleologus*.

In 1810 the *Family Legend* was produced in the Edinburgh Theatre, through the interference and active exertions of Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, who took great interest in its success, and assembled a host of the literati of the modern Athens to witness the first representation. He supplied the prologue, and the epilogue was contributed by Henry Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*. The authoress says she obtained the story in 1805 from the Hon. Mrs. Damer, who gave it to her as a legend long preserved in the family of her maternal ancestors. It had been previously brought on the stage by Holcroft, as a melo-drama, under the title of the *Lady of the Rock*, and acted at Drury Lane in 1805.† But of this fact Miss Baillie appears to have been entirely ignorant. Great pains were taken with the production of her play. The Edinburgh public were pleased and flattered by a national story, given to them by a country-woman ; it was received with warm applause for fourteen consecutive nights, frequently repeated afterwards, and remained long on the stock list of the theatre. The heroine, Helen of Argyll, was represented by Mrs. Henry Siddons, one of the most accomplished actresses of her day, and who ranks in the very foremost list of those whose private virtues have enhanced the lustre of their professional excellence. I have, on several occasions, performed in this play with her the character of the brother, John of Lorne, during the seasons comprised between 1822 and 1824 ; but of the original actors, not more than one is now alive.

Mr. Lockhart, in his life of Sir Walter Scott, mentions, that in 1815 the *Family Legend* was performed in one of the London theatres, on which occasion the authoress (with Lord Byron and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott) was present at the representation. We have no record accessible by which to ascertain at what theatre the representation took place, or the degree of success it was attended with. More than once I have thought of producing the *Family Legend* on the Dublin boards, and we have had several eminent actresses who could have rendered full justice to the leading female character, in which

*Mask*, adapted from Cooper's novel of the "Bravo," where the execution of Jacopo is arranged much after this fashion.

† The plot and story of Holcroft's drama are taken from Mrs. Murray's "Companion to the Highlands."

\* A very similar effect was long afterwards introduced in a play at Drury Lane, called the *Red*

the interest principally centres. Either Mrs. Kean or Miss Helen Faucit could have embodied it beautifully. There is in this play action, vigor, and poetical dialogue; interest in the story, and ample field for scenic effects. A very striking and original incident occurs where the lady is left to perish on a lone rock in the ocean, which, at high tide, is entirely submerged, and from which she is rescued in the last extremity. This, in our large theatre, would afford a glorious opportunity for one of those triumphs of mechanism with which modern audiences are taken by storm, and wherein the genius of the master-carpenter and the scene painter throws into the shade the ablest efforts of the most accomplished actor. These resources are scarcely legitimate, but we live under the "lower empire" of dramatic taste. In obedience to its laws, and not to be behind the times, the managers of the great London theatres have been coerced into costly expedients, and have transformed some of the noblest tragedies of Shakspeare into monstrous five-act melo-dramas; reducing them to a peg on which to hang endless processions, emblazoned surcoats, banners illustrative of all the different stages in heraldic science, with costumes from undoubted authority, and whole armies of supernumeraries clad in real panoply; to the vast delight of the learned antiquarian, but to the utter mystification of the bewildered public. The interest and passion of the scene were lost in the show, and Coriolanus or Henry V. could hardly be distinguished from the glittering pageantry that enveloped them. This is not meant in any disparagement to the acknowledged talents possessed by the leading actors of the day. There are among them men worthy "to stand by Cæsar and give directions," but even Garrick or John Kemble would have been smothered up by a similar process. Our remarks are intended, in all humility, merely as a comment on what we conceive to be the mistake of a system, ruinous in expense and unsound in application. There is a medium in all things, and in this the whole matter appears to have been overdone. The upholsterer and the property man stepped into the foremost places, instead of filling up the back-ground; thus rendering principal what should be accessory, and confounding just proportion, as, in architecture, the overloaded ornaments of the florid Gothic obscure the nobler and more solid features of the early Norman original.

The tragedy of Constantine Paleologus is unquestionably more dramatic, and better suited

for representation, than any other of Miss Baillie's plays. Her plots are usually of her own invention, and in this instance alone she has drawn from the pages of history. The subject is full of interest, and several imaginary characters are introduced, which relieve, without interfering with the main story. It was written expressly for Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and glorious representatives they would have been of the two leading personages, the last Cæsar and his devoted partner.\* The reason why they rejected this fine tragedy has never been explained; perhaps the cold reception of De Montfort had chilled them; but at that epoch they frequently wasted both time and talent on many worthless dramas, long since buried and forgotten, and from which neither fame nor profit could reasonably be expected. On reading Constantine I was much struck with its beauties and capability for producing stage effect. In 1820, being then merely a leading performer in the Edinburgh Theatre, and with no forebodings of ever becoming a manager, I selected it for my benefit night, and bestowed much time and consideration in arranging it for the purpose. It had been already acted in Liverpool, I think, under the supervision of Mr. Terry, and at the Surrey Theatre, in London, by Huntly and Miss Taylor, during the management of Dibdin; at the latter place as a melo-dramatic spectacle under the title of *Constantine and Valeria*. I had never seen either of these versions, consequently, for the merits or defects of what I was going to produce I was solely responsible, and much curtailment and many alterations were necessary. Miss Baillie happened to arrive in Edinburgh, on a visit to some friends, at this precise juncture, and while the rehearsals were going on.† I had not the slightest idea of such a coincidence when I selected the play, but immediately addressed a letter to her on the subject, which, with her reply, may be interesting to our readers. I was then a tyro on the stage; it was my first attempt at dramatic arrangement, and I little foresaw the future years of long and laborious experience in similar matters which were in store for me:—

"Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, May 24th, 1820.

"MADAM,—Intruding myself as a stranger on your attention, I trust the nature of my subject

\* The character of the Empress Valeria is fictitious; Constantine Paleologus was unmarried.

† The performers were so much annoyed with the constant rehearsals of this play, and the trouble it occasioned them, that they christened it, as a green-room joke, "Constantine Plaguin'-all-of-us."



will plead my excuse; and I must further apologise for having delayed proffering the request contained in this letter, by stating that I was ignorant until late last night of your arrival in Edinburgh. Among the many works of genius with which you have enriched the literature of our country, I have long considered the tragedy of *Constantine Paleologus* as particularly adapted to produce strong effect in representation. With this feeling, I have, with the full concurrence of Mrs. H. Siddons,\* selected it for that purpose on Monday evening next, and now venture to solicit your sanction and approbation, which, I trust, will not be withheld. In arranging the play for the stage, it has been necessary to deviate, in some instances, from its original form, and to omit, occasionally, passages which, though beautiful in themselves, are not essential to the development of the plot, and sometimes impede the progress of the incidents. I trust I am not presumptuous in recalling to your mind that the play, in its original state, greatly exceeds the usual length of acting tragedies; that the reader in the closet can dwell, *ad libitum*, on poetical beauties, whereas the spectator in the theatre must be aroused at once by striking effects, and his attention kept alive by rapidity of action; that the taste of the present day inclines, perhaps too strongly, to the delineation of vehement passion, almost to the exclusion of declamatory and didactic composition;† and, lastly, that the means afforded by a comparatively small theatrical company, render it indispensable to condense the principal characters, so as to place the weight of the representation in a few hands. On this plan, and with these objects in view, the tragedy has been arranged for the stage, but not the slightest liberty has been taken with the original text. Ignorant at the time that you were to visit Edinburgh I was unable to avail myself of your very superior knowledge and experience, which I should most anxiously have solicited. I trust, however, you will approve of what has been done on the principles I have stated, and should you feel disposed to honor the theatre with your presence on Monday evening, every effort will be made to render the performance such as you can witness with satisfaction.

"I have the honor to subscribe myself, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

" \* \* \* \* "

\* Mrs. H. Siddons was the proprietress of the theatre, and an intimate personal friend of Miss Baillie.

† A little before the time when this letter was written it was not unusual, at Drury-lane, for ladies in the dress boxes, and actresses on the stage, to be taken out in fits, while Kean was acting the last scene of *Sir Giles Overreach*; while at Covent-garden, Miss O'Neill, Young, Macready, and C. Kemble, acted up the tragedies of Shail with such unsparring energy, that, from the first act to the last, a foreigner, ignorant of the language, would have supposed they were in convulsions. They were all, as John Kemble said of Kean in particular, "terribly in earnest." I wish our modern actors would rouse the public with a little of this *vis physica* in the right places.

Miss Baillie's answer to the above letter was as follows:—

"King-street, Wednesday morning.

"SIR,—Nothing can be more gratifying to me than your having thought the play of *Constantine* worthy of being performed in the Edinburgh Theatre, and I beg that Mrs. H. Siddons and yourself will accept my best thanks for the honor you do me. I am well assured that the alterations you have made will give it a much better chance of succeeding; and, indeed, I never supposed that it was entirely adapted to any theatre. I hope to have the pleasure of calling on Mrs. H. Siddons very soon, and have this morning sent a parcel to her house which I received from Mrs. Siddons a few days before I left London.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your very obedient servant,

" J. BAILLIE."

When we consider that this play, of all the productions of the authoress, was that which she had most carefully composed for representation, and which she had fondly hoped would grace the boards of Drury-lane Theatre, and be acted by the matchless artists she had written for, it must have been some disappointment, even to her tranquil spirit, to find that it was in Edinburgh she was to witness its first representation; for, though we considered ourselves many degrees beyond "tritons of the minnows," the London public and their critics were not disposed to subscribe to all our pretensions. The event was satisfactory to all concerned. The house was crowded, the audience liberal of applause, and the authoress delighted. When I was introduced to her in her private box, after the curtain fell, she said "she had never passed a happier evening in her life."

In 1823 *Constantine Paleologus* was produced in Dublin. We had here more extensive means than in Edinburgh. New scenery was painted, and much pageantry introduced. A splendid banquet in the imperial palace, in the first act; a singularly well organized mob in the second; a grand military procession in the third; the Bosphorus, with the imperial fleet and galley, in the fourth; and in the fifth, the storming of the city, and bearing off the body of the slain Emperor by his devoted band of brothers. We subjoin a bill of the first night in the following page as an authentic document.

It will be interesting to speculate for a moment on the list of names we have before us in this bill, while we inquire where are the individuals now? The sombre Young asks, "Where is the world in which a man was born?" The caustic Byron says, "Where is the world of eight years past?"

“THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.

This present Evening, Thursday, June 30, 1825, will be performed (first time here)  
a New Historical Drama, in Five Acts,

CALLED

CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS,

THE LAST OF THE CÆSARS.

Written by the celebrated JOANNA BAILLIE, authoress of De Montfort, Plays of the Passions, &c. Altered and adapted for representation in this Theatre, with new and appropriate Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations. The Greek and Turkish Marches composed by Mr. A. LEE.

|                                                                  |   |                            |       |       |       |                 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----------------------------|-------|-------|-------|-----------------|
| CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS, the last Emperor of Constantinople       |   |                            |       |       | ..... | Mr. Abbot.      |
| Petronius                                                        | } | Senators of Constantinople | ..... | ..... | ..... | Mr. Hamerton.   |
| Marthon                                                          |   |                            |       |       |       | Mr. Barry.      |
| Othus                                                            |   |                            |       |       |       | Mr. Digges.     |
| Justiniani                                                       |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Mr. Cunningham. |
| Hugo                                                             |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Mr. O'Rourke.   |
| Othorie (a Hungarian Savage)                                     |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Mr. Brough.     |
| Rodrigo, a Genoese Naval Commander, Chief of the Band of Friends |   |                            |       |       |       | Mr. Calcraft.   |
| Greek Noblemen, Knights, Senators, Officers, Soldiers.           |   |                            |       |       |       |                 |
| Mahomet the Second, Emperor of the Turks                         |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Mr. Southwell.  |
| Osmir, his Vizier                                                |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Mr. James.      |
| Caled                                                            |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Mr. Swan.       |
| Turkish Officers, Soldiers, Janissaries &c., &c., &c.            |   |                            |       |       |       |                 |
| Valeria, Empress of Constantinople                               |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Miss Jarman.    |
| Ella, Daughter of Petronius                                      |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Miss Harvey.    |
| Lucia                                                            |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Miss Stanfield. |
| Servia                                                           |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Mrs. Johnson.   |
| Pulcheria                                                        |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Mrs. Norman.    |
| Sempronia                                                        |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Miss Mahon.     |
| Flavia                                                           |   |                            | ..... | ..... | ..... | Mrs. Smollett.  |

In the course of the Play the following Scenery will be introduced:—  
Suburbs of Constantinople and Distant View of the Turkish Encampment.  
Grand Banquet in the Imperial Palace.  
Exterior of the Palace of Constantine.  
Grand Chamber in the palace, commanding a view of the Bosphorus.  
The Imperial Galley and Fleet—Burning Ruins of Constantinople.  
To conclude with the Melodrama of the  
FATHER and SON;  
OR, THE RUINS OF THE CONVENT.”

We inquire, where is this theatrical cohort of twenty-five years since? Eight have passed “to that bourne from whence no traveler returns;” seven have retired married, or incapable of service; and but two are still borne on the books of the old crazy vessel. The commander, and one of his faithful subordinates, Richard Barry; the latter, with the worthy treasurer, will for many ages represent the skeleton of a once numerous phalanx. They will be dug alive out of the fossilized ruins of the theatre, when the next geological cataclysm entirely changes the present external aspect of our planet. Both are unquestionably immortal, and will survive “the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds”—that one is, “The Wandering Jew,” and the other, “St. Leon,” is “a great fact,” clearly demonstrated, but to which the separate identity actually belongs is still an open question. Widdicombe, we have been told, was inclined to dispute both points, but he took the opinion of counsel, which, although encouraged by a liberal fee,

was unfavorable, and he retired from the contest.  
“*Revenons a nos moutons,*” as somebody says in French, and everybody quotes when they want an apt sentence. *Constantine Paleologus* was very successful in Dublin, and repeated several times to applauding audiences, while the press unanimously spoke in liberal praise of author, adapter, actors, and the general arrangements. I would revive it, but revivals are unlucky, while the *prestige* in favor of new names and against old ones is too strong to be resisted. In the pride of my heart I sent copies of my adaptation to the two leading London theatres, thinking, with the host of talent they then commanded, one or the other might deem it worthy their attention; but I never could get an answer, although I asked more than once and almost with “whispering humbleness,” (as Shylock says,) for that inexpensive and easy courtesy. In those days I had no interest with the heads of departments, not having yet become the alembic through

which large sums were afterward distilled into recipient pockets. Several times I thought of calling to request restitution of that and one or two other manuscripts, "of no use but to the owner;" but I was afraid of being told to take my choice from some mouldering pyramid of the unacted drama piled up in a neglected lumber-room; and I abandoned the property through dread of the affront. By the way, I have a good many unclaimed manuscripts in my own possession, which having passed the statute of limitations, have become lawful forfeitures, and I shall be happy to dispose of them on very reasonable terms to any gentleman who may be desirous of proving the incompetence of managers, by publishing another series of "Rejected Plays." In these hard times a man must turn an honest penny in any way that reconciles itself to his conscience, and as Ephraim Smooth observes, "there is no harm in a guinea."

The life of Joanna Baillie belongs to posterity, and doubtless it will be contributed by some "eminent hand," well qualified for the task; in the meantime the two or three desultory reminiscences we have here recorded apply to matters not generally known, but which, in a rambling series of papers like the present, may be considered not wholly uninteresting.

The writings of this lady are not so familiar to the present generation as they ought to be; an extract or two from the volume of "Miscellaneous Plays," intended for the stage, well show both the variety and power of her style, and have not, we believe, been pointed out before. Here is one from *Rayner*, which, in quaintness and humor, reminds us of the elder dramatists. Rayner is in prison, condemned to die for a murder of which he is innocent, and attended by a friendly monk, who has come to prepare him for his fate. The turnkey enters.

RAYNER.

"It is the turnkey; a poor man, who, tho'  
His state in life favors not the kind growth  
Of soft affections, has shown kindness to me.  
He wears upon his face the awkwardness  
And hesitating look of one who comes  
To ask some favor; send him not away.  
[To Turnkey] What dost thou want good friend?  
O utwith it, man!  
We are not very stern.

TURNKEY.

Please you, it has to me long been a privilege  
To show the curious peasantry and boors,  
Who, from the country flock o' holidays,  
Thro' his strait prison bars, the famous robber

That overhead is cell'd; and now a company  
Waits here without to see him, but he's sullen  
And will not show himself. If it might please  
you

But for a moment opposite your grate  
To stand, without great wrong to any one,  
You might pass for him, and do me great kindness.

Or the good Father there, if he be willing  
To doff his hood and turn him to the light,  
He hath a good thick beard and a stern eye,  
That would be better still."

Rayner laughs violently, the monk expels the turnkey in a passion, and proceeds to remonstrate with the prisoner on his ill-placed levity.

From *Constantine* we select the follow passages, in an opposite strain.

Mahomet is visiting his outposts on the night previous to the final attack of Constantinople. The distant murmurs proceeding from the devoted city are heard.

MAHOMET.

[To his Vizier.] What sounds are these?

OSMIR.

Hast thou forgot we are so near the city?  
It is the murmuring night-sound of her streets.

MAHOMET.

And let me listen too,—I love the sound!  
Like the last whispers of a dying enemy  
It comes to my pleased ear.  
Spent art thou, proud imperial queen of nations,  
And thy last accents are upon the wind.  
Thou hast but one more voice to utter: one  
Loud, frantic, terrible, and then art thou  
Amongst the nations heard no more."

In the fourth act Constantine, having determined to die in the breach, has a parting interview with his wife, in which he darkly intimates his dread, that after his death she will fall into the power of the conqueror, and be compelled to espouse him. She does not at first comprehend his meaning, but when it bursts upon her, a dialogue of mingled agony and pathos winds up thus:—

"CONSTANTINE.

"Think how a doting husband is distracted,  
Who knows too well a lawless victor's power.

VALERIA.

What is his power? It naught regardeth me.

CONSTANTINE.

Alas! the frowns of a detesting bride  
Deter him not.

VALERIA.

BUT WILL HE WED THE DEAD ?”

Here is a volume of powerful meaning, in six short monosyllables. We can see Mrs. Siddons before us, and fancy the manner and effort with which she would have delivered this climax. In the last scene *Constantine* has fallen on his post like a gallant and devoted soldier. The city is taken; all are at the mercy of the conqueror. Valeria, who has just received the news of the Emperor's death, has cast herself on the ground in a frenzy of despair, and lies motionless, surrounded by her attendant ladies. The victorious sultan enters with his train.

MAHOMET.

“She stirs not, *Osmir*, even at my approach.  
She sits upon the ground, unmoved and still,  
Thou sorrow-clouded beauty, not less lovely  
In this thy mournful state! She heeds me not.  
Empress and sov'reign Dame. Still she regards  
me not. [After a pause.]  
Widow of *Constantine* !

VALERIA—[Starting up.]

Ay, now thou callest on me by a name  
Which I do hear—  
What would'st thou say to her who proudly wears  
That honored title ?”

This play is seldom read, and in all probability will never be acted again: but if these and many similar passages, which we might readily multiply, did space permit, do not combine poetic beauty with dramatic vigor—an opinion in such cases, derived from experience, is a very fallacious guide, and a mere reed unsafe to lean on.\*

There is a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Mrs. Hemans, (in Lockhart's Life,) on the production of her tragedy, called the “*Vespers of Palermo*,” in Edinburgh, which corroborates so strongly the argument that action supersedes language, with modern audiences, that we cannot abstain from inserting it. He says, “they care little (that is, audiences) about poetry on the stage—it is situation, passion, and rapidity of action which seem to be the principal requisites for ensuring the success of a modern drama; but I trust by dint of a special jury, the piece may have a decent success—certainly I should not hope for much more.” This play did succeed in Edinburgh, although it failed in London, but it never became popular or attractive, and most probably from a deficiency of the qualities so strongly pointed out in Sir Walter's letter.

\* A very handsome edition of Miss Baillie's collected works in one volume, has lately been published by Messrs. Longman. We strongly recommend all who are lovers of our national dramatic literature to place this volume on their shelves.

A NEW MAN.—German speculators have got hold of a new subject. It is neither more nor less than a “new man.” The story—as we find it related in the *Correspondenz* of Berlin—attests that a stranger was picked up at the end of last year in a small village of the district of Lebas, near Frankfort-on-the-Order, whither he had wandered no one could tell whence. Such a circumstance could hardly have piqued curiosity in another country; but to a people fond of speculation, and situated far away from the great highways of the world, there was something strange and startling in the fact that the stranger spoke German imperfectly, and had all the marks of a Caucasian origin. Whether the man was a common impostor, and tricked the village authorities, or whether these worthies

began in their usual way to construct a history for him “out of the depths of their moral consciousness,” is uncertain; at all events, they looked on him as a great prize, and carried him off to Frankfort. On being questioned by the burgomasters of that enlightened city, the stranger said his name was Jophar Vorin, and that he came from a country called Laxaria, situated in the portion of the world called Sakria. He understands, it is affirmed, none of the European languages, (except, we must suppose, the broken German,) but reads and writes what he calls the Laxarian and Abramian tongues. The sages of Frankfort-on-the-Order, after much examination of the tale and its bearer, have come to the conclusion that it is true. —*London Globe*.



From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## WILLIAM COWPER AND LADY AUSTEN.

### AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE.

*Lady Austen.* Nay, have pity on your lungs, Mr. Cowper. You will provoke them to rebellion, or weary them into exhaustion, by so much reading aloud. Shut up George Herbert, and improvise a little verse or chatty prose of your own.

*William Cowper.* Such pity on my vocal organs as your tenderness invokes would be but obtained at the expense of my entire comfort. Body, soul, and spirit would all suffer while those puffing and blowing agitators, the lungs, were enjoying a needless respite. To read George Herbert aloud—if to you it be not grievous, is safe to me; for it partly merges my gloomy self in his saintly thoughts, and delays that return of full consciousness which shows me how weak and useless I am. But perhaps I have really tired you with my favorite minstrel. If so, we shall insure recreation by exchanging him for another of the brotherhood of bards; or, better still, go you to the harpsicord, Sister Anne, and discourse most eloquent music. The poor instrument is out of tune, I allow; but how much more so am I! You can at least coax it into runs and variations; it will answer you with sprightly *allegro* as well as pensive *adagio*. But I contribute one key only—the minor; and even in *that* you must catch accidental flats that have no business there.

*L. A.* To the harpsicord anon, Mr. Cowper. We have not done with reading and talking yet. I have every respect for the “divine Herbert,” especially as read by a living poet; so do not suppose my interruption was the cry of weariness. But I might appreciate him better were you to enliven his text with occasional comments and criticisms of your own.

*C.* Ask it not! My truest comment would be that personal dejection which the heart only, the lips never, can express. I love Herbert, because his verses are so unfeignedly those of a man acquainted with sorrow

—a man who has not merely hailed sorrow as she passed by his porch, but who has received her into his house, and intreated her as his guest, and conversed with her at morning, and noon, and the night season.

*L. A.* All which may possibly make him an unfit companion to your own mornings, noons, and nights; for such I believe he not unfrequently is.

*C.* There are times, dear Anne, when this is the case; and at such times, to remove him from me, and to forbid my perusing him, would be one of the cruelest of cruel kindnesses. My own melancholy is far deeper than his; and in his expression of dejected feelings and their consequences I find a sympathy which soothes me into positive gratitude and comparative peace.

*L. A.* Critically speaking, do you not consider him an abrupt and rugged writer—so quaint as to be obscure, and not quite free from the semblance of affectation?

*C.* Like the majority of his contemporaries, he indulged in fancies and conceits, from all taste for which *we* are separated, not only by a century and a-half of years, but also by the revolutionary standard set up by the Pope school, and more recently by Dr. Johnson and his imitators. A reader of the present day, accustomed to the French polish of the “Rape of the Lock,” and to the severe stateliness of “Irene,” or of “London: a poem,” is naturally apt to stumble at the uneven ground trodden by Elizabethan and succeeding poets. The latter are quite in the shade of neglect at present; but so full are they of vital strength and luxuriant beauty, that it requires no prophet, nor son of a prophet, to predict their restoration, before long, to the warmth and daylight of public interest.

*L. A.* I fancy the obscurities and conceits of Herbert will delay *his* share in the fulfilment of your prophecy to a very late stage of the *amende honorable*.

*C.* His audience is always likely to be of

the "fit though few" kind. But with them he must be an especial darling. Nor can any heart open to emotion at all resist the sweetness which his stanzas so profuesly exhale. Look at the verse I was reading when you stopped me:—

"At first thou gavest me milk and sweetnesses;  
I had my wish and way:  
My days were strowed with flowers and happiness;  
There was no month but May:  
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,  
And made a party unawares for wo."

If you are more offended by the rhythm, and rhyme, and curious diction of such lines, than charmed by their hearty freshness, you are a more captious critic than I care to encounter or hope to convert.

L. A. Pray go on: I shall learn to delight in Herbert when once his beauties are fairly illustrated by the lectures of such a professor of poetry. I am all attention

C. And yet were so mistrustful of the professor's lungs five minutes since! Like a true mistress of the art of *manceuvre* (in its most amiable phase, I allow), you have already flattered me into the commission of some extempore prose, and are now intent on involving me deeper and deeper still. But my *amour propre* having been gratified in your mode, now claims its own method of indulgence. I must be wilful and peremptory, therefore, even with Lady Austen. Shall I read Milton, or will you play on the harpsichord?

L. A. I love to see you peremptory; it excites you, and then your blood runs more freely, and your eye laughs with meaning. Only call me not Lady Austen—that reminds me of your awful reserve and magnificent politeness when we first became acquainted.

C. A day to be marked with a white stone in my experience. Yet it is humiliating to remember, that after I had seen you from the window, and urged Mary to invite you to tea, so appalled was I at your arrival, so apprehensive at meeting a stranger, that it required the united appeals of our household to induce me to face you. Things soon altered for the better. I call you Sister Anne now.

L. A. *Mille remerciements!* Yes, Mr. Cowper; and you have immortalized me—have you not?—in certain lines, commencing "Dear Anna," in which you speak of your original diffidence—

"A transient visit intervening,  
And made almost without a meaning,

Hardly the effect of inclination,  
Much less of pleasing expectation."

Not very obscure *that*, sir; which transient visit, however

"Produced a friendship, then begun,  
That has cemented us in one."

C. A friendship that has been, and is one of the choicest blessings of a life sadly in need of them. Be yours the blessing promised to such as comfort those who mourn! I cannot recompense you; but you shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

L. A. Mr. Cowper, shall I turn to the harpsichord now?

C. Stay. Let me cherish for a moment the bright vision revealed by your friendship to dark and dreary hours. The heart knoweth its own bitterness—but for once a stranger *did* intermeddle therewith; a stranger who cast salt into that fountain of Marah, and stilled the agitation of its waters, till they became like the waters of Siloam that go softly. Anna, Anna! if you could but fathom my wo (thank God you cannot, pray God you never may!), you would see into the value of every opiate, every balm, every solace to its strange anguish. If—

L. A. Come, listen! Music hath charms to—

C. If you could pierce the darkness that may be felt—(ah, was there any plague in Egypt like *that* plague?)—you would learn the worth I attach to every streak of light. They whose lot is the waste howling wilderness learn to prize the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire when the sun is set. Only affliction catches the true meaning and melody of songs in the night. But there is something oppressive in that meaning, something awful in that melody.

L. A. *Allons!* I am impatient to exhibit my harpsichord powers. Shall it be Handel, or Haydn, or our own Purcell? or are you curious to hear the air that last electrified Ranelagh?

C. Sister Anne, I feel for the moment averse to Music, even Handel's—to *badinage*, even yours. I am not i' the vein.

L. A. Wherefore I must scold you into it. When you are least disposed for recreation, then is recreation the thing for you. One of your noble society of poets, Mr. Cowper, has said—

"Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair);

And at her heels a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?"

This is true doctrine, sir, though taken from the "Comedy of Errors!"

C. The same poet has put on record words which too accurately express my own occasional feelings—

"There's nothing in this world can make me joy:  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

L. A. You are determined, then, to return bitter for my sweet, and dark for my light, and frown for smile, and sigh for simper. These things ought not so to be. A little more of this perverseness on Mr. Cowper's part, and I must lecture him, in good set terms, till he shrinks from Sister Anne as one of the Eumenides. I shall treat him to a dose of his own "Truth," and "Expostulation," and——

C. Be merciful! He is also implicated in the "Progress of Error."

L. A. An erring brother, who may yet be reclaimed by judicious administration of "Ta'le-Talk." What do you say to a season with us in yonder huge, overgrown, sprightly metropolis?

C. What do you say, Anabella, to a course of probation in Dante's *Purgatorio*?

L. A. If it were brief, and insured my fitness for the *Paradiso*, I might at least give it a second thought.

C. I should, it seems, have named the *Inferno* instead.

L. A. And retracted it in the same breath, I hope. Even for *your* poetic authority, such a poetic license were too bad. Could you not set foot in London without draggling in the mud of its street? Could you not see life without gazing on vice? I do not ask you to play at Brookes', nor even to see Miss Young in Hannah More's last tragedy—nor to be wedged in among the hoops at Ranelagh, listening to the strains, and lisping the praises, of Mr. Shield and Mr. Hook—nor to split with admiring laughter at Miss Pope's *Tilburina* on the boards of Old Drury—nor to lounge with Dr. Johnson in the green-room amid a bevy of Mrs. Clives. Let me prescribe for you a more moderate system—a gentle course of tonics. I will pledge my unprofessional reputation on bracing you up, and on making heaven brighter, as well as earth dearer, to you by the change.

C. I need scarcely undertake a journey to London for the sake of recreation. If I cannot secure its blessing from the nature of

God's making, how shall I from the artificiality of man's?

L. A. Have you no faith in my remedies?

C. Canst thou administer to a mind diseased?

L. A. If yours be one—yes. Have I not worried you again and again into levity unbecoming a grave didactic poet? Did I not convert you once from a brooding misanthropic Timon of Olney into a chuckling Mercutio, by that story of John Gilpin, which you forthwith turned into merry verse? Your shouts of laughter yet ring in my ears. You *can* laugh with the merriest, if not with the loudest and longest; and never, I believe, are the thoughts of your heart more innocent than then.

C. I am not naturally an austere man, nor do the lines in my forehead naturally settle into a frown. My convulsions produced by your Gilpin were involuntary and inevitable; and however their extravagance might offend some worthy people, I do not even now (depressed as I am) feel that there was much to be ashamed of in those violent peals.

L. A. I only wish I had another John Gilpin in my repository of traditions to stir you up to another explosion.

C. You cost me a night's rest on that occasion; for sleep was mocked into flight by recurring fits of laughter; and I came down to breakfast with a ready-made poem on the woes of the worthy wight. I fancy Luther would have laughed without restraint at a poorer joke than this—and he was a good man, one of the first in the kingdom of Heaven.

L. A. I wish you would set to and indite another ballad in the same key. I will try and find you a subject.

C. You must also find me the spirits.

L. A. What poem engages you at present?

C. None. My strength is to sit still.

L. A. Why not, for novelty's sake, try your Pegasus on the broad slopes of blank verse?

C. Because he would run away with his rider. My Pegasus will only amble along the narrow roads hedged in by rhyme. The bells and jingling of rhyme are part of his harness, and so used is he to the tinkle, that in missing it he would miss his footing too.

L. A. I doubt that. He might stumble once, but would soon recover himself, and spurning the harness and the confined thoroughfare, would bound into the freedom and exult in the variety of a new career.

C. Blank verse demands, whatever may be said to the contrary, more toil and energy

than rhyme, and involves infinitely greater difficulty and fatigue. A man had need be healthy in body as well as mind who proposes to adopt it—for to sustain it successfully impose a heavy task upon both.

*L. A.* Do you speak from experience? If so, unlock your desk Mr. Cowper, and read—read—read!

*C.* Sister Anne, you know all that my desk contains. It is as empty as my brain of blank verse.

*L. A.* I insist upon it that such vacancy is discreditable both to the wooden desk and——

*C.* The wooden head.

*L. A.* Against which I mean to rap for blank verse till I am answered. Occupation and recreation are both eligible acquaintances for Mr. Cowper; and I am persuaded that he may cultivate the good offices of both by composing a poem *not* in rhyme. His success in rhymes is *unfait accompli*. I will guarantee an equal triumph in blank verse.

*C.* You are a daring speculator, Anna. And pray what subject will insure this glorious victory?

*L. A.* With you, any subject.

*C.* What illimitable genius is Mr. Cowper's of Olney! Homer might have failed had his epic treated of the afternoon nap and domestic habits of old Priam—not so Mr. Cowper: Milton might have been tedious had he composed ten books on the manufacture of Adam's original vestments—but such tedium were impossible in Mr. Cowper: Thompson might have provoked a yawn had his 'Summer Season' been confined to an exposition of colic and the sorrows of eating unripe pears—but Mr. Cowper would render it fascinating to the boudoir as well as to the medical gazette. Do you mean all this?

*L. A.* Divide the sum of your exaggeration by the fraction of common sense, and the quotient will give my meaning. Come—promise to set about the task I propose.

*C.* Will your importunate ladyship name the subject in particular as well as the task in general? Give me a theme.

*L. A.* Ah! you relent. But don't quibble about a subject; you can write about anything. This sofa, for instance.

*C.* Heroic indeed! The "Iliad" opens with

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered;"

the "Æneid" with "Arms and the Man" who begat the glorious Latins; the "Paradise Lost" with

"Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our wo."

*My* epic must commence with the startling annunciation: "I sing the Sofa," or some equivalent sublimity.

*L. A.* You agree to undertake the task?

*C.* How were it possible longer to resist the importunities of the fair? Show me, and I *would* resist. Agreed then—the Sofa shall be my task, nor will I forget to celebrate the evening when that task was imposed: the sights and sounds of which we are conscious as we sit on this sofa, shall be introduced, that Sister Anna's share in the project may be kept in remembrance. That twanging horn of the postman now crossing the bridge, with his budget of news good and bad—the pleasant look of those closed shutters and drawn curtains—the crackling of the fire—the hissing of that garrulous urn—the clatter of those tea-cups—all shall find room. If I may sing a sofa into epic dignity, why not the tea table also?

*L. A.* Ay, and introduce Dr. Johnson and his thirteenth cup, an' it please you. Mind you begin to-morrow morning in good earnest.



From the Athenaeum.

## THE SNOWDROP IN THE SNOW.

BY SYDNEY YENDYS.

O full of Faith ! The Earth is rock,—the Heaven  
The dome of a great palace all of ice.  
Russ-built. Dull light distils through frozen skies  
Thickened and gross. Cold Fancy droops her  
wing,

And cannot range. In winding-sheets of snow  
Lies every thought of any pleasant thing.  
I have forgotten the green earth ; my soul  
Deflowered, and lost to every summer hope,  
Sad sitteth on an iceberg at the Pole ;  
My heart assumes the landscape of mine eyes  
Moveless and white, chill blanched with hoarest  
rime ;

The Sun himself is heavy and lacks cheer  
Or on the eastern hill or western slope ;  
The world without seems far and long ago ;  
To silent woods stark famished winds have driven  
The last lean robin—gibtering winds of fear !  
Thou only darest to believe in spring,  
Thou only smilest, Lady of the Time !

Even as the stars come up out of the sea  
Thou risest from the Earth. How is it down  
In the dark depths ? Should I delve there, O Flower  
For beauty ? Shall I find the Summer there  
Met manifold as in an ark of peace ?  
And thou, a lone white Dove art thou sent forth  
Upon the winter deluge ? It shall cease,  
But not for thee—pierced by the ruthless North  
And spent with the Evangel. In what hour  
The flood abates thou wilt have closed thy wings  
For ever. When the happy living things  
Of the old world come forth upon the new  
I know my heart shall miss thee ; and the dew  
Of summer twilights shall shed tears for me  
—Tears liker thee, ah, purest ! than mine own—  
Upon thy vestal grave, O vainly fair !

Thou should'st have noble destiny, who, like  
A Prophet, art shut out from kind and kin :  
Who on the winter silence comest in  
A still small voice. Pale Hermit of the Year,  
Flower of the Wilderness ! oh, not for thee  
The jocund playmates of the maiden spring,  
For when she danceth forth with cymballed feet  
Waking a-sudden with great welcoming,  
Each calling each, they burst from hill to dell  
In answering music, But thou art a bell,  
A passing bell, snow-muffled, dim and sweet.

As is the Poet to his fellow-men,

So mid thy drifting snows, O Snowdrop, Thou,  
Gifted, in sooth, beyond them, but no less  
A snowdrop. And thou shalt complete his lot  
And bloom as fair as now when they are not.  
Thou art the wonder of the seasons, O  
First-born of Beauty. As the Angel near  
Gazed on that first of living things which, when  
The blast that ruled since Chaos o'er the sere  
Leaves of primeval Palms did sweep the plain,  
Clung to the new-made sod and would not drive,  
So gaze I upon thee amid the reign  
Of Winter. And because thou livest, I live.  
And art thou happy in thy loneliness ?  
Oh couldst thou hear the shouting of the floods,  
Oh couldst thou know the stir among the trees  
When—as the herald-voice of breeze on breeze  
Proclaims the marriage pageant of the Spring  
Advancing from the South—each hurries on  
His wedding-garment, and the love-chimes ring  
Thro' nuptial valleys ! No, serene and lone,  
I will not flush thy cheek with joys like these.  
Songs for the rosy morning ; at grey prime  
To hang the head and pray. Thou doest well,  
I will not tell thee of the bridal train.  
No ; let thy Moonlight die before their day  
A Nun among the Maidens, thou and they,  
Each hath some fond sweet office that doth strike  
One of our trembling heartstrings musical.  
Is not the hawthorn for the Queen of May ?  
And cuckoo-flowers for whom the cuckoo's voice  
Hails, like an answering sister, to the woods ?  
Is not the maiden blushing in the rose ?  
Shall not the babe and buttercup rejoice,  
Twins in one meadow ? Are not violets all  
By name or nature for the breast of Dames ?  
For them the primrose, pale as star of prime,  
For them the wind-flower, trembling to a sigh,  
For them the dew stands in the eyes of day  
That blink in April on the daisied lea ?  
Like them they flourish and like them they fade  
And live beloved and loving. But for thee—  
For such a bevy how art thou arrayed  
Flower of the Tempest ? What hast thou with  
them  
Thou shalt be pearl unto a diadem  
Which the Heavens jewel. *They* shall deck the  
brows  
Of joy and wither there. But *thou* shalt be  
A Martyr's garland. Thou who, undismayed,  
To thy spring dreams art true amid the snows  
As he to better dreams amid the flames.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

The announcements of Messrs. Longman & Co., of London, for the last month, of new works in press include the following:—

"The Narrative of an Overland Journey in search of Sir John Franklin," by Sir John Richardson; "The Naturalist in Jamaica," by P. H. Gome; "Wesleyan Methodism," by Isaac Taylor; "The Italian Volunteers and Lombard Rifle Brigade," translated from the Italian of Emilio Dandolo; "The West of England and the Exhibition of 1851," by Major H. B. Hall; "The Cricket-Field," uniform with Harry Hicover's "Hunting-Field;" "A Treatise of Equivocation," by David Jardine; "Marie Madeleine," translated from the French by Lady Mary Fox; "The Process of Thought adapted to Words and Language," by Alfred Smees; "The Theory of Reasoning," by Samuel Bailey; "The book of Dignities," being a new edition of "Benson's Political Index;" "Sentiments and Similes of Shakespeare," illustrated by Henry Noel Humphreys; a new "British Gamester," by J. A. Sharp; a new edition of Philip's "Mineralogy;" a "Treatise on Electricity," by A. de la Rive; "Legende of the Madonna," being the concluding volume of Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art;" "The Principles of Mechanical Philosophy," by Thomas Tate; new editions of Branda's "Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art;" of Blaine's "Encyclopedia of Rural Sports;" of Bishop Thirlwall's "History of Greece;" and of Maunders's "Biographical Treasury;" one or two works on Popery, and several important medical and chemical educational works.

Mr. Murray announces the publication of the "Stowe Manuscripts;" a "History of the Roman State," from the year 1815 to 1850, translated from the Italian of Luigi Carlo Farina by Mr. Gladstone, M. P., also, vols. 5 and 6 of Lord Mahon's "History of England," comprising the first years of the American war. To these may be added "The Treasures of Art in Great Britain," being an account of the chief collections of paintings, sculptures, manuscripts, miniatures, &c., obtained from personal inspection during visits in 1836 and 1850, by Dr. Waagen; "Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon," illustrative of portraits in his gallery, with an account of the origin of the collection, and a descriptive catalogue of the pictures, by Lady Theresa Lewis; "Contrasts of Foreign and English Society," by Mrs. Austin; "Life and Reminiscences of Stothard," by Mrs. Bray; "The History of Herodotus," by the Rev. George Rawlinson, assisted in embodying with it the results of cuneiform and hieroglyphical discovery by Colonel Rawlinson and Sir Gardner Wilkinson. "A Sketch of Madeira in 1850," by Edward Vernon Harcourt; a "History of Ancient Pottery, Egyptian, Asiatic, Greek, Roman, Etruscan, and Celtic," by Samuel Birch; "The Chronology of Ancient Egypt, discovered from astronomical and hieroglyphical records upon its Monuments," by Reginald Stuart Poole; "Life and Works of Pope," edited

with notes by Mr. Croker; a "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography," by Dr. Smith, and various hand-books, among which are one for London, and one of its environs, for the use of excursionists, by Peter Cunningham, one for travelers in England and Wales, and one for visitors to the antiquities and sculpture in the British Museum.

*Giffen's Bards of the Bible*, (republished by HARRIS & BROTHERS,) is commented on variously. *Bentley's Miscellany* says:—

It is rarely indeed we meet with a book so original in all respects as this, or in which so many new trains of thought are suggested, so many new subjects for thought are presented, and in which so much of reflection and imagination are commingled. And it is written throughout as a bard would write of other bards whom he greatly admired; whom he could only speak of but to praise, and never think of but with admiration; and it is the heartiness with which the author enters upon his subject and pursues it, and the thorough good will he has to it, that forms one of the chief charms of his book. Nor is it possible at all times to restrain oneself from going with him in his flights of imagination, although occasionally feeling that he is soaring in regions rather perilous to rise to, and rather difficult to descend from, but his sincerity is so manifest, his confidence so strong, he sails about in such bright skies, and seems so perfectly at ease and self-possessed, and moves about so joyfully from one region to another, that he often entices the reader's imagination to roam with him, when he opens new views to the mind's eye, and makes many novel and improving remarks upon the numerous objects that successively pass under his observation. Whoever reads this book leisurely and attentively, will ever after read the Bible with increased pleasure, and with greater interest and profit; will understand it better and admire it the more; will discover beauties where others see only defects; will walk in a clear light, while others are groping in darkness.

The *Literary Gazette* praises with more qualification:—

*Magna virtutes et magna vitia* may truly be predicated of this volume. It displays power, but rudeness of power; genius, but waywardness of genius. The originality and enthusiasm of the author being engaged on themes the most lofty, a tone of impassioned eloquence is throughout sustained. With thorough mastery and devout admiration of his subject, he imparts a large amount of interesting instruction as to the Hebrew poets and poetry. A work combining so much eloquence and learning, ought to take a high place in literature, but its excellence is marred, and its worth depreciated by faults, both of matter and manner, numerous and flagrant.

The *Examiner* scoffs at it irreconcilably:—

Commend us to the Rev. George Giffen, A. M., for the highest-sounding emptiness of criticism

Never surely did writer contrive to say so surprisingly little in so many big words. We could hardly have conceived it possible for a man thus to "monster his nothings." And there are people to tolerate this trash, even to praise it! Oh Mr. Macaulay! Mr. Macaulay! what have not your parallel- and paradoxes, and fiery flashing sentences to answer for—when gentle dulness copies you. "Macaulay is never absurd. Gilfillan often. Macaulay is full of literary fire. Gilfillan has more of verbose feebleness. Macaulay paints nature and man in short strong paragraphs. Gilfillan's paragraphs are shorter and not so strong."

*Penn and Macaulay.*—We publish the opinion of the *Literary Gazette* on the issue between Mr. Dixon and Mr. Macaulay in reference to certain passages in the history of William Penn. Other critical authorities take a different view of the matter, and think that Macaulay's charges are disproved by Mr. Dixon's researches, quite to the discredit of the historian's erudition and temper. The *Athenæum*, especially, fully coincides with Mr. Dixon, and pronounces his authorities reliable, and his case unanswerable. It accuses Mr. Macaulay of "unexcusable carelessness," of "grave historical blunders," of being above his business, and sacrificing truth for the sake of effect, and throws discredit upon his whole history. The *Spectator* likewise agrees with this view; but neither critics seem to have taken the pains to examine Mr. Dixon's authorities, as he has examined Macaulay's. The *Gazette* seems to think the corrector needs correcting, and that to the charge of suppression and falsification of documents there is unquestionably two sides. Dixon's life, however, apart from this controversy, and the few facts to which it relates, is a remarkably upright and life-like work, incomparably the best biography of Penn to be found. It is neatly reprinted by Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia.

*Ruskin's Stones of Venice* also gets various treatment. The London journals generally laud it very highly. The *Literary Gazette* says of it, in the course of a long review:—

It is a book for which the time is ripe, and it cannot fail to produce the most beneficial results on our own national architecture. At once popular and profound, this book will be gratefully hailed by a circle of readers even larger than Mr. Ruskin has found for his previous works. He has so written as to catch the ear of all kinds of persons.

The *Builder*, a fine authority in such a case, says:—

"The Stones of Venice" will assist to pave the way to the rationalism and advancement of architecture. It is more practical than the writer's previous works, and might be called an essay on the principles of architecture. A high religious feeling pervades the volume, and it contains passages of great beauty and power.

On the other hand, the *Athenæum* severely criticises both its matter and its style. Some of its condemnatory sentences we extract. Complaining of its obscurity, it says:—

It would be easier for us to write a continuous commentary that would form a volume of nearly equal bulk with the one commented on, than to draw up an outline description sufficiently succinct, yet sufficiently accurate, of its contents, and of the writer's most prominent ideas and opinions. The difficulty is increased because the principles laid

down and commented on in the text could hardly be made at all intelligible without the accompanying plates and diagrams.

Mr. Ruskin is not invariably on stilts. Some of his comparisons are as low as his sentimental flights are lofty. He lets us see more than once that he can exchange the buskin for the sock; as, for instance, when he compares the base of the York column to a huge "sausage," or when he compares the bases of the columns in the portico of Hanover Chapel to so many piles of "collection plates!" Another comparison in the facetious style occurs at page 123; where, as one of the aims of Renaissance architects, Mr. Ruskin charges them with constructing the heads of windows "on the principle of a hat with its crown sewn up!" Now, we have seen pediments over windows likened to "cocked hats;" but what resemblance can possibly be discerned between the bend of any window and a hat with its crown sewn up is beyond our ability to conjecture. Mr. Ruskin, we believe, wanted only to be "funny."

It winds up the *critique* by characterizing the work as a "stratum of transcendental conceits and fantastical phraseology." It is handsomely republished by JOHN WILEY. New York.

*Washington Irving's Works.*—Mr. Putnam is engaged on a revised and greatly beautified edition of the works of our best English and most classic writer, Washington Irving. The fifteenth volume of the series, in its present form, contains the unique and well-known picture gallery of the Alhambra—in some respects the most engaging and meritorious of Mr. Irving's sketches. A long residence in Spain, an intimate acquaintance with Spanish history and literature, and an enthusiastic admiration of the Spanish character, supplied Mr. Irving with the best qualifications for this picturesque, spirited, and attractive portraiture. We think Mr. Putnam is doing our literature great service in bringing out in so fitting a style the productions of our favorite author.

*The World's Progress, a Dictionary of Dates*, by G. P. Putnam.—We know of no chronological manual at all comparable with this work of Mr. Putnam for brevity of statement, convenience of reference, and general accuracy of details. It is the result of great reading, and serves the student and the general reader an admirable purpose as a book of reference. It is neatly printed and arranged with that practical skill which the business man best understands.

Among the recent valuable publications of Messrs. ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, we notice a work of Dr. Merle l'Aubigné, of Geneva, author of the celebrated History of the Reformation, entitled the Authority of God, and composed of four discourses, preached by the author at Geneva. It is mainly a popular rhetorical statement of the supreme authority of the Scriptures in matters of faith, and bears the traces of that ardent feeling and energetic style which characterizes the previous labors of the eloquent author. "A Memoir of Rev. Henry Watson Fox, Missionary to the Telugoo People in South India," by Rev. George Townsend Fox, with an Introductory Essay, by Bishop Mellvaine. "Memoir of Mary Lundy Duncan, by her Mother," a beautiful picture of a beautiful character and life. "The Morning of Life," a memoir of a young lady educated for a nun. "Lays of the Rock and the Covenant," by Mrs. A. Stuart Monteith.

The Messrs. HARPER have commenced the second

volume of Loosing's excellent work, the Field-book of the Revolution, illustrated in the same profuse and elegant style as the first series. It will be, when completed, a work of rare interest and value, both for its literary descriptions and its engravings. Almost every scene, personage, relic, or curiosity, connected with our Revolutionary era is here beautifully preserved. Mr. Mayhew's painfully graphic work on the London Poor, originally published in the Morning Chronicle, and enlarged by the author, is issuing from this house in numbers, at 25 cents each. It opens one of the gravest topics of thought of the age. Phillips' brilliant and highly lauded Biography of Curran and his Contemporaries, (a review of which from Blackwood was recently published,) has been handsomely reproduced by this house. It is a work that well bears out the commendations of reviews. A work of similar strain, though of quite different character, is The Lives of the Irish Confederates, by Rev. Henry M. Field, published also by HARRIS & BROTHERS. It is a sketch of the great Irish revolution, with biographies of Tone, Emmett, Fitzgerald, and others connected with it, written in a remarkably easy and agreeable style, and with hearty sympathy with the better qualities of these distinguished but unfortunate men.

Mr. Curtis' Nile Tales, originally published by HARRIS & BROTHERS, and re-published in London by BARNES, is generally very highly spoken of. The Literary Gazette says of it:—

They are so full to the brim with striking thoughts, enriched with the fruits of liberal culture, colored by the play of a delicate fancy and the graces of a refined scholarship, and all so skillfully and unpretendingly interwoven with the simple tour of two American gentlemen from Cairo to the Cataracts and back again, that we are vexed not to be able to transcribe many passages we had eagerly marked for extracts.

The Athenæum characterizes it as "richly poetical, humorous, eloquent, and glowing as the sun, whose southern radiance seems to burn upon its page. An affluence of fancy which never fails, a choice of language which chastens splendor of expression by the use of simple idioms, a love for the forms of art whether old or new, and a passionate enjoyment of external nature such as belongs to the more poetic order of minds—are the chief characteristics of this writer."

But the Spectator differs: "The subject has been treated too often, and by very able hands, to allow of freshness in itself; the American has not the learning of science necessary to endow it with critical interest: he aims at effect by rhapsody and smartness. The book could only have been written after traveling, but it is hardly a book of travels. The author makes accidents, incidents, occurrences, the remains of the past, and the actual present, as well as the individuals or characters he may have met, topics for writing about. The volume is not a continuous narrative, but a series of articles. A servant and interpreter are necessary: the traveler writes a chapter on what, with a kind of pun, he calls the *Drag-o-men*. His boat was named the *Ibis*; the crew, as is the custom with crews, chant: there is a paper—'The Ibis Sings'—in which we have a sort of reverie about Oriental singing. They start on the voyage—"The Ibis Flies;" that is, an account of rig, sailing qualities, &c. The author

visits the dancing-girls; and writes a couple of chapters entitled 'Fair Frailty'; and so on through forty-seven papers. This would be very well if there were reality and interest in the matter: but there is not, it is fancy run frantic. The American has some smartness, and some vigor, but both are marred by affectation, self-conceit, and a wordy expression of mere opinion, which he intends for poetry. The authors of *Eothen* and *Virian Grey* are the writers on whom the tourist has formed his manner; but he outherods Herod. Some of his better chapters might read well enough by themselves, but even were all like the best parts the book would still be tedious. Mere fancy and its associations may attract for a little while, but the reader soon tires of smart writing however cleverly it may be written."

Rose Douglas, a gentle and engaging picture of domestic life, re-printed handsomely by D. APPLETON & Co., is thus lauded by the Athenæum. Other journals also speak in terms equally favorable:

Among domestic tales "*Rose Douglas*" may take the place which Wordsworth's "*Lary*" occupies among domestic poems. With a more attractive book of its placid order we do not often meet. There is no plot nor startling incident in it: and those who cannot take pleasure in the annals of a limited world, or in developments of the affections, healthy, indeed, but of the simplest quality, had better not look into the "*Autobiography of a Scottish Minister's Daughter*." Such readers as these, however, are no genuine lovers of fiction. The lyre of their poetry elect has only one string—instead of being the "*many-chorded shell*" known to the real masters of the art. To the large and more liberal world we commend this narrative, as one sure to interest, to satisfy, and to retain the heart, in spite of its deficiency in epics and surprises and other highly-seasoned excitements—which every novelist can attempt, but which very few can manage. From how many a tale of crime and wonder which have no power to distress or astonish, have we turned back to remember with pleasure such a story as Galt's "*Annals of the Parish*," with its suppressed, not exhausted, pathos and its indicated, rather than its outspoken, humor! Of the same family and the same pure quality is "*Rose Douglas*."

*My Father* is the title of a biography of the late Capt. Scoresby, by his son, Rev. Dr. Scoresby, and published by Longman. The Spectator says of it:

Notwithstanding some passages that smack of the sermon, the volume is a graceful tribute to the memory of a parent, as well as an interesting and informing book. In describing the exploits of his father, Dr. Scoresby gives an agreeable anecdotal account of Arctic navigation, and the peculiarities of the whale-fishery; adding thereto information as to the trade, in the shape of statistics touching the produce, the outlay, and the profit. All these things, too, are well connected with the main subject; they illustrate the character and doings of William Scoresby, while they inform the reader about the adventurous vocation in which his life was passed.

The recent work of Major Herbert Edwards, on the War of the Punjab, is highly lauded. The United Service Journal says it is:—

Written throughout not alone with skill and vigor, but with the consummate mastery of a style at once simple and energetic. The subject is treated largely,



and grasped with a resolute hand. You are carried along by the force of the author's strength and enthusiasm, and the scenes he depicts seem to rise into movement in his pages. The descriptions are everywhere lively and animated.

The *Lexington Papers* are a valuable contribution to the published history of the Seventeenth Century. The *Athenæum* describes it as consisting of the official and private correspondence of Lord Lexington, during the mission to the Imperial Court in the years 1694-5-6 and 7. This correspondence was lately discovered in the library at Kelham, formerly the residence of Lord Lexington, and is now edited by his descendant, Mr. Manners-Sutton, in a manner which deserves our warmest commendation.

DEUTER LITERATURE.—The number of literary reviews published in Holland is very great: there are 128 monthly and 14 weekly. Of these, 32 are devoted to Protestant theology, 6 to Catholic theology, 5 to theology generally, 1 to the Israelites, 6 to law, 4 to manufactures and commerce, 3 to military matters, 3 to architecture, 3 to navy, 2 to natural history, 4 to botany and agriculture, 3 to medicine and surgery, 1 to veterinary art, 24 to languages, 8 to instruction, 3 to history, 3 to geography and voyages, 18 to literary criticism, 2 to fine arts, 2 to music, 1 to political economy, 1 to science, 3 to bibliography, 5 encyclopædia; and the rest are especially for ladies' needlework, household matters, &c. Many of these publications have existed for between twenty and thirty years. Perhaps no other country in Europe can show such a goodly collection of important periodicals in proportion to its population: and assuredly no European people take such pleasure as the Dutch in serious literature.

*Death of Distinguished Men.*—It is but a short time since the papers announced the retirement of the Danish philosopher Oersted into the pleasant retreat which, after fifty years' labor in the University, the King of Denmark had provided, within the royal domain of Fredericksburg, for his old age. He has now died, at the age of seventy-four. Only a fortnight prior to his death he gave his last lecture as professor of the natural sciences at the University. His funeral was an imposing testimonial to the esteem in which he was held. At Berlin the same day witnessed the death of two of the oldest and best esteemed professors in the faculty of philosophy in the University of that capital; the professorships of both, by another coincidence, dating from the same year,—as far back as 1826. M. Lachmann, professor of Greek philology, was a native of Brunswick, and in his fifty-eighth year. His name survives by means of a great variety of works, philological and critical. M. P. F. Stühr professor of mythology and of the philosophy of history, is known by a number of historical works.—Dr. Czermak, the celebrated professor of anatomy and pathology at the University of Vienna, died a few days ago: and the father of the artists of Belgium, M. François, has just died, in Brussels, in his ninety-fourth year. The daily papers at home report the death, in Jamaica, in February last, of Dr. Edward Binns, author of "The Anatomy of Sleep." On the 19th February last, at Berlin, died M. Jacobi. This Russian philosopher is well known to the scientific world by his electro-chemical researches, and parti-

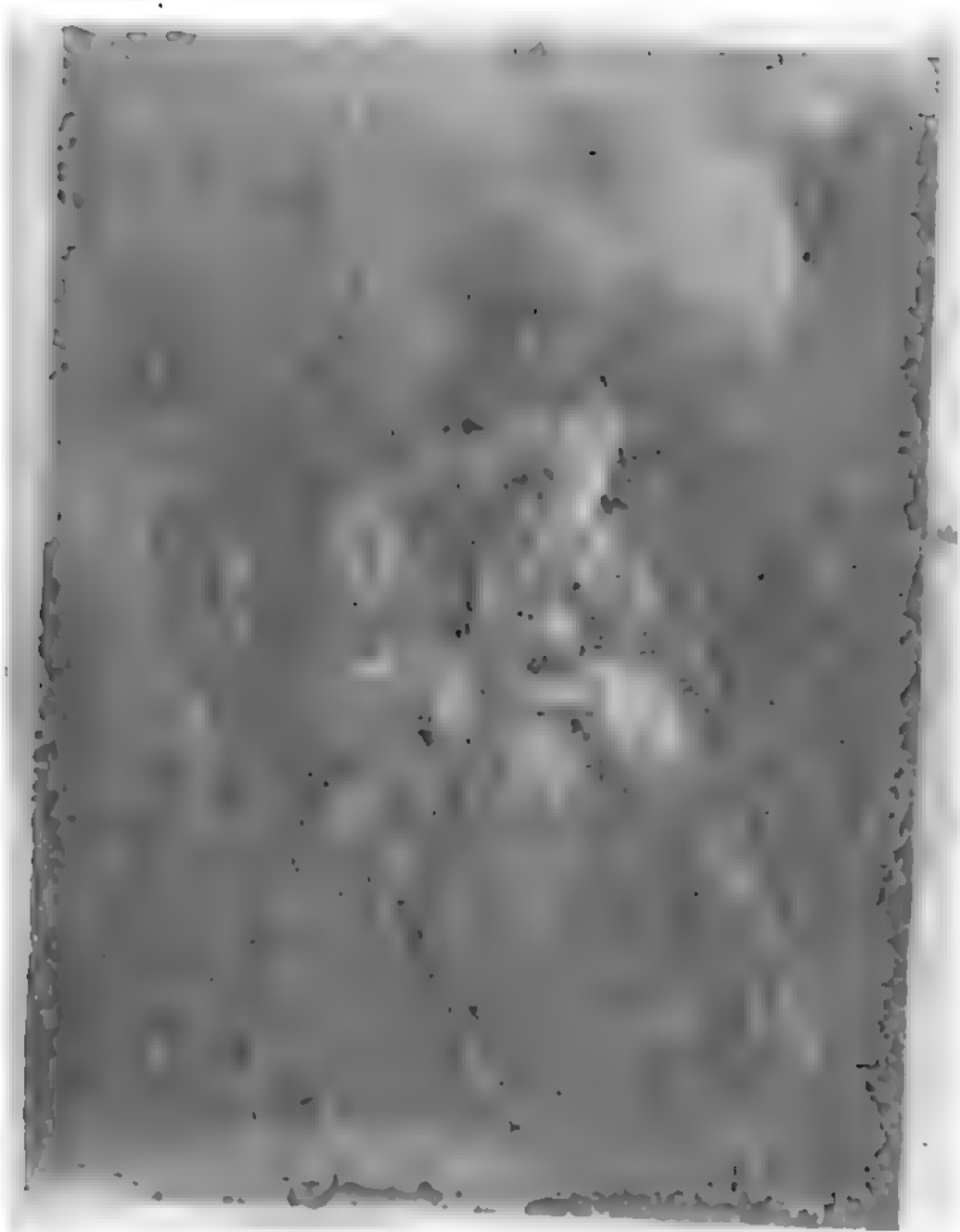
cularly by his attempts to apply electricity as a motive power. On this subject the Emperor of Russia allowed him to spend upwards of £20,000.

*Mr. Lea, of Philadelphia.*—The *Literary Gazette* notices, with complimentary remarks justly due, the retirement from business of the head of the eminent publishing firm, Lea and Blanchard, of Philadelphia. It says, "Mr. Lea is well known to European naturalists as a pains-taking conchologist. His 'Observations on the genus *Unio*,' and other memoirs, published with colored figures, in the 'Transactions of the American Philosophical Society,' furnished the best account we have of the shells of the great rivers of North America, and we trust Mr. Lea will avail himself of his private leisure to work out the comparatively neglected fluvial conchology of the eastern world. We know that he has been already furnished with much of the necessary material, and that our collectors are ready at any moment to respond freely to his request for the loan of specimens."

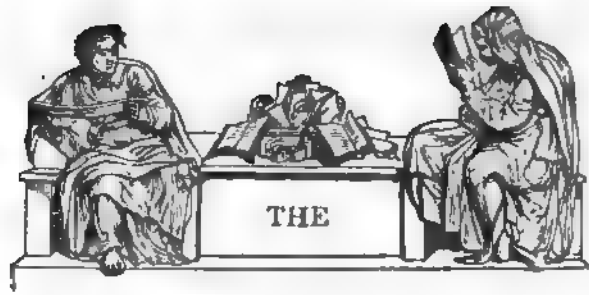
*A Discovered Work of Origen's.*—An important work of Origen's, hitherto believed to be lost, has been discovered in Paris by M. Miller, librarian to the National Assembly, among the Greek manuscripts brought to that capital by M. Mynas about ten years ago. The *Journal des Débats* describes the original work as being in ten books:—the first of which is already known to the world under the title of "Philosophumena." The last seven books are now, it is said, recovered, and about to be published. The French journal describes the work as "a refutation of heresies, in which the author endeavors to prove that the heresiarchs have all taken their doctrines from the ancient philosophers;"—a very curious task for Origen to perform, since he was himself chiefly remarkable for the mixture of Zeno, Plato, and Aristotle which he compounded with his Christianity. But apart from its controversial interest, the recovered manuscripts will throw new light on the opinions and practices of the Neo-Platonists, and on the manners and customs of ancient times.

*A Commentary on the Ecclesiastes,* from the pen of the veteran philologist, Prof. Stuart, has been issued in a neat 12mo by Mr. Putnam. Prof. S., in a long and learned argument, concludes that Solomon was not the author of the poem. The Commentary has the same thorough and erudite character which distinguish the other hermeneutical works of the learned author, and reflect, in a style that no other exegete in this country equals, the massive erudition and conscientious fidelity of the German scholars. The literature of the Book of Ecclesiastes has been so much enriched by the research of biblical scholars that the reader of the English version is hardly aware of the light that a good commentary now throws upon it. All this learning Prof. Stuart has thoroughly mastered and here condensed; and though, from the structure of his mind, and some peculiarities of his theories, we should not suppose that the exposition of poetic writings was his forte, the scholar will find this an invaluable and comprehensive work, distinguished by candor and good judgment, not less than by great research and learning.





ALFRED B. E. R. THE POLICE. 1911.



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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JUNE, 1851.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

POETS have become much more important personages with the public in the nineteenth century, if the length of their memoirs may be taken as a standard of the interest which they excite. The longest of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"—that of Dryden—does not equal in length a twentieth part of Savage—enters on far fewer details than the Life of Scott. In the "Correspondence of Southey" we are again presented with an array of volumes, equal in bulk and number to the "Lives" of men who have guided the councils or added to the empire of the British crown. The future biographers of British bards will inherit no easy task.

The fashion of incorporating an author's correspondence with the general narrative in some measure accounts for the amplitude of such memoirs. Quirini, in his Life of Cardinal Pole, was, we believe, the first person who conceived the idea of making distinguished men their own chroniclers. His example was followed by Middleton, by Mason, and Hayley; and the Lives of Cicero, of Gray, and Cowper, are still read, and sometimes re-published. The advantages of Quirini's plan are obvious. Where the subject of the memoir was "a good correspondent," we enjoy in his letters the nearest substitute

for conversation with him. The disadvantages of such epistolary records are, however, in some cases, considerable. Editors are too apt to forget that a half is sometimes better than the whole. A series of letters almost inevitably involves repetition; especially when the writer of them, like Cowper and Southey, has passed much of his time in domestic or studious seclusion. We do not become tired of Walpole, because he writes of Newcastle and Pitt as well as of Pattypans and old china. But Cowper's recurring bulletins of the progress of his "Hamer" frequently make us wish for more variety or fewer letters. The topics of Southey's correspondence are, it is true, more varied than those of the recluse of Olney. His literary connections were more numerous, and he had not wholly shut out the world. But, on the other hand, Southey did not possess Cowper's genial humor. He was less observant; he was less contemplative; and, from being irritably alive to literary fame, he deemed that no subjects could be so welcome to his correspondents as the conception, progress, and fortunes of his rapidly planned and nearly as rapidly finished quartos and octavos. In themselves the letters are lively and original, and, with a few exceptions of



early date, easy and unaffected; nor would it be difficult to select from the volumes before us some of the most finished specimens of their author's delightful style. Their juxta-position and number alone mar, in some degree, their individual beauty.

Whether Mr. Cuthbert Southey be the most appropriate biographer of the late Laureate, we have some doubt. In his preface, indeed, he roundly asserts his superior claim to the pious office; and so far as regards honesty of purpose and reverential feeling, he has unquestionably made good his claim. His position, however, disqualified him, on many accounts, for being much more than an editor of the paternal memoirs. From his hands we could not expect a comprehensive or impartial scrutiny of Southey's station in literature, of his relations to his contemporaries, or of his influence, either as a critic or as an original writer, upon the taste and opinions of his age. A Life of Southey, so executed, would have demanded from his son a stoicism which no one had any right to exact, and which might, indeed, have seemed an inversion of the *patria potestas*. For these reasons we cannot place the volumes before us upon a level with the classical lives of Scott and Byron. We can easily imagine a more graphic portraiture of the original than we have found in them; and we must regard them, therefore, on the whole rather as materials for the future biographer, than as the record which the public expected or Robert Southey deserved. With all these abatements, our obligations to Mr. Cuthbert Southey are still considerable. He has made an important addition to our epistolary literature, and he has furnished us with new motives to admire the genius and revere the memory of his father.

The verdict of this journal on the works and intellectual position of Southey has been often and unreservedly delivered; and after re-considering these former judgments, we find in them little to modify or reverse. In many important questions—literary, political, and ethical—we differ as before. We thought him often arrogant in his treatment of contemporaries, and eccentric in his views of events and parties—and we think so still. We always bore cordial testimony to his private worth, to his manifold acquirements, to the excellence of some of his writings, and to the singular beauty of his language; and so far, if there be any change in our former impressions, it is in his favor. Indeed, our admiration of his many admirable qualities has been increased by the publication of his

"Correspondence," and we now advert to our dissent from him, only that in surveying for the last time his private and literary career, we may be relieved from the painful duty of again controverting his opinions, or again protesting against his occasionally harsh judgments. Death, the great reconciler, has disarmed, even of their sound and fury, the hard names which he vouchsafed us in his books, and pretty liberally repeats in his letters. But these "terms of improprietation," as Sir Thomas Browne calls them, neither dwell in our memories nor revive our griefs; and to us, Robert Southey, like Plutarch's heroes, has become as one whose failings are written in water, and whose virtues are recorded on tablets more enduring than monumental brass.

His life may be most conveniently divided into three periods—his boyhood, and residence at Oxford; his scheme, or rather dream, of Pantisocracy, with its immediate results; and his adoption of literature as a profession. Over each of these, our limits permit us to take only a brief glance. The letters will be their best illustration, and to them we must refer our readers. Had Southey, indeed, as he once proposed, become his own biographer, we should have possessed a volume of at least equal merit with Gibbon's "Memoir of his Life and Writings." The seventeen letters of autobiography, which usher in Mr. Cuthbert Southey's narrative, and comprise the family and personal history of his father during the first fifteen years of his life, are so interesting and so pictorial, that we feel nearly as much regret at his leaving the work of self-portraiture incomplete, as at his unfulfilled design of a History of the Monastic Orders. His general letters, and the biographical prefaces to the later editions of his poems, in some measure supply the loss; but we miss in them the selection and condensation in which no one was better skilled than himself. In this brief preliminary sketch of his boyhood, his felicity in grouping and narrating is as conspicuous as in his finished Lives of Nelson and Cowper.

The family of Southey, from which the poet descended, was settled in Somersetshire in the seventeenth century, and appears to have generally consisted of substantial yeomen, who would now rank with the second order of country gentlemen. One of his ancestors was out in Monmouth's insurrection; but fortunately for himself, and the future Rodericks and Kehamas, he managed to elude Judge Jeffries' search-warrants. An-

other married a niece or cousin of John Locke's—an alliance of which most persons would be proud, but which Southey rather petulantly undervalues. The author of the "Book of the Church" had, indeed, few sympathies with the philosopher of the "Human Understanding," still less with the writer of the "Letters on Toleration." The families of the Bradfords, Hills, and Tylers successively mingled lot and lineage with the Southeys. Of these the Tylers afforded the poet a most eccentric aunt, and the Hills a most justly-revered uncle. By one of those evil chances which befall the choice of a vocation in life, Southey's father, whom nature had marked out for a gamekeeper, was apprenticed to a linendraper in Bristol, became, in due time, a master-draper, took a hare, in token of his proper instincts, for a device, failed in business, and bequeathed to his son an estate similar to Joseph Scaliger's,—“the best part whereof lay under his hat.” Of this unlucky father Southey records next to nothing: from his mother, whose maiden name was Hill, he seems to have inherited his well-defined and shapely profile, and the groundwork, at least, of his moral and intellectual character. Before closing our account of Southey's ancestors we must remark upon his singular ill-luck with respect to pecuniary bequests. Two of his paternal uncles, childless themselves, left their property away from him; and one of them, “worth nearly a plum,” refused to aid him when his father had become insolvent. He was thus destined to be the architect of his own fortune, and to learn a nobler use of money than his succession to a million would probably have taught him.

Robert Southey was born at Bristol on the 12th of August, 1774. Happily, however, for him, his childhood was not passed amid the narrow streets of one of the dingiest of cities, but at a farm-house, “about half an hour's walk from Bristol,” the home of his maternal grandmother. The house at Bedminster, with its quaint garden and antique furniture, its paved court-yard and its porch covered with jasmine, was just the quiet homestead which might have suggested an *Elia* to Lamb, and which has really supplied Southey himself with some hints for his description of Daniel Dove's patrimonial cottage. Here, while Mrs. Hill survived, his holidays were spent, and here, too, he probably imbibed his deep love for country-life; although as little of his father's tastes for country-sports had descended to him as of any other inheritance. The only patrimony he ac-

knowledges to, is, “the drowsiness of his father;” when accounting for the proportion of sleep which he allowed himself. On Mrs. Hill's decease he removed with his aunt, Miss Tyler, to a village nearer Bristol; and he afterwards accompanied that eccentric lady in her subsequent removals until his summary ejection from her roof. Over his gentler mother the said aunt exercised the full prerogatives of an elder sister, as in truth she seems to have ruled all around her with a rod of iron. Had the first volume of these letters been published a few months earlier, Mr. Dickens might have been taxed with borrowing his imaginary Miss Trotwood from the authentic Miss Tyler. Both these excellent ladies were equally firm in purpose, sudden and quick in quarrel, and averse to dust and matrimony. Residing with his aunt, Southey met with many indulgences, but more privations, and those of an injurious kind. He had no playmates; he kept late hours both night and morning; and he was almost debarred from exercise, “never being allowed to do anything by which he might soil his clothes or the carpets.” Still, on the whole, her dwelling was not without its advantages for a studious and imaginative boy. He had access to some book-closets of very miscellaneous contents; the British Circulating Libraries introduced him to “his master, Spenser;” to Ariosto and Tasso, through Hoole's versions of them, and to numerous tomes of voyages and travels. Miss Tyler, too, was a constant frequenter of the Bath and Bristol theatres; the manager courted her applause, or, at least, her suppers; and Thespian phrases were so current in her family, that her nephew was once severely reprehended by her for applying to a large congregation the term of “a full house.” It is not surprising, therefore, that Southey's first essays in composition were juvenile dramas, which he seems to have sketched as rapidly as afterwards epic poems. Under the stronger spell, however, of Spenser, of Hoole's translations, of Pope's Homer, and of Mickle's *Lusiad*, the epic scale preponderated; and the story of Egbert, combining metrical narrative with learned comment, was, apparently, a genuine precursor of *Madoc* and *Kehama*. Southey was not fortunate in his schoolmasters. His first preceptor was a General Baptist, who took Solomon's counsel, and spared not the rod. Another was a learned astronomer, who could not mind earthly things, and who calculated eclipses when he should have explained Corderius. A third—“poor old

Williams"—was a great proficient in the art of writing fair, and in nothing else. From Williams came that clear and shapely handwriting, for which Southey's compositors must have blest the hour which consigned so prolific an author to so skilful a professor of calligraphy. In spite of his teachers, however, his progress in Latin was reasonably rapid, since between his eighth and twelfth years he had "proceeded through Phædrus, Justin, Nepos, and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*." To Greek, as we learn from a letter written forty years later, he made no pretence; and his "longs and shorts" would have scandalised the most juvenile Etonian. After all, Southey's best tutor during boyhood was, perhaps, a servant-lad of his aunt's, who rejoiced in the appellation of Shadrach Weeks. Shad—so he was called, except on occasions of ceremony—taught him trapball and kite-making, carpentry and gardening, to cleave blocks, to break bounds, and to set Miss Tyler's discipline at nought. As we may not have occasion to mention this ingenious servitor again, we will add here, that Shad narrowly escaped becoming a universal philanthropist. He was included in the Pantisocratic scheme: and his gifts of block-splitting and boot-cleaning would have doubtless rendered him the most serviceable member of the Susquehannah colony.

In his fourteenth year, with the sanction and assistance of his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Southey was placed at Westminster School, where he remained until Midsummer, 1792. "Few boys," he remarks, "were ever less qualified for the discipline of a public school than I was, when it was determined to place me at Westminster." His education had been irregular; his treatment at home injudicious; and his acquirements, considerable as they were for his age, were not of a kind to advance him in the school, or recommend him to companions at once more learned and more ignorant than himself. He appears, however, after the preliminary difficulties were surmounted, to have risen rapidly in the forms, and to have readily adapted himself to the sports, and even the mischief of boys. His taste for composition displayed itself very early at Westminster, and with most unlucky results. To a school-periodical, entitled the "*Flagellant*," he contributed the ninth, and, as it proved, the last number. Number Nine was an attack on corporal punishments; Dr. Vincent, the headmaster, treated the offence as a case of *lèse-majesté*, threatened the printer with an action, and when Southey acknowledged the

authorship, expelled him from the school. The penalty bore no proportion to the offence. But Dr. Vincent, by all accounts, was a pompous pedagogue; and the pretensions are seldom placable. His rigor lost Westminster a scholar superior to Cumberland in general attainments, and second only to Cowper in pure epistolary English. The most valuable and lasting fruit of Southey's pupillage at Westminster were the friendships of Mr. Grosvenor Bedford and of Charles Williams Wynn. The large proportion of letters in the present collection addressed to each of these gentlemen shows the intimacy and tenacity of their relations with their former school-fellow. Of Mr. Wynn's friendship there is still more honorable record. Believing himself indebted to Southey's influence and example, when they were again fellow-students at Oxford, for the direction of his intellect and the strengthening of his character, he requited this high obligation by an annual allowance of 160*l.* from his own purse. This private aid was subsequently exchanged for an equivalent pension from the civil list. The bounty of the Grenville ministry was never better bestowed. It was applied by Southey, not to an increase of his income—since for that he trusted to his pen—but to a life-insurance, which, small as it was, lightened his anxieties for his family, and was the corner-stone of the provision he eventually made for them.

The Westminster boy, on his expulsion, returned to his aunt's house, at College Green, Bristol. The offence was a venial one; and his good uncle, Herbert Hill, who noticed it with sorrow, but "without asperity and without reproaches," was not deterred, by the misadventure of the "*Flagellant*," from furnishing the culprit the means for Oxford. The dismissal, however, happened at an unlucky period of life. It came in the midst of his education; he had not yet reached man's estate, and the misanthropic tone of his letters at this time, in such remarkable contrast with the content and cheerfulness of his later correspondence, betrays the unsettled condition of his mind. His thoughts immediately reverted to authorship. He had been "early dipped in ink." He meditated at once a play, and an epic poem, and a volume of essays to be "dedicated to Envy, Hatred, and Malice." From these unhealthy dreams he was aroused by his father's bankruptcy, and by the necessity of girding himself up for the lectures and schools of Oxford.



It had been intended that he should enter at Christ Church. But the dean, Cyril Jackson—a supercilious pedant, whose reputation was beyond his merits, and whose merits were even less than his pretensions—had heard of the “Flagellant,” and, deeming, probably, that the boyish satarist would “flout the solemn ceremony” of his college, refused to place his name on the boards. Southey was therefore transferred to Balliol, and commenced his residence in January, 1793. Dean Jackson’s auguries were not altogether unverified. Though our young student’s moral conduct was exemplary throughout, and his habits sufficiently diligent; yet he entered the university a republican in politics, and he quitted it a unitarian in creed. “My prepossessions,” he writes in December, 1792, “are not very favorable; I expect to meet with pedantry, prejudice, and aristocracy—from all of which good Lord deliver poor Robert Southey!” In spite of these misgivings, matters seem to have run smoothly enough between him and the college dignitaries; but not so with the college barber. He refused to wear hair-powder, and he refused to wear it in the year 1793, when hair unfripped and unadorned was a token of disaffection to Church and State. “All is lost!” exclaimed Dumourier, when the grand chamberlain complained to him that Roland had appeared at Versailles without knee or shoe buckles; and, doubtless, the fellows of Balliol regarded their unshorn freshman as “a tainted wether in their flock.” It was, however, nearly the fulness of time; the dynasty of barbers was on the wane; and even men who aspired to fellowships and livings, copied the example of their unpowdered ringleader.

Gibbon has recorded of himself that he “arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might have been ashamed.” Southey could, perhaps, have subscribed to a similar confession. Westminster had, indeed, in some measure, retrieved the defects of his earlier school-training, but had not, and probably could not, render him the mechanical scholar which Alma Mater has ever delighted to adopt and cherish. His tutor left him nearly to his own inventions, candidly admitting that “from his lectures Southey could learn nothing.” That even then he was a “*helluo librorum*,” one of his friends well recollected; but we cannot discover what course of reading he pursued, or detect that familiarity with the Greek and Latin poets, which his

biographer ascribes to him. His letters, on the contrary, at all periods of his life,—one admirable letter to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford especially,—tend to prove that he rather underrated ethnic lore, and preferred the waters of the Tagus and the Arno to those of the Tiber and Ilissus. In his classical reading, he paid some attention at this time to an order of writers whom purists brand with an ill-name, and whom college-tutors seldom patronise. The imperial Stoic and the slave Epictetus were nerving him, by their pregnant maxims, for his approaching stand-up fight with poverty. The pamphlets, which at that time the press was daily pouring forth upon the Rights of Man and the French Revolution, were more congenial food to a republican mind than Aristotle and Aquinas; and Mary Woolstoncraft and Rousseau were more to him than Tully or Plato. His intellect in 1792 was too deeply engrossed with its own struggles, and with the revolutionary influences of the age, to stand patiently on “the ancient ways,” or acquiesce in the curriculum of Oxford studies.

The most important incident in Southey’s Oxonian career, both for its direct and its remote consequences, was his introduction to Coleridge. *Ex illo fonte* came Pantisocracy, Greta Hall, and literature as a profession, as well as the habitual association of his name, both for praise and reproach, with the names of Wordsworth and Lamb, and the author of “Christabel.” In June, 1794, Coleridge had come to Oxford on a visit to an old school-fellow; and an intimacy quickly sprang up between the youthful poets, “fostered by the similarity of their views in both religion and politics.” Southey, in one or two of his earlier letters, adverts to emigration and America, as his probable resort from poverty and disappointment; and Coleridge now brought with him from Cambridge his “fire-new project” of Pantisocracy, which speedily ignited in his new friend’s prepared mind. Thenceforward for nearly two years Pantisocracy incessantly occupied and unsettled the brains of its projectors. It was not altogether original, for the “melancholy Cowley” had once intended to retire with his books to a cottage in America; and in the most corrupt age of the Roman Empire the philosopher Plotinus besought the Emperor Gallienus to grant him a deserted town in Campania, that he might colonize it with philosophers, and exhibit to an admiring world the spectacle of a perfect community. But the Pantisocratists of 1793 soared a pitch above Cowley and Plotinus. They asked for nei-



ther a city nor a cottage, but proposed to redeem the waste, to build, to sow, to plant, to wash, to wring, to brew, and bake for themselves, without bating a jot of their customary cares—the composition of epic poems, or the construction of metaphysical castles. Helpless as Coleridge was in all practical matters, we are not sure that emigration, with its attendant manual labor, would have been bad for him, even though the world had gone without “Christabel” and the “Friend.” But for Southey, the greatest misfortune that could have betided him at this juncture would have been a legacy of two thousand pounds. For so much, according to Coleridge’s calculation, would have started the colony; and Southey was sufficiently in earnest for a while to have staked his all upon the die. Luckily for all parties, the money was not forthcoming; it was necessary even for philosophers to eat and drink; they had made it imperative on themselves, as Pantisocratists, to marry, and we shrewdly suspect that Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Southey indirectly frustrated the scheme. However this may have been, the Transatlantic dream, having first dwindled into the prosaic shape of a farm in Wales, at length melted away before the realities of life. Southey, as might have been foretold, was the first to recover his senses, and Coleridge, as may be believed, was the last to persist in dreaming on. This falling off led to a brief estrangement; but the breach was soon repaired, as both were truly placable and generous men. So contagious, however, is enthusiasm, that Southey’s mother, whose journeys had rarely extended beyond the borders of Somersetshire, came, it is said, to regard exportation with ardor. Mahomet is reported to have counted the conversion of his wife, Cadijah, the greatest of his miracles; and Southey must have had no mean obstacle to surmount in the good sense of his staid and discreet parent. But probably it was not to conviction that she yielded. Life can have few greater trials to a mother than to part with such a son, though on a wiser errand than the foundation of a nephe-lo-coccygia.

In the summer vacation of 1793, and under the roof of Mr. Grosvenor Bedford’s father, Southey resumed, and in six weeks completed, the first of his epic poems—Joan of Arc. It was not published until some time afterwards, and in the meanwhile underwent considerable corrections. Sufficient, however, of the original fabric must remain to warrant us in pronouncing this poem an

extraordinary achievement for a youth in his twentieth year. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the maturity of his art, sighed over some of his early portraits, from their exhibiting, as he thought, more promise than he had fulfilled. The first of Southey’s Epics, immature as it is, might have prompted a similar regret.

Of Southey’s marriage, enough, and perhaps more than enough, has been written. That his engagement to “Edith” was imprudent, and that his marrying without a provision and without a profession, could hardly be justified at the time, we fancy no one will question. If an error, however, it was exempt from the usual consequences of such youthful errors, since he secured for himself a most faithful, sensible, and affectionate partner; who soothed his earlier struggles, and for forty years so managed a narrow income, as in great measure to relieve him from the cares which are most painfully irksome to studious men. The marriage,—we are compelled to hurry over its antecedents,—was not at first acceptable to his uncle; it was most unlikely that it should. That generous and prudent relative had been twice disappointed by his nephew,—first at Westminster, and afterwards at Oxford,—and was now still further alarmed by his Transatlantic project. Mr. Hill had destined his nephew for the Church, since in the Church alone could he assist him; but republicanism and unitarianism had effectually bolted the Church door. It was in the hope of deferring his union with Miss Fricker, that Mr. Hill, now chaplain to the British embassy at Lisbon, proposed that he should accompany him thither, and then return to England and qualify himself for the law. Southey went to Lisbon; but he was too deeply attached to “Edith” to retract or even postpone his engagement. On the 14th of November, 1795, they were married at Radcliff Church, in Bristol, but to part immediately after the ceremony. The virgin-bride retained her maiden name until the report of the marriage was bruited abroad; and she remained, during her husband’s absence, “a parlor boarder with the sisters” of the excellent Joseph Cottle, whose name will be revered wherever Southey is held in honor.

There was, however, another relative, upon whom the announcement of Southey’s Pantisocratism and intended marriage fell like a rocket, and enkindled swift, explosive, and inextinguishable wrath. That relative was Miss Tyler. She was a “fine old Christian,”

and abhorred dissenters; she was a staunch Tory, and abominated republicanism; she was a practical Malthusian, at least since middle life, and thought matrimony, improvident matrimony, worse than either the conventicle or the Rights of Man. Moreover, she had always expected her nephew would take orders, and revive, in some prebendal stall perhaps, the decayed dignity of the Southey family. Of his opinions, theological and political, she seems to have lived in blissful ignorance, until, on a certain day in October, 1794, Southey imparted to her his plan of emigration, and his engagement to marry. Here was "worshipful intelligence." The Semiramis of College Green had been unsuspectingly harboring a leveller and a lover! Immediate ejection from her roof, "in a windy and rainy night" of the autumnal equinox, was the penalty of such a confession; and the aunt and nephew never met again.

One piece of what is called good fortune, and one only, was vouchsafed to Southey at this troublous epoch of his life—his introduction to Joseph Cottle. In 1794, Southey had delivered, with some success, a course of Historical Lectures at Bristol, and so became acquainted with the benevolent publisher, his own and Coleridge's first patron. "Joan of Arc" had already been announced for publication by subscription; but subscribers came slowly forward, and the poem seemed destined to remain in its author's desk, when Mr. Cottle surprised him with the offer of fifty guineas for the copyright, and of fifty copies for his subscribers. The offer was, under the circumstances, munificent, and was as important as it was liberal; for on his return from his first visit to Lisbon, Southey learned that "Joan of Arc" had found no small favor with the public. Its success, evidently, strengthened in him the conviction that readers would henceforward endure poems as long as the Faëry Queen, and that his proper vocation was to "heap Pelion on Ossa," and write epic verses by the thousand.

Southey's first visit to Lisbon was useful to him, chiefly in laying the foundation of that wide acquaintance with Spanish and Portuguese literature which he afterwards turned to so much account, and in which, among his own countrymen at least, the late Mr. Hookham Frere alone surpassed him. The value of his new acquisition was at first, however, scarcely cognisable even by himself. His mind was ill at ease; he was a widowed bridegroom for the time; his wandering in-

stinct had not quite subsided; the present was gloomy, and the future doubtful. Nor, as he returned to England with nearly the same political bias as he brought away with him, and with the same determination against taking orders, can Mr. Hill have had much reason to be satisfied with the absentee experiment. Mr. Hill, indeed, seems to have regarded his nephew at this time with the bewilderment which Jonathan Oldbuck, we are told, excited in his master. "Mr. Jonathan," said the man of law, "devours old parchments and makes his sixpence go further than another man's half-crown: but he will take no interest in the practical and profitable concerns of John Doe and Richard Roe."

Sixteen years after the good uncle had sent home a sketch of his nephew's character, drawn much after the same fashion, the now sobered nephew retraced his own earlier lineaments, in a youthful poet, who died ere he had reconciled himself with the world or the world's law. We extract the following passage from a letter of Southey's, written in 1812, as a curious specimen of self-recognition:—

"Here is a man at Keswick, who acts upon me as my own ghost would do. He is just what I was in 1794. His name is Shelley, son to the member for Shoreham; with 6000*l.* a-year entailed upon him, and as much more in his father's power to cut off. Beginning with romances of ghosts and murder, and with poetry at Eton, he passed at Oxford into metaphysics; printed half-a-dozen pages, which he entitled the 'Necessity of Atheism;' sent one anonymously to Copplestone, in expectation, I suppose, of converting him; was expelled in consequence; married a girl of seventeen, after being turned out of doors by his father; and here they both are, in lodgings, living upon 200*l.* a-year, which her father allows them. He is come to the fittest physician in the world. At present he is got to the Pantheistic stage of philosophy, and in the course of a week, I expect he will be a Berkleyan, for I have put him upon a course of Berkeley. It has surprised him a good deal to meet, for the first time in his life, with a man who perfectly understands him, and does him full justice. I tell him that all the difference between us is, that he is nineteen and I am thirty-seven; and I dare say it will not be very long before I shall succeed in convincing him that he may be a true philosopher, and do a great deal of good, with 6000*l.* a-year: the thought of which troubles him a great deal more at present than ever the want of sixpence (for I have known such a want) did me. . . . God help us! the world wants mending, though he does not set about it exactly in the right way."

Between 1796, the date of his first return

from Lisbon, and 1803, when he began to reside at Keswick, Southey's migrations were numerous. We need not trace him to Westbury, a pleasant village two miles from Bristol, fertile in verse, and near to Davy and his wonder-working gas; nor again to Lisbon, gazing "on convents and quintas, grey olive-yards, green orange-groves, and greener vineyards;" nor follow him on his return home to an abortive residence in Wales, and an abortive secretaryship in Ireland. These wanderings look very little like reading law. At Oxford he had made a brief experiment in the school of anatomy, with what effect may be supposed, since, as he tells us in his "Colloquies," the sight of a butcher's shop made him ill. Law was his vocation as little as Physic. He now, however, consented to study it. Meantime, where reside? From old associations he might perhaps have endured Bristol. Yet he had an all but unconquerable aversion to great cities, and a livelihood from the law must be sought in places where "men most do congregate." According to his admission or rather his boast, he never overcame his repugnance either to law or streets. For, while his eyes were upon Coke and Lyttleton, his heart was absorbed by plans for epics, dramas, and histories. "To all *serious* studies," he writes, "I bid adieu when I enter upon my London lodgings. The law will neither amuse me, nor ameliorate me, nor instruct me: but the moment it gives me a comfortable independence—and I have but few wants—then farewell to London. I will get me some little house near the sea, and near a country town, for the sake of the post and the bookseller." Themis, "bounteous lady," as she sometimes proves and is more often idly imagined to be, was not likely to be very gracious to so reluctant a votary. In fact, his wooing was of the kind which never thrives. His memory, according to his own account, was more at fault than his industry or understanding. "I am not indolent," he writes; "I loathe indolence; but, indeed, reading law is laborious indolence—it is thrashing straw. I have read and read and read; but the devil a bit can I remember. I have given all possible attention, and attempted to command volition. No! the eyes read; the lips pronounced, I understood and re-read it—it was very clear. I remembered the page—the sentence: but close the book, and all was gone." Literature and science are compatible with jurisprudence, though not easily; and to be so, the law-student must not contemplate, as in the pre-

sent instance, an *auto-da-fé* of his law library as the natural termination of his legal studies. With so divided an allegiance at the outset—"law in the morning and verses in the evening"—it was as impossible for Southey to have mastered the "Reports," as it would have been for Lord Eldon to have written "Thalaba," and his final divorce from the law in 1802 was as prudent as it was unavoidable.

Accordingly, we regret his divorce from the law much less than his divorce from London. We believe that his preference for a country life, even if favorable to literary fecundity, was prejudicial to his intellectual character. Mingling with the society of the metropolis, he might have written less, but he would have known more of men and their ways. His dislike of Mr. Canning melted away as soon as he became personally acquainted with him, and it is remarked by his biographer that his father's antipathies rarely survived contact with the object of them. In London or Edinburgh, Southey would probably have learned to regard political opponents with equanimity, more especially since, as far as we can discover from his letters, he at no time very cordially agreed with the party he was believed to espouse. In the literary circles of either of these great capitals, he might have shunned the gravest error of his life—the habit of imputing unworthy motives to persons his equals in ability and integrity, and far his superiors in a general charitableness of nature as well as in worldly wisdom. It is not good for man to be alone. It is especially dangerous for a literary man to listen only to the echoes of his own praises or his own dislikes. What would have become of Samuel Johnson but for his love of London? Could "Elia" have been written by a resident at Mackery End? The danger is even greater when the imagination, as in Southey's case, is a more active faculty than the understanding. Achilles is described by Homer as nursing his wrath by the solitary shore; and Southey, in his rural seclusion, brooded over many antipathies which a freer intercourse with the world would have first softened and then removed.

All other schemes failing, Southey now rejoined Coleridge at the Lakes, became the joint tenant with him of Greta Hall, and a permanent resident in the most beautiful county in England. "Hoc erat in votis." Keswick was not very near the sea, but it combined the conveniences of a town with the attractions of the country. Coleridge



was under the same roof; Wordsworth, with whom Southey here became acquainted, although he did not admire the *Lyrical Ballads*, was at Grasmere. Greta Hall belonged to a liberal landlord: there was a good book-room and a good garden. At length the wanderer had cast anchor, as he phrased it, and the current of his days flowed smoothly forward. In order to avoid recurrence, we shall now endeavor to represent his daily life, such as it was, with occasional varieties of foreign travel or domestic incident, for more than thirty consecutive years. The records of St. Maur afford no more striking example of undeviating and conscientious labor: the annals of philosophy present few more manly spectacles of unfailing cheerfulness and serene content.

Southey's year amid the mountains of Cumberland was divided into two unequal portions. Winter in the latitude of the English lakes generally includes half the autumnal and nearly all the spring months. This long brumal period was devoted to the reading which enabled him to write, and to the writing which enabled him to live. His hours were strictly apportioned to his different employments. He was habitually an early riser, and, like Gibbon, wisely refrained from encroaching upon the night. He composed before breakfast; he read and transcribed, he wrote and extracted, from breakfast to a latish dinner; and the hours after the latter meal were generally assigned to that active correspondence which, to less industrious persons, would have been itself a business, or to the correction of proof-sheets, which was to Southey one of the choicest of mundane pleasures. "After tea," he proceeds, summing up the avocations of a day, "I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write and copy, till I am tired, and then turn to any thing else till supper. And this is my life; which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish." The gambols or innocent questionings of his children were alone permitted to break in upon his busy seclusion; for against children their father's door seems never to have been barred. He confesses that he wanted the art of making his pleasantries acceptable to women: so he will have been saved for the most part from those great consumers of the leisure of men of letters.

With the summer came the swallows; and with the swallows came tourists to the neighborhood of Keswick, in even larger numbers than railroads now convey them. Since, in 1806 and for several years after-

wards, the Continent was closed by war, and a voyage across the Atlantic was then an undertaking not of days but weeks. Gray was, we believe, the first describer of English lake scenery; yet he saw a portion only, and that not the most sublime portion, of our island-Alps. Indeed, even at the beginning of the present century many of the Cumbrian dells and passes were comparatively ground unvisited, and Southey mentions more than one discovery made by himself, on his pedestrian excursions. Among the tourists were many old acquaintances; and many more brought with them letters of introduction, which, in some instances, led to new friendships. These incursions on a limited society were salutary interruptions to his continuous winter studies. For although Greta Hall was within reach of Calgarth Park, the residence of the Bishop of Llandaff,—the Bishop being no less a person than Dr. Watson, the author of the "Apology for the Bible," and the "Lectures on Chemistry,"—of Brathay, the home of Charles Lloyd, the translator of "Alfieri," and a genuine, although an almost forgotten poet; of Elleray, the seat of Professor Wilson; and of Grasmere and Rydal mere, the successive homes of Wordsworth;—yet mountain roads and long winter nights were to most persons, and more especially to one so constantly employed as Southey, effectual impediments to frequent intercourse. But in the summer months, besides frequent hospitality to casual or customary visitors, he indulged himself in excursions to those regions of the mountain country which lay beyond his own immediate neighborhood. These occasional "forays" could not be complete substitutes for daily exercise, but they doubtless helped for some years to recruit his frame and to counteract the prejudicial effects of his ordinary desk-work. Even to strangers he would sacrifice the employments of the day,—employments, for the most part, pressing and onerous,—to do the honors of his adjoining lake and the mountains that environ it. In his "Colloquies" may be found some exquisite samples of his zeal and eloquence as a Cicerone.

The reader will probably be glad if we lay before him a few of the vouchers for the foregoing account of Southey's studious and social life. We extract them almost at random from his letters, for no one ever wrote more naturally and unreservedly of himself:

"I am getting on with my Letters from Portugal. The evenings close in by tea-time, and fire and candle bring with them close work at the



desk, and nothing to take me from it. They will probably extend to three such volumes as *Esprilla*. When they are done, the fresh letters of *Esprilla* will come in their turn; and so I go on. *Huzza*! two and twenty volumes already; the *Cid*, when reprinted, will make two more; and, please God, five a-year in addition as long as I live.

"I waited to begin a new article for the 'Quarterly' till the first number was published, and as that is so near at hand, will begin to-morrow. But if Gifford likes my pattern-work, he should send me more cloth to cut; he should send me *Travels*, which I review better than any thing else. I am impatient to see the first number. Young lady never felt more desirous to see herself in a new ball-dress, than I do to see my own performance in print, often as that gratification falls to my lot. The reason is that, in the multiplicity of my employments, I forget the form and manner of every thing as soon as it is out of sight, and they come to me like pleasant recollections of what I wish to remember. Besides, the thing looks differently in print. In short, there are a great many philosophical reasons for this fancy of mine, and one of the best of all reasons is, that I hold it good to make every thing a pleasure which it is possible to make so."

"Hitherto," he writes to Mr. Wynn, in 1812, "I have been highly favored. A healthy body, an active mind, and a cheerful heart, are the three best boons Nature can bestow; and, God be praised, no man ever enjoyed them more perfectly. My skin and bones scarcely know what an ailment is; my mind is ever on the alert, and yet, when its work is done, becomes as tranquil as a baby; and my spirits invincibly good. Would they have been so, or could I have been what I am, if you had not been for so many years my stay and support? I believe not; yet you have been so long my familiar friend, that I felt no more sense of dependence in receiving my main, and, at one time, my sole subsistence from you, than if you had been my brother: it was being done to as I would have done."

The following letter to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, written in 1810, is tinged with prophetic melancholy:

"It is, between ourselves, a matter of surprise to me that this bodily machine of mine should have continued its operations with so few derangements, knowing, as I well do, its excessive susceptibility to many deranging causes. If I did not vary my pursuits, and carry on many works of a totally different kind at once, I should soon be incapable of proceeding with any, so surely does it disturb my sleep and affect my dreams if I dwell upon one with any continuous attention. The truth is, that though some persons, whose knowledge of me is scarcely skin-deep, suppose I have no nerves because I have great self-control as far as regards the surface, if it were not for great self-management, and what may be called a strict intellectual regimen, I should very soon be in a very deplorable state of what is called nervous

disease, and this would have been the case any time during the last twenty years."

"Thank God, I am well at present, and well employed. *Brazil* and *Weasley* both at the press; a paper for the 'Quarterly Review' in hand, and 'Oliver Newman' now seriously resumed; while, for light reading, I am going through South's *Sermons* and the whole British and Irish part of the *Acta Sanctorum*."

Our closing extract from these annals of Greta Hall is more cheerful:—

"Of my own goings on, I know not that there is any thing which can be said. Imagine me in this great study of mine from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, in my old black coat, my corduroys alternately with the long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and the green shade, and sitting at my desk, and you have my picture and my history. I play with *Dapper*, the dog, downstairs, who loves me as well as ever *Cupid* did, and the cat, upstairs, plays with me; for puss, finding this room the quietest in the house, has thought proper to share it with me. Our weather has been so wet that I have not got out of doors for a walk once in a month. Now and then I go down to the river which runs at the bottom of the orchard, and throw stones till my arms ache, and then saunter back again. I rouse the house to breakfast every morning, and qualify myself for a boatswain's place by this practice; and thus one day passes like another, and never did the days appear to pass so fast."

Southey, for some time after his return to England, pined for the sublime and luxuriant scenery of Cintra and the Tagus. The Lusitanian springs and autumns, the golden fruitage of the orange groves, the pendulous clusters of the vineyards, the deep umbrage of the forests, the flashing of bright waters in sultry noons, and the brilliant semi-tropical flora of Portugal, were indeed wanting to the Cumbrian mountains. But in their stead nature unfolded around his northern dwelling an equally august, although gloomier, panorama of sinuous dales and mountain bastions, and the broad silvery mirrors of meres and lakes. On the right of Greta Hall were the lovely vale and wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on its left, *Lodore*, celebrated by its poet in sportive dithyrambics, and *Derwentwater*, with its fairy islands. Behind it rose the vast and towering masses of *Skiddaw* and *Blencathara*, and in front was outspread "a giant's camp of tent-like mountains, revealing through a narrow gorge the sublime chaos of *Borrowdale*." Nor was Southey, as many charming passages both in his verse and prose evince, indifferent to the poetic and pictorial accessories of his abode. He was not, indeed, like Words-

worth, a student of nature at all hours and in every mood. Neither was he familiar, as Scott would have been, with the songs and legends of every dale, and with the weather-beaten features of every ancient crone and shepherd of the neighboring hamlets. But his daily walks, his occasional rambles, and the prospect which hourly greeted him from his library window, refreshed and invigorated his spirit, and taught him to scan and describe, with a profound feeling of their beauty, the mystery and the majesty of flood and fell, of night and morning, and of elemental turbulence and repose. The ocean excepted, scarcely a chord in Nature's diapason was wanting in the landscape from Greta Hall.

The view within doors was hardly less attractive to him. In one of his letters, he expresses his conviction that with the library of the British Museum at his command, he should have despaired of accomplishing his literary projects, since infinite opulence would have distracted and discouraged him. His own library had been collected by himself, and was constructed for the most part with a view to his own purposes, accomplished or designed. Its populous shelves afforded him the grateful spectacle of *spolia opima* won by resolute industry, or of the instruments of a reputation to be achieved by hopeful energy. The nucleus and basis of the collection consisted of Spanish, Portuguese, and English books. But, flanking and supporting these three great tribes of European literature, were detachments or recruits from nearly every department of ancient and modern learning; not, as now, in spruce octavos and curt duodecimos, but in tall and stalwart folios, the *megatheria* of the book creation. And above this household brigade of stately veterans, and towering upward to the vertex of the pyramid, were the more diminutive tomes of modern days, radiated as it were from their patriarchal brethren by lines of rare manuscripts, Spanish and Portuguese, horizontally arranged upon brackets. But inasmuch as the cost of the leather or even prunella requisite for coating or reclothing his boarded or dilapidated myriads would have involved his exchequer "in cureless ruin," he called to his aid the members of his household. The faded gilding or tarnished vellum of his folios was repaired by the skill of his brother Thomas; and the ladies of Greta Hall, like the inmates of the Farrer Nunnery at Little Gidding, were adepts in bookbinding and its adjuncts—pasting, stitching, and decorating. They clothed the needy

in fine linen of divers colors. A volume of sermons or a quaker book was dressed in drab; poetry in some flowery pattern; and a pretentious or superficial author—for the fair bookbinders sometimes added a satiric touch—in some garb symbolic of his merits. No fewer than from 1200 to 1400 volumes were so bound by the Miss Southey's or their auxiliary guests; and the linen-brigade, which completely filled an upper chamber, was denominated the Cottonian Library. This vast assemblage of books, so rare and nondescript, affected their owner's destiny in more ways than one. Primarily it enabled him to perform so many diversified and encyclopædic tasks in literature; and secondly, it acted upon his plans in middle life as an anchor or *remora*. His projected history of Portugal needed a third residence in Lisbon: and a home and an occupation in Southern Europe were long regarded as essential to his health and convenient to his purse. But it was not easy to transplant his nursery: each revolving year rendered it more difficult to transport his library; his growing engagements with the booksellers made it expedient that the sea should not divide him from Paternoster Row; and after a while both prudence and inclination combined to detain him in his Cumbrian home.

Perhaps other readers have been as omnivorous: but we doubt whether any one before has been also as methodical as he is exhibited in the multiform character of his writings, and the recent publication of his Common-place Books. His memory for particular facts and passages was less tenacious than that of Porson or Magliabechi; and its original vigor had been impaired, as he himself informs us, by his constant practice of making notes and extracts from the books he read. So far he fulfilled the prediction of the old king of Thebes, that the art of writing would, in the end, prove the art of forgetting. But his annotations, on the other hand, enabled him to amass and draw at once upon his materials for any subject in hand without hesitation or delay, and to pass from verse to prose, from biography to political economy, with a precision and rapidity, surpassed only by Goethe and Voltaire. We subjoin Mr. Cuthbert Southey's account of his father's mode of acquiring and arranging the contents of a book.

"He was as rapid a reader as could be conceived, having the power of perceiving by a glance down the page whether it contained any thing which he was likely to make use of. A

slip of paper lay on his desk, and was used as a marker; and with a slightly-pencilled S he would note down the passage, put a reference on the paper, with some brief note of the subject, which he could transfer to his note-book, and in the course of a few hours he had classified and arranged every thing in the work which it was likely he would ever want. . . Many of the choicest passages he would transcribe himself, at odds and ends of time, or employ one of his family to transcribe for him; and these are the extracts which form his 'Common-place Books,' recently published; but those of less importance he had thus within reach in case he wished to avail himself of them. The quickness with which this was done was very remarkable. I have often known him receive a parcel of books one afternoon, and the next have found his mark throughout perhaps two or three different volumes; yet if a work took his attention particularly, he was not rapid in its perusal; and, on some authors, such as the old Divines, he 'fed,' as he expressed it, slowly and carefully, dwelling on the page, and taking in its contents deeply and deliberately—like an epicure with his wine, 'searching the subtle flavor.' "

But although he read and wrote as incessantly as a candidate for university honors, his home was neither solitary nor cloistral. On the contrary, had his children and the masculine superior himself been kept out of sight, the uninitiated might have mistaken Greta Hall for a small nunnery. It in fact contained for many years three families. For Southey had taken under his roof Mrs. Lovell, the widow of his first poetical colleague, and he had found already established there Mr. Coleridge and his family. But poor Coleridge ere long turned his face away for ever from Keswick, transferring to his more conscientious but scarcely richer brother-in-law, the task of providing for his wife and children. With what un murmuring and unfailing kindness Southey discharged the cares of this triple family is well known. With him the discharge of duty was no cold negation; but the gentle fulfilment of an office, which a generous affection imposed upon him. And he fulfilled these tutelary duties as cheerfully as if his income had not been dependent upon the labor of the day, and as serenely as if health and life were certain, and a provision had already been secured against the contingencies of failing strength or early dissolution. Yet at no period of his exertions—and they were continued for nearly forty years—had Southey the satisfaction of knowing that a year's income was safely housed, although his pension and the laureateship enabled him in some measure to provide for the day when his parental assist-

ance would be withdrawn. Nor was his scantily-furnished and precarious purse ever closed to the wants of friends or deserving claimants. Upon Herbert Knowles he offered to bestow an annual pension to enable him to meet in part the expenses of college; the necessities of William Taylor of Norwich he would have promptly relieved with a similar contribution, had not those necessities proved to be more imaginary than real; and in 1825 we find him, open-hearted and open-handed, making over to his friend Mr. John May, nearly all the ready money he then possessed. Of time, which to him was money, or even more than money, he was equally lavish at the call of friendship or "patient merit." His "Life of Kirke White," and his edition of "Chatterton's Remains," are permanent memorials of the zeal with which he devoted himself to the interests of the unfortunate; his advice to Bernard Barton and Ebenezer Elliott smoothed the preliminary difficulties of their literary career; nor would his counsel apparently have less serviceably befriended William Roberts and Dusautoy, had not death released them from doubt and dependence. Happy was the home at Greta Hall; bounteous and frequent were the charities which flowed from its hearth; and strong the heart and faithful the spirit which, beset by obstacles and oppressed by toil, could ever afford leisure and sympathy to the world-wanderer, and ceased not to uplift and sustain them, until they went on their way rejoicing.

The death of an infant daughter had been the immediate cause of Southey's migration from Bristol to the Lakes in 1803. The wound was healed by the growing up around him of a fair and thriving family, in whom his affections centered without selfishness, and whom he seems to have brought up, "as best befits the mountain child," in hardy and healthy habits, although he neglected his own discipline for himself. The centre of the group was his son Herbert. For him Southey's letters indicate, not only affection, but an absorbing love, rivalling even the love of mothers. In him he saw "his better part transmitted and improved:" But he saw not, or seeing dismissed it as "some phantasma or hideous dream," what more indifferent spectators could scarcely fail to discern, that a being so finely organised, and so prematurely accomplished as this favorite child, held but a precarious tenure on life. "I have now," he writes in 1809, "three girls living, and as delightful a play-fellow in the shape of a boy as ever man was blest with. Very often,

when I look at them, I think what a fit thing it would be that Malthus should be hanged." For seven years after the father thus wrote Herbert was the companion of his walks, his thoughts, and even his studies: for, beyond his years, he was "a studious boy," and gave the flattering promise of following his father with more than equal steps. His mind had outgrown his body. His quick intellect and quiet disposition were in an inverse ratio to his prime of youth. Herbert Southey died in his tenth year, and the letters which record his illness, decease, and the griefs that followed, are unsurpassed for truth, tenderness, and Christian resignation.

We have grouped around Greta Hall the principal features of Southey's domestic life for a long period of years, since with him one day told unto another its incidents and avocations. But we must now resume the thread of his history as it regards the world around him. He seldom mingled in it, and too often most unreasonably affected to despise it; but his reputation was increasing, and public applause exerted its usual influence upon him. When he became resident in Cumberland, he had already printed *Joan of Arc* and *Thalaba*, and the manuscripts of *Madoc* and *Kehama* were in his desk. His earliest epic, falling in with the revolutionary spirit of the times, and instinct with a vigor which he did not always display afterwards, had been successful beyond his hopes, and, as he thought in comparison with *Thalaba*, beyond its merits. Yet, although he more than once complains of the tardy sale of the latter poem, he began with his wonted energy to revise *Madoc*, and in twelve months published a third portly quarto of verse. He seems, indeed, to have thought that he had revived a taste for epical narrative, and to have projected a series of poems based upon every known system of mythology, except the familiar and attractive myths of Greece and Rome. In 1805 "the Cacique in Mexico and Prince in Wales" appeared before the public tribunal. Its author was at the same time busily employed as an editor and periodical critic; and well was it for him that his means did not depend entirely on his epic adventure,—for *Madoc* eventually brought into his exchequer somewhat less than four pounds. In 1809 he produced "*Kehama*," and five years later "*Roderick*,"—the intervals between these graver parturations being taken up with regular contributions to the *Annual* and *Quarterly Reviews*, with the historical portion of the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, with a translation of the

*Cid*, with his *Omniana*, the *Remains of Kirke White*, and the *Life of Nelson*. Upon these works the public has long ago pronounced irrevocable judgment, and generally reversed the verdict of their author. The periodical criticisms, which he deplored as labor unmeet for him, are still read with pleasure, and the biography of Nelson, which he designates as little better than an article, has become a British classic; while the elaborate metres and long narratives, on which the poet and historian expected his reputation was to rest, are seldom read, and less frequently cited.

The present seems a fitting place for a few general observations upon Southey's station in English poetry. If there were ever, formally, a Lake-school, he did not belong to it; since he disliked the *Lyrical Ballads*, and it was friendship for Wordsworth which seems to have reconciled him to the *Excursion*. As little did he appertain to the order of bards, of whom Byron was the coryphæus,—passion and Southey being irreconcilable terms. He was probably correct in calling "*Spenser*" his "master," although the interval between them was as wide as the interval between Titian and West. Both, indeed, were poets of quantity: delighting in what Lydgate calls "the long processes of an auntyent tale." But in *Spenser* space is a shifting and gorgeous panorama, vivid in hue, majestic in form, and populous with chivalrous and mystic groups. Whereas in Southey amplitude of proportion too often resembles a wintry landscape, from which motion and color are absent, and the outline alone remains of suspended life and luxuriance. Of still life Southey, indeed, is occasionally a skilful painter; but he was too dispassionate in himself, and too unversed in men's works and ways to inform his pictures with dramatic energy. His bad agents are all gloom; his good agents are all seraphic; his lovers are either merely sensual, or merely spiritual and metaphysical; the virtues of his heroes excite no sympathy; the vices of his criminals awaken no horror. Like characters in the old mysteries, they are speaking allegories, and not real persons.

Yet we would recommend the youthful poetic aspirant to study Southey's poems; not indeed as he would study the masters of the great ancient and modern schools, but for the sake of their inexhaustible supplies of poetic materials. No writer, if we except Milton, has hived so much from the stores of books, or has displayed happier skill in discovering veins of imaginative ore even in the most rugged and unlikely soils. The



materials, it is true, often surpass the workmanship. Mr. Fox was said to listen attentively to learned but ineffective speeches, in order that he might speak them over again. And although "Madoc" and "Kehama" will never be re-written, their *disjecta membra* may become serviceable under some more adroit combination. To the defects which we have noted, Southey's omnivorous appetite for reading doubtless contributed. Nearly all his poems are as much works of research as of imagination. His notes are more entertaining than the text, and sometimes as poetical. The very objectivity of his mind—a mind averse from introversion, and strenuous rather than susceptible,—favored an undue accretion of its contents from books alone. He set to work upon an epic poem as many painters prepare themselves for an historical picture. They study archæology; they dive into black letter; they visit scenes of battle or of council; and they produce a brilliant masquerade. In like manner, in his longer poems, Southey assigns authorities for his characters, his costume, his similes, and his episodes, till the wonder is that, working on such a plan, so much of his work should have been so good. Of his ballads we deem much more highly than of his epics. Their needful brevity constrained his habitual gyrations. Yet even in his ballads ease and spontaneity are too often wanting; the legend and the chronicle are too apparent; they savor more of the library than the minstrel; and we turn for relief to Campbell and Scott.

Southey himself, half-humorously and half-gravely, avows his propensity to be voluminous. "Is it not a pity," he says, "that I should not execute my intentions of writing more verses than Lope di Vega, more tragedies than Dryden, and more epic poems than Blackmore? The more I write, the more I have to write. I have a Helicon kind of dropsy upon me, and 'crescit indulgens.'" He omitted to remark that Dryden's plays are nearly forgotten, that Blackmore's epics procured him a niche in the Dunciad, and that not fifty men in Europe have read a quarter of Lope di Vega's plays. In his nineteenth year Southey had held an *auto-da-fé* upon at least 15,000 verses; he plunged early into the Italian epic poets; he waded, as few men have done, through the *Araucana*; and one of his literary aspirations was to complete the "Faëry Queen." He composed verses at his morning toilette, in his solitary walks, on his occasional journeys; he poured them forth like unpremeditated

conversation; he transcribed with the diligence of a Benedictine monk. Shelley called him a great improvisatore. The morning after he had completed "Kehama," he was ready to begin "Roderick." Poetry, he remarks, softens the heart: "Madoc was essential to his happiness;" "no man ever tagged rhyme without being the better for it." But although in prose the more men write, the better probably they will write, it is not so with verse. "Poetry," says Milton, "is solemn, sensuous, and severe;" and these are qualities earned only by excision, selection, and concentration. The taste of the reading public at the beginning of the present century affords indeed a cause, if not a justification, of this excess in quantity. In 1802, the greatness of a poet was thought to depend upon a certain cubic amount of verse. Glover's "Leonidas" and Klopstock's "Messiah" were not quite obsolete. Collins, and Gray, and Burns had not written enough for a diploma of the first order. A similar propensity displayed itself at one time in Roman literature; and the later Roman epics are the least read, and perhaps the least readable, of the verse which survived, and scarcely survived, to modern times. It would be unjust to compare Southey with the post-Augustan writers, except perhaps with Valerius Flaccus. He has much more vigor and variety, and is much less tedious. Yet we doubt whether, in another generation, "Madoc" will be better known than "Silius Italicus," or "Kehama" be more frequently cited than the "Thebaid."

In 1816, and in his forty-second year, Southey adverts to the decline of his poetical powers. Was this also, like his belief that he should die in harness, a premonition of intellectual decay? "I am inclined to think," he says, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, "that my service to the muses has been long enough, and that I should perhaps have claimed my discharge. The ardor of youth is gone by. However I may have fallen short of my own aspirations, my best is done; and I ought to prefer those employments which require the matured faculties and collected stores of declining life." It was a subject of congratulation to Dr. Arnold that the great observer of mankind, the philosopher Aristotle, had pronounced the age of forty-seven as the culminating year of the human intellect. Southey appears to have felt earlier the inroads of time and toil. Ten years later we find him lamenting the decreased sale of his writings. He had produced each successive work with apparently

a sure and certain hope of success and perpetuity. His latest work was always, in his own estimation, his best. But in 1828 he says, "From the public my last proceeds were:—For the 'Book of the Church' and the 'Vindiciæ,' per John Murray, *nil.*; and for all the rest of my works in Longman's hands, about 26*l.* My books have nearly come to a dead stand-still in their sale; so that if it were not for reviewing, it would be impossible for me to pay my current expenses."

Periodical writing had indeed been at all times Southey's sheet anchor. He pays it himself the homely compliment, that "it made the pot boil." The "Edinburgh Annual Register" had yielded him for a time an annual income of 400*l.*; and when he ceased to conduct its historical department, the "Quarterly Review" made up for its loss. But although Southey was well inclined to think highly of his poetical and historical compositions,—so much so indeed as to compare "Madoc" with the *Odyssey*, and the "History of Brazil" with Herodotus!—he was equally disposed to underrate his contributions to periodical literature. His letters frequently express a poignant regret that these ephemeral tasks should engross so much of his time. In case abstinence from this "drudgery," for such he terms it, would have ensured the completion of his grander historical projects—the histories of the Monastic Orders, of Portugal, and of English literature—we should cordially echo his regret; and, as it is, we deeply lament that national or royal bounty should not have enabled him, while he had yet the power, to accomplish designs so well suited to his genius, and so likely to have remained "possessions for ever." But we cannot regret that Southey should have added, by his enforced labor, so many beautiful chapters to the current and more consumable literature of his age. As a critic, indeed, he ranks below Lessing and the Schlegels. He was less analytic than Coleridge, less discriminating than Mr. Hallam, and less pictorial than Mr. Macaulay. But he possessed, in an unusual degree, the requisites for periodical composition. His clear, masculine, and harmonious style, it is superfluous to commend. His universal reading enabled him to adorn every subject that he treated. He passed from one topic to another with the versatility of an advocate passing from the Crown Court to *Nisi Prius*; and his fancy was never more happily employed than in enlivening the themes of another, whether dull and superficial, or live-

ly and well informed, with his own pithy analogies or humorous allusions. To the "Quarterly Review" alone he furnished, in the course of thirty years, nearly a hundred articles. His aid and reputation are well known to have contributed most materially and in many respects most justly to the early success and permanent celebrity of that journal.

The friends of Southey proposed or attempted many schemes for the improvement of his worldly circumstances. But every successive scheme proved either impracticable or unadvisable. Some we have already noticed. In 1809 he applied for the stewardship of the Derwentwater estates belonging to Greenwich Hospital. Their proximity to Greta Hall, and the annual salary of the office, 700*l.*, were obvious recommendations. But, upon inquiry, the duties of the stewardship were wholly unsuited to his habits and pursuits. "The place of residence varied over a tract of country of about eighty miles." This was too roving a commission for one whose tap-root was so firmly fixed to one spot. And the steward was expected to be "a perfect agriculturist, land-surveyor, mineralogist, and lawyer." Now of farming Southey knew as much as Virgil or "honest Tusser" could teach him; he had probably never measured his own garden by any other gauge than long strides; he did not know granite from oolite, and he had long shaken hands with law. "For my own part," writes Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, after recounting the Protean functions of the steward, "I would rather live in a hollow tree all the summer, and die when the cold weather should set in, than undertake such an employment." The situation of librarian to the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, with a salary of 400*l.* a-year, and with the prospect of an increase, was offered him in 1818; but this, as well as a proposal to take part in the political management of the "Times" newspaper, were declined by him,—the one, because it would have obliged him to live in a great city, the other, because it would have tied him down to a certain line of opinions, to both of which he was equally averse. Southey, indeed, was not an easy man to serve or suit. His constitutional cheerfulness rendered him comparatively indifferent to preferment; while his love of home, and his inveterate habits of study, indisposed him to change and removal. "The truth is," he said, "that I have found my way in the world, and am in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me, and for which

it has pleased Him to qualify me. At the same time my means are certainly so straitened that I should very gladly obtain an addition to them, if it could be obtained without changing the main stream of my pursuits." By the university of Oxford he was clothed with the highest honor which that learned body can bestow upon a layman—the title of Doctor—of which he made no use, and which "put nothing in his purse." Two other distinctions, of which men of more ambition or of less simplicity and independence would have been proud, he refused—a baronetcy, as inconsistent with his means, and a seat in Parliament, as incompatible with his pursuits. The laureateship, which was conferred on him principally through the intervention of Sir Walter Scott, was a more substantial boon, since it enabled him, by a fresh life-insurance, to make further provision for his family; and the subsequent pension so gracefully granted and received, at the hands of Sir Robert Peel, might have been a national benefit, had it been given earlier. There is, perhaps, no country in Europe so deficient as England in appropriate provisions for literary men who are not connected with the universities, or who have not taken refuge in the Church. Of literature itself the State takes little or no cognizance. It is difficult for contemporaries to gauge its merits; it is still more difficult for a government to apportion its rewards.

For one who travelled late in life, and whom it was so difficult to detach from home, Southey travelled extensively, at least at a time when as yet railways were not, and the diligence and post-waggon retained their aboriginal tardiness. The records of his "trips" are so agreeable, that we cannot help wishing that "to travel and tell his travels had been more of his employment." He was among the crowd of English who hurried to the Continent in 1815; and the "Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo" is one of the fruits of his first journey. He had watched the fluctuations of the mighty struggle between Europe and England, and finally between Europe and Napoleon, with all the ardor of his temperament, and hailed its unexpected termination with unbounded and indiscriminating joy. For his prophecies of a triumphant issue he took more than due credit: the inexorable end came to pass indeed, not, however, so much by the standing up of kings, as by the banding together of nations. With the immediate results of the Great Peace he appears to have been altogether dissatisfied. The world did not revert entirely to the year

1788; and therefore Southey complained that the revolutionary serpent was not killed, but only scotched. Throughout his remarks upon the social and political state of England at this time,—from 1816 and for several years afterwards,—upon the measures of government as well as upon the tactics of opposition,—we can discern little sagacity, little sound information, and even less tolerance and comprehensiveness, than we could imagine possible in a spectator so intelligent and so much in earnest. He indulged in a species of pastoral dream about the superior honesty and happiness of the "*felices agricolæ*;" he feared and hated manufactures: he was opposed to freedom of commerce: he identified dissent with disaffection: he sighed for the Church of Laud and for the policy of Burleigh and the Tudors. Yet what else could be expected from one whose days were passed with the dead, and who, according to his biographer, "long as he had resided at Keswick, knew scarcely anything of the persons among whom he lived." These remarks must not be thought ungracious: our opinions upon Southey's social and political theories have often been unreservedly expressed; and, in support of them, we appeal to the contrast between his essays upon subjects he understood and his essays upon subjects on which he only felt. Let readers, who distrust our judgment, compare his papers in the "*Quarterly Review*," upon "*Monastic Institutions, Cemeteries, and the Copyright Act*," with his papers on "*The Manufacturing System, Parliamentary Reform, and the Rise and Progress of Disaffection*," and he will admit—unless we greatly err—that, in political controversy, he had, in Milton's expressive phrase, "the use only of his left hand."

Southey's literary reputation rendered him a welcome and an honored visitant in whatever quarter his continental excursions were directed; but nowhere was he more welcome than in Holland, and in no family more completely domesticated than in that of Bilderdijk the poet. Mrs. Bilderdijk had translated "*Roderick*" into her native language, and made its author famous in the Low Countries. Her husband—like Southey himself—was, in his domestic circle, full of life, spirits, and enthusiasm; and, as there is some resemblance in the character of their poetry, so there was a close accordance in the general opinions of the brother bards. An accident, which put a stop to Southey's journey in 1825, and consigned him to the sofa instead of the diligence and packet-boat, tended directly to foster their new friendship. He



became an inmate in Bilderdijk's house; was nursed by his fair and accomplished translator; and, in the blooming promise and home-education of her son Lodowijk, saw reflected the image of his own hearth.

We have already alluded to the early working out of Southey's poetical vein; so contrary to the experience of greater poets. After the publication of "Roderick," in 1814, he produced nothing of moment in poetry, and the *Corpus Southeanum*—for so his collected epics might be called—was obscured by the more fervid and genial brilliance of Byron and Moore, of Shelley and Wordsworth. But Southey's poetic spring was succeeded by a long and fruitful season of prose writings; of which some few were comparatively still-born, but many of them survive, and will probably last as long as the English language. In his *Life of Nelson*, first published in 1813, he opened, in our opinion, the true vein of his genius—Biography; and, if we were required to perform for his works a service similar to that which the priest and barber rendered to the library of Don Quixote, we would at once rescue from the purgatory flames his *Lives of Nelson, Wesley, and Cowper*. Southey was naturally too voluminous to be safely entrusted with a subject of ample verge and margin. The narrower limits of biography were salutary for his genius. They compelled him to be brief, without denying him the privilege of short excursions and legitimate ornament. His diction, too, smooth and rhythmical as it was, was also in a still higher degree colloquial. In anecdotes he delighted, and he told them well: he read character—at least the characters of the dead—acutely, and he delineated it perspicuously; his command of illustrative matter was unbounded, and he framed his portraiture with it most skilfully. On these accounts, had he executed his design of continuing Warton's *History of English Poetry*, he would, in all respects, except epigrammatic vigor, have probably surpassed "Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*." This is on the supposition,—first, that his continuation would have been made on other principles than those which Mackintosh justly censures as having misled him in his "*Specimens of the later English Poets*,"—and next, that his code of anti-Johnsonian criticism would have been reduced within the bounds of reason. Of Southey's three historical works, the *Narrative of the Peninsular War* has long been dead, if, indeed, it can be said to have lived at all. It was constructed on Raleigh's and

Howell's plan of perpetually stopping progress to discuss the origin of every place or circumstance he had occasion to introduce. His "*Book of the Church*" will always be read with pleasure for its style, but cannot be trusted for its assertions. Had it been as impartial as it is picturesque, it would be one of the most delightful of manuals. But the temper in which it is written will satisfy those alone who are predetermined to think Laud in the right, and the Puritans and Long Parliament in the wrong. The "*History of Brazil*" is a performance of far higher merit than either of the fore-mentioned works. Its subject alone is a drawback upon its popularity, for few persons have any special motive for studying the records of a Portuguese settlement in three quarto volumes. The materials on this occasion were collected by his uncle, Herbert Hill, were themselves unrivalled in value, and were accessible at the time to none but the historian. His whole heart was in this book: it was an episode in his long-cherished *History of Portugal*: and the labor of love was discharged with unwonted vigor and alacrity. In his account of the Brazils, no political antipathies disturb the genial current of his fancy. He revels in glowing descriptions of the marvels of tropical nature, the picturesque features of savage life, and the chivalrous adventures of the European settlers. The "*Colloquies*" and the "*Doctor*" combined, display the twofold aspect of Southey's character—its earnest and its sportive side. The earlier of these works has been described by Mr. Macaulay in a former number of this Journal. The latter, besides its odd learning and Shandean turn of speculation, exhibits in the character of the Doves, and in a most graceful love-story, powers which, more sedulously cultivated, might have enrolled their author in the goodly company of British novelists.

We have endeavored to delineate Robert Southey as he lived at Greta Hall, as he appeared to the world, and in his relations to literature. But we must now hasten onward to the mournful and affecting close of his career. His works had enriched various departments of English Literature; honors had been lavished upon him by native and foreign universities; and his acquaintance was sought by all who had a respect for learning and a knowledge of his worth. He had indeed drunk deeply of the cup of affliction, but he had also enjoyed and recognised his enjoyment in no ordinary share of earthly happiness. Death and marriage had, indeed, narrowed the circle at Greta Hall; but his



faculties were still unclouded, and his energy was yet unimpaired. He continued to delight in his mountain rambles, in his annual tour, in correspondence and hospitality; and he looked forward, with characteristic cheerfulness, to the completion of the works which he had in hand, and to the accomplishment of literary plans more extensive still. But the cloud which was destined to settle permanently on his intellect began to gather its sombre folds around him in the summer of 1826. In the June of that year, in company with Mr. H. Taylor and Mr. Rickman, he made a short tour in Holland, and revisited the Bilderdijks at Leyden. His return to Keswick from all former excursions had been an event of the liveliest interest both to the travellers and to those who had remained at home. He was now welcomed with tears and sad anticipations. His youngest daughter, Isabel, was laid on a bed of sickness from which she never rose.

The precarious nature of her husband's income had been the cause of almost lifelong anxiety to Mrs. Southey, and it combined with the recurrence of domestic bereavement to undermine her naturally nervous constitution. Keswick, alternately, as we have seen, a lonely and much-visited abode, was considered, in 1834, when her mental malady had reached its crisis, too unquiet a residence for one no longer competent to even family duties; and it became necessary to place her in a lunatic asylum at York. She returned to Keswick, only to die in the bosom of her family. Her mental disorder lasted three years. The afflicted husband sustained with Christian fortitude this last and heaviest trial, but when the necessity for exertion ceased, he had become an altered man. "I feel," he says in one of his letters at this period, "as one of the Siamese twins would do, if the other had died and he had survived the separation." A tour in the West of England in 1837, and a brief excursion into Normandy, Brittany, and Touraine, in the autumn of the following year, were the last of his summer journeys. His fellow-travellers remarked the change which was stealing over him. All his movements were slower; he was liable to frequent fits of absence; his journal, once so minute, was at first irregularly kept, and then laid aside; his clear and compact handwriting became feeble and indistinct, like the early efforts of a child.

With the following anecdote, we shall drop the curtain upon the parting scene of this tragic history. Addison has finely remarked,

that Babylon in ruins is not so affecting or so solemn a spectacle as a noble intellect overthrown. In Southey's ashes still lingered their wonted fires:—

"One of the plainest signs," says Mr. Cuthbert Southey, "that his over-wrought mind was completely worn out, was the cessation of his accustomed labors. But while doing nothing (with him how plain a proof that nothing could be done), he would frequently anticipate a coming period of his usual industry. His mind, while any spark of its reasoning powers remained, was busy with his old day-dreams—the History of Portugal—the History of the Monastic Orders—the Doctor; all were soon to be taken in hand in earnest, all completed, and new works added to these. For a considerable time after he had ceased to compose, he took pleasure in reading; and the habit continued after the power of comprehension was gone. His dearly-prized books, indeed, were a pleasure to him almost to the end; and he would walk slowly around his library looking at them, and taking them down mechanically. In the earlier stages of his disorder (if the term may be fitly applied to a case which was not a perversion of the faculties, but their decay,) he could still converse at times with much of his old liveliness and energy. When the mind was, as it were, set going upon some familiar subject, for a little time you could not perceive much failure; but if the thread was broken, if it was a conversation in which new topics were started, or if any argument was commenced, his powers failed him at once, and a painful sense of this seemed to come over him for the moment. His recollection first failed as to recent events, and his thoughts appeared chiefly to dwell upon those long past; and, as his mind grew weaker, these recollections seemed to recede still farther back. Names he could rarely remember, and more than once, when trying to recall one which he felt he ought to know, I have seen him press his hand upon his brow, and sadly exclaim,—'Memory, memory! where art thou gone?'"

In a dark and stormy morning of March, 1843, the mortal remains of Southey were deposited in their final abode, in the churchyard of Crosthwaite. The over-toiled brain, the liberal and capacious heart, at length rested in the bosom of the mountain land which he had adopted and loved to the last so well. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well, surrounded by the graves of the children and the wife who had passed away before him. Of the literary contemporaries who eclipsed or equalled his celebrity, Mr. Moore and Mr. Rogers are now, we believe, the sole survivors. A great cycle has nearly closed which a distant and reverent posterity will regard as second only to the Elizabethan era. On that bed-roll of English worthies the name of Robert Southey will be indelibly inscribed.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## GLASGOW CELEBRITIES.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

DR. SMOLLETT, who received his early education in the College of Glasgow, and was apprenticed there to a surgeon, revisited the city in 1765 or 1766, and has given the result of his observations on it in his excellent novel of "Humphrey Clinker"—perhaps the most ingenious of all his writings. According to this author—and from his personal acquaintances and connections he had the best means of information—Glasgow, at this period, was a "perfect beehive in point of industry." The following account which he gives of one of the leading merchants will show the great extent of business carried on by a few individuals of this comparatively small community:—"I conversed," he says, "with one Mr. Glassford, whom I take to be one of the greatest merchants in Europe. In the last war, he is said to have had, at one time, five-and-twenty ships, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million sterling a year. The last war was a fortunate period for the commerce of Glasgow. The merchants, considering that their ships bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north of Ireland, pursued a track very little frequented by privateers, resolved to insure one another, and saved a very considerable sum by this resolution, as few or none of their ships were taken. You must know I have a national attachment to this part of Scotland," &c.

The branch of commerce in which Mr. Glassford and others realised such large fortunes was the tobacco trade; at that time, and for some years afterwards, till the breaking out of the American war, the great staple of the trade of Glasgow. This trade is said to have taken its rise from very small beginnings. The first adventure which was sent from the Clyde to Virginia was, it is reported, put under the management of the captain of the vessel, who acted also as supercargo. This captain was a shrewd man, but totally unacquainted with accounts. Being asked, on his return, for a statement of

his management, he said he had none to give; "but there were the proceeds," producing, at the same time, a large *hoggar* (stocking) filled with coin. The adventure had been successful; and the parties interested in it, conceiving that if an uneducated man had done so well, one versant in figures would do still better, sent out a second shipment of goods, with an experienced accountant as supercargo. This person, when he came back to Glasgow, rendered a beautifully-made-out account to his employers—but there was no *hoggar*.

This new branch of trade, which had been only opened up to Glasgow since the Union, gradually increased, and was pushed with so much vigor as to excite the jealousy of the English merchants, who looked on the Scotch as interlopers, and used every means to crush them in the bud. At length, however, the perseverance of the Glasgow merchants overcame all obstacles, and that city became the great emporium for the tobacco trade in the kingdom.

At a certain hour of the day, the principal merchants to whom we have alluded were accustomed to assemble on a privileged walk, arrayed in scarlet cloaks and bushy wigs, where they strutted about with as much assumed dignity as a senator of Venice pacing the Rialto; and wo to the luckless plebeian who then ventured to come betwixt the wind and their gentility! The master tradesmen, who were in the habit of receiving their orders, were obliged to take their stand on the opposite side of the street, from whence they endeavored to catch the eye of their employers. From the following anecdote, communicated many years since by an old American merchant, it would appear that the foreign mode of salutation was then in fashion. A certain tobacco lord, who had enjoyed the double honor of being at the same time Lord Provost and M.P. for the city, was familiarly known under the appellation of Provost *Cheeks*; and besides the peculiarity of visage which had gained him

this sobriquet, was gifted with an immense capacity of mouth, extending from ear to ear. This dignitary was no small man on the *plainstones* (or pavement) opposite King William's statue at the Cross, where the walk in question was situated. He was complaining one day of "some d—d fellow" (swearing was then in greater repute than it is now) "who had come up to him on the walk, and, will he, nill he, bussed him on both sides of the face, slavering him with his filthy saliva." "If I had been you," said his friend, looking significantly at his mouth, "I would have *bitten off his head!*"

Another well-known provost of Glasgow, who afterwards went to London, and became a most active and efficient police magistrate there, was standing one day on the same privileged ground chatting with the Rev. Mr. Thom, minister of Govan, a shrewd but sarcastic observer, when a ragged little urchin had the temerity to ask his lordship for an alms. The dignitary replied with a growl, and the boy was running off, when Mr. Thom stopped him with, "Stay, laddie; let me see thy face: thou's a bit decent callant eneugh. Here's a bawbee for thee; ye'll may be provost of Glasgow yet." The provost himself had been of humble origin.

This gentleman, before he left Glasgow, was considered a very precise person. One story of him was well authenticated, and often repeated. Scolding a clerk in his office one day for some trifling blunder, he softened a little towards the close of his lecture, and said, "Well, I believe I must forgive you for this time; *I myself was once guilty of a mistake.*" Like many *parvenus*, this provost was very fond of good living, and had expressed to some one the peculiar relish with which he ate his dinner from China dishes. A bitter old lady, to whom the observation was repeated, and who knew his family well, said, "Cheeny, quotha; set him wi' cheeny! I mind his mother taking her dinner—and that was a herring—aff a peat, and when she wanted anither plate, she just turned the t'ither side o't!"

The Rev. Mr. Thom, whom we have just introduced to our readers, seems to have had a sovereign contempt for civic authorities of all kinds. A portly magistrate having, one fine Sunday in summer, found his way to the parish church of Govan, overcome by the heat of the weather, fell fast asleep during sermon. In the middle of the discourse, a dog which had got into church most inopportunely set up a howl. "Put out that dog," said the minister: "put out that dog

instantly—he'll wauken a Glasgow magistrate!"

I have mentioned the exclusiveness of the merchant-grandeens at this period; but there was one of their customers who was not to be daunted, and who kept "the crown o' the causey" with the best of them. This was a grocer named Robert M'Nair, a shrewd, sagacious man, who knew his own interest well, but, in an age of eccentric characters, pursued his objects in a manner quite his own. A sign-board above his shop had the names, Robert M'Naire and Jane Holmes (his wife), inscribed in large letters; and all his business transactions, which were extensive, were under this firm. Like many of his neighbors of that day, he appears to have had a taste for litigation, and was occasionally before the "fyfeteen" (Court of Session). One of his causes, which had been long depending, was one day called for trial. Robin, as he was usually called, was in court himself, but no counsel for him. "Where is your counsel, Mr. M'Nair?" said the judge. "My lord," said M'Nair, "I have no counsel. The cause has been twenty-one years in court. It is now of *age*, and should be able to take care of itself." An old gentleman who told me this story remembered Robin well. "The law-plea," he said, "was at last decided in his favor."

There being little competition among the grocers in those days, and Mr. M'Nair and his spouse, Jane Holmes, living very frugally, he amassed by degrees a very handsome competency. A lot of ground, on which he had set his heart, having been offered for sale by public auction, he purchased it, and built a steading on it, which, in honor of his better half, he called Jeanfield. When his name was given in as purchaser, he was asked as usual for his security. "I have no security to offer," said Robin; "Jean Holmes is not here, but here's her pouch!" at the same time throwing down an immense pocket, used by the goodwives of the time, full of bank-notes, with which he paid for his purchase.

Robin, when he had become well-to-do in the world, took it into his head to give an entertainment to all the merchants with whom he had dealings. He was a good customer, and most of them accepted the invitation. When dinner was served up, they found that nothing had been provided for them but herrings and potatoes. Accustomed as they were to the good things of this life, we may suppose that the guests looked rather blank at this sorry fare; but there was no remedy.

When all of them had been helped, and were about to commence, Robin said, "Gentlemen, this is the way in which I made my money; follow me, and I will show you how I mean to spend it." He then led the way into another room, where they found an excellent dinner, set out with all the delicacies of the season, and, what some of them would relish as much, with the choicest wines which could be procured.

About the middle of last century Glasgow was a pleasant city of habitation, even externally. Arkwright, whose invention of the spinning-jenny has effected such a revolution in the manufactures of the country, was then a barber's apprentice. The dense volumes of smoke which, perpetually vomiting from the cotton-mills, gas-works, and numberless manufactories, hang like a lowering cloud over the capital of the west of Scotland, poisoning the air by its mephitic influence, were then unknown.\* The atmosphere was as clear and bright as in a country village, or as you see it in some of the smaller towns in Belgium, to which, in its gable-end houses, fronting the streets, Glasgow at this period bore no small resemblance.

Several of the mansion-houses of the first-rate merchants of Glasgow at this period were built in a style of sumptuous magnificence, greatly superior to any private dwellings which have since been erected in the city. They were generally surrounded with fine gardens, thus forming a "rus in urbe." The immense rise which has taken place in the value of ground in Glasgow, is the reason that, one after the other, these fine houses have been sacrificed to the wants of a continually-increasing community. One of the last which was taken down was the very fine mansion-house in Queen Street, built by Mr. Cunningham of Lainshaw, a Glasgow merchant, after the model, it is said, of a palace at Rome. It was latterly purchased by the Royal Bank of Scotland for their branch established here, and afterwards disposed of by them as a site for the Royal Exchange. The Royal Bank's present office is situated in the ground which in days of yore was part

of Mr. Cunningham's garden—the remaining space round the Royal Exchange being filled up by a square of very substantial shops and warehouses, built by the Royal Bank Company, which no doubt that wealthy establishment have found a profitable investment. "Ex uno disce omnes;" all the old houses of the Glasgow patricians have disappeared from the same cause.

The great value of such houses, even in the times when they were built, may be estimated from the heavy damages adjudged to Mr. Campbell of Shawfield, the member of parliament for Glasgow, whose house was destroyed by a riotous mob in 1725, in consequence of his having voted for the extension of the malt tax to Scotland. The sum was £6400, besides £2600 for other damages.

The style of life in the middle classes was very different. The bulk of the inhabitants, including many who had prospered considerably in the world, dwelt in *flats*—that is, floors of large houses, denominated *lands*, such as the 'Trades' Land, Gibson's land, and the like. In one of these, Donald's Land, opposite the Tron Church, Sir John Moore, the "Hero of Corunna," first saw the light; and the fathers of many of the most distinguished citizens who were destined to make a figure in the world—of Sir Thomas Munro, Kirkman Finlay, and many others—had no better dwellings. As might have been expected in a rising mercantile community, time was precious, and the hours of the citizens generally were very early. The maxim inculcated on the rising generation was—

"He that would thrive,  
Must rise at five;"

and their fathers enforced the rule by their own example. It is recorded that three leading merchants had made an appointment to meet each other at five o'clock on a winter morning, for the purpose of examining their books, and striking a balance-sheet. Two of them had met while the clock was striking, and the third, as the story goes, made his appearance with his *bowat* (small lantern) "just as the last stroke of the bell had chappit." The same method was pursued by some of the merchants till a much later period in the century. Thus the late Mr. Carrick, one of the most successful bankers in Scotland, and who realised an immense fortune by his own industry and good management, regularly as the balance-day came round—some day, I think, in July—was

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\* The smokiness of manufacturing towns is surely susceptible of some degree of remedy, if we can attach any consequence to the results of an arrangement applied to the furnace of the tolerably large boiler used in printing these sheets. *It certainly prevents smoke entirely*, and that without any drawback or difficulty whatever, the simple principle being a gradual and regulated introduction of the coals. We trust soon to be able to return to this subject, with details as to saving of fuel, &c.—Ed.



seen to a very late period in his life, working most assiduously at six o'clock in the morning, surrounded by his clerks, each laboring in his own department to bring out the results. Mr. Carrick's maxim was, that one hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon. The good effects of this orderly method were exemplified in his own case: "Carrick on the Promises," as his promissory bank-notes were quaintly called, had a circulation all over Scotland, particularly in the Highlands, to which they were taken by the drovers, and where they were greatly preferred to gold or silver. The writer has himself seen notes of the Ship Bank—of which Mr. Carrick was cashier and principal partner—originally issued in 1775, and not returned for payment till nearly thirty years afterwards—thus, at the rate of compound interest, more than doubling their value. So much for the profits of Scotch bankers at this period.

The usual hour of dinner was two o'clock, and for fashionable parties an hour later. Tea, at six o'clock, was a very sociable meal. The best families in the city used then to meet each other, to chat over the occurrences of the day; and after a hand at whist, or a round game of cards, generally concluded with a hot supper, which, like the supper of the Romans, was in fact the principal meal. As the streets were badly lighted in winter nights, a servant-girl, very trigly arrayed, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie's Mattie, generally preceded her master, mistress, and family, bearing a small lantern. This practice was continued to a very recent period in Glasgow—indeed till the introduction of gas-light made it unnecessary. The celebrated Dibdin—the composer of those admirable sea-songs which infused so much spirit into our gallant tars during the last war—at his visit to Glasgow about the beginning of this century, was struck with the peculiarity which I have mentioned, and introduced it into the amusing fund of anecdotes with which he was accustomed to vary his musical entertainments. "In other places which he had visited," he said, "when the company were departing, the usual order to the servant was, 'John, bring up the curricie,' or, 'John, order up the carriage;' but in Glasgow it was, 'Whaur's the lass and the lantern?'"

Such was the usual temperate mode of life of the respectable citizens of Glasgow. But all rules are liable to exceptions. Occasionally they would take what they called a "screed," and then, to be sure, all the rules of temperance were thrown to the winds.

When a jollification had been resolved on, after the ladies, if there were any in the party, had retired, the first thing done by the landlord was to lock the door, and put the key in his pocket. Punch was then, and long afterwards, the favorite beverage; it was, according to a song of the day, "the liquor of life," and wo to the luckless wight who failed to do justice to the toast! As the glass went round, coarse wit and broad humor had their full swing, like Counsellor Pleydell at his high-jinks, till at last few of the company were conscious of what either themselves or their neighbors were about. It is a well-authenticated fact, that at a joyous meeting of this kind, where the Laird of Garscaddan—an estate in the neighborhood—was present, some one made the remark to the person who sat next him, that "his neebour Garscad was looking unco gash" (grave). "Deil mean him," said the other, "to look gash, he has been with his Maker for the last half hour." "And why didn't *you* speak out?" "Ou, I didna like to spoil gude company!" was the reply.

This occasional relaxation of manners was, perhaps, never seen to a greater extent than in what is now very properly accompanied with suitable feelings of solemnity—a funeral.

I have often heard the story, that a Dumbartonshire laird—connected, perhaps, with Glasgow—at the *drejie* given in honor of his mother, where, as in duty bound, he presided—delighted with the mirth and good-humor of the party, and totally forgetting the occasion of the meeting, proposed as a toast—"May ne'er waur be amang us!"

In the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries, claret seems to have been the favorite wine with the wealthier Glasgow citizens, and those of the middle class who could afford it; and the only perquisite of office afforded to the Lord Provost was a certain sum for a hogshead of claret, that he might entertain therewith the chief citizens. After the trade to the West Indian colonies had been opened up to the Scotch merchants by the union of the kingdoms, rum-punch gradually superseded claret and wines of every description, and maintained its place for many long years as the favorite beverage of Glasgow. Brydone, the celebrated traveller, tells a good story of this mixture. Dining one day with a large party of Sicilians at Agrigentum, where he and his English friends had been regaled with the choicest delicacies, they were asked to make a bowl of punch, which the Italians had often heard of, but had never seen. The materials were at hand:

a bowl was made, and so much approved of, that he was obliged to replenish the contents again and again. The Italians preferred it to their own wines, of which there was a great variety on the table. They called it Pontio, and (alluding to Pontius Pilate) said, "Pontio was a much better fellow than they had ever taken him for!" "However, after dinner"—I give the words of the lively writer—"one of them, a reverend canon, became excessively sick, and while throwing up, he turned to me with a rueful countenance, and shaking his head, he groaned out—'Ah, Signor Capitano, sapeva sempre che Pontio era un grande traditore!'—('I always knew that Pontius was a great traitor!')"

The *deceptive* qualities of this very pleasant liquor, to which Brydone's unfortunate canon alluded, were quite proverbial among strangers who visited Glasgow for the first time; and it was only the "auld-used hands," or, as they were usually called, "seasoned casks," who could stand the debauch of an evening where punch was the only tipple. I remember, many years since, that a party of very gentlemanlike officers belonging to the Cheshire militia, then quartered in Glasgow, dined one day with a gentleman, who, as usual after dinner, made a bowl of punch. The Cheshire men were much pleased with the beverage, but gently hinted at the smallness of the glasses. "Very well, gentlemen," said the landlord, "larger glasses are at your service." These were ordered; but alas for the pride of England, not one, or two, but several of the gallant soldiers were, ere long, laid under the table!

Sir John Sinclair, in his "Code of Health and Longevity," published many years since, attributes the general good health and long lives of the Glasgow people to their free use of punch, which, unlike immoderate indulgence in wine, was never followed by gout, gravel, or other complaints which he enumerates. It is certainly remarkable that many of the votaries of punch lived to a good old age; and I remember very well often seeing, when a boy, an old West India merchant who had spent the greater part of his life in Jamaica, and who, it was notorious, never went sober to bed; to which, however, he

retired at an early hour, and rose betwixt four and five o'clock next morning. This patriarch died about the venerable age of ninety.

The reduction on the duties on foreign wines, which took place some years after the late war, introduced, or rather extended, in Glasgow, a taste for these luxuries. Punch gradually became unfashionable, and at length was all but excluded from the higher circles. One wealthy West India merchant, at whose hospitable table the *élite* of the society was always to be found, continued his devotions to the punch-bowl as formerly to the end of his days; and great was his contempt, if any younger guest hinted that punch did not agree with his stomach. "For his part," he said, "he had been born before *stomachs* were in fashion." This gentleman certainly tried a Herculean constitution as much as any man I ever knew. He was engaged from one year's end to the other in a constant round of dinner parties at home or abroad, and usually concluded the evening with a hot supper, after which the punch-bowl was always introduced. A robust frame of body, early rising, and regular exercise, long prevented the usual effects of such a mode of life from being visible. But "*non omnia possumus omnes*:" nature will vindicate her rights. One evening, while dealing out his favorite potation to a party of friends, he was suddenly seized with a vertigo (or *whirley*, as it then used to be called,) and fell insensible on the table. His friends, knowing that he would be mortally offended were he to find he had been interfered with, prudently waited till he should recover. He did so in about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; and grasping the punch-spoon, gave the well-known call, "Put in your glasses, gentlemen!" as if nothing had happened.

Punch, so long the favorite drink of Glasgow men—high and low—received its *coup de grace* when the Asiatic cholera first made its appearance in this country. It was then interdicted by the faculty, and has never since recovered favor. "*Stat nominis umbra*," the *name* only is remembered, and scarcely even that, except by veterans of the old school like myself.

From the Quarterly Review.

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

STRANGE though the fact may seem, at a time when ingenious men are seeking subjects throughout every domain of human knowledge, it is certain that we have no English work, deserving the name of a history of the Roman Empire, prior to the point at which Gibbon takes up his vast and splendid theme. Nay, this deficiency, it can hardly be denied, extends over the whole antecedent period. It might fairly be deemed a vacant field to which Dr. Arnold came, when he undertook the work which was abruptly and unhappily terminated by his death. His learning and candour fitted him well for the task; and though there are some defects of method in its earlier part, no writer need disdain the task of completing what he has thus begun. Such completion is indisputably required to sustain the fair fame of our literature; so faulty on this subject, that even now it is difficult to place before the student an English book which creditably relates the great events intervening between the close of the second Carthaginian war and the death of Sylla. The work of Middleton comes in at this time; but owes its reputation much less to its own merits or originality than to our deep interest in the actors it records, and to a comparison with the bald and feeble essays which precede it—volumes uninformed by critical research, and destitute of every charm which style or philosophy can afford.

Our continental neighbours have dealt more copiously and successfully with this great subject. In France the writings of Dr. Beaufort opened that vein of sceptical inquiry as to the early history of Rome which has since been so boldly pursued elsewhere. To the theme of her grandeur and decay Montesquieu brought his high philosophy; Vertot, Michelet, Thierry, &c., have furnished works excellent for study; while other writers have diligently pursued those researches which connect the Roman Empire in western Europe with institutions and usages existing down to our own times.

The German scholars of the last half-century have given to the Roman history that zealous and minute labour which is their best characteristic. It may well be called an ex-

haustive power of research, for they leave no record or fact untouched; though often, it must be owned, without any just regard to the authority, or worth in any respect, of the materials they accumulate. They have taken up this subject, like others, not merely on the broad scale of history, but in detached parts; illustrating more fully the course and effect of certain political changes, and the career of those men whose genius or fortune has brought about such revolutions. We may notice as examples Schulze's history of the republic to the time of the first plebeian consul; Hegewisch's and Heeren's history of the Gracchi; Heyne on the social war; Schleuter's history of the period between the two narratives of Sallust; Meissner's life of Julius Cæsar. The more recent book of Drumann well deserves the eulogiums Mr. Merivale has bestowed upon it, and the use he has made of it in his own. Nor can we omit mentioning the *Stemmata Gentium Romanorum* (the account of the great families) of Ruperti, as one of the most valuable aids to Roman history yet published. Finally, we must name the great work of Niebuhr; coldly or harshly critical it may be; often theoretical; and in parts doubtful or mistaken; yet correcting much of common error, and affording a juster estimate of the relative value of those documents, whether Greek or Latin, from which the Roman history is derived.

Mr. Merivale now aspires to fill the historical void in our own literature. We opened his book with interest, but not without jealousy; because, even if itself not worthily fulfilling the objects designed, it might yet so far succeed as to deter one of higher genius and more complete equipment from attempting the same labour. It is a space in the world's history far too vast and important to be allotted to any one who is unable to found thereon a fair and lasting edifice. Mr. Merivale was already known as an accomplished scholar; his reading and power of Latin versification had been placed advantageously before the public; his 'Age of Augustus,' published a few years ago, was a natural antecedent of his present undertaking. Whe-

ther he regarded it as tentative of the larger work, or was led to the latter by getting thus far into the middle of the subject, he does not inform us. But we can well understand that a man, who found himself immersed in the epoch of final change from republic to monarchy, might naturally proceed to spread his scheme over the first great period of the Empire.

Looking at these two volumes with the jealousy we have sought to justify, we venture to speak of them as a fair foundation for the whole work; in some parts not so massive or well wrought as we might have desired, yet fully capable, we think, of supporting the superstructure designed. We should have hesitated in forming this opinion from the first chapters only; but Mr. Merivale rises with his subject; and the great figure of Julius Cæsar becoming dominant on his canvas, gives more vigour and earnestness to his manner than when treating of that general condition of the republic, and those city parties and civil broils in which this wonderful man was nurtured. It is a good sign when an author warms with the actions he records.

Mr. Merivale could not have dispensed with a preliminary outline of Roman history, even from its origin. In any case, to render such a summary clear, just, and effective for its purpose, is the highest test to which an historian can be put. In the case of Rome the difficulty exceeds perhaps that of any other. We think ourselves familiar with it from the teaching of schools; but this knowledge is for the most part of events only; few comprehend at all distinctly the strangely interwoven elements of Roman government and internal polity, the progressive changes therein, the mutual effects of these changes, the influence of foreign conquest on the social and political condition of the state, or those other more secret and subtle causes which are ever at work, altering and undermining all human institutions. If the reader has at any period devoted himself to such studies, the summary in the first of these chapters may suffice to refresh his memory of all that is most essential. But we do not think it will adequately instruct those who come only half informed to the subject, and for whom it is the duty as well as profit of the historian to smoothen the road to the threshold of his work. This duty, indeed, has its limits, and no writer can be called upon to provide for utter ignorance. But still we complain of the present introduction as less lucid than it should have

been. There is too much of obvious labour for effect, and a certain turgescence of phrase which falls heavily on the ear, and tends to make obscure what it is most needful should be easily understood.

Our author's second and third chapters are chiefly occupied with the conspiracy of Catiline, and with sketches of the character and early life of the two illustrious rivals just noticed, and of others who played an eminent part in the great drama of Roman revolution, now approaching towards its crisis. Of what relates to Julius Cæsar, we shall have occasion to speak afterwards. As respects Pompeius—or may we be pardoned for adhering to *Pompey*, since it is part of the greatness of certain names that they are naturalized among nations remote in position as in date—the estimate Mr. Merivale forms of his character and public conduct is probably just on the whole, though we think he commits the error of defining too absolutely the course of thought and policy which led to this public career. It may be that Pompey saw and felt what our author affirms he did; but there are several circumstances which inspire very great doubt on the subject. Energetic and successful in military action, his political course, where not actually feeble, was tortuous and uncertain even to his friends and confederates. Adopted the successor to Sylla as leader of the aristocratic party, he was often lukewarm, sometimes a traitor to their interests. His accession to the triumvirate comes closely under the latter interpretation. His permission of the violent and flagitious acts of Clodius, when he might have prevented them, can hardly be explained, still less vindicated; and his relations, political and personal, to Cicero aggravate this charge against him. Warm and amiable generally in his private affections, he wanted the vigorous consistency needful to his ambition—more urgently needful when engaged in competition with a Cæsar. He brought to this conflict for the mastery of Rome the fame of his former acts and the support of the old nobility, for whom, though with a confidence abated by time, he was the only hope. Cæsar came to it, armed with present glory, and with a steadiness of purpose and action all his own. So confronted, it could not be doubtful how the contest between these two great Romans would end.

These views of the character of Pompey, and the doubt whether he held any settled scheme of political action, are mainly derived



from the writings of Cicero ; his advocate, as far as circumstances would allow him to be so—an advocate, or an accuser, not merely with his own time, but with all succeeding ages ! In the case of this eminent man, also, a bold and skilful pen is needed to serve the cause of strict historical truth, without needlessly offending opinions which have gained a sanction from the general adoption of posterity. The character of Cicero, as drawn by our author, is not altogether such a picture as might have been desired : neither his merits nor his foibles are brought out with sufficient force. Little is said of the consummate grandeur and completeness of his oratory, though upon these performances his glory mainly rests. His philosophical and purely literary works hardly add to his real fame, though they do not deduct from it. His epistles, admirable as documents of character and manners, are so at the cost of his personal reputation. Vanity, pedantry, feebleness of will, and feebleness of endurance, all stand in record against him under the unconscious testimony of his own pen. Such is the evidence that we are compelled, despite ourselves, to apply it to the greatest act of his public life, and to doubt whether his conduct in the Catiline conspiracy was all that he himself has depicted to us. This doubt is strengthened from other historical sources ; and the acclamation which hailed him Father of his Country was a cry of momentary impulse, which, a year afterwards, dwelt in few memories but his own. He met his death, indeed, with fortitude, but even here we have it from a high contemporary authority that ‘it was the sole calamity which he bore as it became a man to do.’

Incomparable as an advocate, these other and lower qualities, and a certain jealousy as to his origin, forbade his ever attaining the higher conditions of a statesman, especially at the time of revolution in which his lot was cast. We have various proofs that Cæsar and Pompey thoroughly understood all his foibles, and worked upon them for their own purposes. To the masculine vigour and singleness of Cæsar’s mind, in particular, they appear in remarkable contrast, and there is curious evidence how much the orator stood in awe of the great commander even before his career of victory had begun. We can well believe that the latter must often have smiled at the mixed humility and vanity of Cicero’s communications with him—the submissiveness of a conscious inferiority in will and action—the vanity of a man whom it is painful to call a

pedant, but who in reality was such. In the midst of Cæsar’s last Spanish campaign, one of the most critical of his life, Cicero introduced to him a young man, named Præcilius, in a letter interlarded as thickly with Greek phrases and quotations as is a modern fashionable novel with French ; and, it must needs be added, with as little pertinency or fitness. It is true that he calls it *genus novum iterarum* ; but still we feel it strange that such a letter should have been written by Cicero and addressed to Cæsar.

There is something of moral guilt in indiscriminate praise, as in indiscriminate censure. To this further reproach we fear that Cicero must be submitted. He was *δεινός επαινετής* in the strongest sense of the phrase. His speeches against Verres, Catiline, and Antony show how large an armoury of caustic language he had at command. But in his epistles and elsewhere we possess the most copious collection of laudatory phrases in existence—one that has served as a lexicon to the learned flatterers of every later time. It is impossible not to see that he generally praises with a reflex view towards himself. He is governed much more by the seduction of his own style than by the reality before him. If the letters of introduction, of which he is so liberal, were but half true as to the virtues of those recommended, Rome could not have been so speedily submitted to the servitude which now hung over her.

The character of Cato is not formally brought forward by our author among those of the other great actors of the time. This we regard as an omission. He is one of those personages in history who have become, in some degree, the property of the poet and the moralist, and respecting whom there is a conventional language of panegyric not wholly in accordance with the rough and rude reality. The succeeding part of Mr. Merivale’s narrative ; in as far as it relates to the Roman Stoic, shows what the truth of history requires to be deducted from common repute regarding him.

The account of the intrigues and combinations which produced the first Triumvirate is clear and forcible. It was an unprincipled cabal, annulling by a transient union the real powers of the constitution, while keeping up its outward forms. The interests of the senate and nobles were sacrificed by one triumvir ; those of the people by another ; while the third ministered to the alliance that power which wealth gives in a corrupted state. What individual ambition could not yet effect was attained by this conjunction. It

was the empire of Augustus by anticipation, and conducting to this as a natural result. But it wanted that stability which unity of person and purpose alone could give, and was dissolved by the separation of the same ambitious interests which had created it.

The first effect of the Triumvirate was to give to Cæsar the consulship, which he could not otherwise have obtained. He was regarded by the aristocracy of Rome as too dangerous a representative of the doctrines and acts of the Gracchi and Marius to admit of their acquiescence in the power which this office conferred on him. But the power was got—the colleague whom they thrust in to cripple it thrown violently aside—and the position of Cæsar further confirmed by the marriage of Pompey with his daughter. The uxorious temperament of the latter offered a pledge and security to Cæsar, during the long absence from Rome which was close at hand as the first act in his high career. This career now lies before us in a more definite form than heretofore; and, though more or less familiar to all, yet, considering the grandeur of the man, the greatness of what he accomplished, and the influence this has had upon all succeeding ages, we may be excused for dwelling at some length on the subject. It occupies, indeed, more than one half the volumes before us; and we cannot hesitate in admitting that Mr. Merivale has done it full justice. As we before said, he rises in vigour as he gets free from the complex intrigues of the city, and embodies in his narrative that series of stirring events which carried Cæsar to single supremacy.

We have before noticed several foreign works, and particularly those of Meissner and Drumann, in which the life, character, and policy of Julius Cæsar are fully and ably handled. In England we are chiefly indebted to Dr. Arnold and to Mr. Long for what we possess on this subject; and in Mr. Merivale's preface he warmly and gracefully acknowledges the aid he has derived from the writings of the former on the later commonwealth of Rome. Of the original materials for the life of Cæsar, we have little room and not much occasion to speak. They are well known to scholars in their different degrees of value and authenticity. We may well regret here, as so often elsewhere, the lost books of Livy, whose personal knowledge of those who had witnessed or partaken in the acts of this eventful time would have given still deeper interest and charm to his narrative power. We should willingly recover from the spoils of time the history of Asinius

Pollio, the cynical companion of Cæsar in all his most arduous campaigns; or the letters and biography of Atticus, the tranquil observer and common friend of all parties, even when factions were fiercest. Yet more should we wish that the stern truth and lofty moral dignity of Tacitus could have been applied to the life of a man who made such mighty changes in the destinies of his country. These are vain aspirations; yet in some sort forced upon us when disheartened by the doubtful stories of Suetonius, Plutarch, Dion Cassius, and other anecdote-mongers of antiquity. The authority of Appian is abated by distance of time and other doubts as to his histories. The little we have from Sallust upon this period the bias of the writer compels us to receive with caution. The *Pharsalia* of Lucan may not safely be taken as more than subsidiary authority to facts recorded elsewhere; though we are unwilling to utter anything in depreciation of this fine composition, which we can hardly agree with Quintilian in regarding rather as oratory than poetry.\* The materials which come to us for the life of Cæsar most free from cavil and doubt are his own Commentaries, and Cicero's Epistles and Orations. The former, whatever their merits, cannot be rescued altogether from the charge of partial representation. The latter need to be read with a critical eye, from the peculiarities of Cicero's character, and his political position in regard to the great men who figure in the events before us.

The early life of Cæsar affords two or three anecdotes which we cannot well distrust, seeing how entirely they accord with his later acts. His bold and successful collision with Sylla, then in the fulness of power, and enforcing his will with blood—and the chivalrous transaction with the Cilician pirates—are instances of the strong determination, self-confidence, and perfect intrepidity so amply shown in the sequel. The moral courage of the youth is said to have drawn a prediction from Sylla of the future fortune of the man. Such stories are often begotten by the event; but we can well believe that Sylla might discover, in a character having so much kindred with his own, those elements which are sure to be

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\* We suspect that Mr. Merivale concurs with us in our high estimate of Lucan, seeing the great frequency of his quotations from this poet, and the undue value he thus gives to his historical authority. Occasionally too, we are sorry to add, we find his style passing insensibly into what is almost a translation of the *Pharsalia*.

effective in a state bordering on dissolution.

The other information we possess as to the early part of Cæsar's life, with the exception of his study of rhetoric at Rhodes, places him before us as a reckless spendthrift, a city voluptuary, a fearless politician and partisan. His relationship to Marius gave name and foundation to a course of action which he would probably have pursued had no such connexion existed. For though, in this instance also, we think Mr. Merivale too decided in assigning motives and method to political conduct, yet we cannot doubt that Cæsar, conscious of and confiding in his own powers, and observant of the decay of ancient institutions and all republican virtues around him, must have felt that a great arena was open to the exercise of these powers, and to the ambition which their possession was sure to inspire. Under such impressions he took the line of party most natural to him as the nephew of Marius, and offering a surer road to influence than the adhesion to a jealous, intriguing, and tottering aristocracy. Without pretending to affirm it, we see no cause to suppose more of scheme or foresight than this in Cæsar's early public life. He flung himself upon the tide of events then rushing stormily on—prepared to stem it with strong arm and heart of controversy—but yet unaware how he should be carried forwards, or on what shore his fortune would cast him.

This broad view tallies better, we think, with Cæsar's character and the records of his early life, than any more refined speculation as to his political and personal objects at this period. The juvenile excesses related of him were due in some part, probably, to physical constitution—an element never to be disregarded in forming such estimates—in part, perhaps, to the desire of warding off suspicion at a time when the hand of power was strong against his party. We have already had occasion to comment on the frequent error of historians in regarding character as single and unchangeable, and parcelling out their theory of motives and events accordingly. The mind of Cæsar was as entirely individual, as little touched by time or changed by circumstances, as any on record. But it is perfectly consistent with this to suppose that his views were enlarged, and their direction determined by events themselves. The ambition with which he was early charged, he undoubtedly had—seconded by a strong and consistent will and high intellectual power—and these sufficiently defined his course in the existing state of Rome. He

seems to have avoided any direct connexion with the profligate plots so frequent at this period. We doubt his being otherwise concerned in that of Catiline than as a too indulgent spectator of scenes which might open new avenues to his own ambition. During the career of Clodius he was absent from the city; but he signalized himself by his efforts to shelter his political adversary Cicero, whom Pompey, professedly a friend, betrayed to the violent demagogue. His own measures in the popular cause, both before and during his consulship, appear to have been in themselves neither intemperate nor unreasonable. His period of government in Spain was successful in arms, able in administration. But this was his sole independent command before the Gallic war; and when we compare his early course with the wide career and large renown of his rival, yet find them equally associated in the Triumvirate, we see that Rome had already learnt to know the loftier character and higher resources of Cæsar, and that this position was one which could not safely be denied to him.

In his fifth chapter, as an introduction to the Gallic campaigns of Cæsar, Mr. Merivale gives an able and lucid history of the great Celtic race, which in its different branches, and at successive times came into urgent collision with Rome—once putting her very existence at stake, and often inflicting panic by the conjunction of these northern hordes with the Italian states hostile to the republic. The last great alarm from this people had been the irruption of the Cimbri, in transient connexion with certain Teutonic tribes, into Italy and Southern Gaul—a gigantic armed migration, which swept away more than one Roman army, and required the strenuous arm of Marius to arrest it. Bloody victories, ending in massacres, satisfied the dignity and restored the safety of Rome. It was reserved for the greater nephew of Marius to complete the work on the soil of Gaul itself, and by the conquests of successive campaigns to bring the whole of this warlike country into subjection to the Roman power—a splendid achievement, and, from the causes just mentioned, duly estimated at Rome. The formidable king of Pontus, a worthy rival in arms to Sylla and Pompey, had disturbed, after all, but the distant possessions of the Republic. The Gauls once reached the Capitol, and still stood at the mountain gates of Italy, menacing her provinces, and requiring the constant watchfulness of her legions.

These Gallic campaigns of Cæsar, extended through his long proconsulship of nine



ars, illustrate splendidly the genius and sources of the man, and throw, moreover, curious light on the still remaining institutions of the republic. As proconsul, and with provinces and legions allotted to him, the law forbade his going out of the limits they assigned. The city was interdicted to him; and for this long period of time, though forty years of age when this section of his career began, he never entered the place in which the interests of the world were concentrated. Yet in no other way could his ambition have been better served. The active part of each year was passed with his legions in marches and victories, and in the acquisition of spoils, with which to purchase further power. Leaving his army under his lieutenants at the end of the campaign, to be recruited and refreshed, he came himself each winter to the frontier of his province nearest Rome, where he was met by his numerous friends and partizans from the city, animated by his conquests and increasing fame. His military court there had more validity in it than the habitual presence of his rival in the heart of Rome. It now became a contest between living success on the one side, and the memory of past achievements on the other—a contest which the world will ever decide in the same way:—

“To have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery.”

The resistance of the Gauls might possibly have been prolonged, or more successful, had they been familiar with the methods of guerilla warfare. But either from temperament or national custom, they aggregated themselves into masses wholly incapable of withstanding the organized valor of the invaders. The history of the tenth legion is familiar to every reader of these stirring campaigns. Cæsar was well served by his generals as by his soldiers. Yet, as in the case of Napoleon's marshals, their fame was little more than the reflection of his. Labienus, the most noted of them, deserted the standard of Cæsar at the time he passed the Rubicon; an act which served but to show how entirely it was the spirit of the great commander which ruled and invigorated his army. Though Labienus served the enemies of Cæsar until he perished in the battle of Munda, his name never again appears before us associated with any great action of war. Other causes may be conceived for this; but the main one doubtless was, the absence of

that inspiration which came from the genius of the Master.

Our author's account of these military transactions is spirited, and fairly illustrated by reference to existing localities, though such is the life which illustrations of this kind impart that we could have wished them carried still much farther. We draw our chief acquaintance with the Gallic wars, it is needless to say, from the books which have come down to us under the name of the great chief himself. The Commentaries have ever held a high place among historical records; and no wonder, considering his fame, the masculine simplicity of the style, and the greatness of the deeds recorded. Even here, however, the audacity of modern criticism has flung its doubts on the theme of our schoolboy exercise and delight. We have already adverted to a general suspicion of partiality in the narrative. Other charges have been made impeaching the accuracy even of the military details, which we are surprised to find that Mr. Merivale passes over without notice. Long ago, M. Puysegur, a French general, had broached this pyrrhonism as to certain parts of the work. Frederic of Prussia, sceptic and warrior by profession, and fresh from his own bloody campaigns, avowed that he read the Commentaries in later life with altered faith from that of his earlier days. His friend Voltaire—if we may thus profane the name of friendship—living close to the scene of the actions recorded in the first book; and Warnery, upon a minute survey of the same localities; started grave scruples as to the operations by which Cæsar sought to stop the egress of the Helvetians from their mountain territory.\* Various passages in the other campaigns have been the subject of like criticism, and doubts even stated as to the authorship of the whole work. In these doubts we cannot for a moment acquiesce. Without referring to those other writers, Rohan, Guichard, &c., who have vindicated the military narrative, we find in Cæsar's Commentaries a perfect reflection of the energy and intelligence of the man, and an entire correspondence with the description which Cicero gives of their style:—*Nudi*

\* The great stumbling-block here is the fortified wall, reported to have been built to bar this passage; 19 miles in length and 16 feet in height, with ditch, and all other appurtenances to such fortification. The length is deemed by Warnery to be refuted by local circumstances. The execution of the work by one legion, in the time indicated, is thought impossible by others. See on this subject an interesting series of papers in the *United Service Magazine* for 1850.



*sunt et recti et venusti, omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veste, detacto.* We cannot indeed conceive any other or lesser artist to have thrown off so completely all ornamental coloring from his narrative, and to have preserved such entire unity throughout the whole. And what record or note has there been left to us of such other author? We may admit the recorded criticism of Asinius Pollio, that many things were written by Cæsar from the report of others long after the events, and still see in these Commentaries the genuine work of Cæsar himself, and one of the most authentic and valuable records of ancient warfare.

But passing over this question of criticism, there is no question as to the fact that, in eight or nine years, with a force never exceeding sixty thousand legionary soldiers, Cæsar subdued the whole of Gaul—a mighty and a terrible work. We do not give ready belief to historical numbers, especially where fields of battle are concerned; but where the struggle was so fierce, and the conquest so complete and lasting, we are obliged to think it probable that the estimate of more than a million of Gauls perishing in these campaigns is not above the truth. It is one of the many unhappinesses of war in every age, that by its real or supposed necessities it leads to acts of cruelty and bloodshed, even where most alien to the feelings of those who conduct it. We have no reason to charge the character of Cæsar with inhumanity, or that gross indifference to human life which Marius and Sylla displayed throughout. On the contrary, we have many instances on record of his personal humanity and forbearance. But the history of these Gallic wars is undoubtedly one of profuse bloodshed—the natural result of a struggle between disciplined legions and undisciplined multitudes—of critical positions in the midst of an enemy's country, the *necessitas in loco, salus ex victoria*—of exasperation of the soldiery—and of intimidation used as an instrument of success. Our vindication can go no further than this; unless, indeed, we were to find it in a parallel with the wars of Frederic and Napoleon, an argument upon which we have neither room nor disposition to enter.

The two invasions of Britain and the passages of the Rhine are episodes in the history, chiefly remarkable as proofs of the indomitable boldness of Cæsar, who thus adventured on new lands while those behind him were yet but half subdued. In the fame, however, and the fear which followed these

deeds, he found an equivalent to the risk incurred. At Rome, as well as in Gaul, his passage to Britain was a step towards empire; while, to a mind thus instructed and enlightened, there must have been a further interest in this new land and people beyond the sea. We possess some curious evidence from astronomy to show the time and place of his disembarkation in Britain—evidence which may well excite the wonder of those who know not how physical science triumphs in its proofs, even upon the most obscure historical questions; and how deeply chronology is indebted to eclipses and the recorded places of stars for some of its happiest discoveries. Our scientific readers are well aware of the method by which Halley accomplished this calculation; indicating the beach at Walmer or Deal as the place of landing of the Roman legions, and not Hythe, as others from an expression of Dion Cassius had supposed.\* From this castle at Walmer the illustrious Warden of the Cinque Ports looks down upon the spot where Cæsar first trod the soil of England—himself equal to Cæsar in military fame and success; incalculably superior to the Roman, as to all other commanders, in those loftier virtues of a citizen which have secured to him the eternal gratitude of his country.

We must, however, hurry forward to those remaining events in the life of Julius Cæsar, occupying only a few years, but years of marvellous activity and success, which brought him to the very steps of the throne he was not destined himself to fill. The defeat and death of Crassus in his Parthian expedition changed the name of the Triumvirate, but hardly affected the real contest for power, which remained, as before, between the two great military chiefs—Pompey in the city, Cæsar in his camp. Jealousies and causes of rupture multiplied as time went on. The death of Julia—more deeply lamented, it

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\* The single statement of a full moon occurring on the fourth night after Cæsar's arrival off the cliffs of Dover gives the clue to the calculation. His passage across the Channel was early in the morning of the 26th of August. That retrospective reckoning, which is one of the prime powers and wonders of astronomy, enabled Halley to determine that there were two full moons in August, 58 B. C., and the narrative shows the last of these, at midnight on the 30th, to be the one recorded. The course of proofs then turns to the tides. On the 26th the tide must have begun to flow at Dover at 2 P. M., running northward round the South Foreland. The fleet left its moorings off Dover on this tide, and the length of course Cæsar describes would very exactly suffice, under ordinary circumstances, to bring them to the flat beach of Walmer or Deal.

would seem, by the husband than the father—broke asunder one bond of union between them. The anarchy in Rome, fomented rather than repressed by Pompey, had placed him in the condition of sole consul of the republic; an anomalous admixture of the old institutions with the aggressions and tyranny of the existing time, and certain not to subsist long, when so palpable a fiction in itself, and so entirely opposed to the interests of his matchless rival. On the side of Cæsar, the spoils of Gaul were poured into the city as bribes and largesses; the tribunes were gained to his cause; at length he put forward claims to a participation in the extraordinary powers thus conceded to another—and to a second consulate, while yet holding his province and absent from the city:—demands adverse alike to the letter and spirit of the constitution, and sanctioned only by the breaches already made in it. The claim of Cæsar was refused, as he probably anticipated, under the influence of the senatorial party. He passed the Rubicon, the limit of his province; boldly, as was his wont; but deliberately, we are told, and with full knowledge of the importance of the act, which has served ever since to designate all conclusive audacities of ambition. His march upon Rome and occupation of the city, while the great strength of his army was yet far distant, were marked by the same dauntless determination. In sixty days from the passage of the fatal streamlet he was master of Italy. The conduct of Pompey in evading the first struggle of arms has been variously explained. Whatever the impulse or urgency of the procedure, it was a proof of present disability, disheartening to his adherents and a source of dissension to the party. Though a vast body of senators clung to his flying camp, it was the senate of Rome no longer, and brought neither counsel nor strength to his cause.

At this time when the Duumvirate resolved itself into a personal contest between the two leaders, we may believe that the views of Cæsar had become more exactly defined, and that he saw, as the needful issue, the mastery of one or the other over the whole fortunes of the republic. Now, if not before, we may suppose him to have uttered the lines which Cicero tells us were often on his lips, from the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, that 'if ever it be fitting to commit wrong, the noblest motive for this is the gain of sovereign power.' Hastening forwards with the tide of events, we find them still all marked with the character of the man, ever more

energetic and capable as the difficulties were greater. While Pompey was loitering with his senators and troops in Epirus, Cæsar pushed across the Alps and Pyrenees into Spain, subdued in an arduous and critical campaign of forty days the large legionary army opposed to him on the Ebro, overcame the remaining Pompeian forces on the Guadalquivir; and, when hardly yet known to be on the shores of the Atlantic at Cadiz, suddenly appeared at Marseilles to decide the surrender of that city, long vainly besieged by his subalterns. To estimate rightly what such marches and victories were, it is needful to revert to the aspect of these countries at the time, to the state of the mountain roads, to the means and danger of navigation on the seas. When we are told that Cæsar himself often crossed rivers by swimming on inflated skins, overtaking his own couriers in the speed of his course, we form some idea at once of the difficulties encountered, and of the energy by which they were overcome.

After quelling by his single presence and speech a mutiny of some of his legions at Placentia, he reappeared at Rome, confirmed his authority there by wise and salutary acts, and then, with such part of his army as he could collect in time, threw himself suddenly upon the coast of Epirus, there to confront for the first time his great adversary. A protracted contest followed near Dyrrachium, of refined strategy and alternate blockade by sea and land. The inferiority of Cæsar's force, even after being joined by fresh legions, exposed him to a severe check, which had the effect of suddenly transferring the war, across the mountain chain of Pindus, to the plains of Thessaly. Here the momentous battle of Pharsalia closed the war, and decided the fortunes of Cæsar. His hardy legions, like the iron regiments of Cromwell, confident in their commander, won complete victory over the numerous, but more courtly and effeminate army opposed to them. The field is to this day unchanged in its main features; the stream of the Enipeus is still seen winding across it; a village occupies the site, and yet bears the name, of Pharsalus. We ourselves have twice trodden over this ground, and been able to note, without any great ambiguity, the main localities of a conflict thus famous in history.

Cæsar permitted no pause in the pursuit of his rival or in the interest of his own career. With a hardihood which might be censured as rashness, were it not so constantly justified by success, he was still ever in advance of his army. Rapidly traversing

Thrace and Asia Minor, he embarked for Egypt, where, though he found Pompey slain, no meaner talent or fortitude than his own could have saved him from the peril to which he thus exposed himself amidst the populace of Alexandria, infuriated by his bold demands and interference in their national affairs. Rescued from this danger, the history of Cæsar for a moment changes its complexion, and we find the warrior and statesman yielding himself to the blandishments of Cleopatra, and the companion of the Egyptian queen in the lawless and luxurious revelries of the East. We hardly know in what degree this picture has been colored by hostile scandal or poetical embellishment. Both, we suspect, have been at work with the story; though we must add that Mr. Merivale gives larger belief to it, and describes the character of Cæsar as permanently changed by the vices and indulgences of his Egyptian life.

Scarcely had the untiring Cæsar reached Rome from his victory over the son of Mithridates in Asia, when he set forth again with his army for Africa to encounter the powerful force collected there by Cato and Scipio. The conflict at Thapsus closed the campaign at once; and gave a motive, though we are far from believing a necessity, to the tragic end of Cato. On that subject we have satisfaction in quoting from the book before us:—

‘Such was the proud though melancholy end of the gravest philosopher Rome had yet produced—the first of a long line of heroes of the robe, whose dignified submission to an adverse fate will illustrate the pages of our history throughout the gloom of the imperial tyranny. The ancient heathens but faintly questioned the sufferer’s right to escape from calamity by a voluntary death. It was reserved for the Christian moralists, in their vindication of nobler principles, to impugn the act which has rendered Cato’s fame immortal. The creed of the stoic taught, indeed, that the world is governed by a moral intelligence, and from such premises the obvious inference is, that it is the part of man to conform to its behests and fulfil his appointed lot, whether for good or for evil. But the philosophy which exalted man to a certain participation in the nature of the Deity seemed to make him in some sort the arbiter of his own actions, and suicide, in Cato’s view, might be no other than the accomplishment of a self-appointed destiny. The wisest of the heathens never understood that the true dignity of human nature consists in its submission to a higher existence; that its only hope for the future is in the consciousness of its imperfection and weakness and responsibility here.’

From Africa Cæsar returned to Rome, and

celebrated there a quadruple triumph of greater magnificence than any that had gone before, but with all the strange and ferocious exhibitions belonging to this festival. It was a needful concession to national usage, whether made willingly, or not, we have no means of affirming. Much discretion was required in the selection of the subjects for triumph; since civil wars had been so closely interwoven with foreign that his greatest exploits and successes were needfully kept out of sight. And scarcely indeed were these shows ended when he was again summoned to the field to put down the large insurrectionary army which the sons of Pompey had assembled in Spain. In twenty-seven days—*celerifestatione*, as his historian well says—he was with his forces in Andalusia. The bloody but decisive day of Munda, where 30,000 soldiers were left on the field, and the victor himself exposed to imminent personal danger, closed this last formidable antagonism and the military life of Cæsar. It is a point of time when even those who most deprecate war in all its forms may look back with astonishment, if not with admiration, at the wonderful career of victory so terminated. Whether we consider the vast countries and distances traversed in Europe, Africa and Asia, the battles gained or the conquests effected, we cannot but feel that Cicero has well applied the term *τερας* to express the activity, the vigilance, the sagacious daring of Julius. He is indeed a *prodigy* in the history of mankind.

After his final campaign he returned to Italy: this also was for the last time. Though absent for many months, the awe inspired by his name had protected the city against all turbulence or innovation; and he now came back, single and supreme, the arbiter of the future destiny of Rome and the world. Already three times declared Dictator, he was now named such for life; the consulship was given to him for ten successive years; a crown of laurel and triumphal robes were allotted to his public appearances; his head, for the first time, was stamped on the public coinage. All these things were outrages on old custom and feeling—they betokened the greatness of the change no less than of the man who had completed it. The title of Imperator, given at the same time, had much less import and weight then than it has since obtained. Though never before *prefixed* to a name, it avoided the odium which was still attached to the style of King; but associated as it was in Cæsar with more than regal power, it became the badge of sovereignty, and descended through a long line of Roman



(or so called) Emperors to the times in which we live.

This last epoch of Cæsar's life, at which we arrive, was of little more than eight months' duration. It was occupied in various useful reforms and legislation; the sequel in principle to the measures which at prior times he had proposed, or partially carried into effect. He indulged the people with the sports and shows which usage and policy required; but his aims were evidently beyond these things; and from what he actually did, we have reason to believe that, though his destined term of life was nearly completed, his designs were far from being so. We have no exact knowledge of the date of his several measures; but as far as we can see, they had as their basis the establishment of order in the city and provinces, the suppression of existing abuses, and the change or extinction of those old institutions which were now effective only in lending a shelter to them. His liberal extension of the rights of Roman citizenship was but a sequel to the policy of his whole life on that point; and the result doubtless of his conviction that what was not yielded peaceably would be, sooner or later, extorted by violence. The large increase of the Senate, and the admission of numerous foreigners into this body, while it seemed to repair the breaches made by the civil wars and flattered the new citizens from the provinces, was virtually an annihilation of this part of the old Roman government, already debased by luxury and intrigue, and incapable of fulfilling its ancient functions. With the same view, probably, he shortened the term of the consulate; an office which was now sought for by turbulence and bribery, and exercised only for party purposes. The consular and prætorian provincial governments were also abridged in duration; for the wise purpose of checking the gross peculations and abuses which had grown up in this part of the Roman administration. Larger admission was given to all public offices, with less limitation as to rank and age; a measure which tended to destroy the influence of those great families (*præclaro nomine tantum insignes*) who made their ancestral fame an avenue to public functions, which they dishonoured by their acts. As Censor, Cæsar enacted certain sumptuary laws, which, had he lived, he would doubtless have enforced; and began various improvements in the judicial system, and especially in criminal law. He established colonies of veteran soldiers on a plan which procured exemption from many of the disor-

ders consequent on long civil war. He appointed a commission, and furnished a scheme for a land-survey and map of the whole empire; and with the same zeal for practical good and knowledge of the resources of science, he accomplished that reform of the Calendar which would alone have preserved his name to posterity.

While thus indicating the general principles upon which Cæsar guided his government, there remains the curious inquiry—what would have been his own future course and position in it, had his life been prolonged? Master of the Roman world he was—master he must have continued, under one title or other. No conspiracy by open arms could have succeeded, or been attempted, in the face of his military renown; and the resignation of Sylla, of which he is said to have spoken disdainfully, could never, indeed, have seemed other than a warning—since it had but given fresh scope to those civil disorders which he, above all men, knew the necessity of bringing to an end. His personal ambition doubtless here concurred with and strengthened these convictions of his reason. But power, even the most entire, cannot well subsist without some external form or title; and the *turba Remi* resembled the populace of every age and country. We know not how far the story of the kingly crown being offered to him, and of his reluctant refusal of it, is worthy of reliance; but we suspect that the officiousness of friends, or the malignity of enemies, were more concerned in this matter than the will of Cæsar himself. There never was a man less governed by mere phrases, or who would more readily abandon an outward show for the reality that was before him. The new *prefix* of Emperor sufficed for the designation of that power; which, in default of direct issue, he would probably have conveyed downwards to the very successor on whom future events actually conferred it. We further believe, on all the evidence of his acts and character, that his own rule would have been one of vigour, tempered by moderation and humanity—of firmness to repress sedition, and of wisdom to organize new institutions where the old ones had become impotent for good.

Two anecdotes, unconnected with politics, belong to this last period of Cæsar's life, which have the greater interest from the time of their occurrence. One is the narrative, contained in a letter from Cicero to Atticus, of the visit paid by the great master of Rome to its great orator, at his villa near Puteoli. The details of the interview, and



the dinner given to the Dictator and his numerous attendants, illustrate most agreeably the manners of the day; but far more strikingly describe the two remarkable men, thus brought together for the last time—both deeply concerned in the public events of the preceding twenty years, both destined to perish by a violent death. We would willingly invite the attention of those of our readers who may have forgotten it, to this curious and characteristic letter. We have always been especially entertained by the frank confession of Cicero to Atticus, that Cæsar was not a guest to whom he could say, ‘Pray, pay me another visit on your return,’—*semel satis est*; and also by his acknowledgment that no serious matter (*σπουδαίον οὐδέν*) was discussed between them; but that the conversation turned mainly on literary topics. The motive for this restraint may readily be found in the history of the time and in the relative position of Cicero and his great visitor;—the direction of the conversation, we doubt not, rested entirely with the latter. Even with such restraint upon it, who does not wish that a Boswell had been present at such an entertainment? The other anecdote to which we allude has less certain authority for its truth, but great internal probability. Cæsar was the guest of M. Lepidus at supper at Rome. After the repast, a conversation arising on the question which was the most desirable manner of death, the Dictator pronounced as his opinion that it was ‘the one most sudden and unexpected’—a sentiment natural to the man, and which, in a qualified form, was afterwards repeated by his first successor in the empire.

On the very day, as we are told, after this supper, Cæsar’s life was ended by that murder which seemed at the time fated to change the condition of the world. It would be difficult indeed to name any single incident of deeper interest. On the one side we have the character and dignity of Cæsar, the power he had acquired, and the prospect of this power being permanent as a new form of Roman rule—on the other side, the publicity of the assassination, and the condition and qualities of the men whose swords were thus

‘made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.’

\* We gather further from this letter that Cæsar had other and more ordinary powers of making himself an agreeable guest at dinner. ‘Edit et bibit αἰετῶς et jucundè—opiparè, sane, et apparate.’ We are surprised that Mr. Merivale should so slightly press this curious document of Roman life.

The death of Cæsar, like that of Cato, has almost lost its historical character in the poetry and romance of later times, which have appropriated to themselves an event thus signal in all its circumstances. Shakspeare probably comes nearest, as he generally does, to reality; as indeed his whole portraiture of Julius may perhaps deserve to be considered as the most wonderful of his wonders. His Cassius is at once a faithful transcript from history, and a picture of the jealous and ambitious conspirator of all ages. The Brutus of his play was necessary to the dramatic effect which he so well understood; and accordingly we find that, while closely adhering to historical truth in most parts, he has pitched the character of the Roman patriot somewhat higher than the level assigned by contemporary authorities. History has been defined ‘philosophy teaching by examples;’ but we have little faith in the force of such example, as opposed to living and current events; and, removing all artificial colouring from the act before us, we are disposed to regard it as the result of jealousy, ambition, and other personal feelings, much more than of the pure love of liberty, or the desire of restoring the grandeur of Rome. His assassination inflicted another civil war on the state, without really retarding the great change which was on the eve of accomplishment. Had Cæsar’s life been prolonged, it is probable that his enlightened vigour of administration would have given a better basis to the empire, and a higher model and precept to his successors, than the more subtle and temporising reign of Augustus was able afterwards to afford.

The mind of Cæsar had, we believe, very much more of singleness and consistency than has ever been common; but the events and relations of his career were so various and extraordinary, that it would indeed require vast critical research and discrimination to present a picture of him which would satisfy all the requirements of equity or probability. On the whole we may say, without attempting such an analysis, that, while his public course during the last sixteen years of his life was one of almost constant and bloody warfare, his natural temperament seems to have been humane, and free from that remorseless cruelty which stained the career of so many of the public men of his age. Whatever of moral contradiction there may seem in this, experience teaches that the conditions are compatible; and in the instance before us we have proof sufficient to justify the opinion given. The ‘gaudensque viam fe-

casse ruinâ' of Lucan is the phrase of the poet, and not the truth of the historian. Amidst the thousand private animosities which civil wars engender and envenom, we call to mind not a single action of Cæsar prompted by private malice or revenge—many of humanity and generosity to enemies who fell within his power. Whether he was a man of warm affections may admit of more doubt. We incline to think not; though without any certain evidence by which to decide the question. He had friends indeed—Oppius, Calpurnia, Balbus, &c.—who were deeply attached to him; and various acts of his personal kindness to them and others are on record: but his superiority to all around him was such that it is difficult to measure the feelings in this case by any ordinary rule. All the strongest traits of Cæsar's mind were intellectual; and we doubt whether softer sentiments, passion, or romance, had ever any very strong hold upon him. A tragedy, indeed, was among the number of his literary works; but it no longer exists, nor have we any such accounts of it as to affect our guesses.

The profligacy of his early course—partially, as it seems, carried on into his later years—has been a main allegation against him in all succeeding times. We cannot accuse him of intemperance at table, since Cato remarks that he was 'the only one who went forth sober to the overturning of the commonwealth.' But the charges of other sensuality admit no excuse or palliation; unless we find such in the general corruption of the age, or in some suspicion that the public eminence of Cæsar might have led to exaggerated statements of all that regarded his demeanour in private life. Making every allowance for such over-colouring, however, we are still unable to dismiss the general imputation. Temperament, temptation, opportunity, were all on one side, without a single aid from religion or moral discipline on the other. Two or three small incidents are presented to us as proofs of superstitious feeling; but we believe them to have depended rather on a politic or careless conformity to popular sentiment; for Cæsar lived, as Virgil did,

'Al tempo degli Dei falsi e bugiardi.'

and it was impossible that an acute intellect like his should have submitted itself for a moment to the puerile absurdities of the Grecian or Roman belief, or derived motives to virtue from sources thus scanty and impure. He lived without religion, on the very verge

of that time which brought new light and truth into the world.

As to the intellectual qualities of Cæsar, it is needless to say more. They are inscribed on every page of his life and history, and are the subject of constant admiration to his contemporaries, as well as to succeeding writers. A single sentence of Cicero, than whom no man was better entitled to judge, is a relation to all future time of that combination of faculties which has rarely, if ever, had its parallel: 'Fuit in illo ingenium, ratio, memoria, litteræ, curæ, cogitatio, diligentia.' Pliny, in his Natural History, recording the most noted examples of intellectual power, instances Cæsar as possessed of an innate vigour of mind, transcending all others; able, without confusion, to embrace various subjects at once, to dictate clearly on each, and to pass with the celerity of lightning from one to another. Omitting the many other testimonies of the same age, we may take the eulogy by Drumann as a brief and just statement of what was achieved in various ways by this wonderful force and capacity of mind. 'He was great in everything he essayed: as a captain, a statesman, a lawgiver, a jurist, an orator, a poet, a grammarian, a mathematician, and an architect.' We have only to object to this that it assumes something like a parity of excellence in points where we may suppose that there was much real inequality. But nothing is stated which Cæsar did not actually accomplish; and his mind rose so high above mediocrity, that, even where our evidence is imperfect, we may fairly presume that some part of his genius was conveyed to all he undertook.

With the exception, and this a doubtful one, of Frederick of Prussia, Cæsar is, perhaps, the only great commander who adds the fame of literature to that of war. Unhappily all his writings are lost to us except the Commentaries; a fact which, regarding the author both in his own greatness and as the head of a long line of sovereigns, may reasonably excite surprise as well as regret. We are indeed imperfectly informed as to the mode in which the manuscripts, forming the literature of ancient days, passed into circulation, and were transferred from one generation to another; but still it must appear strange that so large a part of the writings of a man like Cæsar should utterly have disappeared from the world. It is related that he composed a grammatical treatise, *De Analogia*, while travelling through the Alps, and a poem called *Iter* during a journey in Spain. Looking at other points in his character, we

are half inclined to believe that he wrote them solely for his amusement while on the road; and that, indifferent to literary fame, he took little care to multiply the copies, which might secure transmission to later times. Of his other writings we most covet the satire of the *Anti-Cato*, the treatise on Auguries and Presages, and his tragedy of *Œdipus*. We venture no opinion as to the merit of these works, beyond the general inference already stated; but may hazard a conjecture that the poetical and imaginative part would have added least to his gigantic reputation. Niebuhr has somewhere remarked that there is no witty saying of Cæsar on record. It is difficult enough to define wit in any form, and we should hardly go to a German professor for aid in such definition; but if pithy and pointed expressions and retorts come under the term, we know that Cæsar had such at command—some specimens live indeed in every scholar's memory;—and if his collection of apophthegms—*mucrones verborum*, as Lord Bacon calls them—had reached us, we should probably have had abundant evidence for his keen apprehension of those great sayings which form the true wit of every time and language of man.

We are greatly surprised that Mr. Merivale takes such slight notice of the oratorical fame of Cæsar, seeing the strong impression it made upon the best judges of his own age and country. Where Cicero and Quintilian have testified their admiration in terms so remarkable, it is hardly enough to despatch the subject in a short sentence, without any

reference to these eminent authorities. From one passage in the *De Claris Oratoribus*, it may be seen how high a value Cicero attached to Cæsar's recorded opinion of his own oratorical powers. What other commander or conqueror, how few statesmen even, have obtained or merited tributes like these, and given by such judges! Nor can we fail to notice the portrait they convey to us of the noble aspect, attitudes, and voice of Cæsar, when addressing an assembly. We are able, in considerable part, to complete the picture of his lineaments from busts, coins, and actual description; all which indicate, as far as mere outline can ever do so, the high intellect, vigour, and determination belonging to this wonderful character.

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\* 'Cæsar autem, rationem adhibens, consuetudinem vitiosam et corruptam purâ et incorruptâ consuetudine emendat. Itaque cum ad hanc elegantiam verborum Latinorum adjungit illa oratoria ornamenta dicendi, tum videtur tanquam tabulas bene pictas collocare in bono lumine \* \* \* Splendidam quendam, minimèque veteratoriam rationem dicendi tenet, voce, motû, formâ etiâ magnificâ et generosâ quodammodo.'—*Cicero de Claris Oratoribus*.

'Quem huic antepones eorum, qui nihil aliud egerunt? quis sententiis aut acutior aut crebrior? quis verbis aut ornatior aut elegantior?'—*Ibid*.

'Caius verò Cæsar si foro tantum vacasset, non alius ex nostris contra Ciceronem nominaretur; tanta in eo vis est, id acumen, ea concitatio, ut illum eodem animo dixisse, quo bellavit, appareat.'—*Quintilian*, lib. 10.

It is obvious that Quintilian would not thus have expressed himself, unless some at least of Cæsar's speeches had been extant in his time.

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BOWLES AT HOME.—"Look at the history of Bremhill, and you will see Bowles's parsonage; it is near the fine old church, and as there are not many better livings, there are few more pleasantly situated. The garden is ornamented in his way, with a jet fountain, something like a hermitage, an obelisk, a cross, and some inscriptions. Two swans, who answer to the names of Snowdrop and Lily, have a pond to themselves, and if they are not duly fed there at the usual time, up they march to the breakfast-room window. Mrs. Bowles has also a pet hawk called Peter, a name which has been borne by two of his predecessors. The view from the back of the house extends over a rich country, to the distant downs, and the white horse may be seen distinctly by better eyes than mine, without the aid of a glass. Much as I had heard of

Bowles's peculiarities, I should very imperfectly have understood his character if I had not passed some little time under his roof. He has indulged his natural timidity to a degree little short of insanity, yet he sees how ridiculous it makes him, and laughs himself at follies which nevertheless he is continually repeating. He is literally afraid of everything. His oddity, his untidiness, his simplicity, his benevolence, his fears, and his good-nature, make him one of the most entertaining and extraordinary characters I ever met with. He is in his seventy-third year, and for that age is certainly a fine old man, in full possession of all his faculties, though so afraid of being deaf, when a slight cold affects his hearing, that he puts a watch to his ear twenty times in the course of the day."—*Southey's Life and Correspondence*.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## NAPOLEON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

A VERY interesting book were a history of the histories of Napoleon—a criticism on the criticisms written about him—a sketch of his sketchers! He, who at one period of his life had the monarchs and ambassadors of Europe waiting in his antechamber, has enjoyed since a levee, larger still, of the authors, orators, and poets of the world. Who has not tried his hand at painting the marvellous manikin of Corsica—fortune's favorite and football—nature's pride and shame—France's glory and ruin—who was arrested and flung back, when he was just vaulting into the saddle of universal dominion? What eminent author has not written either on the *pros* or the *cons* of this prodigy of modern men? To name only a few—Horsley has tried on him the broad and heavy edge of his invective—Hall has assailed him with his more refined and polished indignation—Foster has held up his stiff and rugged hands in stationary wonder at him—Byron has bent before him his proud knee, and become the laureate of his exile—Hazlitt has fought his cause with as much zeal and courage as if he had belonged to his old guard—Coleridge has woven his metaphysic mazes about and about him—Wordsworth has sung of him, in grave, solemn, and deprecatory verse—Southey has, both in prose and rhyme, turned against him his dull and dignified resentment—Scott has pictured him in Don Roderick, and written nine volumes on his history—Brougham, Jeffrey, and Lockhart have met, and embraced each other in fascinated admiration, or fine-spun analysis of his genius—Phillips has set his character in his most brilliant antithesis, and surrounded his picture with his most sounding, common-places—Croly has dashed off his life with his usual energy and speed—Wilson has let out his admiration in many a glorious gush of eloquence—poor B. Symmons (recently dead) has written on him some strains the world must not let die (his "Napoleon Sleeping" is in the highest style of art, and on Napoleon, or aught that was his, he could not choose but write nobly)—Channing, in the name of the freedom of the western world, has impeached him before high Heaven—Emerson has anatomised him, as with the lancet of the gods, and calmly reported the result—Carlyle has proclaimed him the "hero of tools"—and, to single out two from a crowd, Thiers and Alison have told his history with minute and careful attention, as well as with glowing ardor of appreciation. Time would fail us, besides, to speak of the memoirs, favorable or libellous—of the dramas, novels, tales, and poems, in which he has figured, in primary or in partial display. Surely the man who has borne such discussion, endured such abuse, sustained such panegyric, and who remains an object of curiosity, wonder, and inquiry still, must have been the most *extraordinary* production of modern days. He must have united profundity and brilliance, splendor and solidity, qualities creating fear and love, and been such a compound of the demigod and the demon, the wise king and the tyrant, as the earth never saw before, nor is ever likely to behold again.

This, indeed, is the peculiarity of Napoleon. He was profound, as well as brilliantly successful. Unlike most conquerors, his mind was big with a great thought, which was never fully developed. He was not raised, as many have stupidly thought, upon the breath of popular triumph. It was not "chance that made him king," or that crowned him, or that won his battles. He was a *cumulative* conqueror. Every victory, every peace, every law, every movement, was the step of a giant stair, winding upward toward universal dominion. All was systematic. All was full of purpose. All was growingly progressive. No rest was possible. He might have noontday breathing-times, but there was no nightly repose. "Onwards" was the voice ever sounding behind him: nor was this the voice of his nation, ever insatiate for novelty and conquest; nor was it the mere "Give, give," of



his restless ambition ; it was the voice of his ideal, the cry of his unquenchable soul. He became the greatest of warriors and conquerors, or at least one of the greatest, because, like a true painter or poet, he *came down* upon the practice of his art, from a stern and lofty conception, or hypothesis, to which everything required to yield. As Michael Angelo subjected all things to his pursuit, and the ideal he had formed of it, painted the crucifixion by the side of a writhing slave, and, pious though he was, would have broken up the true cross for pencils, and studied *chiaro-scuro* at Calvary ; so Napoleon pursued *his* ideal through tempests of death-hail and seas of blood, and looked upon poison, and gunpowder, and men's lives, as the box of colors necessary to his new and terrible art of war and grand scheme of conquest.

But were the art and the scheme, thus frightfully followed out, worthy and noble ? Viewed in a Christian light, they were not. The religion of Jesus denounces war, in all save its defensive aspects. It denounces, too, indirectly, the idea of universal dominion, for it exhibits always the earth as Christ's property, and predicts that he shall yet be crowned Lord of all. But when we try Napoleon by human standards, and compare his scheme with that of other conquerors, both seem transcendently superb. He saw clearly that there was no alternative between the surges of anarchy and the absolute government of one master-mind. He saw that what was called "balance of power" was a feeble and useless dream, and that all things in Europe were tending either to anarchy or a new absolutism—either to the dominion of millions, or of that one who should be found a match for millions. He felt himself that one. His iron hand could, in the first place, grasp the great sceptre ; and his wise and powerful mind would afterwards consolidate his dominion by just and liberal laws. "On this hint he spake" in cannon. This purpose he pursued with an undeviating energy, which seemed, for a season, sure and irresistible as one of the laws of nature. The unity of his tactic only reflected the unity of his plan. It was just the giant club in the giant hand. Of his system of strategy, the true praise is simply that it gave a fit and full expression to his idea—it was what heroic rhyme was to Dryden, blank verse to Milton, and the Spenserian stanza to Byron.

To his scheme, and his mode of pursuing it, there occur, however, certain strong ob-

jections ; but all, or nearly all, founded upon principles the truth of which *he* did not recognise. First, it is a scheme impossible. No one human arm or mind can ever govern the world. There is but one person before whom every knee shall bow, and whose lordship every tongue shall confess. Napoleon saw that there was no help for the world, but in the absolute dominance of a single mind ; but he did not see that this mind, *ere* it can keep as well as gain dominion, and *ere* it can use that dominion well, must be divine. Who can govern even a child without perpetual mistakes ? And how much less can one ungifted with divine knowledge and power govern the world ?

But, secondly, Napoleon mistook the means for gaining his object. He thought himself invested with immunities which he did not possess. The being who can repeal the laws of justice and mercy—who can pursue plans of ultimate benevolence through paths of profound and blood-sprinkled darkness—who can command the Canaanites to be extirpated, and permit the people of Rabbah to be put under axes and saws of iron, and raise up base, bad, or dubious characters, to work out his holy purposes, must be a being superior to man—a god. Whereas the man, however endowed, who violates all conventional as well as moral law, in seeking his object—who can "break open letters, tell lies, calumniate private character," as well as assassinate and poison, must be pronounced a being in many respects inferior to mankind, a human Satan, uniting magnitude of object and of power to detestable meanness and maliciousness of character and of instrumentality. We ought, perhaps, to apologise for bringing thus, even into momentary contrast, the Governor of the universe and his mysterious, but most righteous ways, and the reckless actions of the Emperor of the French.

A greater mistake still was committed by Napoleon when he allied himself with the princes of Europe, when he ceased to be the soldier and the Cæsar of democracy, and when, above all, he sought to found a house, and was weak enough to believe that he could ever have a successor from his own loins equal to himself. Cromwells and Napoleons are but thinly sown, and "not transferable" might be written on their brains. Here we see another proof of the gross miscalculation he made of his own, and, indeed, of human nature. "My children must be as great as myself," was his secret thought : otherwise, "I am God, and gods must spring from me." But it is not in human nature to

continue a hereditary series of able and wise rulers, far less a procession of prodigies. From heaven must come down the one immutable Man, who is without beginning of days or end of life, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and the days of whose years are for ever and ever.

But, thirdly, taking Napoleon on his own godless ground, in seeking his great object, he neglected some important elements of success. He not only committed grave errors, but he omitted some wise and prudent steps. He reinstated the crosier and recrowned the Pope, instead of patronising a moderate Protestantism. He was more anxious to attack aristocrats, than the *spirit* of oligarchy. He sought rather to crush than to transfuse the Jacobin element. He contrived elaborately to disguise his real purpose, the "giant's dream" of his imagination, under the trappings and pretension of vulgar ambition, and thus created a torrent of prejudice against himself. He made the contest against Russia assume the aspect of a strife between two butchers for a very fair heifer, rather than that of civilization bearding, since it could not interpenetrate, barbarism—of the hunter seeking the bear in his den. The enthusiasm he kindled was chiefly that of the love of martial glory, or of attachment to his flag and person, not of the "idea" which possessed his own breast. Hence the ardor of his army, being of the "earth, earthy," yielded quickly to the first gush of genuine patriotism which arose to oppose them, and which, though as narrow as intense, was, in comparison, "light from heaven." Perhaps, in truth, his inspiring idea was not easily communicable to such men as those he led, who, shouting "Vive la France," or "Vive l'Empereur," little imagined that he was paving, on their carcasses, his path to the title and the throne of an "omniarch."

The theory of Napoleon, thus propounded, seems to explain some points in his character which are counted obscure. It accounts for his restless dissatisfaction with the success he did gain. What were Belgium, Holland, and Italy to him, who had formed, not the mere dream, but the hope and design of a fifth monarchy? It explains his marvellous triumphs. He fought not for a paltry battlefield, nor for the possession of an island, but to gain a planet, to float his standard in the breezes of the whole earth! Hence an enthusiasm, a secret spring of ardor, a determination, and a profundity of resource, which could hardly be resisted. How keen the eye, and sharpened almost to agony the in-

tellect, of a man gambling for a world! It explains the strange gloom, and stranger gaiety, the oddness of manner, the symptoms which made many think him mad. The man, making a fool of the world, became often himself the fool of a company, who knew not besides that he was the fool of an idea. The thought of universal dominion—the feeling that he was made for it, and tending to it—this made him sometimes silent when he should have spoken, and sometimes speak when he should have been silent—this was a weird wine which the hand of his demon poured out to him, and of which he drank without measure, and in secret. It explains the occasional carelessness of his conduct—a carelessness like that of the sun, who, warming the earth and glorifying the heavens, yet sometimes scatters abroad strokes which burn men's brains, and anon set cornfields on fire. It explains the truth and tenderness, the love of justice and the gleams of compassion, which mingled with his public and private conduct. He was too wise to underrate, and too great not to feel, the primary laws of human nature. And he intended that, when his power was consolidated, these should be the laws of *his* empire. His progress was a voyage through blood, toward mildness, peace, and justice. But in that ocean of blood there lay an island, and in the island did that perilous voyage terminate, and to it was our daring hero chained, till his soul departed. Against *one* island had this continental genius bent all the fury and the energy of his nature, and in *another* island was he for a time imprisoned, and in a *third* island he breathed his last.

Our theory, in fine, accounts for the calm firmness with which he met his reverses. His empire, indeed, had fallen, but his idea remained intact. He might never express it in execution; but he had thrown it down on the arena of the world, and it lies still in that "court of the Gentiles." It has started anew in these degenerate days, an invigorating thought, the thought of a single ruler for this distracted earth; a thought which, like leaven, is sure to work on till it leaven all the lump; and it is to be fulfilled in a way of which men dream not. Napoleon, though he failed in the attempt, felt, doubtless, the consolation of having *made* it, and of having thereby established for himself an impersonal and imperishable glory. The reality of empire departed when he resigned; but the bright prophetic dream of empire only left him when he died, and has become his legacy to the world.

Such, we think, were Napoleon's purpose and its partial fulfilment. His powers, achievements, and private character remain. His powers have been, on the one hand, unduly praised, and, on the other, unduly depreciated. His unexampled success led to the first extreme, and his unexampled downfall to the latter. While some have talked of him as greater than Cæsar, others think him a clever impostor—a vulgar conjurer, with one trick, which was at last discovered. Our notion lies between. He must, indeed, stand at some distance from Cæsar—the all-accomplished, the author, the orator—whose practical wisdom was equal to his genius—who wore over all his faculties, and around his very errors and crimes, a mantle of dignity—and whose one immortal bulletin, “Veni, vidi, vici,” stamps an image of the energy of his character, the power of his talents, and the laconic severity of his taste. Nor can he be equalled to Hannibal, in rugged daring of purpose, in fertility of resources, in originality of conception, in personal courage, or in indomitable perseverance—Hannibal, who sprang like a bulldog at the throat of the Roman power, and who held his grasp till it was loosened in death. But neither does he sink to the level of the Tamerlanes or Bajazets. His genius soared above the sphere of such skilful marshals and martinets as Turenne and Marlborough. They were the slaves of their system of strategy; he was the king of his. They fought a battle as coolly as they played a game of chess; he was full of impulses and sudden thoughts, which became the seeds of victory, and could set his soldiers on fire, even when he remained calm himself. In our age, the name of Wellington alone can balance with his. But admitting the duke's great qualities, his iron firmness, his profound knowledge of his art, and the almost superhuman tide of success which has followed him, he has never displayed such dazzling genius, and, without enthusiasm in himself, has seldom kindled it in others. He is a clear, steady star; Napoleon a blood-red meteor, whose very downfall is more interesting than the other's rising. Passing from comparisons, Napoleon possessed a prodigal assortment of faculties. He had an intellect, clear, rapid and trenchant as a scimitar; he *saw* his way, never for a moment *felt* it; an imagination fertile in resources, if incorrect in taste; a swift logic; a decisive will; a prompt and lively eloquence; and passions, in general, concentrated and quiet as a charcoal furnace. Let us not forget his wondrous faculty of silence. He

could talk, but he seldom babbled, and seldom used a word too much. His conversation was the reflex of his military tactics. As in the field he concentrated his forces on a certain strong point, which when gained, all was gained; so in conversation, he sprung into the centre of every subject, and, tearing out its heart, left the minor members to shift for themselves. Profound in no science save that of war, what he knew, he knew thoroughly, and could immediately turn to account. He called England a “nation of shopkeepers;” but he was as practical as a shopkeeper himself—the emperor of a shopkeeping age. Theorizers he regarded with considerable contempt. Theories he looked at, shook roughly, and asked the inexorable question, “Will they stand?” Glimpses of truth came often on him like inspiration. “Who made all that, gentlemen?” was his question at the atheistic savans, as they sailed beneath the starry heavens and denied the Maker. The misty brilliance, too often disguising little, of such a writer as Madame de Stael was naught in his eyes. How, had he been alive, would he have laughed over the elegant sentimentalism of Lamartine, and with a strong contemptuous breath blown away his finest periods! Yet he had a little corner of literary romance in his heart. He loved Ossian's poems. For this his taste has been questioned; but to literary taste Napoleon did not pretend. He could only criticise the arrangements of a battle, was the author of a new and elegant art of bloodshed, and liked a terribly terse style of warfare. But, in Ossian, he found fire amid fustian; and partly for the fustian, and partly for the fire, he loved him. In fact, Ossian is just a Frenchified version of Homer; and no wonder that it pleased at once Napoleon's martial spirit and his national taste. The ancient bard himself had been too simple. M'Pherson served him up with flummery, and he went sweetly down the throat of this new “Spirit of Lodi.”

Napoleon's real writings were his battles. Lodi let us call a wild and passionate ode; Austerlitz an epic; and Waterloo a tragedy. Yet, amid the bombast and falsetto of his bulletins and speeches, there occur coals of genuine fire, and gleams of lofty genius. Every one remembers the sentence, “Frenchmen, remember that from the top of these pyramids forty centuries look down upon your actions;” a sentence enough to make a man immortal, and, to equal which, we may search in vain all the writings of all military commanders since the world

began. In keeping with the genius discovered in this sentence, were his allusions to the "sun of Austerlitz," which, like another Joshua, seemed to stand still at his bidding—his belief in destiny, and the other sublime superstitions, which, like bats in a mid-day market-place, flitted strangely to and fro through the clear and stern atmosphere of his soul, and prophesied in silence of change, ruin, and death.

Like all men of his order, Napoleon was subject to moods and fits, and presents thus, in mind, as well as in character, a capricious and inconsistent aspect. Enjoying the keenest and coldest of intellects, and the most iron of wills, he had at times the fretfulness of a child, and, at other times, the fury of a demon. He was strong, but surrounded by contemptible weaknesses. Possessing the French empire, he seemed himself at times "possessed"—now of a miserable imp, and now of a master-fiend. Now, almost a god, he is anon an idiot. Now organizing and executing with equal wisdom and energy complicated and stupendous schemes, he falls frequently into blunders which a child might have avoided. You are reminded of a person of majestic stature and presence, who is suddenly seized with St. Vitus's Dance. How strange the inconsistencies and follies of genius! But not a Burns, seeing two moons from the top of a whisky-barrel—nor a Coleridge, dogged by an unemployed operative, to keep him out of a druggist's shop—nor a Johnson, standing in the rain to do penance for disobedience to his father—nor a Hall, charging a lady to instruct her children in the belief of ghosts—nor a Byron, shaving his brow to make it seem higher than it was, or contemplating his hands, and saying, "These hands are white"—is a more striking specimen of the follies of the wise, of the alloys mingled with the "most fine gold," than a Napoleon, now playing for a world, and now cheating one of his own officers at whist.

We sometimes envy those who were privileged to be contemporaries of the battles of Napoleon, and the novels of Sir Walter Scott, while each splendid series was yet in progress. The first Italian campaign must have made the blood of Burke (opposed though he was) lance on his very deathbed, for there he was lying at the time. And how grand, for a poetic ear, to have heard the news of Jena, and Austerlitz, and Wagram, and Borodino, succeeding each other like the boom of distant cannon, like the roar of many thunders! Especially when that dark cloud of invasion

had gathered around our own shores, and was expected to burst in a tempest of fire, how deep must have been the suspense, how silent the hush of the expectation, and how needless, methinks, sermons, however eloquent, or poems, however spirit-stirring, to concentrate, or increase, or express, the land's one vast emotion!

Looking back, even now, upon the achievements of Napoleon, they seem still calculated to awaken wonder and fear—*wonder* at their multitude, their variety, their dream-like pomp and speed, the power and terrible beauty which make them shine like a tiger's skin, and that they did not produce a still deeper impression upon the world's mind, and a still stronger reverberation from the world's poetry and eloquence; and *fear*, at the power sometimes lent to man, at its abuse, and at the possibilities of the future. Another Napoleon may arise, abler, wickeder, wiser, and may throw heavier barricades of cannon across the path of the nations, crush them with a rougher rod, may live to consolidate a thicker crust of despotism over the world, may fight another Austerlitz without a Waterloo, and occupy another St. Cloud without another St. Helena; for what did all those far-heard cannon proclaim, but "All things are possible to him that dareth enough, that feareth none, that getteth a giant's power, and useth it tyrannously like a giant—that can by individual might, reckless of rights, human or divine, rise and ride on the topmost billow of his age?"

In looking more closely and calmly at those battles of Napoleon, we have a little, though not very much, of misty exaggeration and false glory to brush away. Latterly, they lose greatly that air of romance and miracle which surrounded the first campaigns of Italy. The boy, who had been a prodigy, matures into the full-grown and thoroughly-furnished man. The style, which had been somewhat florid, but very fresh and powerful, becomes calmer and rather less rapid. Napoleon, who had fought at first with an energy that seemed desperation, with a fire that seemed superhuman, against great odds of experience and numbers, fights now with many advantages on his side. He is backed by vast, and trained, and veteran armies. He is surrounded by generals only inferior to himself, and whom he has himself reared. And, above all, he is preceded by the Gorgon-headed Medusa of his fame, carrying dismay into the opposing ranks, nerving his own men into iron, and stiffening his enemies into stone. And, although longer and



sterner ever became the resistance, the result of victory was equally sure. And now he has reached a climax; and yet, not satisfied therewith, he resolves on a project, the greatest and most daring ever taken or even entertained by him. It is to disturb the Russian bear in his forests, and kill or maim him in his dark lair. For this purpose, he has collected an army, reminding you of those of Jenghiz Khan or Tamerlane, unparalleled in numbers, magnificent in equipment, unbounded in confidence and attachment to their chief, led by officers of tried valor and skill, and wielded and propelled by the genius of Napoleon, like one body by one living soul. Not only were the eyes of the world fixed upon this prodigious force, but we may conceive the eyes of angels, too, turned upon its movements with looks of anxiety and interest. But the "Lord in the heavens did laugh;" the Lord held him and his force "in derision." For now his time was fully come. And now must the decree of the watchers and the holy ones, long registered against him, begin to obtain fulfilment. And how did God fulfil it? He led him into no ambuscade. He overwhelmed him with no superior force. He raised up against him no superior genius. But he took his punishment into his own hand. He sent winter before its time, to destroy him and his "many men so beautiful." He loosened snow, like a flood of waters, and frost, like a flood of fire, upon his host; and Napoleon, like Satan, yielded to God alone, and might have exclaimed, with that lost archangel,

"Into what pit thou seest,  
From what height fallen, so much the stronger  
proved  
He with his thunder, and, till *then*, who knew  
*The force of those dire arms?*"

Thus had man and his Maker come into collision, and the potsherd was broken in the unequal strife. All that followed resembled only the convulsive struggles of one down, taken, and bound. Even when cast back like a burning ember, from Elba to the French shores, it was evidently all too late. His "star" had first paled before the fires of Moscow, and at last set amid the snows of his flight from it.

Of the private character of Napoleon, there are many contradictory opinions. Indeed, properly speaking, he had no private character at all. For the greater part of his life, he was as public as the sun. He ate and drank, read and wrote, snuffed and slept in a glare of publicity. The wrinkles, darkening into

gloom, on that massive forehead, did indeed conceal many a dark and secret thought; but his mere actions and habitudes were all public property. How tell what he was in private, since in private he never was? He was like the man who had "lost his shadow." No sweet relief; no dim and tender background in his character. Whatever private virtues he might have possessed, never found an atmosphere to develop them in; nay, they withered and died in the surrounding glare. He had no time to be a good son, or husband, or father, or friend. The idea which devoured him devoured all such ties too. Still, we believe that he never ceased to possess a heart, and that much of his apathy and apparent hardness of nature was the effect of policy or of absence of mind. A thousand different spectators report differently of his manner in private. To some, he appeared all grace and dignity—to others, a cold, absent fiend, lost in schemes of far-off villany—to a third class, an awkward and unmannered blunderer—and to a fourth, the very demon of curiosity, a machine of questions, an embodied inquisition. One acute spectator, the husband of Madame Rahel, reports of a perpetual scowl on his brow, and a perpetual smile on his lips. We care very little for such representations, which rather describe the man's moods than the man himself. We heard once, we protest, a more edifying picture of him from the lips of a Scotch innkeeper, who declared that he believed "Boney, when he was at leasure, aye sat, wi' his airm in a bowl o' water, resting on a cannon-ball, an' nae doubt meditating mischief!" It were difficult to catch the features of an undeveloped thought—and what else was Napoleon?

As concentration was the power of his mind, so it was the peculiarity of his person. His body was a little vial of intense existence. The thrones of Europe seemed falling before a ninepin! He seemed made of skin, marrow, bone, and fire. Had France been in labor, and brought forth a mouse? But it was a frame formed for endurance. It took no punishment, it felt no fatigue, it refreshed itself by a wink, its tiny hand shivered kingdoms at a touch, and its voice, small as the "treble of a fay," was powerful and irresistible as the roar of Mars, the homicidal god. Nature is often strange in her economies of power. She often packs her poisons and her glorious essences alike into small bulk. In Napoleon, as in Alexander the Great and Alexander Pope, a portion of both was strangely and inextricably mingled.

We might deduce many lessons from this

rapid sketch of the Emperor of the French. That "moral of his story," of which Symmons speaks, would require seven thunders fully to express it. We will not dwell on the commonplaces about "vaulting ambition," "diseased pride," "fallen greatness," "lesson to be humble and thankful in our own spheres," &c. Napoleon was a brave, great man; in part mistaken, perhaps also in part insane, and also in a large part guilty. But he did a work—not his full work, but still a work that he only could have accomplished. He continued that shaking of the sediments of the nations, which the French revolution began. He pointed attention with his bristling guns to the danger the civilization of Europe is exposed to from the Russian silent conspiracy of ages—cold, vast, quietly progressive, as a glacier gathering round an alpine valley. He backed and bridled the Bucephalus of the revolution. He shook the throne of the Austrian domination, and left that of his own successors tottering to receive them. He drew out, by long antagonism, the resources of Britain. He cast a ghastly smile of contempt, which lingers still, around the papal crown. While he proved the disadvantages, as well as advantages, of the domination of a single human mind, he unconsciously shadowed forth the time when one di-

vine hand shall take the kingdom—his empire, during its palmy days, forming a feeble earthly emblem of the reign of the universal king.

In spite of fears and forebodings, a new Napoleon is not likely to arise; nor, though he should, long to continue to reign. But even as the ancient polypharmist and mistaken alchemist was the parent and the prophecy of those modern chemists, who may yet advance the science even to its ideal limits, so, in this age, Napoleon has been the unwitting pioneer and imperfect prophet of a sovereign, the extent and the duration of whose kingdom shall equal and surpass his wildest dreams. Did he, by sheer native genius, nearly snatch from the hands of all kings their time-honored sceptres—nearly confirm his sway into a concentrated and iron empire—and prove the advantages of centralization, as they were never proved before? And *why* should not "another king, one Jesus," exerting a mightier might, obtain a more lasting empire, and form the only real government which, save the short theocracy of the Jews, ever existed on earth? We pause—nay, nature, the world, the church, poor afflicted humanity, distracted governments, falling thrones, earth and heaven together, seem to pause with us, to hear the wherefore to this why.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

## VICTOR COUSIN.

THESE five series of volumes form one connected and uniform edition of M. Cousin's entire original works.\* The translations which he has issued at different periods, and the writings of other celebrated authors which he has carried through the press (accompanied not unfrequently with notes and

introductions of his own), are not included in the plan. The three first series contain all his productions of a purely philosophical character. The fourth consists of literary fragments. While the fifth comprises the well-known Reports on Education in Holland and Germany, together with the acts of M. Cousin as Minister of Public Instruction, and his speeches in defence of the University system of France. As these volumes comprise the whole of what our author has published during a long and active life of literary labor, we may regard them as offering a fair opportunity for estimating his merits as a philosopher, an historian, and a littérateur.

Such an edition of Cousin's writings was urgently called for. Several of the publications which from time to time have appeared

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\* 1. *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne.* Par M. VICTOR COUSIN. 5 vols. Paris: 1846.

2. *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne.* 2<sup>e</sup> Série. 3 vols. Paris: 1847.

3. *Fragments Philosophiques pour faire Suite aux Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie.* 4 vols. Paris: 1847.

4. *Œuvres de M. Victor Cousin.* 4. Série. Littérature. 3 vols. Paris: 1849.

5. *Œuvres de M. Victor Cousin.* 5. Série. Instruction Publique en France sous le Gouvernement de Juillet. Paris: 1850.

under his name, have been far from giving a correct representation of his philosophical opinions on the one hand, or of the purity of his style on the other. Lectures, taken down in short-hand from the lips of the speaker, have gone forth as though they were finished compositions; and these, again, have been reproduced in foreign editions, without receiving the slightest correction from himself, or the slightest voucher for the accuracy of their contents. For the errors and misunderstandings which have thus arisen there will no longer be any excuse; and we earnestly recommend all persons who wish to learn our author's real opinions, to abjure the use of all apocryphal accounts of them, and to have recourse at once, whether for exposition or refutation, to his own acknowledged writings.

In the present edition, duly corrected and arranged by the author, the means are at length afforded us of reviewing his career from unquestionably authentic sources. Of no living writer, perhaps, could it be said that such a review was more needed, in order to place the literary world at large in possession of his real sentiments, or of the course of their formation. To say nothing of the imperfect character of some of the former editions, it is evident that the fragmentary and miscellaneous nature of his productions, which, to be properly judged of, must be regarded as a whole, and the rhetorical form in which many of his most important doctrines were delivered, have of themselves contributed to scatter the most disjointed, and even opposite, notions, respecting the true idea of Cousin's philosophy, throughout the world. When we look at his collected works side by side, we find in them a series of efforts, ranging from the period in which their author was scarcely out of his teens down to the present day, each of which is not uncommonly read and quoted, as though it were a full and accurate representation of his opinions, instead of being a small portion of the several stages through which his opinions have been gradually formed. No wonder that philosophical sciolists and keen-eyed critics have discovered among them a harvest of rhetorical phrases—of verbal errors—and even of logical contradictions, upon which to practise their art and display their ingenuity. For if there are few who make sufficient allowance for the case of mental progress, where a man commits his thoughts consecutively to the press, or who forbear to stamp on its

results the title of inconsistency, still fewer are there who can face a paradox without flinching, and allow to the rhetorician a license in the statement of truths, which very probably the rigid laws of logic may neither justify nor comprehend.

The very first requisite for understanding an author like Cousin aright, is to view him as a whole; to regard each of his successive works as a fragment of the process which goes to make up our integral idea of him; to consider attentively the point from which he started—the advances he made in the course of his continued labors—the influence of men and circumstances upon his mental development—and the mode in which his intellectual life has embodied itself in his writings, as an organic growth. This accordingly is the view which it is our present design to furnish, and which will be based upon the works before us. We have no intention of criticising minutely the philosophical doctrines which our author has propounded, to wind our way through the intricate metaphysical problems he has endeavored to solve, or to test his solutions by any scientific touchstone. Such a task might indeed be interesting to the speculative philosopher, but it would scarcely be sufficiently attractive to the public at large. In his works, as now collected and arranged in distinct series, we shall see M. Cousin in the light of a student, a professor, an orator, an historian, and, more than all, of a great writer, whose pointed periods have touched the chords of modern society, and thrilled through the minds of thousands in almost every quarter of the civilized world.

A popular statement of the phases through which M. Cousin has passed in his progress, and of the system in which he has taken up what appears likely to be his permanent abode, may assist in removing the misapprehensions to which Professor Sedgwick alludes in a Preliminary Dissertation to the Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge. After recommending the critical discussion of Locke's Essay in the Lectures of Victor Cousin, both as a guide and safeguard in passing "onwards to the higher transcendental speculations of the German school," Professor Sedgwick adds: "The works of this writer have, by some men, been sneered at and undervalued, because they are critical and eclectic. But this may be, and often is, a first-rate merit. There can be no end to the motley forms of science, if every succeeding author is to give us a new system.

Because we reject some part of the scheme of Locke, or think that the common sense induction school of Scotland has fallen short of a perfect system:—because we think that the idealism of the German school may have been pushed too far by shutting from our view the true foundations of that great mass of material knowledge, which rests on the evidence of our senses, and is therefore fundamentally empirical or sensual:—because we believe all this, it follows not, that we are to deny the good that is already done or to close our eyes to the great truths that have been in part unfolded. No system of psychology has perhaps yet been published, or ever will be published, in such a form as to contain the whole essence of metaphysical truth.” (5th Edit. 1850.) Among the text-books for the Cambridge Moral Science Tripos of next year, the only work by a living writer is “The Philosophy of the Eighteenth Century.”

On the early life of M. Cousin it is not our province to dwell. Suffice it to mention that he was a “child of Paris,” educated at the Lyceum of Charlemagne; that he became a student at the *École Normale*, on the establishment of that institution in 1810; that he there entered on the study of philosophy under the guidance of MM. Laromiguière, Maine de Biran, and Royer Collard; and that on the elevation of the latter to the head of the University by the restored Government of 1815, M. Cousin, then only twenty-three years of age, was appointed his successor to the Chair of Philosophy in the *Faculté des Lettres*. From that time to the present day, (with a few interruptions which will be noticed in the sequel), he has retained his connection with the University of France, and labored in it personally as a public expositor of the history of philosophy.

Before we follow him into the duties of his new calling, or describe the spirit in which those duties were undertaken, let us pause for a moment and take a rapid glance at the condition of philosophy in France at this precise juncture. The general tendency of philosophical thinking throughout Europe, during the eighteenth century, is well known. That every thing should be made clear and palpable was the unconscious bent of the age, and was made its imperious demand. Mystery it could not endure. All the secrets of the universe must be laid bare to the light of day. Wherever there seemed to be darkness, forthwith, unless light was procured, reality was denied. In fact, the spirit of Voltaire had become the master spirit of the

time; and common sense, in the grossest acceptance of the term, the absolute test of truth. The effect of this tendency was to fix upon that which is most accessible to the unreflecting mind,—namely, matter and organization,—as the sole basis of all things; to regard morals, not as the indication of the deep hidden laws of our spiritual being, but as another name for worldly wisdom; and to look upon religion as a mere creation of priestcraft, cleverly designed to aid ambition, and throw dust into the eyes of the simple. A broad separation grew up between the natural and the supernatural; between that which was supposed to harmonize with the course of nature, and what were considered the shadowy creations of an unreal enthusiasm. On one side was man—a compact mass of nerves and organs—placed in the midst of a material universe; on the other side were dreams about mind, freedom, duty, and religion. It seems never to have occurred to these materialists, that there was a contradiction in the very statement of their principles,—that if man were wholly a part of organic nature, and slavishly subject to its laws, every thing which results from his organization must be natural also; and that, assuming the ganglia and the brain to regularly secrete morals, religion, and other such phenomena, these more abstruse phenomena would have the same title to be legitimate results of the natural working of the universe as the nerves and organs themselves; and could not, therefore, rationally be thrown aside into the regions of falsehood and imagination. Such, however, in spite of every contradiction, was the bias or rather passion of that period. All departments of mental and moral science were translated into the language of pure materialism. Cabanis, the physiologist of the school, professed to demonstrate with his scalpel the process by which a vibration of the nervous system becomes transformed into thought and emotion. Volney and St. Lambert were its moralists; while M. Destutt de Tracy elaborated the same theory on the side of psychology and logic with unusual clearness and plausibility.

What those secret and irresistible laws really are, which guide the intellectual tendencies of an age or a people, no one has yet succeeded in explaining. The fact, however, that such laws and periodic tendencies exist, can no longer be a matter of doubt. The tide of materialism, which had inundated France and wrought a sensible impression at once upon both its literature and its practical life, seemed to have reached its height, spent



itself, and come to a temporary resting place very soon after the opening of the present century. A reaction was in fact then preparing, and was turning the hidden processes of thought into a new direction, even in minds apparently least disposed to yield to its influence.

The first of the public professors, in whom this nascent tendency became manifest, was M. Laromiguière. Nurtured in the school of the ideologists, nothing was further from his intention than to dispute the main principles for which the ideologist had contended. And yet we find him, in his own despite, veering round to another quarter, and giving up, almost unawares, the whole passive theory of the origin of our ideas. Such a change indeed became inevitable when he introduced the element of *attention* as an indispensable step in every act of intelligence, and maintained, as a necessary consequence, the autonomy of the human will. Connected with M. Laromiguière was a man of still greater vigor of mind, of more independent spirit, and with far stronger powers of psychological analysis,—M. Maine de Biran. Led by no teacher, impelled forward by no influences beyond his own deeply reflective nature, M. de Biran gradually modified his philosophic theory from the lowest depths of materialism, to an idealistic principle almost rivalling that of Fichte himself. Fixing his keen eye upon the power of the *will*, he stripped it of all determining circumstances, disengaged it as a primitive force from the phenomena of desire; and showed that, if we are to have one absolute basis for philosophy, such basis can be no other than *self*, at once the revealer and the type of all casuality, whether in Nature or in God. There was still a third, in whom the new tendency manifested itself, combined with a peculiar gift of lucid exposition, both as a lecturer and a writer,—namely M. Royer Collard. He it was, who had the honor of making the first open breach with the materialistic school, of declaring the whole basis of their speculations unsound, and of professing to take his stand upon directly contrary principles. Conscious that the Scottish school, under the guidance of Reid, had struggled successfully against the empiricism and the scepticism which had prevailed in England; perceiving that it had carried the main points of the controversy in a fair and open fight; M. R. Collard naturally betook himself thither to find at once alliance and sympathy in the combat commencing now in France. The principles for which he was seen contending

were, accordingly, the very same as those for which Reid had contended before him. Like his Scottish predecessor, he investigated with the greatest care the doctrine of the immediacy of human knowledge in the act of perception, in opposition to that of representative ideas, or the still more materialistic theory of nervous impressions. Together with Reid, he affirmed the existence of original principles of belief; and in justice to him, let it be also said, that he had the credit of separating, far more clearly than Reid himself, the subjective and constitutive elements of human knowledge from the immediate experiences given in our perceptive and intuitive faculties.

Under the guidance of these three minds, the early philosophical education of M. Cousin had been begun and completed. The materialistic theory he had never himself imbibed. More favorably situated than his predecessors, he was, therefore, never subjected to the necessity of painfully working himself out of the dregs of ideology by an effort, in which their mental strength had been well nigh exhausted. Not only did he come upon the stage after the reaction had fully set in, but he was brought up under the direct influence of the men in whom that reaction was most clearly developed. Added to this, he had been a favorite pupil of M. Royer Collard; he had been selected by him, as the most worthy expounder of his philosophical principles; and was chosen by him, when hardly mature either in age or culture, to be his successor in the chair of the "History of Philosophy," on being himself called upon by higher duties to resign it. Under these circumstances it will not be wondered at that M. Cousin made his first appearance as a professed disciple of the Scottish School. His emancipation by date of birth from the sensational philosophy, his veneration for the teacher whose footsteps he had now to follow, and the reputation which the doctrines of Reid were then enjoying, as being the most energetic protest against the sceptical theories lately in fashion, all concurred to make "the philosophy of common sense" the starting point, from which he entered on his career as a public professor.

In the December of 1815, Cousin delivered his first lecture at the opening of the session in the Faculté des Lettres. This lecture appears in the first volume of the present series, and it leaves no doubt concerning the doctrines he had undertaken to expound, and which he was now still further to develop. It was plain that the battle against material-

ism would be here fought upon the field of Reid's perceptionalist theory. The principle of Descartes,—that every truth is to be ultimately referred to the *consciousness of the Ego*,—is charged with all the consequences of Berkeley and Hume; while the theory of the immediacy of our knowledge of the external world, is described as the portal into all true science and true philosophy.

"What a service," he exclaims, "has that philosophy rendered to the world, which, by dissipating the prestige of an illusory representation, for ever destroyed the ideal hypothesis, and succeeded in pulling down the vain props by which philosophy had sought to vindicate the material world,—in order to re-establish it on its natural foundation. Reid is the first who disengaged perception from the sensation which envelops it, and placed it in the rank of our original faculties. The reign of Descartes ended with Reid. say his reign, not his glory, which is immortal."—*I. Série*, tome i. p. 14.

Notwithstanding the plan marked out in this opening address, the lectures which followed were anything but a development of it. The attempt to unravel the theory of perception brought the lecturer unconsciously upon the prior question of personal identity, and the nature of the *Ego*—the perceiving principle itself. Leaving, therefore, the development of the theory of perception, Cousin devoted all his energies to explain the existence, the personality, and the substantial reality of *The Me*, as implying a self-acting and intelligent being; tracing the subject historically, all through the English, Scotch, French, and to some extent, even the German schools of philosophy. During this process, the incomplete nature of Reid's analysis of first principles gradually dawned upon him. It had been the lot of Reid to be the first boldly to take the field against doctrines which had long been deeply rooted in the philosophical mind of Europe. Intent upon the great fundamental points for which he was contending, he had little time, and perhaps less disposition, to construct them into a system, or even subject them to any very close analysis. Hence the "first principles," which he enumerated, were any thing but a scientific classification of the *a priori* elements of human knowledge. There was no separation yet effected between the *matter* and the *form* of our ideas; but simply and uncritical, and (as it professed to be) a *common sense* exhibition of the first truths, which rest upon universal consent, and enter necessarily into our knowledge in its various branches. M. Royer Collard, as we before mentioned, had attempted,

and not without some success, an improvement in the statement and classification of these primary principles; and had advanced so far towards the extrication of the *forms* of thought from the *concrete* phenomena, as to employ the term "Constitutive principles of the human Understanding." But the analysis was far from being complete; the critical element in his system was still comparatively slight; and the problems respecting the nature of human knowledge were hardly raised above the platform upon which they had been investigated by Reid himself.

Ere the first session was ended, Cousin became fully aware of this deficiency. His mind, naturally acute and analytic, sought to penetrate further into the relation between the knowing and the known; to see what are the elements which come respectively from each, and how they are blended in knowledge itself; to complete, in a word, the table of categories or forms of thought, which M. R. Collard had so felicitously commenced. Where, then, was our young philosopher to look for assistance in this arduous task? or, to whose aid had M. Collard owed his previous measure of success? Rumors of the Sage of Königsberg, as being the source of these improved analyses, had already crossed the Rhine. The barbarous Latin translation, for so he terms it, of the "*Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*," was even now in Cousin's hands; and he determined, in spite of all the difficulty of the enterprise, to see what light could be shed upon the question from this quarter.

In the opening lecture of the next session we, accordingly, find that a very palpable element of the Critical Philosophy has been introduced into the Scottish method of the year before. The relation of Subject and Object now appears in the foreground, as the question out of which the main problems of philosophy virtually spring. The schools of Locke, of Reid, and of Kant, are regarded as representing three progressive modes of treating the same great question; all of them valuable in one point of view, and all defective in another. Thus early was the value of Kant's critical labors fully asserted, though without yielding to them any implicit assent; and in a few bold sentences was drawn the first rough sketch of that peculiar system of Eclecticism, which has since gathered round its centre almost all the rising metaphysical genius of France, and nurtured into full growth one of the most popular, and in some respects most energetic, schools of modern philosophy.

Cousin, however, was not long content to

terminate his researches with the philosophy of Kant. Excited by the reports which from time to time reached him of new and fruitful philosophical systems, as yet wholly unknown to France, he determined to spend the autumn of the year 1817 in making, as it were, a voyage of discovery into Germany. The "*Natur-Philosophie*" was then in the zenith of its glory; every one had been charmed with its novelty, its poetry, and the eloquence with which it had been expounded by its author.

"The great name of Schelling," remarks Cousin, "resounded in all the schools—here celebrated, there almost cursed; everywhere exciting that passionate interest, that concert of ardent eulogium and violent attack, which we call glory."—III. *Série*, tome iv. p. 74.

In place, however, of visiting Schelling, whom he had so ardently desired to know, Cousin met, by chance, at Heidelberg, a quiet unostentatious young man, of whom he had scarcely heard, and who then passed as a somewhat clever disciple of Schelling. His name was *Hegel*. What benefit he derived from his intercourse, it would not now be easy to decide. The one knew very little of German—the other just as little of French; and yet after the very first conversation, or rather *attempt* at it, Cousin assures us that he felt himself in the presence of a Superior Spirit; that on leaving Heidelberg he announced him, and became his prophet; and that on his return to France he said to his friends—"I have seen a man of genius." *Hegel*, it seems, made him a present of his *Logic*, which had just appeared; but, says Cousin, "c'était un livre tout hêrissé de formules, d'une apparence assez scholastique et écrit dans une langue très peu lucide, surtout pour moi."

Whatever may have been the effect of this intercourse with Germany, certain it is that Cousin, during the next session (which occupied the greater part of the year 1818), produced a highly interesting course of lectures based upon the Ideas of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. The opening lecture is devoted to an exposition and a defence of the principle of Eclecticism, and the second to the question of Method. Having cleared the way by a general view of these two points, he proceeds to the exposition and analysis of what are termed absolute Ideas; whence, preserving all along the grace and clearness which so peculiarly distinguish him, he floats onward through the regions of metaphysical, of æsthetic, and of moral truth,—

at the same time criticising the doctrines of every remarkable school of philosophy, developing his own more or less fully, and pointing out the applications of each to art, science and natural theology. Whatever opinion the philosophical student may form concerning the metaphysical basis of this course, no scholar assuredly will deny either the exquisite touches of criticism, or the sudden glimpses into broad and practical principles, which are scattered throughout the whole.

During his next vacation, Cousin revisited Germany; and repairing to Munich, found both Schelling and Jacobi, who appear to have received him into their friendship with true German cordiality, and to have devoted an entire month—little enough—to indoctrinating him into the mysteries of their philosophy. We can hardly help envying our author the reminiscences of a visit passed with such companions. The one the most suggestive, the most poetical, the most artistic, of modern philosophers,—the man who, beyond all others, had realised the ideal side of nature, who had given to it the most lofty expression, and had construed the world most perfectly into the language of pure Idea: the other the modern Plato of the Teutonic schools, at once the critic and the counterpoise of Kant, the herald and the prophet of intuition, the conductor of the principles which Reid had introduced on the stage of perception, into the higher regions of spiritual truth. Little wonder is there that Cousin, himself a philosopher, and almost a poet—a young enthusiast, too, in the first ardor of the Ideal philosophy, should have allowed his enthusiasm to pass into something like blind veneration. Yet he never yielded up the proper independence of his own understanding, or failed to point out what appeared to him a departure from the sober pathway of common sense; and, however fruitful may have been the seeds sown in his mind by his new friends, he at any rate made little immediate manifestation of them. Almost the whole of the next session (that of the year 1819) was in fact devoted, not to the German, but to the Scottish school, which he here takes as the basis of an extended course on morals. And of all the lectures which he delivered at the *Faculté des Lettres*, these now fill the largest volume, and appear the most complete. The character, genius, and historical position of the Scottish people are severally portrayed with spirit and accuracy: the breach made in the reigning philosophy of Locke is traced from its commencement in Hutcheson, through

its further enlargement in Adam Smith, to its completion under Reid, when from it issued the systematized doctrine of common sense. Of this last philosopher he gives the following description:—

"Reid was the hero of this philosophic warfare; and he is a complete representation of the character of his country. There was not a single quality of Scottish genius wanting to him. It may be said of him, without any exaggeration, that he was *common sense itself*. Often common sense appeared in him somewhat superficial; often, however, profound; but never actually defective. The Scotch good sense is full of *finesse*; accordingly, we find in Reid an infinity of *esprit*. His first work, 'Researches into the Human Understanding according to the Light of Common Sense,' is studded with the happiest traits. Malice and irony would appear to predominate there, were they not constantly tempered with serenity and benevolence. Above these rare qualities, moreover, there reigns an admirable method, which of itself would suffice to place Reid in the very first rank of philosophical thinkers.—I. Série, tome iv. p. 26."

Hardly any thing can be more striking than the contrast which Cousin draws in these lectures between the selfish system of Helvetius, the moral despotism of Hobbes, and the grave, steady, deeply-pondered, timid, yet sure procedure of the Scottish School, in determining philosophically the basis of good and evil. Whatever may have been the predilections, which he manifested, from time to time, in favor of French or German speculations, however he may have been dazzled by the vivacity of the one or the profundity of the other, still it is impossible not to perceive that the real sympathy of his nature goes along with the "principles of common sense." He clearly saw, that in the grave concerns of our moral life we are satisfied neither with the elegance of an easy theory, nor with the mystifications of abstract speculation; but that we ever need to fall back upon those great catholic principles which human nature in its struggles, its trials, its aspirations, its unwearied progress, has sanctioned as giving firmness to the head, courage to the heart, and steadiness of purpose to the will, in the serious duties of human life.

During the next session, that of the year 1820, M. Cousin continued his historical course upon Moral Philosophy, making now the works of Kant the great object of his study, and the main theme of his teaching. These lectures are contained in the Fifth Volume of the First Series, and comprehend a detailed exposition of the "Critick of pure

Reason," together with a running estimate of its merits and defects. There have been more profound treatises undoubtedly written upon the "critical philosophy;" but we much doubt whether any one has seized upon the main points of the argument with more judgment, or ever set them forth in terms so satisfactory to the common understanding. The whole, it should be remembered, was written as a university course, intended, not for the mature and philosophic mind, but for the instruction of students now first entering upon the study of philosophy,—not intended, moreover, for the eye, to be perused and reperused at pleasure, but designed for the ear, and meant to be grasped at once by the listener. For such a purpose it would be difficult to find a "Cours de Philosophie Kantienne," in which the matter is at once so felicitously arranged, and so clearly and elegantly expressed. It was assuredly a remarkable proof of acuteness of mind in a young man of twenty-seven,—with every thing against him, without help or sympathy at home, in a case where a knowledge was to be acquired as well of the most difficult language of Europe, as of the most crabbed metaphysical technology,—that he should have been able to penetrate into those most subtle processes of thought, and re-produce them in language at once fervid and precise. There is, indeed, in the whole of these earlier productions a peculiar freshness and vitality. They want the ease and finish of his later works; but they are, on the other hand, impressed with the wonder and enthusiasm which characterize a mind first passing into new regions of thought, of which it can already perceive the grandeur, though not yet estimate the depths.

A sudden change of circumstances now interrupted the course of the young professor so auspiciously commenced. Having formed the project of publishing the inedited works of Proclus, he had proceeded to Italy to collate some manuscripts. Buried in literary labor, he had not been watching the political changes in his own country; where, on his return, only after a few weeks' absence, he found that a reaction had set in, which must have an important bearing upon his own career. Not only was the liberty of the press curtailed, but the Government had also determined to fetter the freedom of public instruction, and close the lips of those who were thought unfavorable to Absolutism. Royer Collard was accordingly removed from the presidency of the University; Guizot was thrown out of the Conseil



d'Etat; Cousin, being suspected of liberalism, was silenced at the Faculté des Lettres; and, after a short time, the École Normale was itself suppressed.

Arrested in his lectures, Cousin turned with so much the more ardor to his studies. In addition to Proclus, he now determined on rendering the entire works of Plato into French, and on enriching them with notes, introductions, and other apparatus for a critical study of the Platonic philosophy. It was during this same period of leisure that he collected the fragments he had written at various periods for different reviews and journals, and published them with a preface, in which the chief points of his philosophy, as then developed, were expounded with remarkable force and brevity. As we have now, therefore, arrived at the close of Cousin's first career, this seems the proper place for shortly noticing his progress as a philosophical thinker, before we pass on to the events which soon succeeded.

The first point to which Cousin had directed his attention on assuming the chair of philosophy, had been the proper *method of research*. The *method* he adopted—as he himself reminds us—was once sanctioned by the whole spirit of the age, and the undoubted scientific tendency of the European mind. Bacon first showed, how observation and induction formed the true mode of proceeding in the pursuit of natural science: and from his time downwards the same *organum* became gradually introduced into mental philosophy. A false, or rather imperfect application of this method had given rise, first, to the philosophy of Locke, and afterwards to that of Condillac, along with the whole materialistic school. With the very same weapons, on the other hand, this philosophy had been combated by Reid and Kant; both of whom assumed the facts of consciousness duly observed for the real basis upon which the whole superstructure of their subsequent systems was to be raised.

"Facts," observes Cousin, "facts are the point of departure, if not the *limits* of philosophy. But these facts, whatever they may be, only exist for us, in so far as they reach the consciousness. It is there alone that observation watches them, before delivering them over to that process of induction which draws out of them the consequences which they contain within their bosom. The field of philosophic observation is consciousness—there is no other; but, within it nothing must be neglected; all is important; for every thing there holds together; and, if one portion fail, the unity of the whole cannot be grasped. To enter into the consciousness, and study with scrupulous

care all its phenomena, its variations, its relations—this is the first department of philosophy; its scientific name is *Psychology*. Psychology, accordingly, is the condition, and, as it were, the vestibule of philosophy."—III. *Serie*, tome iv. p. 11.

Cousin's next purpose was to show that a careful study of all the facts of consciousness reveals three great classes of phenomena, which, however interwoven in their operations, are yet perfectly distinct in their nature. These are the facts of reason, of will, and of sensibility.

In the field of *Reason* the philosophy of Reid had already proved that we are not wholly dependent for our Ideas upon empirical impressions, but that there are original principles necessarily involved in every branch of human knowledge. Reid, however, had never investigated fully what these principles were, and never reduced them to a clear scientific statement; while Kant, possessed as he was of far greater analytic and critical powers, had performed this task with remarkable success. Cousin, accordingly, under the guidance of Kant, had gone beyond the common sense philosophy, had separated the forms of thought completely from the immediate phenomena as given in experience, and seen that it was possible to reduce them to a table of categories. The next question he asked himself was, is the classification of Kant perfect, or might it not be simplified still further? And the result of his inquiry was the reduction of the four head categories of Kant to the two fundamental ideas of Substance and Cause. Thus far the analysis was simply confined to subjective phenomena. The actual facts of consciousness had been first observed; then they had been traced up to their primitive states, as shown in our rational, voluntary, and sensitive life; and, lastly, the conceptions of reason had been reduced to two great categories, under which all its varieties might be marshalled. The next point, however, which Cousin attempted to investigate, was the passage from psychology to ontology,—from the facts of consciousness to the facts of existence. And here it is that he introduces the notion of the impersonality of Reason, viewed in its purely spontaneous activity; and joins issue with Kant, who had concluded, that *pure reason* only establishes the existence of objective realities within the limits of our sensible experience: thus throwing the evidence of all transcendental realities—such as the being of a God—upon the decisions of the *practical* reason. We freely confess, however, on opinion that, after all, this dispute is mor

al than real. Kant admits that we actually do get to the knowledge of "noumena," things beyond sense,—holding only that we get there through the practical reason; but Cousin shows that we get there by the instantaneous reason. The mode of stating the question and also the terminology differ, but the grand result is the same. Like most other metaphysical distinctions, there is no difference in the actual experience from which all take their start, but only the terms under which we give them scientific statement.

Next to the reason, Cousin proceeded to analyse the Will. The main purport of this analysis was to prove that will is identical with personality; that it is the universal type of power which we conceive the idea of a cause; mingling in two different ways with the reason, it forms, in the first place, the spontaneous, and in the second place, the reflective mode of intelligence; and that it belongs to the very essence of the mind, alike in its spontaneous as in its reflective life, to be

first of all comes the analysis of Sensation. This faculty, he shows, viewed in connection with the reason and the will, enables us to carry our observations into the regions of Nature,—to see the world around us as a conglomeration of causes,—to trace their origin, and measure their force. Here, accordingly, the dualism of the universe gives place to the perception of the essential unity of mind and matter; both being included under the common category of causality.

"Vary and multiply," says Cousin, "the phenomena of Sensation as you will, still reason always refers them, and that necessarily, to a force, which it successively refers, in proportion as our experiences extend themselves, not indeed to internal modifications of the subject, but to the active properties calculated to excite them. In other words, it develops the notion of cause, but does not go further; for properties are always relative, and can only be known as such. The external world, therefore, is simply an assemblage of causes, corresponding to our real or possible sensations; and the relations of these causes among themselves are the order of the world. As the world is made of the same stuff as ourselves, and Nature is the sister of man: she is, like him, active, living, animated; and her history is a dream as well as our own."—III. *Série*, p. 30.

Such were the results to which Cousin had arrived in the first period of his philosophical career;—results which certainly require to be well guarded and accurately explained; which, notwithstanding, lay firm hold on

some of the main principles to which all science, whether physical, metaphysical, or moral, has, for some time past, been steadily conducting us.

There is yet one application of our author's philosophical principles, to which we must here briefly allude;—and that is, Natural Theology. According to Cousin, there is a point in which the conception of cause and substance unite. The mind cannot rest in the ultimatum of an assemblage of causes on the one hand, or a vast variety of substances on the other. We are necessarily impelled, by the very laws of reason, to seek and to demand some unity to which they stand alike related; in other words, to trace them up to a great first cause—to an absolute being—to a God. Here, therefore, we are brought to the infinite, as being at once the counterpart and the complement of the finite: and our ideas of *mind* and *nature* may be reconciled and grounded in that central point of absolute unity which we term *God*. The following passage is a specimen of the style of reasoning which we are now describing:

"The facts of consciousness, which comprehend three internal elements, reveal also to us three external elements. Every fact of consciousness is psychological and ontological at the same time; and comprehends, from the first, the three grand ideas, which science afterwards divides or sums up, but which it can never transcend; namely, Man, Nature, and God. But the Man, the Nature, and the God of Consciousness, are not vain formulas—they are facts and realities. Man is not in consciousness without Nature, nor Nature without Man; but both meet there, at once in their opposition and their reciprocity; just like relative causes and substances, whose nature is always to develop themselves, and always by means of each other. The God of Consciousness is not an abstract Deity—a solitary monarch retained on the other side of creation, upon the desert throne of a silent eternity and an absolute existence, which, indeed, could resemble only the nonentity of existence; he is a God at once real and true; one and many; eternity and time; space and number; essence and life; indivisibility and totality, principle, end, and middle; at the summit and at the base of existence; infinite and finite at once; in brief, a trinity which comprehends at once God, Nature, and Humanity."

That Cousin penned this and some similar passages under the immediate influence of the pantheistic side of Schelling's philosophy, can hardly be doubted. To deny their purely pantheistic character is plainly impossible; neither does the author himself appear disposed to defend them from this

charge, which has been so often made against them. Instead of this, in a note to the present edition he admits that he was led, in the hurry of composition, into "des phrases excessives;" and he has given, in a note to the Fifth Lecture of the Second Series, an exposition of the views which he is to be considered as properly maintaining, when stripped of all oratorical figures. In this note he points out, forcibly and clearly, the middle path (which he considers to be the true one) between the abstract deity of the scholastic theology, and the pantheism of the modern German school. It must be confessed, we think, by every candid reader of the note, that Cousin entirely clears himself in it of the charge of pantheism, as being either an admitted element or result of his philosophy. Those who are only seeking for an opportunity of party warfare with him, in either politics or philosophy, may undoubtedly cull a number of "phrases excessives" from his writings, and hold them up as decisive evidence of his opinions. It is not, however, from sudden and rhetorical phrases that the real opinions of fervid writers are to be gathered; since, for the sake of greater force of expression, their opinions are not unfrequently thrown into the form of paradoxes, in which the latitude of one is left to be counteracted by the restrictions of another. But let his critics look to the whole structure and tendency of his philosophy, and we assert, without the least hesitation, that they could not honestly venture on such a charge. Indeed, pantheism has always been the child of over-wrought speculation, the refuge of the recluse, when worn out with pondering over the mysteries of existence and the insoluble problems of human destiny; while the whole tendency of our author's eclecticism is to depreciate mere individual speculation, to appeal to the sentiments of mankind at large, and to consider that no philosophical dogma has any authority whatever, until it is shown to be based upon and sustained by the massive foundations of common sense.

Passing from this digression, and resuming the thread of Cousin's philosophical biography, we come across an episode which was not without effect upon his subsequent literary productions. During the year 1821, his public duties being suspended and his health precarious, he devoted himself, in his retreat near the Luxembourg, to the philosophical works on which he had been for some time engaged. It was the year of the Piedmontese Revolution, the failure of which

brought the Count de Santa Rosa to Paris. An almost fraternal affection sprang up between them, which only terminated with the death of Santa Rosa in Greece. About the time that the Italian patriot left for Greece, Cousin departed for Germany, as companion to the young Duc de Montebello. He had always been the advocate of liberal opinions; he had joined the association formed by the Duc de Broglie for the maintenance of the freedom of the press; and he was now the bosom friend of a revolutionary exile. Having thus become an object of suspicion, his steps were watched; and no time was lost before he was accused of visiting Germany for the purpose of promoting rebellion against the governments, was arrested at Dresden, and conveyed a prisoner to Berlin. However, after some months' confinement, an honorable acquittal followed of necessity, with the advantage, during his detention, of having enjoyed the constant society of Hegel, Schleiermacher, and their followers. Berlin was then famous for its school of philosophy; and these were its two greatest thinkers.

In 1825, Cousin returned to Paris, and lived there the next two years in obscurity. In 1827, however, when M. de Martignac became prime minister, and the policy of the Government assumed a more liberal tone, he was restored, in common with Guizot and Royer Collard, to his original position at the *Faculté des Lettres*. The brilliant success which attended his next public course, must be looked upon as forming the zenith of his renown as a professor of philosophy. Never, perhaps, (without going back to the days of Abelard) was so large a concourse assembled to listen to a series of lectures on such a subject. Moreover, when we consider that these lectures were accompanied by contemporaneous courses under Guizot and Villemaine, which were listened to with equal ardor, we can hardly fail to regard the whole as forming in itself a remarkable era in the literary history of France. Above 2000 auditors were present on these occasions, collected from the very *élite* of the metropolis; reporters took down the words as they fell from the lips of the professors; and in a short time the sentiments which had absorbed the attention of this crowd of hearers at Paris were on their road to every corner of the country. Let us look then for a moment to the lectures themselves, and see what were their contents.

The preface to the fragments, of which we before spoke, was written subsequent to Cousin's return from Germany; and it forms

the middle point between his earlier and his later philosophical doctrines. In it we find his first decided attempt to construct a passage from the psychological system with which he started, to the more purely rational system to which he was now advancing. The influence of the Hegelian philosophy, after this, becomes for a time more and more manifest. Such is especially the case with the course delivered in 1828, which grasps some of its principal ideas, and puts them forward in popular and often in a very striking form. The course itself purports to be a general introduction to the study of the history of philosophy. Its aim is to give such an explanation of philosophy itself, when considered as a necessary element in the life of man; such an analysis of the great ideas, from which all human development must originate; such a view of the plan of providence in human progress, and the modifying influence upon it of race, climate, geographical position, and other circumstances, as should lay the foundations for a philosophical treatment of history, and rescue it finally from its purely empirical character.

The mode in which this is carried out has undoubtedly a close affinity with the Hegelian view of human consciousness, as a process of thought in which the divine idea perpetually realises and unfolds itself. We have the same bi-polar representation of ideas, as being a unity between opposites; the same virtual identity established between thought and existence; the same doctrine of the *immanence* of Deity in creation; the same constant striving to find a purely rational expression for everything, whether in nature, history, or theology. We do not mean to say that Cousin developed these views with any degree of perfectness; but they assuredly represent a temporary phase, through which his mind actually passed at that period. The course of 1829, on the other hand, is far less Hegelian in its whole character. The author is now again upon his own more proper field; the various movements of the human mind, in its search after truth, come once more before him, in the form of different philosophical systems; and he descends from the transcendental regions through which he had been wandering, to the more sober work of criticism. This year's course, which comprises the two last volumes of the second series, will, in all probability, be ever the most popular of his writings. The connected account which it gives of the history of philosophy from the earliest times; the distinct classification it makes of systems; the brief

yet intelligible glimpses it affords into the interior of almost every school, whether ancient or modern, together with the detailed analysis of Locke, in which is said almost all that ever need be said about the "Essay on the Human Understanding;" in a word, the singular union of the more sober criticism of the psychological school, with occasional flights into the higher regions of metaphysical analysis, all concur to secure for the course of 1829, an interest and a value peculiarly its own.

The great distinction, however, between the first and second period of M. Cousin's philosophy, is the introduction of the idea of History as an element of speculation, and as contributing an essential part towards the proper comprehension of philosophy itself. From the time of Herder, downwards, it had become manifest, that if any fresh life or vigor is to be imparted to philosophy at all, it must be attained by going beyond the analysis of the individual mind, into the broader field of humanity itself. Mind, reason, thought—call it what we may—has a history and a development of its own, and involves certain great laws of progress, quite apart from the individual. These laws can be watched, and to some extent, at least, be determined by a careful process of investigation; and thus the empiricism of history may unite with the *a priori* elements of philosophical speculation, to pour new life into the great problems of man's nature and destiny. Without this vital element of human experience, metaphysics were coming to be viewed more and more as a mere battle field of words and phrases, grounded upon the inherent force of words or forms of speech round which it revolved, but having no value beyond. The most inveterate speculators of modern Germany have at last taken refuge in *History* against the dismal prospect of being choked by the intense dryness of their own productions. Fichte relinquishes his  $A=A$ , for the characteristics of the age and the inspirations of patriotism; Schelling's philosophy was a history and a drama from the very first; and Hegel too, whose hardihood in abstraction is probably without a parallel, yet was constrained to make his dialectical scheme a *process*, in order to give a little movement and interest to the stiffened formulas of which it consists. Schleiermacher, the unmatched theologian of his age, in like manner threw life into the dead rationalism, and, if it were possible, the deader orthodoxy which surrounded him, by showing how the historical growth of the Chris-



tian consciousness in the world became a perpetually renewed foundation of formal theology; while the whole of the social philosophy of France, from the dreams of St. Simon to the positivism of Auguste Comte, was based upon some theory or other of human progress, under the conditions of time and labor.

Under these circumstances, the idea of History became more and more present to a nature always full of the views of others: so much so, that this idea constitutes, it seems to us, the main characteristic of Cousin's later productions. During his earlier period he was working mentally in sympathy with Reid, Kant, and Royer Collard; his great aim then was to analyze the individual mind, to enumerate all the phenomena of consciousness, to disintegrate the form from the matter, and to base his whole conclusions upon these comparatively special grounds. Now, on the contrary, he has passed from the individual mind into the mind of humanity; he is seeking not simply the laws of *his own* reason, but the laws of the *universal* reason; and consequently the main burden of his theme is changed from the region of psychological analysis, to the rational interpretation of history, the universe, and the Absolute.

The struggle we perpetually witness in these later writings,—that of reconciling the psychological starting point with the absolute results to which they aspire,—probably foreshadows the future course of philosophical speculation. It is a course which indeed has already set in beyond the Rhine, with a clearness and a force not to be mistaken. The age of mere logical pastime has gone by; the attempt to construct an absolute truth by abstracting the laws of logic, and representing them as realities through the dialectical subtlety of words, can no longer satisfy the cravings even of the most abstract thinker; it is seen, by most eyes at least, that there is no such thing as an absolute man or an absolute reason; but that in the course of providence, truth, human truth, is continually unfolding itself; that by the secret laws of spiritual progress, the mind of man gets a deeper intuitive insight into the phenomena of nature, and the moral world; and that the problem of philosophy in every age is to embody the highest experience of that age into a reflective system of ideas. The next great philosophy in which the mind of Europe can unite will be, in all probability, the philosophy of history; and then the critic of *pure reason* will become the critic of *language*, as

the great organ of the world's intellect. Experience, and its interpretation, will thus be the two sides of a system, of which history and fact will furnish the one, logic and metaphysics the other. It is in this unity that the old opposition of Empiricism and Idealism must, if ever, disappear.

The events which now ensued form an important portion of M. Cousin's public life. But we must pass over them rapidly. In 1830, the revolution of July opened a noble field for men of letters and liberal opinions. Two of his contemporary professors, MM. Guizot and Villemaine, entered boldly upon the political arena. Cousin remained faithful to philosophy, accepting, however, the Presidency of the *École Normale*. From this moment he devoted himself to the reorganization of the entire system of public instruction—at the same time carrying on his labors as the historian of philosophy, both in his lecture room and with his pen. Having reconstructed the Normal School, and arranged the programme for graduation in the department of Philosophy, he next turned his attention to the education of the people at large, and determined to lay the foundation for a new and improved system of primary instruction. For this purpose, in the year 1831, he made a tour of inquiry through Germany and Holland. The results at which he arrived were embodied by him in the detailed Report, which has since been so favorably introduced to the English public by Mrs. Austin. The Report served for the basis of the Law on Education. Subsequently adopted by M. Guizot, it has been read and quoted with approbation by the most enlightened educationalists in this country, and has been distributed, by order of the Government of New York, to every public school-master in the State.

In 1832, M. Cousin was raised to the peerage, and was at the same time urged to take a more direct part in political affairs. He has appeared, however, but rarely in the debates, and chiefly in connexion with the laws relative to public instruction. When in 1840 he joined the Cabinet, it was as Minister of Instruction. He held the office only eight months, but time enough to introduce a vast number of reforms, which he afterwards included in a volume, entitled "*Principaux Actes du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique, du 1<sup>re</sup> Mars au 19<sup>me</sup> Octobre, 1840;*" this, along with some additional matter, now forms the three first volumes of the fifth series of his works. The chief struggle, in which he was engaged during his

more public career, was the defence of the University against the attacks of the ecclesiastics : it is a struggle still going on under the Republic, and not more successfully than under the Monarchy before it. In 1841 Cousin, leaving the Cabinet, re-entered upon his duties at the University ; and, from that time to the present, he has quietly occupied himself with literary labors, among which are those relating to Pascal and his sister Jaqueline, and the unpublished fragments of the " Philosophie Cartesienne." In 1846 he commenced the entire edition of his own works, which is the basis of the present article, and of which five series are published already. Besides these, a complete edition of Abelard may be soon expected from him. So absorbed, the revolution of 1848 passed over his retreat at the Sorbonne, like a storm which could shake his dwelling indeed, but not disturb its repose. Faithful to the principle of a constitutional monarchy, he saw too plainly the risks and ultimate tendency of the Republic to welcome its establishment ; and though he still retains his position at the Sorbonne, yet he has withdrawn latterly more than ever from political contention within the bosom of those pursuits, neither less useful nor less dignified, which he so long has found sufficient for both happiness and renown.

We must now finally endeavor to sum up briefly our biographical remarks, with a general estimate of Cousin's merits as a philosopher, an historian, and a writer. And first of all, in order to fix aright his true place in the domain of philosophy, we wish to submit the following preliminary remarks in explanation. There are three methods, more or less observable in all ages, by which different schools have attempted to give a theoretic or philosophical form to human knowledge. First, there is the method of *simple observation*. To arrange our experiences of the outward world and throw them into some appreciable order, is the soberest and most cautious effort of the philosophic spirit.—Knowledge exists before philosophy, but exists in its practical and spontaneous form. It is the marshalling of this knowledge under the laws and conditions of the intellectual faculty, in which the very essence of philosophy consists. This attempt is, in some instances, carried only to a certain length.—Mere observers may be content with accurately marking phenomena as they present themselves, seizing upon some of the most striking characteristics, and then seeking to classify them. This is what we intend by the method of simple observation,—a method

in which the immediate object of perception, empirically considered, greatly preponderates over the intellectual form in which it is represented.

The second method may be more properly termed the *reflective* method. Here the concrete phenomena are not only observed and classified, but there is a direct striving, on the part of the intellectual faculty, to *think itself* deep into their nature, their origin, and their fundamental unity. The immediate phenomenon here plays a more subordinate, though at the same time an indispensable part ; while the laws of the intellect are more vigorously pushed forward with the view of moulding the phenomenon into their own definitive form.

The third method assumes the character and title of the method of *pure reason*. Here the empirical element almost entirely disappears. The main effort of this system is to realise and express the pure laws of intellect, as though they alone were eternal verities ; while the only part which outward phenomena can play under it is, to show themselves over-matched by intellectual forms, and to become but the shadows of mental laws and forces, and the passing reflection of their productive energy in the world.

Of the first of these methods we have the most obvious and pleasing illustrations in the departments of natural history, and some of the purely inductive sciences. Here observation and classification do almost all the work, and yet this work is performed (as Dr. Whewell has shown) under the law and guidance of some intellectual idea, which may increase in intensity, until the process of observation merges into that of reflection, or even produces—as in the case of Schelling—a purely intellectual *Natur-philosophie*. In mental science, the method of simple observation belongs to those who make psychology equivalent to philosophy, and so reduce it all to a mere tabulation of internal phenomena. Of the second or reflective method, we have many illustrations. We find it developed in one form in the philosophy of Plato, and still more clearly in the new academy. In later times, it has been differently manifested in Descartes, Leibnitz, Kant, and Jacobi ; in all those moralists who, starting from the intuition of the good, strive to compress the phenomena of morals into a logical form, and in all those theologians who, with Schleiermacher, base their system upon a reflective expression of the actual facts of Christian experience. Of the last or rational method, the most obvious examples are the ideal systems.

of modern Germany; and of these, the most absolute form is the philosophy of Hegel. With him logic, as the pure expression of the laws of thought, is the nerve, bone, and sinew of all philosophy. It will not do with him to observe or to reflect merely;—every thing must be *thought*, it must be seen under the form of pure intellect, nay, it must be a creation of the intellect, construed by it out of nothing, and then its place assigned it in the vast dialectical system of the universe.

Now the position which Cousin takes in this classification is perfectly definite. Although in his opening career there was a leaning towards the method of observation,—although, under the effects of German intercourse, we find expressions now and then which savor strongly of Hegelianism, yet the predominant tone of his philosophy throughout is purely reflective. No one more clearly takes his stand, primarily upon the actual facts and phenomena of the human mind;—no one more vigorously asserts the authority of common sense; no one more distinctly affirms, by every possible mode of affirmation, his firm conviction, that the material of truth is given in our immediate experience, whether by the perception of the senses, or by the immediate intuition of the soul, while the business of philosophy is to present it to us in a reflective form. One or two passing expressions laid aside, there is absolutely no similarity between the main principles of Cousin's philosophy and those of the German Idealists. His real affinities are never either with Schelling or Hegel—they are always with Plato, Descartes, Reid, and Jacobi.

Now in order to estimate the positive worth of this philosophy in France, we have only to place it by the side of the system which it has supplanted in the teaching of the universities, and we might almost say in the popular faith of the country. It is needless to recount the dreary characteristics of the materialistic systems of the last century and the early part of the present. We only point to the fact, that the vital elements of man's universal belief, as a rational, social, moral, and religious being, are as much thrown into oblivion by the purely empirical school, as they are ignored in the logic of Hegel. Professing to stand upon the basis of experience, that school disowns all classes of experience but one,—and that one the least noble of the whole. To the popular outcry for a philosophy of experience based upon sensation, Cousin opposed a philosophy of experience based upon the deepest and most irrepressible convictions of our nature.

His system of eclecticism, though by no means compact as a theory, has consisted in one constant appeal to the convictions of mankind, against the claims of sense on the one side, and the offspring of mere speculation on the other. Convinced that philosophy, as such, can only deal with the forms of truth,—convinced that, though it may enunciate a law, it can back it with no independent authority,—he has ever rested his strongest arguments upon the common beliefs of humanity, as alone able to supply the authority required and to force it upon the reverence of mankind. No movement was more deeply needed in France, at the time at which Cousin took up the study of philosophy, than this: and the result of it has unquestionably been, a more wide-spread change, as well in the public teaching of the country, as in its popular feeling, art, and literature, than (with the exception of Voltaire) was ever effected among a single people by an individual mind. We do not mean that all which he has contended for is defensible, still less do we mean to say that it supplies what a pure religious faith can alone create; but, if to have re-established some respect for the principle of free agency—the law of duty—the doctrine of Immortality—the belief in a personal Deity and a Providence, in a country where those convictions had well nigh died away, be something worth the doing, then, in the part he has contributed towards it, has Cousin deserved well of his fellow citizens and of his age.

As an historian and an editor, the merits of our author have been less contested than as a speculative philosopher. We can merely enumerate his exertions in this department. In ancient philosophy, we have first and foremost the Translation of Plato, with critical introductions to most of the dialogues; next, we have the first book of the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle, translated into French; thirdly, six volumes of the *Alexandrine Commentators*, edited by him; and lastly, a volume of *Fragments*, intended to give insight into the interior of most of the ancient systems. With regard to the middle age philosophy, Cousin has done some service by bringing to light the inedited manuscripts of Abelard, which, as we said, will now be soon followed by an entire edition of his works. To the History of Modern Philosophy he has made a highly valuable contribution, by his magnificent edition of Descartes, and his labors upon Pascal. In addition to this, the occasional elucidation, which all his works afford of the chief systems of more modern

times, has done much to draw attention to the subject. Of the number of critico-historical works which have teemed from the French press for the last ten years, the greater part may be looked upon as being in some sense a direct consequence of Cousin's labors.

Lastly, though as a thinker, Cousin must yield the palm of originality and depth to others; though, in amassing the materials of history, the laborious scholarship of Germany will still claim an undoubted pre-eminence, yet there is one character in which we doubt whether he has been surpassed; and that is in almost every thing which goes to form what the French call "*un grand écrivain*." Of all nations in the world, the French are among the greatest masters of prose; and of all their prose writers, scarcely any one can be said to excel Cousin in power of expression and perfect finish of style. No doubt there is a great difference in this respect, according as we refer to different periods of his life. The earlier pieces have certain marks of immaturity about them which were to be expected from so young a man; while some of those belonging to the middle period are far too oratorical in their construction to serve as a model for calm and philosophic statement, although admirable as specimens of metaphysical improvisation. This is an error, into which lecturers before mixed audiences are too likely to fall. The lovers of lighter literature will see his style in all its purity in some of the later fragments, such as the biography of Santa Rosa, and the articles on Blaise and Jaqueline Pascal. The peculiar faults of most modern compositions—diffuseness and excessive rhetorical embellishment—are here avoided; and when ornament and figure are introduced, it is for illustration only, and in the most perfect taste. Nothing is strained or overloaded; nor is there a sentence more than is necessary to convey the meaning clearly and forcibly to the reader; yet, with all this, there is an ease, a harmony, a music of language and of feeling, which renders the whole as penetrating as the highest poetry.

Some, even among competent judges, may

think that the preceding pages are too partial: and we are not ashamed to admit that the small detraction of verbal critics, to which M. Cousin has so often been exposed in this and other countries, has impelled us to dwell upon those many excellences which they have failed to notice, and are, often, perhaps, unable to appreciate. We have all heard of his rhetoric and inconsistencies, and have been reminded that his talent lies in words rather than in thoughts. Some critics apparently are of opinion that philosophical greatness consists wholly in dialectical subtlety—in the pertinacious carrying forward of logical deductions, without ever turning back to look into those indispensable premises to which every thing must be ultimately referred, and which, indeed, rest in the nature of humanity itself. Cousin's metaphysics are certainly not great in this respect; they are as much the metaphysics of the poet as of the logician; and much, indeed, should we rejoice if our verbal disputants would but attempt for once to give to their philosophical ideas that life and power and practical effect which are so characteristic of Cousin, before they venture to reiterate their contempt. Let us acknowledge, that there are qualities in the true philosopher greater than mere subtlety; that to govern words, apply them wisely, make a language bow beneath him and fulfil his bidding, if not the highest praise, is something more than to be ever slavishly disputing about terms and definitions. And, assuredly, —if a life earnestly devoted to philosophical literature,—if the organization of one of the most energetic schools of the age,—if a power of irresistible eloquence,—if the graces of classical composition,—if the fact of guiding the entire current of a national philosophy for more than twenty years,—if the creation of a vast metaphysical literature, and the re-establishment, more or less, of all the educational institutions of France, be any claim to public gratitude,—then will the names of few men of letters of the present century be entitled to take precedence of that of Victor Cousin.



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## SOME AMERICAN POETS.

It is probable that there has been written much excellent poetry on the other side of the Atlantic with which we are unacquainted, which perhaps has never crossed the water at all. We should therefore be very unwise if we professed to give here, even if such a plan could be executed within the compass of a few pages, a general review of American poetry. All that we propose is, to make some critical observations on the writers before us, accompanied by such extracts as shall not unworthily occupy the attention of our readers. Even the list of names which we have set down at the head of this paper, is the result more of accident than design; the works of these authors lay upon our table. The two first names will be recognized directly, as the fittest representatives of American poetry; they rise immediately to the lips of every one who speaks upon the subject. The two last will probably be new to our readers, and if so, it will be our pleasant task to introduce them. One name only, familiar to all ears, has been purposely omitted. We have elsewhere spoken, and with no stinted measure of praise, of the writings of Mr. Emerson. That writer has found in prose so much better a vehicle of thought than verse has proved to him (and that even when the thought is of a poetic cast), that to summon him to receive judgment here amongst the poets, would be only to detract from the commendation we have bestowed upon him.

We say it is not improbable that there is much poetry published in America which does not reach us, because there is much, and of a very meritorious character, published here at home in England, which fails of obtaining any notoriety. Its circulation is more of a private than a public nature, depending perhaps upon the social position of the author, or following, for a short distance, in the wake of a literary reputation obtained

by a different species of writing. Not that our critics are reluctant to praise. On the contrary, they might be accused of rendering their praise of no avail by an indiscriminate liberality, if it were not the true history of the matter that a growing indifference of the public to this species of literature led the way to this very diffuse and indiscriminate commendation. If no one reads the book to test his criticism, the critic himself loses his motive for watchfulness and accuracy; he passes judgment with supreme indifference, on a matter the world is careless about; and saves himself any further trouble by bestowing on all alike that safe, moderate, diluted eulogy, which always has the appearance of being fair and equitable. Much meritorious poetry may therefore, for aught we know, both in England and America, exist and give pleasure amongst an almost private circle of admirers. And why not sing for a small audience as well as for a great? It is not every Colin that can pipe, that can now expect to draw the whole country-side to listen to him. What if he can please only a quite domestic gathering, his neighbors, or his clan? We are not of those who would tell Colin to lay down his pipe: we might whisper in his ear to mind his sheep as well, and not to break his heart, or disturb his peace, because some sixty persons, and not six thousand, are grateful for his minstrelsy.

One fine summer's day we stood upon a little bridge thrown over the deep cutting of a newly constructed railway. It was an open country around us, a common English landscape—fields with their hedgerows, and their thin elm-trees stripped of their branches, with here and there a slight undulation of the soil, giving relief to, or partially concealing, the red and white cottage or the red-tiled barn. We were looking, however, into the deep cutting beneath us. Here the iron rails glistened in the sun, and still, as the eye pursued their track, four threads of glittering steel ran their parallel course, but apparently approximating in the far perspective, till they were lost by mere failure of the power of vision to follow them: the road itself was

LONGFELLOW'S *Poetical Works*.

BRYANT'S *Poetical Works*.

WHITTIER'S *Poetical Works*.

*Poems*. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*Poems*. By O. W. HOLMES.

straight as an arrow. On the steep banks, fresh from the spade and pickaxe, not a shrub was seen, not a blade of grass. On the road itself there was nothing but clods of earth, or loose gravel, which lay in heaps by the side of the rails, or in hollows between them: it was enough that the iron bars lay there clear of all obstruction. No human foot, no foot of man or of beast, was ever intended to tread that road. It was for the engine only. From time to time the shrill whistle is heard, the train, upon its hundred iron wheels, shoots through the little bridge, and rolls like thunder along these level grooves. It is soon out of sight, and the country is not only again calm and solitary, but appears for the moment to be utterly abandoned and deserted. It has its old life, however, in it still.

Well, as we were standing thus upon the little bridge, in the open country, and looking down into this deep ravine of the engineer's making, we noticed, fluttering beneath us, a yellow butterfly, sometimes beating its wings against the barren sides, and sometimes perching on the glistening rails themselves. Clearly, most preposterously out of place was this same beautiful insect. What had it to do there? What food, what fragrance, what shelter could it find? Or who was to see and to admire? There was not a shrub, nor an herb, nor a flower, nor a playmate of any description. It is manifest, most beautiful butterfly, that you cannot live here. From these new highways of ours, from these iron thoroughfares, you must certainly depart. But it follows not that you must depart the world altogether. In yonder hollow at a distance, there is a cottage, surrounded by its trees and its flowers, and there are little children whom you may sport with, and tease, and delight, taking care they do not catch you napping. There is still *garden-ground* in the world for you, and such as you.

Sometimes, when we have seen pretty little gilded volumes of song and poetry, lying about in the great highways of our industrial world, we have recalled this scene to mind. There is garden-ground left for them also, and many a private haunt, solitary or domestic, where they will be welcome.

We have heard it objected against American poets, but chiefly by their own countrymen, that they are not sufficiently *national*. This surely is a most unreasonable complaint. The Americans inhabit what was once, and is still sometimes called, the New World, but they are children of the Old. Their religion grew, like ours, in Asia; they receive it, as

we do, through the nations of the west of Europe; they are, like us, descendants of the Goth and the Roman, and are compounded of those elements which Rome and Palestine, and the forests of Germany, severally contributed towards the formation of what we call the Middle Ages. They have the same intellectual pedigree as ourselves. No Tintern Abbey, or Warwick Castle, stands on their rivers, to mark the lapse of time; but they must ever look back upon the days of the monk and of the knight, as the true era of romance. Proud as they may be of their Pilgrim Fathers, one would not limit them to this honorable paternity. It is very little poetry they would get out of the *Mayflower*—or philosophy either.

There are, it is true, subjects for poetry native to America—new aspects of nature and of humanity—the aboriginal forest, the aboriginal man, the prairie, the settler, and the savage. But even in these the American poet cannot keep a monopoly. Englishmen and Frenchmen have visited his forests; they have stolen his Red Indian; and have made the more interesting picture of him in proportion as they knew less of the original. Moreover, many of the peculiar aspects of human life which America presents may require the mellowing effect of time, the half obscurity of the past, to render them poetic. The savage is not the only person who requires to be viewed at a distance: there is much in the rude, adventurous, exciting life of the first settlers, which to posterity may appear singularly attractive. They often seem to share the power and the skill of the civilized man, with the passions of the barbarian. What a scene—when viewed at a distance—must be one of their *revivals*! A camp-meeting is generally described by those who have witnessed it, in the language of ridicule or reproof. But let us ask ourselves this question—When St. Francis assembled *five thousand* of his followers on the plains of Assisi, and held what has been called, in the history of the Franciscan order, “the Chapter of Mats,” because the men had no other shelter than rude tents made of mats—on which occasion St. Francis himself was obliged to moderate the excesses of fanaticism and fanatical penance in which his disciples indulged—what was this but a camp-meeting? In some future age, a revival in the “Far West,” or a company of Millerites expecting their translation into heaven, will be quite as poetical as this Chapter of Mats. For ourselves, we think that any genuine exhibition of sentiment, by

great numbers of our fellow-men, is a subject worthy of study, and demands a certain respect. Those, however, who can see nothing but absurdity and madness in a camp-meeting, would have walked through the five thousand followers of St. Francis with the feeling only of intolerable disgust. Yet so it is, that merely from the lapse of time, or the obscurity it throws over certain parts of the picture, there are many who find something very affecting and sublime in the fanaticism of the thirteenth century, who treat the same fanaticism with pity or disdain when exhibited in the nineteenth.

"Miltons and Shakspeares," says an editor of one of the volumes before us, "have not yet sprung from the only half-tilled soil of the mighty continent; giants have not yet burst from its forests, with a grandeur equal to their own; but," &c. &c. Doubtless the giant will make his appearance in due course of time. But what if he should never manifest himself in the epic of twelve, or twenty-four books, or in any long poem whatever? A number of small poems, beautiful and perfect of their kind, will constitute as assuredly a great work, and found as great a reputation. We are far from thinking that the materials for poetry are exhausted or diminished in these latter days. As a general rule, in proportion as men *think*, do they *feel*,—more variously, if not more deeply, themselves—and more habitually through sympathy with others. Love and devotion, and all the more refined sentiments, are heightened in the cultivated mind; and speculative thought itself becomes a great and general source of emotion. As almost every man has felt, at one period of his life, the passion of love, so almost every cultivated mind has felt, at one period of his career, what Wordsworth describes as

"The burden and the mystery  
Of all this unintelligible world."

We are persuaded that both the materials and the readers of poetry will increase and multiply with the spread of education. But there is apparently a revolution of taste in favor of the lyric, and at the expense of the epic poet. A long narrative, in verse of any kind, is felt to be irksome and monotonous: it could be told so much better in prose. We do not speak of such narrations as *The Paradise Lost*, where religious feeling presides over every part, and where, in fact, the narrative is absorbed in the sentiment. If Milton were living at this day, there is no

reason why he should not choose the same theme for his poem. But Tasso and Ariosto would think long before they would now select for their flowing stanzas the *Jerusalem Delivered*, or the *Orlando Furioso*. Such themes, they would probably conclude, might be far more effectively dealt with in prose.

Fiction, told as Sir Walter Scott tells it—history, as Macaulay narrates—such examples as these put the reading world, we think, quite out of patience with verse, when applied to the purpose of a lengthy narrative. They and others have shown that prose is so much the better vehicle. It may be rendered almost equally harmonious, and admits of far greater variety of cadence; it may be polished and refined, and yet adapt itself, in turns, to every topic that arises. No need here to omit the most curious incident, or the most descriptive detail, because it will not comport with the dignified march of the verse, or of the versified style. The language here rises and falls naturally with the subject, or may be made to do so; nor is it ever necessary to obscure the meaning, for the sake of sustaining a wearisome rhythm. If you have a long story to tell, by all means tell it in prose.

But the short poem—need we say it?—is not ephemeral because it is brief. The most enduring reputation may be built upon a few lyrics. They should, however, not only contain some beautiful verses—they should be beautiful throughout. And this brings us to the only real complaint which we, in our critical capacity, have to allege against the tuneful brethren in America. We find too much haste, far too much negligence, and a willingness to be content with what has first presented itself. Instead of recognizing that the short poem ought to be almost perfect, they seem to proceed on the quite contrary idea, that because it is brief, it should therefore be hastily written, and that it would be a waste of time to bestow much revision upon it. We often meet with a poem where the sentiment is natural and poetic, but where the effect is marred by this negligent and unequal execution. A verse of four lines shall have three that are good, and the fourth shall limp. Or a piece shall consist of but five verses, and two out of the number must be absolutely effaced if you would reperuse the composition with any pleasure. Meanwhile there is sufficient merit in what remains to make us regret this haste and inequality. To our own countrymen, as well as to the American, we would suggest

that the small poem may be a great work ; but that, to become so, it should not only be informed by noble thought, it should exhibit no baser metal, no glaring inequalities of style, and, above all, no conflicting, obscure, or half-extricated meanings. We believe that it would be generally found, if we could penetrate the secret history of really beautiful compositions, that, however brief, and although they were written at first during some happy hour of inspiration, they had received again and again new touches, and the "fortunate erasures" of the poet. By this process only did they grow to be the completely beautiful productions which they are. Such exquisite lyrics are very rare, and we may depend upon it they are not produced without much thought and labor, joined, as we say, to that happy hour of inspiration.

Mr Longfellow occupies, and most worthily, the first place on our list. He has obtained, as well by his prose as his poetry, a certain recognised place in that literature of the English language which is common to both countries. His *Hyperion* has been for some time an established favorite amongst a class of readers, with whom to be popular implies a merit of no vulgar description. Mr. Longfellow has relied too much, for an independent and permanent reputation, on his German and his Spanish friends. An elegant and accomplished writer, a cultivated mind—a critic would be justified in praising his works, more than the author of them. He has studied foreign literature with somewhat too much profit. We have no critical balance so fine as would enable us to weigh out the two distinct portions of merit which may be due to an author, first as an original writer, and then as a tasteful and skilful artist, who has known how and where to gather and transplant, to translate, or to appropriate. It is a distinction which, as readers, we should be little disposed to make, but which, as critics, we are compelled to take notice of. We should not impute to Mr. Longfellow any flagrant want of originality ; but a fine appreciation of thoughts presented to him by other mines, and the skill and tact of the cultivated artist, are qualities very conspicuous in his writings. Having once taken notice of this, we have no wish to press it further ; still less would we allow his successful study, and his bold and felicitous imitations of the writings of others, to detract from the merit of what is really original in his own.

What a noble lyric is this, "The Building

of the Ship!" It full of the spirit of Schiller. A little more of the file—something more of harmony—and it would have been quite worthy of the name of Schiller. The interweaving of the two subjects, the building and launching of the vessel, with the marriage of the shipbuilder's daughter, and the launching of that *other bride* on the waters of life, is very skilfully managed ; whilst the name of the ship, *The Union*, gives the poet a fair opportunity of introducing a third topic in some patriotic allusions to the great vessel of the state :—

"Build me straight, O worthy Master !  
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !"

Such is the merchant's injunction to the master builder, who forthwith proceeds to fulfil it.

"Beside the master, when he spoke,  
A youth, against an anchor leaning,  
Listened to catch the slightest meaning,  
Only the long waves, as they broke  
In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were in sooth,  
The old man and the fiery youth !  
The old man, in whose busy brain  
Many a ship that sailed the main  
Was modelled o'er and o'er again ?—  
The fiery youth, who was to be  
The heir of his dexterity,  
The heir of his house and his daughter's hand,  
When he had built and launched from land  
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build the ship !  
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
And follow well this plan of mine :  
Choose the timbers with greatest care,  
Of all that is unsound beware ;  
For only what is sound and strong  
To this vessel shall belong.  
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
Here together shall combine.  
A goodly frame and a goodly fame,  
And the Union be her name !  
For the day that gives her to the sea  
Shall give my daughter unto thee !"

Under such auspices the vessel grows day by day. The mention of the tall masts, and the slender spars, carry the imagination of the poet to the forest where the pine-trees grew. We cannot follow him in this excursion, but here is a noble description of some part of the process of the building of the ship :—



"With oaken brace and copper band  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have control  
Over the movement of the whole ;  
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand  
Should reach down and grapple with the land,  
And immovable, and fast  
Hold the great ship against the bellowing  
blast !"

At length all is finished—the vessel is  
built:—

"There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honor of her marriage-day ;  
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the grey old sea.

On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side,  
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sunny fleck,  
Fall around them on the deck,

Then the master  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand,  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see ! she stirs !  
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting joyous bound  
She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say—  
'Take her, O bridegroom old and grey,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms !'

How beautiful she is ! How fair  
She lies within those arms that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care !

Sail forth into the sea, O ship !  
Through wind and wave right onward steer !  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear !  
Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
And safe from all adversity

Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be !  
For gentleness, and love, and trust,  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust.

Thou too, sail on, O ship of state !  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all its hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !  
We know what master laid thy keel,  
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast and sail and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge, and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock !  
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock ;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail  
And not a rent made by the gale !  
In spite of rock and tempest roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee !"

This noble ode leads the van of a small  
collection of poems called, "By the Seaside."  
A series of companion-pictures bear the name  
of, "By the Fireside." We may as well  
proceed with a few extracts from these.  
The following are from some verses on "The  
Lighthouse."

"The mariner remembers when a child  
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink ;  
And, when, returning from adventures wild,  
He saw it rise again on ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
Year after year, thro' all the silent night  
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable light !

The startled waves leap over it ; *the storm*  
*Smites it with all the scourges of the rain.*  
And steadily against its solid form  
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane."

This is bold and felicitous ; the following,  
to "The Twilight," is in a more tender strain.  
The first verse we cannot quote : we suspect  
there is some misprint in our copy. Mr.  
Longfellow could not have written these  
lines—

"And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the *white caps* of the sea."

Whether women's caps or men's nightcaps  
are alluded to, the image would be equally  
grotesque. The poem continues—

" But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
As if these childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness  
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,  
As they beat at the crazy casement,  
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the mother,  
Drive the color from her cheek!"

Mr. Longfellow understands how to *leave off*—how to treat a subject so that all is really said, yet the ear is left listening for more. "By the Fireside" is a series, of course, of mere domestic sketches. The subjects, however, do not always bear any distinct reference or relation to this title. That from which we feel most disposed to quote is written on some "Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass." It has been always a favorite mode of composition to let some present object carry the imagination, by links of associated thought, whithersoever it pleased. This sort of reverie is natural and pleasing, but must not be often indulged in. It is too easy; and we soon discover that any topic thus treated becomes endless, and will lead us, if we please, over half the world. At length it becomes indifferent where we start from. Without witchcraft, one may ride on any broomstick into Norway. But the present poem, we think, is a very allowable specimen of this mode of composition. The poet surveys this sand of the desert, now confined within an hour-glass; he thinks how many centuries it may have blown about in Arabia, what feet may have trodden on it—perhaps the feet of Moses, perhaps of the pilgrims to Mecca; then he continues—

" These have passed over it, or may have passed!  
Now in this crystal tower,  
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,  
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;  
Before my dreamy eye  
Stretches the desert, with its shifting sand,  
Its unimpeded sky.

And, borne aloft by the sustaining blast,  
This little golden thread  
Dilates into a column high and vast,  
A form of fear and dread.

And onward and across the setting sun,  
Across the boundless plain,  
The column and its broader shadow run,  
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again  
Shut out the lurid sun,  
Shut out the hot immeasurable plain;  
The half hour sand is run!"

We notice in Mr. Longfellow an occasional fondness for what is *quaint*, as if Quarles' *Emblems*, or some such book, had been at one time a favorite with him. In the lines entitled "Suspiria," solemn as the subject is, the thought trembles on the verge of the ridiculous. But, leaving these poems, "By the Seaside," and "By the Fireside," we shall find a better instance of this tendency to a certain quaintness in another part of the volume before us. The "Old Clock on the Stairs" is a piece which invites a few critical observations. It is good enough to be quoted almost entirely, and yet affords an example of those faults of haste and negligence and incompleteness which even Mr. Longfellow has not escaped.

#### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

*"L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux: 'Toujours! Jamais!—Jamais! Toujours!'"*—JACQUES BRIDAINE.

" Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat:  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient time-piece says to all—  
' For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands,  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, 'Alas!'  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass—  
' For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!"

By day its voice is low and light,  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber-door—  
' For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!"

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality!  
His great fires up the chimney roared,  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, like the skeletons at the feast,  
That warning time-piece never ceased—  
‘For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!’

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming stray’d:  
O precious hours! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient time-piece told—  
‘For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!’

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And, when I ask with throbs of pain,  
‘Ah, when shall they all meet again!’  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient time-piece makes reply—  
‘For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!’

Never here, for ever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death and time shall disappear—  
For ever there, and never here!  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly—  
‘For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!’

Mr. Longfellow has not treated Jacques Bridaine fairly—certainly not happily. The pious writer intended that his clock, which represents the voice of Eternity, or the Eternal Destiny of each man, should, by the solemn ticking of its pendulum, utter to the ear of every mortal, according to his conscience, the happy “Toujours!” or the mournful “Jamais!” for the joys of Heaven are either “Always” or “Never.” But no clock could utter to the conscience of any man a word of *three* syllables, and by translating the “Toujours!—Jamais!” into “For ever!—Never!” we lose the voice of the pendulum. The point of the passage is the same, in this respect, as that of the well known story of the Dutch widow who consulted her pastor whether she should marry again or not. Her pastor, knowing well that, in these cases, there is but one advice which has the least chance of being followed, referred her to the bells of the church, and bade her listen to them, and mark what they said

upon the subject. They said very distinctly, “Kempt ein mann!”—“Take a husband!” Thereupon the pastor re-echoed the same advice. Jacques Bridaine intended that, according to the conscience which the listener brought, the swinging pendulum of his eternal clock would welcome him with the “Toujours!” or utter the knell of “Jamais!” This *conceit* Mr. Longfellow does not preserve. But, what is of far more importance, he preserves no one distinct sentiment in his piece; nor is it possible to detect, in all cases, what his clock means by the solemn refrain, “For ever—never! Never—for ever!” When at the last verse the pendulum explains itself distinctly, the sentiment is diluted into what Jacques Bridaine would have thought, and what we think too, a very tame commentary on human life. At the fifth verse, as it stands in our quotation, the old clock quite forgets his character of monitor, and occupies himself with registering the happy hours of infancy. Very amiable on its part; but, if endowed with this variety of sentiment, it should be allowed to repeat something else than its “ever—never.”

“Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient time-piece told—  
‘For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!’”

These remarks may seem very gravely analytical for the occasion that calls them forth. But if it were worth while to adopt a *conceit* of this description as the text of his poem, it was worth the author's pains to carry it out with a certain distinctness and unity.

Considering the tact and judgment which Mr. Longfellow generally displays, we were surprised to find that the longest poem in the volume, with the exception, perhaps, of “The Spanish Student, a play in three acts,” has been written in Latin hexameters—is, in fact, one of those painful, unlucky metrical experiments which poets will every now and then make upon our ears. They have a perfect right to do so: happily there is no statute which compels us to read. A man may, if he pleases, dance all the way from London to Norwich: one gentleman is said to have performed this feat. We would not travel in that man's company. We should grow giddy with on. looking upon his perpetual shuffle and *cinq-a-pace*. The tripping dactyle, followed by the grave spondee, closing each line with a sort of *curtsey*, may have a charming effect in Latin. It pleased a Roman ear, and a scholar learns to be

pleased with it. We cannot say that we have been ever reconciled by any specimen we have seen, however skillfully executed, to the imitation of it in English; and we honestly confess that, under other circumstances, we should have passed over *Evangeline* unread. If, however, the rule *de gustibus, &c.*, be ever quite applicable, it is to a case of this kind. With those who assert that the imitation hexameter does please them, and that they like, moreover, the idea of *scanning* their English, no controversy can possibly be raised.

But although *Evangeline* has not reconciled to us this experiment, there is so much sweetness in the poetry itself, that, as we read on, we forget the metre. The story is a melancholy one, and forms a painful chapter in the colonial history of Great Britain. Whether the rigor of our government was justified by the necessity of the case, we will not stop to inquire; but a French settlement, which has been ceded to us, was accused of favoring our enemies. The part of the coast they occupied was one which could not be left with safety in unfriendly hands; and it was determined to remove them to other districts. The village of Grand Pré was suddenly swept of its inhabitants. *Evangeline*, in this dispersion of the little colony, is separated from her lover; and the constancy of the tender and true-hearted girl forms the subject of the poem.

Our readers will be curious, perhaps, to see a specimen of Mr. Longfellow's hexameters. *Evangeline* is one of those poems which leave an agreeable impression as a whole, but afford few striking passages for quotation. The following is the description of evening in the yet happy village of Grand Pré:—

“Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection  
and stillness.

Day, with its burden and heat had departed, and  
twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the  
herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their  
necks on each other,

And, with their nostrils distended, inhaling the  
freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, *Evangeline's* beautiful  
heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that  
waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human  
affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating  
flocks from the sea-side,  
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them  
followed the watch-dog,  
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride  
of his instinct,  
Walking, from side, to side, with a lordly  
air.”—

All this quiet happiness was to cease. The  
village itself was to be depopulated.

“There o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mourn-  
ful procession,  
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the  
Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods  
to the sea-shore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on  
their dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding  
roads and the woodlands.  
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged  
on the oxen,  
While in their little hands they clasped some frag-  
ments of playthings.”

If in “*Evangeline*,” Mr. Longfellow has hazarded a trial upon our patience, in the “*Spanish Student*,” on the contrary—which, being in the dramatic form, had a certain privilege to be tedious—he has been both indulgent and considerate to his reader. It is properly called a play, for it does not attempt the deep passion of tragedy. It is spirited and vivacious, and does not exceed three acts. Hypolito, a student who is not in love, and therefore can jest at those who are, and Chispa, the roguish valet of Victorian, the student who is in love, support the comic portion of the drama. Chispa, by use of Spanish proverbs, proves himself to be a true countryman of Sancho Panza. We must give a specimen of Chispa; he is first introduced giving some very excellent advice to the musicians whom he is leading to the serenade:—

“*Chispa*.—Now, look you, you are gentlemen that lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day, and noise by night. Yet I beseech you, for this once, be not loud, but pathetic: for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams, therefore each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. What instrument is that?

1st *Mus.*—An Arragonese bagpipe.

*Chispa*.—Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?



1st Mus.—No, your honor.

Chispa.—I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

2d and 3d Mus.—We play the bandurria.

Chispa.—A pleasing instrument. And thou?

4th Mus.—The fife.

Chispa.—I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus.—We are the singers, please your honor.

Chispa.—You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Cordova? *Four men can make little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song.* But follow me along the garden-wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the vicar's skirts the devil climbs into the belfrey. Come, follow me, and make no noise.

[*Exeunt.*]

Chispa is travelling with his master, Victorian. When they come to an inn, the latter regales himself with a walk in the moonlight, meditating on his mistress. Not so Chispa.

Chispa.—Halo! ancient Baltasar! Bring a light, and let me have supper.

Bal.—Where is your master?

Chispa.—Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky *as one who hears it rain* that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every one stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

Bal. (*setting a light on the table.*)—Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (*eating.*)—Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten you mean!

Bal.—And a pitcher of Pedro Zimenes with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (*drinking.*)—Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. Moreover, your supper is like the *hidalgo's* dinner, *very little meat, and a great deal of table-cloth.*

Bal.—Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa.—And more noise than nuts.

Bal.—Ha! ha! ha! You must have your jest, Master Chispa. But shall not I ask Don Victorian in to take a draught of the Pedro Zimenes?

Chispa.—No; you might as well say, 'Don't you want some?' to a dead man.

Bal.—Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa.—For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Bal.—I was never out of it, good Chispa.

Chispa.—What! you on fire, too, old haystack? Why we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict. (*without.*)—Chispa!

Chispa.—Go to bed—the cocks are crowing."

This Chispa changes masters in course of the piece, and enters into the service of Don Carlos; but the change does not seem to have advanced his fortunes, for we find him thus moralizing to himself at the close of the play—

"Alas! and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking. . . . And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains."

It would not be difficult to select other favorable specimens both of the graver and lighter manner of Mr. Longfellow; but we must now proceed to the second name upon our list.

Mr. Bryant is a poet who not unfrequently reminds us of Mrs. Hemans. Perhaps we could not better, in a few words, convey our impression of his poetical *status*. His verse is generally pleasing—not often powerful. His good taste rarely deserts him; but he has neither very strong passions, nor those indications of profounder thought which constitute so much of the charm of modern poetry. For he who would take a high rank amongst our lyric poets, should, at one time or other, have dwelt and thought with the philosophers. He should be seen as stepping from the Porch; he should have wandered, with his harp concealed beneath his robe, in the gardens of the Academy.

Short as Mr. Bryant's poems generally are, they still want concentration of thought—energy—unity. In quoting from him, we should often be disposed to make omissions for the very sake of *preserving* a connection of ideas. The omission of several verses, even in a short poem, so far from occasioning what the doctors would call a "solution of continuity," would often assist in giving to the piece a greater distinctness, and unity of thought and purpose. This ought not to be.

Mr. Bryant's poems, we believe, are by this time familiar to most readers of poetry; we must, therefore, be sparing of our quotations. In the few we make, we shall be anxious to give the most favorable specimens of his genius; the faults we have hinted at will sufficiently betray themselves without seeking for especial illustration of them. Our first extract shall be from some very elegant verses on a subject peculiarly American—"The Prairie." We quote the commence-

ment and the conclusion. The last strikes us as singularly happy. Mr. Bryant starts with rather an unfortunate expression; he calls the Prairie "the garden of the desert;" he rather meant "the garden-desert." He may describe the Prairie, if he pleases, as one green and blooming desert; but the garden *of the* desert implies a desert to which it belongs—would be an oasis, in short:—

#### THE PRAIRIES.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
For which the speech of England has no  
name—  
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,  
And my heart swells while the dilated sight  
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they  
stretch  
In airy undulations far away,  
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,  
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,  
And motionless for ever. Motionless?  
No!—they are all unchained again. The  
clouds  
Sweep over with the shadows, and beneath  
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;  
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase  
The sunny ridges.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.  
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers  
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,  
And birds that scarce have learned the fear of  
man,  
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground  
Startingly beautiful. The graceful deer  
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The  
bee,  
A more adventurous colonist than man,  
With whom he came across the Eastern deep.  
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,  
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,  
Within the hollow oak. I listen long  
To his domestic hum, and think I hear  
The sound of that advancing multitude  
Which soon shall fill these deserts. *From the  
ground*  
*Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice*  
*Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn*  
*Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds*  
*Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain*  
*Over the dark brown furrows. All at once*  
*A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my*  
*dream,*  
And I am in the wilderness alone."

It is a natural sentiment, though somewhat difficult to justify, which poets, and others than poets, entertain when they look about for some calm and beautiful spot, some green

and sunny slope, for their final resting-place. Imagination still attributes something of sensation, or of consciousness, to what was once the warm abode of life. Mr. Bryant, in a poem called "June," after indulging in this sentiment, gives us one of the best apologies for it we remember to have met with. There is much grace and pathos in the following verses:—

"I know, I know I should not see  
The seasons' glorious show,  
Nor would its brightness shine for me,  
Nor its wild music flow;  
But if around my place of sleep,  
The friends I love should come to weep,  
*They might not haste to go.*  
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom  
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear  
The thought of what has been,  
And speak of one who *cannot share*  
The gladness of the scene;  
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,  
*Is—that his grave is green;*  
And deeply would their hearts rejoice  
To hear again his living voice."

"The Lapse of Time" is a piece which might be quoted as a favorable specimen of Mr. Bryant's poetry. It might also serve as an instance of its *shortcoming*—of its want of concentration—of a distinct, firm tone of thought. As it is not long, we will quote the whole of it. Our complaint of a certain weakness—the want of a steady and strong grasp of his subject—could not be less disagreeably illustrated, nor brought to a more rigid test. Our italics here are not complimentary, but simply serve the purpose of drawing attention to the train of thought or sentiment:—

#### THE LAPSE OF TIME.

"Lament who will, in fruitless tears,  
The speed with which our moments fly;  
I sigh not over vanished years,  
But watch *the years that hasten by.*

*Look how they come—*a mingled crowd  
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;  
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,  
The wide world changes as I gaze.

What! grieve that time *has brought so soon*  
*The sober age of manhood on!*  
As idly might I weep, at noon,  
To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I give up the hopes that glow  
In prospect like Elysian isles,  
And let the cheerful future go,  
With all her promises and smiles ?

*The future ! cruel were the power  
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart.  
Thou sweetener of the present hour !  
We cannot—no—we will not part.*

Oh, leave me still the rapid flight  
That makes the changing seasons gay—  
The grateful speed that brings the night,  
The swift and glad return of day.

The months that touch with added grace  
This little prattler at my knee,  
In whose arch eye and speaking face  
New meaning every hour I see.

The years that o'er each sister land  
Shall lift the country of my birth,  
And nurse her strength till she shall stand  
The pride and pattern of the earth :

Till younger commonwealths, for aid,  
Shall cling about her ample robe,  
And from her frown shall shrink afraid  
The crowned oppressors of the globe.

*True—time will seam and blanch my brow :  
Well—I shall sit with aged men,  
And my good glass shall tell me how  
A grizzly beard becomes me then.*

And then should no dishonor lie  
Upon my head when I am grey,  
Love yet shall watch my fading eye,  
And smooth the path of my decay.

Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all  
That speeds thy winged feet so fast ;  
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,  
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest and bearest away our woes,  
And, as thy shadowy train depart,  
The memory of sorrow grows  
A lighter burden on the heart."

Brief as the poem is, it should have been divided into two ; for it is a song of resignation and a song of hope mingled together. It must strike the least reflective reader that no man needs consolation for the lapse of time, who is occupied with hopeful anticipations of the future. It is because Time carries away our hopes with it, and leaves us the very tranquil pleasures of age, that we " sigh over vanished years." Every sentiment which Mr. Bryant expresses in this poem is natural and reasonable ; but it follows not that they should have been brought together within the compass of a few verses. At one mo-

ment we are looking at *the past*, or we are told not to grieve

" That time has brought so soon  
The sober age of manhood on !"

the next, we are called upon to sympathize in some unexpected rapture, by no means happily expressed, about *the future*—"The future !" &c.,—as if some one had been threatening to cut us off from our golden anticipations. The only result we are left in unquestioned possession of is, that if the present time did not move on, the future could not advance. But it is not such an abstraction or truism as this, we presume, that the poet intended to teach ; he intended to portray the natural sentiments which arise as we reflect on human life, whether passing or past, or as seen in the hopeful future ; and these he should not have mingled confusedly together. It would be tedious to carry on the analysis any farther ; but we may add, that it is hardly wise, in the same short poem, to speak rapturously of the Elysian glories of the future, and mournfully of " Time's shadowy train," which can be no other than these Elysian glories *seen from behind*.

Like Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Bryant is both a German and a Spanish scholar ; and he has enriched his own collection of poems with some very pleasing translations. We are tempted to conclude our extracts from this poet by two brief specimens of these translations—the one from the Spanish, the other from the German :—

" Alexis calls me cruel—

. . . . .

I would that I could utter  
My feelings without shame,  
And tell him how I love him,  
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas ! to seize the moment  
When heart inclines to heart,  
And press a suit with passion,  
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather  
The roses where they stand,  
They fade among their foliage ;  
They cannot seek his hand."

Here the maiden is very maidenly. Our next is far more piquant. We often hear of young ladies angling ; they catch, and they are caught ; and they are sometimes not a little frightened at their own success in this

perilous species of angling. Uhland has put all this before us in a very pictorial manner, and Mr. Bryant has very happily translated him—

“ There sits a lovely maiden,  
The ocean murmuring nigh ;  
She throws the hook, and watches  
The fishes pass it by.

A ring with a ring jewel,  
Is sparkling on her hand ;  
Upon the hook she binds it,  
And flings it from the land.

Uprises from the water  
A hand like ivory fair,  
What gleams upon its finger  
The golden ring is there.

Uprises from the bottom  
A young and handsome knight ;  
In golden scales he rises,  
That glitter in the light.

The maid is pale with terror—  
‘ Nay, knight of ocean, nay,  
It was not thee I wanted ;  
Let go the ring, I pray.’

‘ Ah, maiden, not to fishes  
The bait of gold is thrown ;  
The ring shall never leave me,  
And thou must be my own.’ ”

It cannot be complained of *Mr. Whittier's* poems that they are not sufficiently national ; but they are national in a very disagreeable point of view—they introduce us into the controversies of the day. Mr. Whittier appears to be one of those who write verses, hymns, or odes, instead of, or perhaps in addition to, sundry speeches at popular assemblies in favor of some popular cause. His rhymes have the same relation to poetry that the harangues delivered at such meetings bear to eloquence. We were at a loss to understand on what wings (certainly not those of his poetic genius) he had flown hither, till we discovered that his intemperate zeal against slavery, as it exists in the southern States of America, had procured for him a welcome amongst a certain class of readers in England. If we insert his name here, it is simply to protest against the adoption by any party, but especially by any English party, of such blind, absurd, ungovernable zeal, upon a question as difficult and intricate as it is momentous. Both Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Bryant write upon slavery ; and both have produced some very touching poems on the subject ; but they

treat the topic as poets. Mr. Whittier treats the subject with the rabid fury of a fierce partizan. No story so preposterous or ridiculous but he can bend it to his purpose. He throws contumely upon the ministers of the gospel in the Southern States, because instead of attempting, every moment of their lives, to overthrow the unfortunate organization of society that is there established, they endeavor to make the slave contented with his lot, and the master lenient in the exercise of his authority. Sentence of death was passed, it seems, on a man of the name of Brown, for assisting a slave to escape. The sentence was commuted, but this does not prevent Mr. Whittier from hanging the man in his own imagination, and then, *apropos* of this imaginary execution, thus addressing the clergy of South Carolina :—

“ Ho ! thou who seekest late and long  
A license from the Holy Book  
For brutal lust and hell's red wrong,  
*Man of the pulpit, look !*  
• *Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,*  
*This ripe fruit of thy teaching see ;*  
And tell us how to heaven will rise  
The incense of this sacrifice—  
This blossom of the gallows-tree ! ”

And thus he proceeds, lashing himself into frenzy, through the whole of the piece. We dismiss Mr. Whittier, and venture to express a hope : that those who appear to be looking into American literature, for the purpose of catering for the English public, will be able to discover and import something better than strains such as these—which administer quite as much to the love of calumny, and an appetite for horrors, as any sentiment of philanthropy.

The next person whom we have to mention, and probably to introduce for the first time to our readers, is not one whom we can commend for his temperate opinions, or knowledge of the world, or whatever passes under the name of strong common sense or practical sagacity. He is much a dreamer ; he has little practical skill, even in his own craft of authorship ; but there runs a true vein of poetry through his writings ; it runs zig-ag, and is mixed with much dross, and is not extracted without some effort of patience ; but there is a portion of the true metal to be found in the works of *James Russell Lowell*.

Mr. Lowell has, we think, much of the true poet in him—ardent feelings and a fertile fancy ; the last in undue proportion, or at least under very irregular government. But he



lacks taste and judgment, and the greater part of the two small volumes before us is redolent of youth, and we presume that those compositions which stand first in order, were really written at an early age. To the very close, however, there is that immaturity of judgment, and that far too enthusiastic view of things and of men, which is only excusable in youth; as witness certain lines "To De Lamartine," towards the end of the second volume.

With one peculiarity we have been very much struck—the combination of much original power with a tendency to imitate, to an almost ludicrous extent, other and contemporary poets. We find, especially in the first volume, imitations which have all the air of a theme or exercise of a young writer, sitting down deliberately to try how far he could succeed in copying the manner of some favorite author. Sometimes it is Keats, sometimes it is Tennyson, who seems to have exercised this fascination over him; he is in the condition of a bewildered musician, who can do nothing but make perpetual *variations* upon some original melody that has bewitched his ear. He revels with Keats in that poetic imagery and language which has a tendency to separate itself too widely from the substratum of an intelligible meaning, which ought always to be kept at least *in sight*. At other times he paints ideal portraits of women, after the manner of Tennyson. On these last he was perfectly welcome to practice his pictorial art: he might paint as many *Irenes* as he pleased; but when, in his piece called "The Syrens," he recalls to mind the beautiful poem of "The Lotus Eaters!" our patience broke down—we gave him up—we closed the book in despair. However, at another time we re-opened it, and read on, and we were glad we did so; for we discovered that, notwithstanding this proneness to imitate, and often to imitate what should have been avoided, there was a vein of genuine poetry in the book, some specimens of which we shall proceed to give. It is a task which we the more readily undertake because we suspect that most readers of taste would be disposed, after a cursory perusal, to lay the book aside; they would not have the motive which prompted us to explore further, or to renew their examination.

Mr. Lowell's faults lie on the surface; they cannot be disguised, nor will there be the least necessity to quote for the purpose of illustrating them. He is an egregious instance of that *half excellence* which we have

ventured to attribute to such American poets as have come under our notice. The genius of the poet is but partially developed. The peach has ripened but on one side. We want more sun, we want more culture. To speak literally, there is a haste which leads the writer to extravagance of thought, to extravagance of language and imagery; an impatience of study and of the long labor that alone produces the complete work. The social and economical condition of America has probably something to do with this. It is a condition more favorable to the man and the citizen than propitious to the full development of the poet. In England, or any other old established country, the educated class crowd every profession, and every avenue to employment; if a youth once gives himself up to the fascination of literature, he will probably find himself committed to it for life, and be compelled to accept as a career, what perhaps at first only tempted him as a pleasure. If he wishes to retrace his steps, and resume his place in any profession, he finds that the ranks are closed up; no opening at all presents itself—certainly none which, if he is only wavering in his resolution, will solicit his return. He has wandered from his place in the marching regiment; it has marched on without him, in close order, and there is no room for the repenting truant. Now in America there cannot yet be such overcrowding in all the recognized pursuits of life as to render it difficult or impossible for the truant to return. He is probably even invited, by tempting prospects of success, to re-enter some of those avenues of life which lead to wealth, or to civic prosperity. This must act materially upon the young poet. He indulges his predilections, yet does not feel that he has irrevocably committed himself by so doing. Or if he adopts literature as the main object and serious occupation of his life, he can, at the first discouragement—he can, as soon as he has learnt the fact that authorship is a labor, as well as a pleasure—abandon his hasty choice, and adopt an easier and a more profitable career. He has not burnt his ships. They lie in the offing still; they are ready to transport him from this enchanted island to which some perverse wind has blown him, and restore him to the stable continent. Retreat is still open; he does not feel that he must here conquer or be utterly lost; there is no desperate courage, nothing to induce strenuous and indefatigable labor.

But to Mr. Lowell. The first piece in his collection of poems is entitled "A Legend of

Brittany." The subject is as grotesque as legendary lore could have supplied him with. A knight-templar, a soldier-priest who has taken the vow of chastity at a time and place when that vow was expected to be kept, has fallen in love with a beautiful girl. He seduces her; then to hide his own disgrace he murders her; and he buries the body with the unborn infant, under the altar of the church! One day at high mass, when the guilty templar is there himself standing, with others, round the altar, a voice is heard, a vision is seen—it is the spirit of the murdered girl and mother. She appears—not to denounce the assassin—she regrets to expose his guilt—there is so much woman in the angel that she loves him still—she appears to claim the rite of baptism for her unborn infant, who, till that rite is performed, wanders in darkness and in pain. The legend must have received this turn during some *Gorham controversy* now happily forgotten. Notwithstanding the very strange nature of the whole story, there is a pleasing tenderness in this address of the spirit to the wicked templar. After glancing more in sadness than in anger at his falsehood, it continues:—

"And thou hadst never heard such words as these,  
Save that in heaven I must ever be  
Most comfortless and wretched, seeing this  
Our unbaptized babe shut out from bliss.

This little spirit, with imploring eyes,  
Wanders alone the dreary wilds of space;  
The shadow of his pain for ever lies  
Upon my soul in this new dwelling-place;  
His loneliness makes me in paradise  
More lonely; and unless I see his face,  
Even here for grief could I lie down and die,  
Save for my curse of immortality.

I am a mother, spirits do not shake  
This much of earth from them, and I must  
pine  
Till I can feel his little hands and take  
His weary head upon this heart of mine.  
And might it be, full gladly for his sake  
Would I this solitude of bliss resign,  
And be shut out of heaven to dwell with him  
Forever in that silence drear and dim.

I strove to hush my soul, and would not speak  
At first for thy dear sake. A woman's love  
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,  
And by its weakness overcomes; I strove  
To smother better thoughts with patience meek,  
But still in the abyss my soul would rove,  
Seeking my child, and drove me here to claim  
The rite that gives him peace in Christ's dear  
name.

I sit and weep while blessed spirits sing;  
I can but long and pine the while they praise,  
And leaning o'er the wall of heaven I fling  
My voice to where I deem my infant stays,  
Like a robbed bird that cries in vain to bring  
Her nestlings back beneath her wings'  
embrace:  
But still he answers not, and I but know  
That heaven and earth are but alike in woe."

The sacred rite so piteously pleaded for, was of course duly performed. This poem seems to have been written when Keats was in the ascendant, and predominated over the imagination of our author. Nor has he failed to catch a portion of the finer fancy of that exuberant poet. Such lines as the following are quite in the manner of Keats.

"The deep sky, full hearted with the moon."  
..... "the nunneries of silent nooks.  
The murmured longing of the wood."

Or this description:—

"In the court-yard a fountain leaped alway,  
A Triton blowing jewels through his shell  
into the sunshine."

In the second volume we have another legend, or rather a legendary vision, of the author's own invention, which is of a higher import, and still more redolent of poetry. It is called "The Vision of Sir Launfal." This knight has a vision, or a dream, in which he beholds himself going forth from his proud castle to accomplish a vow he had made, namely, to seek "over land and sea for the Holy Grail." What the Holy Grail is, Mr. Lowell is considerate enough to inform or remind his readers, in a note which runs thus,—  
"According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it, to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it." Well, Sir Launfal, in his vision, starts forth upon this knightly and pious enterprise. It is the month of June when he sallies from his castle, and the poet revels in a description of the glories of the summer:—

"Whether we look or whether we listen,  
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
 Every clod feels a stir of might,  
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
 And, *grasping blindly above it for light,*  
*Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.*  
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
 And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean  
 To be some happy creature's palace;  
*The little bird sits at his door in the sun*  
*Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,*  
 And lets his illumined being o'errun  
 With the deluge of summer it receives.  
 His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and  
 sings—  
 He sings to the wide world, she to her nest.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;  
 Everything is happy now,  
 Everything is upward striving;  
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true  
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—  
 'Tis the natural way of living:  
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled?  
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;  
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,  
 And the heart forgets its sorrow and ache;  
 And the soul partakes the season's youth."

The drawbridge of the castle is let down,  
 and Sir Launfal, on his charger, springs from  
 under the archway, clothed in his glittering  
 mail—

"To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail."  
 "As Sir Launfal made morn through the dark-  
 some gate  
 He was ware of a leper crouched by the  
 same,  
 Who begged with his hand and moaned as he  
 sate;  
 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came:  
 The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,  
 The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and  
 crawl,

For this man, so foul and bent of stature,  
 Rased harshly against his dainty nature,  
 And seemed the one blot on the summer  
 morn,—  
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:  
 'Better to me the poor man's crust,  
 Better the blessing of the poor,  
 Though I turn me empty from his door;  
*That is no true alms which the hand can hold.'*"

Sir Launfal proceeds in search of the Holy  
 Grail; but he finds it not. He returns an  
 old man, worn with toil and sad at heart,  
 full of tender commiseration for all the  
 afflicted and distressed. It is winter when

he returns to his castle. There sits the same  
 miserable leper, and moans out the same  
 prayer for alms; but this time it is answered  
 in a very different spirit.

"Straightway he  
 Remembered in what a haughty guise  
 He had flung an alms to leprosie,  
 When he caged his young life up in gilded  
 mail  
 To set forth in search of the Holy Grail—  
 The heart within him was ashes and dust;  
 He parted in twain his single crust,  
 He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,  
 And gave the leper to eat and to drink;  
 'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,  
 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—  
 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,  
 And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty  
 soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,  
 A light shone round about the place;  
 The leper no longer crouched at his side,  
 But stood before him glorified,  
 And a voice that was calmer than silence said—  
 'In many climes, without avail,  
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;  
 Behold it is here,—this cup which thou  
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now!  
 The holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
 In whatso we share with another's need.'"

Such was the dream or vision of Sir Laun-  
 fal. We need hardly add that, when he  
 awoke from it, he exclaimed that the Holy  
 Grail was already found—bade his servants  
 hang up his armor upon the wall, and open  
 his gates to the needy and the poor.

We shall venture upon one more quotation  
 before we quit Mr. Lowell. We must pre-  
 mise that we do not always mark by asterisks  
 the omission that we make, when that omis-  
 sion creates no obscurity whatever in the  
 passage. The following poem we take the  
 liberty of abridging, and we print it, without  
 any interruption of this kind in its abridged  
 form. In this form it will perhaps remind  
 our readers of some of those tender, simple,  
 and domestic lyrics in which German poetry  
 is so rich. There is no other language from  
 which so many beautiful poems might be  
 collected which refer to childhood, and the  
 love of children, as from the German. It  
 has sometimes occurred to us that our poet-  
 esses, or fair translators of poetry, might  
 contrive a charming volumes of such lyrics  
 on childhood.

#### THE CHANGELING.

"I had a little daughter,  
 And she was given to me

To lead me gently onward  
To the Heavenly Father's knees.

I know not how others saw her,  
But to me she was wholly fair,  
And the light of the heaven she came from  
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair.

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,  
And it hardly seemed a day,  
When a troop of wandering angels  
Stole my little daughter away.

But they left in her stead a changeling,  
A little angel child,  
That seems like her bud in full blossom,  
And smiles as she never smiled.

This child is not mine as the first was,  
I cannot sing it to rest,  
I cannot lift it up fatherly,  
And bless it upon my breast.

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,  
And sits in my little one's chair,  
And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
Transfigures its golden hair."

We have still a brief space left for *Mr. Holmes*. It is fit that, amongst our list, there should be one representative of the comic muse. Mr. Holmes, however, is not always comic. Some of his serious pieces are not without a certain manly pathos. Some, too, are of a quite didactic character, and have the air of college exercises. But it is only a few of his lighter pieces we should feel any disposition to quote, or refer to. Mr. Holmes portrays himself to us as a boon companion;—a physician by profession, and one to whom poetry has been only an occasional amusement—one of those choice spirits who can set the table in a roar, and who can sing himself the good song that he indites. Such being the case, we have only to lay down the critical pen to court amusement ourselves, and conclude our paper by sharing with the reader a few specimens of wit or humor.

Civilized life in New York, or Boston, seems to have the same disagreeable accompaniments as with us—as witness

#### THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

"There are three ways in which men take,  
One's money from his purse,  
And very hard it is to tell  
Which of the three is worse;  
But all of them are bad enough  
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,  
And counting up your gains;  
A fellow jumps from out a bush,  
And takes your horse's reins;  
Another hints some words about  
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends  
In such a lonely spot;  
It's very hard to lose your cash,  
But harder to be shot;  
And so you take your wallet out,  
Though you had rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,  
Some filthy creature begs  
You'll hear about the cannon-ball  
That carried off his pegs;  
He says it is a dreadful thing  
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,  
His children to be fed,  
Poor little lovely innocents,  
All clamorous for bread;  
And so you kindly help to put  
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat,  
Beneath a cloudless moon;  
You hear a sound that seems to wear  
The semblance of a tune,  
As if a broken fife should strive  
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide  
Of music seems to come,  
There's something like a human voice  
And something like a drum;  
You sit in speechless agony  
Until your ear is numb.

Poor 'home, sweet home,' should seem to be  
A very dismal place,  
Your 'auld acquaintance,' all at once  
Is altered in the face—

. . . . .  
. . . . .

But hark! the air again is still  
The music all is ground;  
It cannot be—it is—it is—  
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves  
A fracture in your jaw;  
And pay the owner of the bear  
That stunned you with his paw;  
And buy the lobster that has had  
Your knuckles in his claw.

But if you are a portly man,  
Put on your fiercest frown,  
And talk about a constable  
To turn them out of town;  
Then close your sentence with an oath,  
And shut the window down;



And if you're a slender man,  
Not big enough for that,  
Or, if you cannot make a speech,  
Because you are a flat,  
*Go very quietly and drop  
A button in the hat !"*

Excellent advice ! How many hats there are—and not of music-grinders only—in which we should be delighted to see the button dropped ! The next in order is very good, and equally intelligible on this side of the Atlantic. We give the greater of it :—

#### THE TREADMILL SONG.

"They've built us up a noble wall,  
To keep the vulgar out ;  
We've nothing in the world to do,  
*But just to walk about ;*  
So faster now, you middle men,  
And try to beat the ends,  
Its pleasant work to ramble round  
Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,  
He shan't be lazy here—  
And punch the little fellow's ribs,  
And tweak that lubber's ear.  
He's lost them both—don't pull his hair,  
Because he wears a scratch,  
But poke him in the further eye,  
That isn't in the patch.

Hark ! fellows, there's the supper bell,  
And so our work is done ;  
It's pretty sport—suppose we take  
A round or two for fun !  
If ever they should turn me out,  
When I have better grown,  
Now hang me, but I mean to have  
A treadmill of my own !"

"The September Gale," "The Ballad of an Oysterman," "My Aunt," all solicit admission, but we have no space. A few of the verses "On the Portrait of 'A Gentleman,' in the Athenæum Gallery," we will

insert. Perhaps we may see the companion picture to it on the walls of our own Exhibition at Trafalgar Square :—

"It may be so, perhaps thou hast  
A warm and loving heart ;  
I will not blame thee for thy face,  
Poor devil as thou art.

That thing thou fondly deem'st a nose,  
Unsightly though it be,  
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,  
It may be much to thee.

Those eyes, among thine elder friends,  
Perhaps they pass for blue ;  
No matter—if a man can see,  
What more have eyes to do !

Thy mouth—that fissure in thy face,  
By something like a chin—  
May be a very useful place  
To put thy victual in."

Not, it seems, a thing to paint for public inspection. *Apropos* of the pictorial art, we cannot dismiss Mr. Holmes' book without noticing the two or three tasteful vignettes or medallions, or by whatever name the small engravings are to be called, which are scattered through its pages. We wish there were more of them, and that such a style of illustration, or rather of decoration (for they have little to do with the subject of the text), were more general. Here are two little children sitting on the ground, one is reading, the other listening—a mere outline, and the whole could be covered by a crown-piece. A simple medallion, such as we have described, gives an exquisite and perpetual pleasure ; the blurred and blotched engraving, where much is attempted and nothing completed, is a mere disfigurement to a book. The volume before us, we ought perhaps to add, comes from the press of Messrs. Ticknor and Co., Boston.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## PORTRAIT GALLERY.

D. M. MOIR (THE "DELTA" OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

BY GEORGE GILELLAN.

PLEASANT and joyous was the circle wont to assemble now and then (not *every* night, as the public then fondly dreamed) in Ambrose's some twenty-five years ago: not a constellation in all our bright sky, at present, half so brilliant. There sat John Wilson, "lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye," his hair somewhat thicker, and his eye rather brighter, and his complexion as fresh, and his talk as powerful, as now. There Lockhart appeared, with his sharp face, *adunco naso*, keen poignant talk, and absence of all enthusiasm. There Macginn rollicked and roared, little expecting that he was ever destined to stand a bankrupt and ruined man over Bunyan's dust, and cry, "Sleep on, thou Prince of Dreamers!" There De Quincey bowed and smiled, while interposing his mild but terrible and unanswerable "buts," and winding the subtle way of his talk through all subjects, human, infernal, and divine. There appeared the tall military form of old Syme, alias Timothy Tickler, with his pithy monosyllables, and determined *nil admirari* bearing. There the Ettrick Shepherd told his interminable stories, and drank his interminable tumblers. There sat sometimes, though seldom, a young man of erect port, mild grey eye, high head, rich quivering lips, and air of simple dignity, often forgetting to fill or empty his glass, but never forgetting to look reverently to the "Professor," curiously and admirably to De Quincey, and affectionately to all: it was Thomas Aird. There occasionally might be seen Macnish, of Glasgow, with his broad fun; Doubleday, of Newcastle, then a rising *littérateur*; Leitch, the ventriloquist (not professionally so, and yet not much inferior, we believe, to the famous Duncan Macmillan); and even a stray Cockney or two who did not belong to the Cockney school. There, too, the "Director-general of the Fine Arts," old Bridges (uncle to our talented friend, William Bridges, Esq., of London), was often a guest, with his keen black eye, finely-

formed features, rough, ready talk, and a certain smack audible on his lips, when he spoke of a beautiful picture, a "leading article" in "Maga," or of some of the queer adventures (*quorum pars fuit*) of Christopher North. And there, last, not least, was frequently seen the fine fair-haired head of Delta, the elegant poet, the amiable man, and the author of one of the quaintest and most delightful of our Scottish tales, "Mansie Wauch."

That brilliant circle was dissolved long ere we knew any of its members. We question if it was ever equalled, except thrice: once by the Scriblerus Club, composed of Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay and Bolingbroke; again by the "Literary Club," with its Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Beauclerk, Gibbon, and Fox; and more recently by the "Round-table," with its Hazlitt, Hunt, Lamb, and their minor companions. It is now, we need not say, entirely dissolved, although most of its members are yet alive, and although its doings and sayings have been of late imitated in certain symposia, reminding us, in comparison with the past, of the shadowy feasts of the dead beside real human entertainments. The "nights" of the North are diviner than the "days."

From this constellation, we mean, at present, to cut out one "bright, particular star," and to discourse of him. This is Delta, the delightful. We have not the happiness of Dr. Moir's acquaintance, nor did we ever see him, save once. It was at the great Edinburgh Philosophic Feed of 1846, when Macaulay, Whately, and other lions, young and old, roared on the whole, rather feebly and in vulgar falsetto over their liberal provender. Delta, too, was a speaker, and his speech had two merits, at least—modesty and brevity, and contrasted thus well with Whately's egotistical rigmarole, Macaulay's labored paradox, and MacLagan's inane bluster. He was, we understood afterwards, in poor health at the time, and did not do justice to himself. But we have been long familiar with his poems

in "Blackwood" and the "Dumfries Herald," to which he occasionally contributes. We remember well when, next to a paper by North, or a poem by Aird, we looked eagerly for one by Delta in each new number of "Ebony;" and we now cheerfully proceed to say a few words about his true and exquisite genius.

We may call Delta the male Mrs. Hemans. Like her, he loves principally the tender, the soft, and the beautiful. Like her, he excels in fugitive verses, and has seldom attempted, and still more seldom succeeded, in the long or the labored poem. Like her, he has tried a great variety of styles and measures. Like her, he has ever sought to interweave a sweet and strong moral with his strains, and to bend them all in by a graceful curve around the Cross. But, unlike her, his tone is uniformly glad and genial, and he exhibits none of that morbid melancholy which lies often like a dark funeral edge around her most beautiful poems: and this, because he is a *masculine* shape of the same elegant genus.

Delta's principal powers are cultured sensibility, fine fancy, good taste, and an easy, graceful style and versification. He sympathizes with all the "outward forms of sky and earth," with all that is "lovely, and pure, and of a good report" in the heart and the history of humanity, and particularly with Scottish scenery, and Scottish character and manners. His poetry is less a distinct power or vein, than it is the general result and radiance of all his faculties. These have exhaled out of them a fine genial enthusiasm, which has expressed itself in song. We do not think, with Carlyle, that it is the same with *all* high poets. *He* says—"Poetry, except in such cases as that of Keats, where the whole consists in a weak-eyed maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague tunefulness of nature, is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest, or disjoined from them, but rather the result of their general harmony and completion." Now, 1st, Carlyle is here grossly unjust to Keats. Had the author of "Hyperion" nothing but maudlin sensibility? If ever man was devoured, body and soul, by that passion for, and perception of, the beauty and glory of the universe, which is the essence of poetry, it was poor Keats. He was poetry incarnate—the wine of the gods poured into a frail earthy vessel, which spilt around it. Nor has Burns, of whom Carlyle is here writing, left anything to be compared, in ideal qualities, in depth, and massiveness, and almost

Miltonic magnificence, with the descriptions of Saturn, and the Palace of the Sun, and the Senate of the Gods, in "Hyperion." Burns was the finest lyrist of his or any age; but Keats, had he lived, would have been one of the first of *epic* poets. 2dly, We do not very well comprehend what Carlyle means by the words "no organ, which can be superadded to, or disjoined from the rest." If he means that no culture can add, or want of it take away, poetic faculty, he is clearly right. But, if he means that nature never confers a poetic vein distinct from, and superior to, the surrounding faculties of the man, we must remind him of certain stubborn facts. Gay and Fontaine were "fable-trees," Goldsmith was an "inspired idiot." Godwin's powerful philosophic and descriptive genius seemed scarcely connected with the man; he had to *write* himself *into* it, and his friends could hardly believe him the author of his own works! Even Byron was but a common man, except at his desk, or "on his stool," as he himself called it. He had to "*call*" his evil spirit from the vasty deep, and to lash himself very often into inspiration by a whip of "Gin-twist." And James Hogg was little else than a *haverer*, till he sat down to write poetry, when the "faery queen" herself seemed to be speaking from within him. Nay, 3dly, we are convinced that many men, of extraordinary powers otherwise, have in them a vein of poetry, as distinct from the rest as the bag of honey in the bee is from his sting, his antennæ, and his wings, and which requires some special circumstance or excitement to develop it. Thus it was, we think, with Burke, Burns, and Carlyle himself. All these had poetry in them, and have expressed it; but any of them might have *avoided*, in a great measure, its expression, and might have solely shone in other spheres. For example, Burke has written several works, full, indeed, of talent, but without a single gleam of that real imagination which other of his writings display. What a contrast between his "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," or his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" (an essay containing not one sublime, and not two beautiful sentences in it all), and the "rare and regal" rhetorical and poetic glories of his "Essay on the French Revolution," or his "Letters on a Regicide Peace!" Burns might have been a philosopher of the Dugald Stewart school, as acute and artificially eloquent as any of them, had he gone to Edinburgh College instead of going to Irvine School. Carlyle might have been a prime minister of a some-

what original and salvage sort, had it been so ordered. None of the three were so essentially poetical, that all their thoughts were "twin-born with poetry," and rushed into the reflection of metaphor, as the morning beams into the embrace and reflection of the lake. All were *stung* into poetry: Burke by political zeal and personal disappointment, Burns by love, and Carlyle by that white central heat of dissatisfaction with the world and the things of the world which his temperament has compelled him to express, but which his Scottish common sense has taught him the wisdom of expressing in earnest masquerade and systematic metaphor. But, 4thly, there is a class of poets who have possessed more than the full complement of human faculties, who have added to these extensive accomplishments and acquirements, and yet who have been so constituted, that imaginative utterance has been as essential to their thoughts as language itself. Such were Dante, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, &c., and such are Wilson, Bailey, Aird, and Yendys. These are "nothing, if not poetical." All their powers and acquisitions turn instinctively toward poetic expression, whether in verse or prose. And near them, although on a somewhat lower plane, stands Delta.

Poetry, with Delta, is rather the natural outflow of his whole soul and culture combined, than an art or science. His poetry is founded upon feelings, not upon principles. Indeed, we fancy that little true poetry, in any age, has been systematic. It is generally the work of sudden enthusiasm, wild and rapid ecstasy acting upon a nature *prefitted* for receiving the afflatus, whether by gift or by accomplishment, or by both united. Even the most thoroughly furnished have been as dependent on moods and happy hours as the least. The wind of inspiration bloweth where it listeth. Witness Milton and Coleridge, both of whom were masters of the theory of their art, nay, who had studied it scientifically, and with a profound knowledge of cognate sciences, and yet both of whom could only build up the lofty rhyme at certain seasons, and in certain circumstances, and who frequently perpetrated sheer dullness and drivel. The poetry of Homer, of Eschylus, of Lucretius, of Byron, of Shelley, of Festus—in short, the most of powerful poetry—has owed a vast deal more to excitement and enthusiasm, than to study or elaborate culture. The rhapsodists were the first, have been the best, and shall be the last, of the poets. And with what principles of poetic

art were the bards of Israel conversant? And what systems of psychology or æsthetics had Shakspeare studied? And in what college were trained the framers of the ballad-poetry of the world—the lovers who soothed with song their burning hearts—the shepherds who sang amid their green wilderness—the ploughmen who modulated to verse the motion of their steers—the kings of the early time who shouted war-poetry from their chariots—the Berserkars whose long hair curled and shook as though life were in it, to the music of their wild melodies—and the "men of sturt and strife," the rough Macpherson-like heroes, whose spirits sprang away from the midst of flood and flame, from the gallows or the scaffold, on whirlwinds of extempore music and poetry? Poetry, with them, was the irresistible expression of passion and of imagination, and hence its power; and to nothing still, but the same rod, can its living waters flow amain. Certain fantastic fribbles of the present day may talk of "principles of art," and "principles of versification," and the necessity of studying poetry as a science, and may exhaust the resources of midnight darkness in expressing their bedrivelled notions; but *our* principle is this—"Give us a gifted intellect, and warm true heart, and stir these with the fiery rod of passion and enthusiasm, and the result will be genuine, and high, and lasting poetry, as certainly as that light follows the sun."

It may, perhaps, be objected, besides, that Delta has written no large or great poem. Now, here we trace the presence of another prevalent fallacy. Largeness is frequently confounded with greatness. But, because Milton's "Paradise Lost" is both large and great, it does not follow that every great poem must be large, any more than that every large poem must be great. Pollok's "Course of Time" is a large and a clever, but scarcely a great poem. "Hamlet" and "Faust" may be read each in an hour, and yet both are great poems. Heraud's "Judgment of the Flood" is a vast folio in size, but a very second-rate poem in substance. Thomas Aird's "Devil's Dream" covers only four pages; yet who ever read it without the impression, "This is a great effort of genius?" "Lalla Rookh" was originally a quarto, but, though brilliant in the extreme, it can hardly be called a poem at all. Burn's "Vision of Liberty" contains, in the space of thirty-two lines, we hesitate not to say, all the elements of a great poem. Although Delta's poems be not large, it is not



a necessary corollary that they are inferior productions. And if none of them, perhaps, fill up the whole measure of the term "great," many of them are beautiful, all are genuine, and some, such as "Casa Wappy," are exquisite.

Health is one eminent quality in this pleasing writer. Free originally from morbid tendencies, he has nursed and cherished this happy tone of mind, by perusing chiefly healthy authors. He has acted on the principle "that the whole should be kept from the sick." He has dipped but sparingly into the pages of Byron and Shelley, whereas Wordsworth, Wilson, Southey, and Scott, are the gods of his idolatry. Scott is transcendently dear. Indeed, we think that he gives to him, *as a poet*, a place beyond his just deserts. His ease, simplicity, romantic interest, and Border fire, have blinded him to his faults, his fatal facility of verse, his looseness of construction, and his sad want of deep thought and original sentiment. To name him beside or above Wordsworth, the great consecrated bard of his period, is certainly a heresy of no small order. One or two of Wordsworth's little poems, or of his sonnets, are, we venture to say, in genuine poetical depth and beauty, superior to Scott's *five* larger poems put together. *They* are long, lively, rambling, shallow, and blue, glittering streams. Wordsworth's ballads are deep and clear as those mountain pools, over which bends the rowan, and on which smiles the autumn sky, as on the fittest reflector of its own bright profundity and solemn clearness.

Well did Christopher North (in one of his "Noctes," we think) characterize Delta as the poet of the spring. He is the darling of that darling season. In all his poetry there leaps and frolics "vernal delight and joy." He has in some of his verses admirably, and on purpose, expressed the many feelings or images which then throng around the heart like a cluster of bees settling at once upon a flower—the sense of absolute newness, blended with a faint, rich thrill of recollection—the fresh bubbling out of the blood from the heart-springs—the return of the reveries of childhood or youth—the intolerance of the fireside—the thirst after nature renewed within the soul—the strange glory shed upon the earth, all red and bare though it yet be—the attention excited by everything, "even by the noise of the fly upon the sunny wall, or the slightest murmur of creeping waters"—the springing up of the sun from his winter declinature—the softer and warmer lustre of the stars—and the new empha-

sis with which men pronounce the words "hope" and "love." To crown a spring evening, there sometimes appears in the West the planet Venus, bright yellow-green, shivering as with ecstasy in the orange or purple sky, and rounding off the whole scene into the perfection of beauty. The Scottish poet of spring has not forgotten this element of its glory, but has sung a hymn to that fair star of morn and eve, worthy of its serene, yet tremulous splendor.

Delta is eminently a national writer. He has not gadded abroad in search of the sublime or strange, but cultivated the "art of staying at home." The scenery of his own neighborhood, the traditions or the histories of his own country, the skies and stars of Scotland, the wild or beautiful legends which glimmer through the mist of its past—these are "the haunt and the main region of his song," and hence, in part, the sweetness and the strength of his strains. Indeed, it is remarkable that nearly all our Scottish poets have been national and descriptive. Scotland has produced no real epic, few powerful tragedies, few meditative poems of a high rank, but what a mass of poetry describing its own scenery and manners, and recording its own traditions! King James the Sixth, Gawin Douglas, Davie Lyndsay, Ramsay, Fergusson, Ross, of the "Faithful Shepherdess," Burns, Beattie, Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Aird, Delta, and twenty more, have been all more or less national in their subject, or language, or both. We attribute this, in a great measure, to the extreme peculiarity of Scottish manners, *as they were*, and to the extreme and romantic beauty of Scottish scenery. The poetic minds, in a tame country like England, are thrown out upon foreign topics, or thrown in upon themselves; whereas, in Scotland, they are arrested and detained within the circle of their own manners and mountains. "Paint us first," the hills seem to cry aloud. A reason, too, why we have had few good tragedies, or meditative poems, may be found in our national narrowness of creed, and in our strong prejudice against dramatic entertainments.

As it is, we have only "Douglas," and three or four good plays of Miss Baillie's, to balance Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, and all that galaxy—not to speak of the multitudes who have followed—and only the "Grave," the "Minstrel," and the "Course of Time," to compare with the works of George Herbert, Giles Fletcher, Quarles, Milton, Young, Cowper and Wordsworth.

We find in Delta little meditative power or tendency. His muse has "no speculation in her eye." Whether from caution, or from want of the peculiar faculty, he never approaches those awful abysses of thought which are now attracting so many poets—**attracting them, partly from a desire to look down into their darkness, and partly from a passion for those strange and shivering flowers which grow around their sides.** Leigh Hunt, in his late autobiography, when speaking of Blanco White, seems to blame all religious speculation, as alike hopeless and useless. But, in the present day, unless there be religious speculation, there can, with men of mind, be little religion—no creed—nor even an approximation toward one. Would Mr. Hunt destroy that link, which in every age has bound us to the infinite and the eternal? Would he bring us back to mere brute worship and brute belief? Because we cannot at present form an infallible creed, should we beware of seeking to form a creed at all? Because we cannot see all the stars, must we never raise our eyes, or our telescopes, to the midnight heavens? Because ~~we~~ <sup>he</sup> has been able to reach no consistent and influential faith, ought all men to abandon the task? So far from agreeing with this dogmatic denunciation, we hold that it argues on the part of its author—revered and beloved though he be—a certain shallowness and levity of spirit—that its tendency is to crush a principle of aspiration in the human mind, which may be likened to an outspringing angel pinion, and that it indirectly questions the use and the truth of all revelation. We honor, we must say, Blanco White, in his noble struggles, and even in his divine despair, more than Leigh Hunt, in his denial that such struggles are wiser than a maniac's trying to leap to the sun, and in the ignoble conceptions of man's position and destiny which his words imply. And, notwithstanding his chilling criticism, so unlike his wont, we believe still, with Coleridge, that not Wordsworth, nor Milton, have written a sonnet, embodying a thought so new and magnificent, in language so sweet and musical, and perfectly fitted to the thought, like the silvery new moon sheathed in a transparent fleecy cloud, as that of Blanco White's beginning with "Mysterious Night."

Delta, we have already said, has gained reputation, in prose, as well as in verse. His "Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith," is one of the most delightful books in the language. It is partly, it is true, imitated from Galt; but, while not inferior to him in pawky

humor, it has infused a far deeper vein of poetry into the conception of common Scottish life. Honor to thee, honest Mansie! Thou art worth twenty Alton Lockes, the metaphysical tailor (certainly one of the absurdest creations, and surrounded by the most asinine story of the age, although redeemed by some glorious scenes, and *one* character, Sandy Mackay, who is just Thomas Carlyle *humanized*). But better than thee still, is thy prentice, Mungo Glen, with decline in his lungs, poetry in his heart, and on his lips one of the sweetest laments in the language! Many years have elapsed since we read thy life, but our laughter at thy adventures, and our tears at the death of thy poor prentice, seem as fresh as those of yesterday!

Why has Delta only opened, and never dug out, this new and rich vein? We assure him that the public would be thankful for nothing more than for one or two more Scottish tales from old Mansie's mint. He alone now seems adequate to follow, however far off, in the steps of the Great Wizard. Aird seems to have exhausted his tale-writing faculty, exquisite as it was. Wilson's tales, with all their power, lack repose; they are too troubled, tearful, monotonous and tempestuous. Galt, Miss Ferrier—the authors of the "Odd Volume"—Macnish, &c., are dead. Our recent Scottish novels are quite of a secondary class. Delta, then, to the rescue! Delta, to the delightful task of drawing out the last spirit of Scottish manners! No time should, however, be lost; for, although the mountains of Scotland stand as firmly as when the eye of Wallace looked on them with fire and pride, its manners are fast melting away.

We had not the pleasure of hearing Delta's recent lectures, and can judge of them only by the reports in the newspapers. We reserve our full judgment till we see them published. They were, we understand, chatty, conversational, lively, full of information, although neither very eloquent, nor very profound. He knew too well the position in which he stood, and the provender which his audience required! Nor, we confess, do we expect to meet in them with a comprehensive or final *vidimus* of the poetry of the last fifty years. His Edinburgh eye has been too much dazzled and overpowered by the near orbs of Walter Scott and Wilson, to do justice to remoter luminaries. Nor is criticism exactly Delta's forte. He has not enough of subtlety—perhaps not enough of profound native instinct—and, perhaps, *some*

will think, not enough of bad blood. But his criticism must, we doubt not, be always sincere in feeling, candid in spirit, and manly in language. Still, we repeat, that his power and mission lie in the description of the woods and streams, the feelings and customs, the beauties and peculiarities, of "dear Auld Scotland," and, in the further discharge of this fine and thankful mission, we heartily wish him God-speed!

It may, perhaps, be necessary to add, that the name Delta was applied to Dr. Moir, from his signature in "Blackwood," which was always Δ; that he is a physician in Musselburgh, and the author of some excellent treatises on subjects connected with his own profession; and that, while an accomplished littérateur and beautiful poet, he has never neglected his peculiar duties, but stands as high in the medical as in the literary world.

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From Frazer's Magazine.

## SCENES AT MALMAISON.

THE Palace of Malmaison, though not built on a large scale, became, with the additions afterwards made, a most princely residence. The hall, the billiard-room, the reception-rooms, the saloon, dining-room, and Napoleon's private apartment, occupied the ground floor, and are described as having been very delightful. The gallery was appropriated to the noblest specimens of the fine arts; it was adorned with magnificent statuary by Canova and other celebrated artists, and the walls were hung with the finest paintings. The pleasure-grounds, which were Josephine's especial care, were laid out with admirable taste; shrubs and flowers of the rarest and finest growth and the most delicious odors, were there in the richest profusion. But there is an interest far deeper than the finest landscape, or the most exquisite embellishments of art, could ever impart—an interest touchingly associated with the precincts where the gifted and renowned have moved, and with the passions and affections, the joys and sorrows by which they were there agitated. It is, indeed, an interest which excites a mournful sympathy, and may awaken salutary reflection. Who, indeed, could visit Malmaison without experiencing such?

The vicissitudes experienced by some individuals have been so strange, that had they been described in a romance, it would have lost all interest from their improbability; but occurring in real life, they excite a feeling of personal concern which for ever attaches to the name with which they are associated.

Of this, the eventful life of Napoleon furnishes a striking example. There cannot be found in the range of history one who appears to have identified himself so much with the feelings of every class and every time; nay, his manners and appearance are so thoroughly impressed on every imagination, that there are few who do not rather feel as if he were one whom they had seen, and with whom they had conversed, than of whom they had only heard and read. Scarcely less chequered than his, was the life of Josephine: from her early days she was destined to experience the most unlooked-for reverses of fortune; her very introduction to the Beauharnais family and connexion with them, were brought about in a most unlikely and singular manner, without the least intention on her part, and it ultimately led to her being placed on the throne of France. The noble and wealthy family of Beauharnais had great possessions in the West Indies, which fell to two brothers, the representatives of that distinguished family; many of its members had been eminent for their services in the navy, and in various departments. The heirs to the estates had retired from the royal marine service with the title of *chefs d'escadre*. The elder brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais, was a widower, with two sons; the younger, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, had married Mademoiselle Mouchard, by whom he had one son and two daughters. The brothers, warmly attached to each other from infancy, wished to draw still closer the bonds which united

them, by the marriage of the Marquis's sons with the daughters of the Vicomte; and with this view, a rich plantation in St. Domingo had never been divided. The two sisters were looked on as the affianced brides of their cousins; and when grown up, the elder was married to the elder son of the Marquis, who, according to the prevalent custom of his country, assumed the title of Marquis, as his brother did that of Vicomte. M. Renaudin, a particular friend of the Beauharnais, undertook the management of their West Indian property. The Marquis, wishing to show some attention in return for this kindness, invited Madame Renaudin over to Paris, to spend some time. The invitation was gladly accepted; and Madame Renaudin made herself useful to her host by superintending his domestic concerns. But she soon formed plans for the advancement of her own family. With the Marquis's permission, she wrote to Martinique, to her brother, M. Tacher de la Pagerie, to beg that he would send over one of his daughters. The young lady landed at Rochefort, was taken ill, and died almost immediately. Notwithstanding this unhappy event, Madame did not relinquish the project which she had formed, of bringing about a union between the young Vicomte and a niece of her own. She sent for another;—and *Josephine* was sent. When the young creole arrived, she had just attained her fifteenth year, and was eminently attractive; her elegant form and personal charms were enhanced by the most winning grace, modesty, and sweetness of disposition. Such fascinations could not have failed in making an impression on the young man with whom she was domesticated. His opportunities of becoming acquainted with his cousin were only such as were afforded by an occasional interview at the grating of the convent, where she was being educated; so no attachment had been formed; and he fell passionately in love with the innocent and lovely Josephine. She was not long insensible to the devotion of a lover so handsome and agreeable as the young Vicomte. Madame Renaudin sought the good offices of an intimate friend, to whose influence with the young man's father she trusted for the success of her project. In a confidential interview the lady introduced the subject—spoke of the ardent attachment of the young people, of the charms of the simple girl who had won his son's heart, and urged the consideration of the young man's happiness on his father, assuring him it rested on his consent to his marriage with Josephine.

The Marquis was painfully excited; he loved his son tenderly, and would have made any sacrifice to ensure his happiness; but his affection for his brother, and the repugnance which he felt, to fail in his engagement to him, kept him in a state of the most perplexing uneasiness. At length, stating to his brother how matters stood, he found that he had mortally offended him; so deeply, indeed, did he resent the affront, that he declared he could never forget or forgive it—a promise too faithfully kept.

The affection and confidence of a whole life were thus snapped asunder in a moment. The Vicomte insisted on a division of the West Indian property; and, with feelings so bitterly excited, no amicable arrangement could take place, and the brothers had recourse to law, in which they were involved for the rest of their days.

The marriage of the young people took place, and the youthful Mademoiselle Tacher de Pagerie became Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

It is said that her husband's uncle took a cruel revenge for the disappointment, of which she had been the cause, by awakening suspicion of the fidelity of Josephine in the mind of her husband. The distracting doubts he raised made his nephew wretched; to such a degree was his jealousy excited, that he endeavored, by legal proceedings, to procure a divorce; but the evidence he adduced utterly failed, and after some time, a reconciliation took place.

The uncle died, and his daughter had in the meantime married the Marquis de Baral. So all went well with the young couple. They met with the most flattering reception at court. The Vicomte, who was allowed to be the most elegant dancer of his day, was frequently honored by being the partner of the Queen. And as to Josephine, she was the admired of all admirers; she was not only considered one of the most beautiful women at court, but all who conversed with her were captivated by her grace and sweetness. She entered into the gaieties of Versailles with the animation natural to her time of life and disposition.

But the sunshine of the royal circle was, ere long, clouded, and the gathering storm could be too well discerned; amusement was scarcely thought of. The States General assembled, and everything denoted a revolutionary movement.

Josephine was an especial favorite with the Queen; and in those days, dark with coming events, she had the most confidential



conversations with her; all the fears and melancholy forebodings, which caused the Queen such deep anxiety, were freely imparted to her friend. Little did Josephine think, while sympathizing with her royal mistress, that she would herself rule in that court, and that she, too, would be a sufferer from the elevation of her situation. Her husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, was then called to join the army, as war had been unexpectedly declared. He distinguished himself so much, that he attained the rank of general. But in the midst of his successful career, he saw the danger which was impending, and he could perceive that not only were the days of Louis's power numbered, but he even feared that his life was not safe. His fears were unhappily fulfilled, and he himself, merely on account of belonging to the aristocracy, was denounced by his own troops, and deprived of his commission by authority, arrested, brought to Paris, and thrown into prison. It was during his imprisonment that the Vicomte had the most affecting proofs of the attachment of Josephine: all the energies of her mind and of her strong affection were bent on obtaining his liberty; no means she could devise were left untried; she joined her own supplications to the solicitations of friends, to whom she had appealed in her emergency; she endeavored, in the most touching manner, to console and cheer him. But the gratification of soothing him by her presence and endearments was soon denied, for she was seized, and taken as a prisoner to the convent of the Carmelites. A few weeks passed, and the unfortunate Vicomte was brought to trial, and condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal. Though natural tears fell at thoughts of parting from his wife and children, and leaving them unprotected in the world, his courage never forsook him to the last.

When the account of his execution reached Josephine she fainted away, and was for a long time alarmingly ill. It was while in prison and every moment expecting to be summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, that Josephine cut off her beautiful tresses, as the only gift which she had to leave her children, for all the family estates in Europe had been seized, and the destruction of property at St. Domingo had cut off all supplies from that quarter. Yet amidst her anxieties, her afflictions, and her dangers, her fortitude never forsook her, and her example and her efforts to calm them, to a degree supported the spirits of her fellow prisoners. Josephine herself

ascribed her firmness to her implicit trust in the prediction of an old negress which she had treasured in her memory from childhood. Her trust, indeed, in the inexplicable mysteries of divination was sufficiently proved by the interest with which she is said to have frequently applied herself during her sad hours of imprisonment to learn her fortune from a pack of cards. Mr. Alison mentions, that he had heard of the prophecy of the negress in 1801, long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne. Josephine herself, Mr. Alison goes on to say, narrated this extraordinary passage in her life in the following terms:—

"One morning the jailer entered the chamber where I slept with the Duchesse d'Aiguillon and two other ladies, and told me he was going to take my mattress, and give it to another prisoner.

"'Why,' said Madame Aiguillon, eagerly, 'will not Madame de Beauharnais obtain a better one?'

"'No, no,' replied he with a fiendish smile, 'she will have no need of one, for she is about to be led to the Conciergerie, and then to the guillotine.'

"At these words, my companions in misfortune uttered piercing shrieks. I consoled them as well as I could; and at length, worn out with their eternal lamentations, I told them that their grief was utterly unreasonable; that I not only should not die, but live to be queen of France."

"'Why, then, do you not name your maids of honor?' said Madame Aiguillon, irritated at such expressions, at such a moment.

"'Very true,' said I, 'I did not think of that. Well, my dear, I make you one of them.'"

"Upon this, the tears of the ladies fell apace, for they never doubted I was mad; but the truth was, I was not gifted with any extraordinary courage, but internally persuaded of the truth of the oracle.

"Madame d'Aiguillon soon after became unwell, and I drew her towards the window, which I opened, to admit through the bars a little fresh air. I then perceived a poor woman who knew us, and who was making a number of signs, which I could not at first understand. She constantly held up her gown (*robe*); and seeing that she had some object in view, I called out *robe*—to which she answered *yes*. She then lifted up a stone, and put it in her lap, which she lifted a second time. I called out *pierre*.—

\*Josephine might afterwards have fulfilled this promise, had not Madame d'Aiguillon been a divorced wife, which excluded her from holding any situation about the Empress.

Upon this, she evinced the greatest joy at perceiving that her signs were understood. Joining then the stone to her robe, she eagerly imitated the motion of cutting off the head, and immediately began to dance and evince the most extravagant joy.

"This singular pantomime awakened in our minds a vague hope that possibly Robespierre might be no more.

"At this moment, while we were vacillating between hope and fear, we heard a great noise in the corridor, and the terrible voice of our jailer, who said to his dog, giving him at the same time a kick, 'Get in, you cursed Robespierre.' "

This speech told them they were saved.

Through the influence of Barras, a portion of her husband's property, in which Malmaison was included, was restored to Josephine. In this favorite abode she amused herself in exercising her taste in the embellishment of the grounds, and in the pursuit of botany; but her chief enjoyment was in the society and instruction of her children, to whom she was passionately attached. Their amiable dispositions and their talents were a source of the most exquisite pleasure to her, not, however, unmingled with regret at finding herself without the means of conferring on them the advantages of which they were so deserving. However, a better time was to come. Madame Tallien and several of Josephine's friends, after a time, prevailed on her to enter into society, and the fair associates became the principal ornaments of the dictatorial circle. Through their influence, revolutionary manners were reformed, and all the power which their charms and their talents gave them was exerted in the cause of humanity.

Napoleon's acquaintance with Josephine arose from the impression made on him by her son Eugene Beauharnais, then a little boy. He came to request that his father's sword, which had been delivered up, might be restored to him. The boy's appearance, the earnestness with which he urged his request, and the tears which could not be stayed when he beheld the sword, interested Napoleon so much in his favor, that not only the sword was given to him, but he determined to become acquainted with the mother of the boy. He visited her, and soon his visits became frequent. He delighted to hear the details which she gave of the court of Louis.

"Come," he would say, as he sat by her side of an evening, "now let us talk of the old court—let us make a tour to Versailles."

It was in these frequent and familiar interviews that the fascinations of Josephine won the heart of Napoleon. "She is," said he, "grace personified—every thing she does is with a grace and delicacy peculiar to herself."

The admiration and love of such a man could not fail to make an impression on a woman like Josephine. It has been said that it was impossible to be in Napoleon's company without being struck by his personal appearance; not so much by the exquisite symmetry of his features, and the noble head and forehead, which have furnished the painter and sculptor with one of their finest models; nor even by the meditative look, so indicative of intellectual power: but the magic charm was the varying expression of countenance, which changed with every passing thought, and glowed with every feeling. His smile, it is said, always inspired confidence. "It is difficult if not impossible," so the Duchess of Abrantes writes, "to describe the charm of his countenance when he smiled; his soul was upon his lips and in his eyes." The magic power of that expression at a later period is well known. The Emperor of Russia experienced it when he said, "I never loved any one more than that man." He possessed too, that greatest of all charms, an harmonious voice, whose tones, like his countenance, changing from emphatic impressiveness to caressing softness, found their way to every heart. It may not have been those personal and mental gifts alone which won Josephine's heart; the ready sympathy with which Napoleon entered into her feelings may have been the greatest charm to an affectionate nature like hers.

It was in the course of one of those confidential evenings that, as they sat together, she read to him the last letter which she had received from her husband: it was a most touching farewell. Napoleon was deeply affected: and it has been said that that letter, and Josephine's emotion as she read it, had a powerful effect upon his feelings, already so much excited by admiration.

Josephine soon consented to give her hand to the young soldier of fortune, who had no dower but his sword. On his part, he gave a pledge that he would consider her children as his own, and that their interests should be his first concern. The world can testify how he redeemed his pledge! To his union with Josephine he declared he was indebted for his chief happiness. Her affection, and the interchange of thought with her, were prized beyond all the greatness to which he attained.

Many of the incidents of their every-day life cannot be read without deep interest—evincing, as they do, a depth of affection and tenderness of feeling which it is difficult to conceive should ever have been sacrificed to ambition. They visited together the prison where Josephine had passed so many dreary and sad hours. He saw the loved name traced on the dank wall, by the hand which was now his own. She had told him of a ring, which she had fondly prized; it had been the gift of her mother. She pointed out to him the flag under which she had contrived to hide it. When it was taken from its hiding-place and put into her hand, her delight enchanted Napoleon. Seldom have two persons met whose feelings and whose tastes appeared more perfectly in unison than theirs, during the *happy* days of their wedded life. The delight which they took in the fine arts was a source of constant pleasure; and in their days of power and elevation, it was their care to encourage artists of talent. Many interesting anecdotes are related of their kind and generous acts towards them. In Josephine's manner of conferring favors, there was always something still more gratifying than the advantage bestowed—something that implied that she entered into the feelings of those whom she wished to serve. She had observed that M. Turpin, an artist who went frequently to Malmaison, had no conveyance but an almost worn-out cabriolet, drawn by a sorry horse. One day when about to take his leave, he was surprised to see a nice new vehicle and handsome horse drawn up. His own arms painted on the panels, and stamped on the harness, at once told him they were intended for him; but this was not the only occasion on which Josephine ministered to the straitened means of the painter. She employed him in making a sketch of a Swiss view, while sitting with her, and directed him to take it home, and bring the picture to her when finished. She was delighted with the beautiful landscape which he produced, and showed it with pleasure to every visitor who came in. The artist no doubt felt a natural gratification at finding his fine work appreciated. Josephine then called him aside, and put the stipulated price in bank-notes into his hand.

"This," said she, "is for your excellent mother; but it may not be to her taste; so tell her that I shall not be offended at her changing this trifling token of my friendship, and of the gratification which her son's painting has given me, for whatever might be more acceptable."

As she spoke, she put into his hand a diamond of the value of six thousand francs.

Josephine attended Napoleon in many of his campaigns. When she was not with him, he corresponded regularly with her, and no lover ever wrote letters more expressive of passionate attachment.

"By what art is it," he says, in one of them "that you have been able to captivate all my faculties. It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you. I am dying to be with you. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these lines!"

Josephine returned her husband's fondness with her whole heart. Utterly regardless of privation and fatigue, she was ever earnest in urging him to allow her to accompany him on all his long journeys; and often, at midnight, when just setting out on some expedition, he has found her in readiness.

"No, love," he would say, "No, no, love, do not ask me; the fatigue would be too much for you."

"Oh no," she would answer; "No, no."

"But I have not a moment to spare."

"See, I am quite ready;" and she would drive off seated by Napoleon's side.

From having mingled in scenes of gaiety from her earliest days, and from the pleasure which her presence was sure to diffuse, and perhaps, it may be added, from a nature singularly guileless, that could see no evil in what appeared to her but as innocent indulgences she was led into expenses and frivolous gratifications which were by no means essential for a mind like hers. Dishonest tradesmen took advantage of her inexperience and extreme easiness, and swelled their bills to an enormous amount; but her greatest, and far most congenial outlay, was in the relief of the distressed. She could not endure to deny the petition of any whom she believed to be suffering from want; and this tenderness of heart was often imposed on by the artful and rapacious. Those who, from interested motives, desired to separate her from Napoleon, felt a secret satisfaction in the uneasiness which her large expenditure occasionally gave him. To their misrepresentations may be ascribed the violent bursts of jealousy by which he was at times agitated; but he was ever ready to perceive that there was no foundation to justify them. It was during one of their separations, that the insinuations of those about Napoleon excited his jealousy to such a degree, that he wrote a hasty let-

ter to Josephine, accusing her of *coquetry*, and of evidently preferring the society of men to those of her own sex.

"The ladies," she says, in her reply, "are filled with fear and lamentations for those who serve under you; the gentlemen eagerly compliment me on your success, and speak of you in a manner that delights me. My aunt and those about me can tell you, ungrateful as you are, whether *I have been coquetting with anybody*. These are your words, and they would be hateful to me, were I not certain you see already they are unjust, and are sorry for having written them."

Napoleon's brothers strove to alienate his affections from Josephine; but the intense agony which he suffered when suspicion was awakened, must have proved to them how deep these affections were. Perhaps no trait in Josephine's character exalts it more than her conduct to the family who had endeavored to injure her in the most tender point. She often was the means of making peace between Napoleon and different members of his family with whom he was displeased. Even after the separation which they had been instrumental in effecting, she still exerted that influence which she never lost, to reconcile differences which arose between them. Napoleon could never long mistrust her generous and tender feelings, and the intimate knowledge of such a disposition every day increased his love; she was not only the object of his fondest affection, but he believed her to be in some mysterious manner connected with his destiny; a belief which chimed in with the popular superstition by which she was regarded as his good genius,—a superstition which took still deeper hold of the public mind when days of disaster came, whose date commenced in no long time after the separation. The apparently accidental circumstance by which Josephine had escaped the explosion of the infernal machine was construed by many as a direct interposition of Providence in favor of *Napoleon's Guardian Angel*.

It was just as she was stepping into her carriage, which was to follow closely that of the First Consul to the theatre, that General Rapp, who had always before appeared utterly unobservant of ladies' dress, remarked to Josephine, that the pattern of the shawl did not match her dress. She returned to the house, and ran up to her apartment to change it for another;—the delay did not occupy more than three minutes, but they sufficed to save her life. Napoleon's carriage just clear-

ed the explosion; had Josephine's been close behind, nothing could have saved her.—In the happy days of love and confidence, Malmaison was the scene of great enjoyment: the hand of taste could be discerned in all its embellishments. Napoleon preferred it to any other residence. When he arrived there from the Luxemburg or the Tuileries, he was wild with delight, like a school-boy let loose from school,—everything enchanted him, but most of all, perhaps, the chimes of the village church bells. It may have been partly owing to the associations which they awakened. He would stop in his rambles if he heard them, lest his foot-fall should drown the sound—he would remain as if entranced, in a kind of ecstasy, till they ceased. "Ah! how they remind me of the first years I spent at Brienne!"

Napoleon added considerably to the domain of Malmaison by purchasing the noble woods of Butard, which joined it. He was in a perfect ecstasy with the improvement; and, in a few days after the purchase was completed, proposed that they should all make a party to see it. Josephine put on her shawl, and, accompanied by her friends, set out. Napoleon, in a state of enchantment, rode on before; but he would then gallop back, and take Josephine's hand. He was compared to a child who, in the eagerness of delight, flies back to his mother to impart his joy.

Nothing could be more agreeable than the society at Malmaison. Napoleon disliked ceremony, and wished all his guests to be perfectly at their ease. All his evenings were spent in Josephine's society, in which he delighted. Both possessed the rare gift of conversational powers. General information and exquisite taste were rendered doubly attractive by the winning manners and sweet voice of Josephine. As for Napoleon, he appeared to have an intuitive knowledge on all subjects. He was like an inspired person when seen amidst men of every age, and all professions. All thronged round the pale, studious-looking young man—feeling that "he was more fitted to give than to receive lessons." Argument with him almost invariably ended by his opponent going over to his side. His tact was such that he knew how to select the subject for discussion on which the person with whom he conversed was best informed; and thus, from his earliest days, he increased his store of information, and gave infinite pleasure by the interest which he took in the pursuits of those whom chance threw in his way. The delightful flow of his spirits



showed how much he enjoyed the social evenings. He amused his guests in a thousand ways. If he sat down to cards, he diverted them by pretending to cheat, which he might have done with impunity, as he never took his winnings. He sometimes entertained them with tales composed on the moment. When they were of ghosts and apparitions, he took care to tell them by a dim light, and to prepare them by some solemn and striking observation. Private theatricals sometimes made the entertainment of the evening. Different members of Napoleon's family, and several of the guests, performed. The plays are described as having been acted to an audience of two or three hundred, and going off with great effect—every one, indeed, endeavored to acquit themselves to the best of their ability, for they knew they had a severe critic in Napoleon.

The amiable and engaging manners of Napoleon and Josephine gave to Malmaison its greatest charm. The ready sympathy of Josephine with all who were in sorrow, or any kind of distress, endeared her to every one. If any among her domestics were ill, she was sure to visit the sick bed, and soothe the sufferer by her tenderness. Indeed, her sympathy was often known to bring relief when other means had failed. She was deeply affected by the calamity of M. Decrest. He had lost his only son suddenly by a fatal accident. The young man had been on the eve of marriage, and all his family were busy in making preparations for the joyful occasion, when news of his death was brought. The poor father remained in a state of nearly complete stupor from the moment of the melancholy intelligence. All attempts to rouse him were unavailing. When Josephine was made acquainted with his alarming state, she lost not a moment in hurrying to him; and leading his little daughter by the hand, and taking his infant in her arms, she threw herself, with his two remaining children, at his feet. The afflicted man burst into tears, and nature found a salutary relief, which saved his life. In such acts Josephine was continually engaged. Nothing could withdraw her mind from the claims of the unfortunate. Her tender respect for the feelings of others was never laid aside; and with those who strove to please her she was always pleased. On one occasion, when the ladies about her could not restrain their laughter at the discordant music made by an itinerant musician, who had requested permission to play before her, she preserved a becoming gravity, and encouraged, and thanked and rewarded the poor man.

"He did his best to gratify us," she said, when he was gone; "I think it was my duty not only to avoid hurting his feelings, but to thank and reward him for the trouble which he took to give pleasure."

Such were the lessons which she impressed upon her children. She often talked with them of the privations of other days, and charged them never to forget those days amidst the smiles of fortune which they now enjoyed.

Josephine saw with great uneasiness the probable elevation of the First Consul to the throne. She felt that it would bring danger to him, and ruin to herself; for she had discernment enough to anticipate that she would be sacrificed to the ambition of those who wished to establish an hereditary right to the throne of the empire. Every step of his advancing power caused her deep anxiety, "The real enemies of Buonaparte," she said to Raderer, as Alison tells, "the real enemies of Buonaparte are those who put into his head ideas of hereditary succession, dynasty, divorce, and marriage. I do not approve the projects of Napoleon," she added. "I have often told him so. He hears me with attention; but I can plainly see that I make no impression. The flatterers who surround him soon obliterate all I have said." She strove to restrain his desire of conquest, by urging on him continually a far greater object—that of rendering France happy by encouraging her industry and protecting her agriculture. In a long letter, in which she earnestly expostulates with him on the subject, she turns to herself in affecting terms; "Will not the throne," she says, "inspire you with the wish to contract new alliances? Will you not seek to support your power by new family connexions? Alas! whatever these connexions may be, will they compensate for those which were first knit by corresponding fitness, and which affection promised to perpetuate?" So far, indeed, from feeling elated by her own elevation to a throne, she regretted it with deep melancholy. "The assumption of the throne," she looked on as "an act that must ever be an ineffaceable blot upon Napoleon's name." It has been asserted by her friends that she never recovered her spirits after. The pomps and ceremonies, too, attendant on the imperial state, must have been distasteful to one who loved the retirement of home, and hated every kind of restraint and ostentation.

From the time that Napoleon became Emperor he lavished the greatest honors on the children of Josephine. Her daughter Hor-

tense received the hand of Louis Buonaparte, and the crown of Holland. Eugene, his first acquaintance of the family and especial favorite, obtained the rank of colonel, and was adopted as one of the imperial family; and the son of Hortense and Louis was adopted as heir to the throne of France. The coronation took place at Notre Dame, with all the show and pomp of which the French are so fond. When the papal benediction was pronounced, Napoleon placed the crown on his head with his own hands. He then turned to Josephine, who knelt before him, and there was an affectionate playfulness in the manner in which he took pains to arrange it, as he placed the crown upon her head. It seemed at that moment as if he forgot the presence of all but her. After putting on the crown, he raised it, and placing it more lightly on, regarded her the while with looks of fond admiration. On the morning of the coronation, Napoleon had sent for Raguideau, the notary, who little thought that he had been summoned into the august presence to be reminded of what had passed on the occasion of their last meeting, and of which he had no idea the Emperor was in possession. While Napoleon had been paying his addresses to Josephine, they walked arm-in-arm to the notary's, for neither of them could boast of a carriage. "You are a great fool," replied the notary to Josephine, who had just communicated her intention of marrying the young officer—"you are a great fool, and you will live to repent it. You are about to marry a man who has nothing but his cloak and his sword." Napoleon, who was waiting in the ante-chamber, overheard these words, but never spoke of them to any one. "Now," said Napoleon, with a smile, addressing the old man, who had been ushered into his presence—"now, what say you, Raguideau—have I nothing but my cloak and sword?" The Empress and the notary both stood amazed at this first intimation that the warning had been overheard.

The following year, the magnificent coronation at Milan took place, surpassing, if possible, in grandeur, that at Paris. Amidst the gorgeousness of that spectacle, however, there were few by whom it was not forgotten in the far deeper interest which the principal actors in the scene inspired. Amidst the blaze of beauty and of jewels, and the strains of music, by which he was surrounded, what were the feelings of Napoleon, as he held within his grasp the iron crown of Charlemagne, which had reposed

in the treasury of Monza for a thousand years, and for which he had so ardently longed. Even at that moment when he placed it on his own head, were the aspirations of the ambitious spirit satisfied?—or were not his thoughts taking a wider range of conquest than he had yet achieved? And for her, who knelt at his feet, about to receive the highest honor that mortal hands can confer—did the pomp and circumstance of that scene, and the glory of the crown, satisfy her loving heart? Ah, surely no! It was away in the sweet retirement of Malmaison—amidst the scenes hallowed by Napoleon's early affection. And how few years were to elapse ere the crown just placed on the head of Josephine, was to be transferred to another?—when the place which she—the loving and beloved—occupied by her husband's side, was to be filled by another? Though doubts had arisen in her mind—though she knew the influence of those who feared the sceptre might pass into the hands of another dynasty—still, the hope never forsook her, that affection would triumph over ambition, till Napoleon himself communicated the cruel determination. With what abandonment of self she was wont to cast her whole dependence on Napoleon, may be seen in a letter addressed to Pope Pius VII. In it she says: "My first sentiment—one to which all others are subservient—is a conviction of my own weakness and incapacity. Of myself I am but little; or, to speak more correctly, my only value is derived from the extraordinary man to whom I am united. This inward conviction, which occasionally humbles my pride, eventually affords me some encouragement, when I calmly reflect. I whisper to myself, that the arm under which the whole earth is made to tremble, may well support my weakness."

Hortense's promising child was dead; Napoleon and Josephine had shed bitter tears together over the early grave of their little favorite; and there was now not even a nominal heir to the throne. The machinations of the designing were in active motion. Lucien introduced the subject, and said to Josephine that it was absolutely necessary for the satisfaction of the nation that Napoleon should have a son, and asked whether she would pass off an illegitimate one as her own. This proposal she refused with the utmost indignation, preferring any alternative to one so disgraceful.

On Napoleon's return from the battle of Wagram, Josephine hastened to welcome

him. After the first warm greetings and tender embraces, she perceived that something weighed upon his mind. The restraint and embarrassment of his manner filled her with dread. For fifteen days she was a prey to the most cruel suspense, yet she dreaded its termination by a disclosure fatal to her happiness. Napoleon, who loved her so much, and who had hitherto looked to her alone for all his domestic felicity, himself felt all the severity of the blow which he was about to inflict. The day at length came, and it is thus affectingly described by Mr. Alison:—

“They dined together as usual, but neither spoke a word during the repast; their eyes were averted as soon as they met, but the countenance of both revealed the mortal anguish of their minds. When it was over, he dismissed the attendants, and approaching the empress with a trembling step, took her hand, and laid it upon his heart,—‘Josephine,’ said he, ‘my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will; my dearest affections must yield to the interests of France.’

“‘Say no more,’ cried the empress. ‘I expected this; I understand and feel for you, but the stroke is not the less mortal.’ With these words, she uttered piercing shrieks, and fell down in a swoon.

“Doctor Corvisart was at hand to render assistance, and she was restored to a sense of her wretchedness in her own apartment. The emperor came to see her in the evening, but she could hardly bear the emotion occasioned by his appearance.”

Little did Napoleon think, when he was making a sacrifice of all the “happiness which he had known in the world,” that the ambitious views for which it was relinquished, would fade away ere five years ran their course. What strange destinies do men carve out for themselves! what sacrifices are they ever making of felicity and of real good, in the pursuit of some phantom which is sure to elude their grasp! How many Edens have been forfeited by madness and by folly, since the first pair were expelled from Paradise!

It was not without an effort on her part to turn Napoleon from a purpose so agonizing to them both, that Josephine gave up all hope. In about a month after the disclosure, a painful task devolved on the imperial family. The motives for the divorce

were to be stated in public, and the heart-stricken Josephine was to subscribe to its necessity in presence of the nation. In conformity with the magnanimous resolve of making so great a sacrifice for the advantage of the empire, it was expedient that an equanimity of deportment should be assumed. The scene which took place could never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Napoleon stood pale and immovable as a statue, showing in the very stillness of his air and countenance a deep emotion. Josephine and Hortense alone appeared divested of every ornament, while those about them sparkled in all the splendor of court costume. Every eye was directed to Josephine, as with slow steps she reached the seat which had been prepared for her. She took it with her accustomed grace, and preserved throughout a dignified composure. Hortense stood weeping behind her chair, and poor Eugene was nearly overcome by agitation, as the act of separation was read; Napoleon declared that it was in consideration of the interests of the monarchy and the wishes of his people that there should be an heir to the throne, that he was induced “to sacrifice the sweetest affections of his heart.” “God knows,” said he, “what such a determination has cost my heart.” Of Josephine he spoke with the tenderest affection and respect. “She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the remembrance of them will be for ever engraven on my heart.”

When it was Josephine’s turn to speak, though tears were in her eyes, and though her voice faltered, the dignity of all she uttered impressed every one who was present. “I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor,” she said, “in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. I know,” she went on to say, “what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifice which we make to the good of our country. I feel elevated by giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion *that ever was given upon earth.*”

It was not till Josephine heard the fatal words which were to part her from the object of her affection for ever, that her courage seemed for a moment to forsake her; but hastily brushing away the tears that forced

their way, she took the pen which was handed to her, and signed the act; then taking the arm of Hortense, and followed by Eugene, she left the saloon, and hurried to her own apartment, where she shut herself up alone for the remainder of the day.

It is well known that, notwithstanding the courage with which the imperial family came forward before the public on this occasion, they gave way to the most passionate grief in private. Napoleon had retired for the night, and had gone to his bed in silence and sadness, when the private door opened, and Josephine appeared. Her hair fell in wild disorder, and her countenance bore the impress of an incurable grief. She advanced with a faltering step; then paused; and bursting into an agony of tears, threw herself on Napoleon's neck, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. He tried to console her, but his own tears fell fast with hers. A few broken words—a last embrace—and they parted. The next morning, the whole household assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to a mistress whom they loved and revered. With streaming eyes they saw her pass the gates of the Tuileries, never to return.

The feelings with which Josephine took up her residence at Malmaison, amidst the scenes so dear to her, may be conceived; but true to the wishes of the emperor, and to the dictates of her own elevated mind, she bore up under her trying situation with exemplary dignity; but grief had done its part; and no one could look into her face, or meet the sweet melancholy smile with which she welcomed them, without being moved. Happy days, which she had enjoyed amidst these scenes with many of those who waited on her, were sadly contrasted with her forlorn feelings; and though she strove to speak cheerfully, and never complained, the tears which she tried to check or to conceal would sometimes force their way. The chief indulgence which she allowed her feelings was during those hours of the day when she shut herself up alone in Napoleon's cabinet; that chamber where so many moments of confidential intercourse had passed, and which she continued to hold so sacred, that scarcely any one but herself ever entered it. She would not suffer anything to be moved since Napoleon had occupied it. She would herself wipe away the dust, fearing that other hands might disturb what he had touched. The volume which he had been reading when last there, lay on the table, open at the page at which he had last looked. The map was there, with all his tracings of some meditated route;

the pen which had given permanence to some passing thought lay beside it; articles of dress were on some of the chairs; everything looked as if he were about to enter.

Even under the changed circumstances which brought Josephine back to Malmaison, her influence over Napoleon, which had been always powerful, was not diminished. No estrangement took place between them. His visits to her were frequent, though her increased sadness was always observed on those days when he made them. They corresponded to the last moment of her life. The letters she received from him were her greatest solace. It is thus she alludes to them in writing to him:—"Continue to retain a kind recollection of your friend; give her the consolation of occasionally hearing from you, that you still preserve that attachment for her which alone constitutes the happiness of her existence."

The nuptials of Napoleon and Marie Louise took place a very short time after the divorce was ratified. Whatever the bitter feelings of Josephine might have been, they were not mingled with one ungenerous or unjust sentiment. No ill-feeling toward the new empress was excited in her bosom by the rapturous greetings with which she was welcomed on her arrival. "Every one ought," said she, "to endeavor to render France dear to an empress who has left her native country to take up her abode among strangers."

But however elevated above all the meaner passions, the affections of Josephine had received a wound from which they could never recover, and she found it essential for anything like peace of mind, to remove from scenes of former happiness. She retired to a noble mansion in Navarre, the gift of Napoleon; and as he had made a most munificent settlement on her, she was able to follow the bent of her benevolent mind, and to pass her time in doing good. So far from feeling any mortification on the birth of his son, she unfeignedly participated in the gratification which the emperor felt, and she ever took the most lively interest in the child. She was deeply affected when his birth was announced to her, and retired to her chamber to weep unseen; but no murmur mingled with those natural tears.

It is rare to meet an example of one like Josephine, who has escaped the faults which experience tells us beset the extremes of destiny. In all the power and luxury of the highest elevation, no cold selfishness ever chilled the current of her generous feelings; for in the midst of prosperity her highest



gratification was to serve her fellow-creatures, and in adverse circumstances, unspited at the world, such was still her sweetest solace. She was, indeed, so wonderfully sustained throughout all the changes and chances of her eventful life, that it needs no assurance to convince us that she must have sought for support beyond this transitory scene.

She employed the peasantry about Navarre in making roads and other useful works. Ever prompt in giving help to those in want, she chanced to meet one of the sisters of charity one day, seeking assistance for the wounded who lay in a neighboring hospital. Josephine gave large relief, promised to put all in train to have her supplied with linen for the sick, and that she would help to prepare lint for their wounds. The petitioner pronounced a blessing on her, and went on her way, but turned back to ask the name of her benefactress; the answer was affecting—"I am poor Josephine."

There can be no doubt but that Napoleon's thoughts often turned with tenderness to the days that he had passed with Josephine. Proof was given of an unchanging attachment to her, in the favors which he lavished on those connected with her by relationship or affection. Among her friends was Mrs. Damer, so celebrated for her success in sculpture. She had become acquainted with her while she was passing some time in Paris. Charmed by Josephine's varied attractions, she delighted in her society, and they became fast friends; when parting they promised never to forget each other. The first intimation which Mrs. Damer had of Josephine's second marriage was one day when a French gentleman waited on her; he was the bearer of a most magnificent piece of porcelaine and a letter, with which he had been charged for her by the wife of the First Consul. Great was her astonishment, when she opened the letter, to find that it was indeed from the wife of the First Consul; no longer Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, but her dear friend Josephine, who urged her with all the warmth of friendship, to pay her an immediate visit at Paris. "I do long," she added, "to present my husband to you." Such a tempting invitation was gladly accepted, and she was received with joy by Napoleon and Josephine. In after years, she constantly recalled to mind the pleasures of that visit, with mingled feelings of melancholy and delight. The domestic scene left a lasting impression. Napoleon, always so fascinating in conversation, made himself delightfully agreeable to her; he loved to talk

with her of her art; and his originality, enthusiasm, and taste gave an interest to everything he said. He had a great admiration for Fox, and expressed a wish to have his bust. When Mrs. Damer next visited Paris, she brought Fox's bust, but Josephine's place was occupied by another. The Emperor saw her, and met her with all the cordiality and kindness which the recollection of former happy days, and her attachment to Josephine, were sure to inspire. At parting, he gave her a splendid snuff-box, with his likeness set in diamonds. The box is now in the British Museum.

It was in her retirement at Navarre that Josephine wept bitterly over the falling fortunes of Napoleon. The Russian expedition caused her such deep inquietude that her health and spirits visibly declined; she saw in it a disastrous fate for Napoleon, and trembled, too, for the safety of Eugene, a son so dearly and so deservedly beloved, and who was, if possible, rendered still more precious, as the especial favorite of Napoleon, and as having been the means of introducing him to her. Josephine now scarcely joined her ladies, but would remain for the length of the day alone in her chamber, by the large travelling-deck which contained Napoleon's letters. Among these there was one that she was observed to read over and over again, and then to place in her bosom; it was the last that she had received: it was written from Brienne. A passage in it runs thus: "On revisiting this spot, where I passed my youthful days, and contrasting the peaceful condition I then enjoyed with the state of terror and agitation to which my mind is now a prey, often have I addressed myself in these words: I have sought death in numberless engagements, I can no longer dread its approach; I should now hail it as a boon. Nevertheless, I could still wish to see Josephine once more—" He again adds: "Adieu, my dear Josephine; never dismiss from your recollection one who has never forgotten, and never will forget, you."

It would be needless to dwell on the rapid events which led to Napoleon's abdication, but it would be impossible, even in this imperfect sketch, not to be struck by the strange coincidences of Josephine's life,—twice married—twice escaped from a violent death—twice crowned—both husbands sought for a divorce—one husband was executed—the other banished! One of Napoleon's first cares, in making his conditions when he abdicated, was an ample provision for Josephine; 40,000*l.* per annum was settled on her.

It was after Napoleon's departure from the shores of France, that the Emperor Alexander, touched with admiration of Josephine's character, and with pity for her misfortunes, prevailed on her to return to Malmaison to see him there. The associations so linked with the spot that she had loved to beautify must, indeed, have been overpowering. It was there that Napoleon's passionate attachment to her was formed. How many recollections must have been awakened by the pleasure grounds adorned with the costly shrubs and plants which they had so often admired *together*; how many tears had afterwards fallen among them when the hours of separation came. The Emperor Alexander used every effort to console her, and promised his protection to her children, but sorrow had done its part, and the memories of other times had their effect. Josephine fell sick; malignant sore throat was the form which disease took, during the fatal illness of but a few days. Alexander was unremitting in his attentions; he again soothed the dying mother by the renewal of his promise of care for her children, a promise most faithfully kept. It was in the year

1814 that Napoleon left France for Elba, and also that Josephine died. The bells to which they had loved to listen together tolled her funeral knell. Her remains rest in the parish church of Ruel, near Malmaison. They were followed to the place of interment by a great number of illustrious persons who were desirous of paying this parting token of respect to one so much loved and honored. Upwards of eight thousand of the neighboring peasantry joined the funeral procession to pay their tribute of affection and veneration to her, who was justly called, "*the mother of the poor and distressed.*" The tomb erected by her children marks the spot where she takes her "long last sleep." It bears the simple inscription—

EUGENE ET HORTENSE A JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon, too, paid a parting visit to the residence which he had preferred to every other. After his unsuccessful attempt to resume the sovereignty of France, he spent six days at Malmaison to muse over departed power and happiness, and then left the shores of France for ever!

## THE CLOISTER LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

### PART II.

(Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for May.)

To be lodged in the monastic palace of Yuste, was a distinction which Queen Mary of Hungary shared with one, and only one, of the visitors of her brother. The personage whom the imperial eremite delighted thus to honor, was Francisco Borja, who, a few years before, had exchanged his dukedom of Gandia for the robe of the order of Jesus. In his brilliant youth, this remarkable man had been the star and pride of the nobility of Spain. Heir of a great and wealthy house, which was a branch of the royal line of Aragon, and which had given two pontiffs to Rome, he was distinguished no less by the favor of the emperor, than by the splendor of his birth, the graces of his person, and the endowments of his mind. Born to be a soldier and a courtier, he was

also an accomplished scholar, and no inconsiderable statesman. He broke horses and trained hawks as well as the most expert master of the menage and the mews; he composed masses, which long kept their place in the cathedral choirs of Spain; he was well versed in polite learning, and deeply read in the mathematics; he served in Africa and Italy with distinction; and as viceroy of Catalonia, he displayed abilities for business and administration which in a few years would have enabled him to rival the fame of Mendoza and De Lannoy. The pleasures and the honors of the world, however, seemed, even from the first, to have but slender attraction for the man so rarely fitted to obtain them. In the midst of life and its triumphs, his thoughts perpetually turned upon death and its mys-

teries. Ever punctilious in the performance of his religious duties, he early began to take delight in spiritual contemplation, and to discipline his mind by self-imposed penance. Even in his favorite sport of falconry, he sought occasion for self punishment by resolutely fixing his eyes on the ground at the moment when he knew that his best hawk was about to stoop upon the heron. These tendencies were fixed by an incident which followed the death of the Empress Isabella. As her master of the horse, it was Borja's duty to attend the body from Toledo to the chapel-royal of the cathedral of Granada, and to make oath of its identity ere it was laid in the grave. But when the coffin was opened and the cerements drawn aside, the progress of decay was found to have been so rapid that the mild and lovely face of Isabella could no longer be recognized by the most trusted and most faithful of her servants. His conscience would not allow him to swear, that the mass of corruption thus disclosed was the remains of his royal mistress, but only that having watched day and night beside it, he felt convinced that it was the same form which he had seen wrapped in its shroud at Toledo. From that moment, in the twenty-ninth year of his prosperous life, he resolved to spend what remained to him of time in earnest preparation for eternity. A few years later, the death of his beautiful and excellent wife strengthened his purpose, and snapped the dearest tie which bound him to the world. Having completed the Jesuits' college at Gandia, their first establishment of that kind in Europe, and having married his son and his two daughters, he put his affairs in order, and retired into the young and still struggling society of Ignatius Loyola. In the year 1548, the thirty-eighth of his age, he ceased to be duke of Gandia, and became father Francis of the Company of Jesus.

Borja did not appear at Yuste as a chance or uninvited guest. Charles seems to have regarded him with an affection as strong as his cold nature was capable of entertaining. It was with no ordinary interest that he watched the career of the man whom alone he had chosen to make the confidant of his intended abdication, and who had unexpectedly forestalled him in the execution of the scheme. They were now in circumstances in some respects similar, in others widely different. Both had voluntarily descended from the eminence of their hereditary fortunes. Broken in health and spirits, the emperor had come to Yuste to rest and to

die. The duke, on the other hand, in the full vigor of his age, had entered the humblest of the religious orders, to work out his salvation in a course of self-denial and toil, ending only in the grave. His career in the Company began with severe theological study, from which he passed to the pulpit and the professor's chair. As provincial of Aragon and Andalusia, he had been for some time laboring as a preacher, and teacher in various cities of Spain; he had founded colleges at Plasencia and Seville; and he was now delivering lectures at Alcala, in the college which Jesuit energy soon raised to be the stately pile which still forms one of the most prominent ruins of that Palmyra of universities.

It seems to have been in the early spring of the year 1557, that the emperor determined to send for his old companion and counsellor. The message was conveyed to Alcala by a servant of the count of Oropesa. Borja at first excused himself, pleading ill health and the duties of his calling; and it was not until he had received a second summons, from the mouth of the duke of Medina-Celi, that he consented to go to Yuste. On the way he was met by a messenger, bearing a letter from the regent Juana, which advised him that her father's object in seeking an interview was to persuade him to pass from the Company into the order of St. Jerome. He arrived at the monastery early in December, attended by two brothers of the order, father Marcos and father Bartolomé Bustamente, the latter known to fame as a scholar, and as architect of the noble hospital of St. John Baptist at Toledo. The emperor not only paid his guest the unusual compliment of lodging him in his own quarters, but even busied himself in making preparations for his reception. To make his chamber as comfortable as conventual austerity would permit, Luis Quixada had hung it with some tapestry which remained in the meagre imperial wardrobe. But this his master, judging that it would rather offend than please the visitor, caused him to take down, supplying its place with some black cloth, of which he despoiled the walls of his own cell.

The royal recluse received the noble missionary with a cordiality which was more foreign to his nature than to his habits, but which on this occasion was probably sincere. Both had withdrawn themselves from the pomps and vanities of life; but, custom being stronger than reason or faith, their greeting was as ceremonious as if it had been ex-

changed beneath the canopy of state at Augsburg or Valladolid. Not only did the Jesuit, lapsing into the ways of the grandee, kneel to kiss the hand of Charles, but he even insisted on remaining upon his knees during the interview. Charles, who addressed him as duke, of course frequently entreated him to rise and be seated, but in vain. "I humbly beg your majesty," said he, "to suffer me to continue kneeling; for I feel," he added, in a spirit of extravagant loyalty, "as if, in the presence of your majesty, I were in the presence of God himself."

Being aware of his host's intentions with regard to himself and his habit, he anticipated them, by asking permission to give an account of his life since he made religious profession, and of the reasons which had led him to join the Jesuits,—“of which matters,” he said, “I will speak to your majesty as I would speak to my Maker, who knows that all that I am going to say is true.” Leave being granted, he narrated, at great length, how, being resolved to enter a monastic order, he had prayed, and caused many masses to be said, for God's guidance in making his choice; how, at first, he inclined to the rule of St. Francis, but found that, whenever his thoughts went in that direction, he was seized with an unaccountable melancholy; how he turned his eyes to the other orders, one after another, and always with the same gloomy result; how, on the contrary, when it at last occurred to him to join the Company, the Lord had filled his soul with peace and joy; how it frequently happened in the great orders that churchmen arrived at higher honors in this life than if they had remained in the world, a chance which he desired by all means to shun, and which was hardly offered in a recent and humble fraternity, still in the furnace of trial through which the others had long ago passed; how the Company, by embracing in its scheme the active as well as the contemplative life, provided for the spiritual welfare of men of the most opposite characters, and of each man in the various stages of his mental being; and lastly, how he had submitted these reasons to several grave and holy fathers of the other orders, and had received their approval and blessing before he took the vows which for ten years had been the hope and consolation of his life.

The emperor listened to this long narrative with attention, and expressed his satisfaction at hearing his friend's history from his own lips. “For,” said he, “I felt great

surprise when I received at Augsburg your letter from Rome, notifying the choice you had made of a religious brotherhood. And I still think, that a man of your weight ought to have entered an order which had been approved by age rather than this new one, in which no white hairs are found, and which besides, in some quarters, bears but an indifferent reputation.” To this Borja replied, that in all institutions, even in Christianity itself, the purest piety and the noblest zeal were to be found near the source; that had he been aware of any evil in the Company, he would never have joined, or he would already have quitted it; and that, in the matter of white hairs, though it was hard to expect that children should be old while the parent was still young, even these were not wanting, as might be seen in his companion, the father Bustamente. That ecclesiastic, who had begun his novitiate at the age of sixty, was accordingly called into the presence. The emperor at once recognised him as a priest who had been sent to his court at Naples, soon after the campaign at Tunis, charged with an important mission by Cardinal Tavera, primate of Spain.

Three hours of discourse with these able, earnest, and practiced champions of Jesuitism appear to have had their natural influence on the mind of Charles. He hated innovation with the hate of a king, a devotee, and an old man; and having fought for forty years a losing battle against the reform of the terrible monk of Saxony, he looked with suspicion even upon the great orthodox movement, led by the soldier of Guipuzcoa. The infant Company, although, or perhaps because, in favor at the Vatican, had gained no footing in the imperial court; and as its fame grew, the prelates around the throne, sons or friends of the ancient orders, were more likely to remind their master, that its general had been once admonished by the holy office of Toledo, than to dwell on his piety and eloquence, or the splendid success of his missions in the East. But from his ancient servant and brother in arms, in the quiet shades of Yuste, Charles heard a different tale, which seems to have changed his feelings towards the Jesuits, from distrust and dislike, to approval and friendly regard.

Sometimes the talk of the emperor and his guest was of old times, and of their former selves. “Do you remember,” said Charles, “how I told you in 1542, at Monçon,” during the holding of the Cortes of Aragon, “of my intention of abdicating the throne?”



I spoke of it to only one person besides." The Jesuit replied that he had kept the secret truly, but that now he hoped he might mention the mark of confidence with which he had been honored. "Yes," said Charles; "now that the thing is done, you may say what you will."

One of the emperor's most curious and interesting revelations to Borja, was the fact, that he had composed memoirs of a part of his reign. He asked if the father thought that a man's writing an account of his own actions, savored too much of vanity; and said, that he had drawn up a notice of his various campaigns and travels, not with any view to vain glory, but in order that the truth might be known; for he had observed in the works of the historians of his time, that they were led into error, as much by ignorance, as by passion and prejudice. What judgment Borja delivered upon this case of conscience does not appear. Nor is the fate of the memoirs known. But the work cannot have been large, having been composed to beguile time spent in sailing down the Rhine from Mayence. Van Male, to whose letters we owe our knowledge of this fact, and who was employed to translate his master's French into Latin, praises the terseness and elegance of the style. This translation was spoken of in 1560, by Ruscelli, in a letter addressed to Philip II., as soon to be published; and Brantome wonders why so excellent a speculation could have been neglected by the booksellers. It is plain, therefore, that Borja is not to be blamed for the loss, if they are indeed lost, of the precious commentaries of the Cæsar of Castile. And indeed, though a saint, and an advocate for the mortification of all worldly desires, he was hardly capable of advising the imperial author to put his manuscript in one of his Flemish fireplaces. The stern ascetic had not quite cast off, or at least, on occasion he could reassume, the ways and language of the insinuating chamberlain. To one of the devout queries of the emperor, he replied in a style of courtly gallantry, which sounds strange in the mouth of the friend of Francis Xavier, and would have done honor to a later Jesuit, who labored in the vineyard of Versailles. Narrating the course of his penances and prayers, Charles asked him whether he could sleep with his clothes on; "for, I must confess," added he, contritely, "that my infirmities, which prevent me from doing many things of the kind that I would gladly do, render this penance impossible in my case." Borja, who practiced every kind of self-punishment, and had in early life in

one year fasted down a cubit of his girth, eluded the question by an answer, which was perhaps as remarkable for modesty as for dexterity. "Your majesty," said he, "cannot sleep in your clothes, because you have watched so many nights in mail. Let us thank God that you have done more service by keeping those vigils in arms, than many a cloistered monk who sleeps in his hair-shirt."

The new allegiance of the Jesuit did not permit him to spare more than three days to his old master. Duty required him once more to take his staff in his hand, and proceed on his visitation of the rising schools and colleges of the Company. While at Yuste he had been treated with marked distinction. Not only did his host arrange the upholstery of his apartment, but he sent him each day the most approved dish from his own table, the only part of his establishment which was somewhat removed from conventual meagreness. The honored guest set forth to Valladolid, with the pleasing impression that he left regrets behind him; and he likewise carried away two hundred ducats for alms, which Luis Quixada had been directed to force upon his acceptance. "It is a small sum," said the mayordomo; "but in comparison with the present revenues of my lord the emperor, it is the largest bounty which he ever bestowed at one time."

John III., king of Portugal, dying on the 11th of June, 1557, state or family affairs required Charles to send a trusty messenger to his sister, the widowed Queen Catherine. He immediately bethought him of his cousin and counsellor, the Jesuit, whose order had early gained the ear of the deceased monarch, and who himself enjoyed the friendship and confidence of all that remained of the house of Avis. Borja received the summons at Simancas, where he had founded a small establishment, and whither he had loved to escape from the court of Valladolid, to unstinted penance and prayer. The sun of July had begun to scorch the naked plains of the Duero, and the good father was in poor health. Nevertheless, he repaired to Yuste and received his instructions; and then, scorning repose in the cool woodlands, at once took the road to Portugal, across the charred wastes of Estremadura. This haste, and the heat, threw him into a fever, of which he nearly died in the city of Evora; and when once more able to resume his journey, he was nearly lost, in a squall, in crossing the Tagus to Lisbon. His mission accomplished, he eluded the nursing of the queen and the

Cardinal Henry, and hurried back to Yuste, where he probably arrived early in September.

The usual gracious reception awaited him. The nature of his business in Portugal has been recorded by his biographers. But he seems to have conducted it to the emperor's satisfaction. It was on this occasion, or the last, that Charles returned certain letters addressed to him, by father Francis, on the politics and politicians of the day, and written at his request, and on condition of close secrecy. "You may be sure," said he, on restoring them, "that no one but I have seen them." The confidence thus reposed in the judgment and observation of the Jesuit by the shrewdest prince of the age, shows how keenly the things of earth may be scanned by eyes which seemed wholly fixed on heaven.

The emperor likewise told him of a dispute between two nobles, which had been referred to him for decision, and on which he desired his opinion, because he probably knew on whose side the right lay. The dispute was about a title to certain lands, and the parties were Borja's son, Charles, then duke of Gandia, and Don Alonso de Cardona, admiral of Aragon. Thus appealed to, the father behaved with that stoical indifference to the voice of blood which somewhat shocked his lay admirers, and commanded the loud applause of his reverend biographers. "I know not," he said, "whose cause is the just one; but I pray your majesty not only not to allow the admiral to be wronged, but to show him all the favor compatible with equity." On the emperor's expressing some not unnatural surprise, this Cato of the Company offered the very poor explanation of his request, that, perhaps, the admiral needed the disputed lands more than the duke, and that it was good to assist the necessitous.

Borja paid a fourth and last visit in the following year, 1558, to the monastery. He was sent for by the emperor for the benefit of his spiritual counsels, possibly after he had been attacked by his closing illness. For within a few days after the minister's return to Valladolid, tidings reached the court that the invalid was no more. During his brief sojourn at Yuste, his holy conversation and example awakened the religious zeal of Magdalena de Ulloa, the wife of the mayordomo, Quixada. The good seed thus chance-sown by the way-side, sprang up in after years, bearing abundant fruit for the Company in the three colleges founded and endowed by that devout lady at Villagarcia, Santander,

and Oviedo. Almost a century after his visits, the fame of the third general of the Jesuits lingered in the country around Yuste. In 1650, the centenarian of Guijo, a neighboring village, used to tell how he had seen the emperor and the count of Oropesa on the road to Xarandilla, and to point out a great tree, under which they had partaken of a repast, and he, a child, had been permitted to pick up the crumbs. But of the individual impressions left on his memory by that remarkable group, none had endured for the third generation, except "the meek and penitent face of him they called the saintly duke,—*el duque santo*."

In such occupations and in such companionship noiselessly glided away the cloister life of Charles V. The benefit which his health had reaped from the fine air of Yuste was but transient. It began to decline rapidly in the spring of 1558 after the death of Queen Eleanor, to whom he was tenderly attached. He caused funeral rites to be performed in her honor, in the church of the monastery, with all the pomp of light and music that the brotherhood could command. Indeed, funeral services were, in some sort, the festivals of his lugubrious life; for whenever he received intelligence of the death of a prince of the blood, or a knight of the Golden Fleece, he caused his obsequies to be celebrated by the Jeromites. He was also very mindful of the souls of his deceased friends, and the masses which were offered day by day up for himself were preceded by some for his father, his mother, and his wife.

As his infirmities increased, his prayers grew longer, and his penances more severe. He wrapped his emaciated body in hair-cloth, and flogged it with scourges, which were afterwards found in his cell, stained with his blood. Restless and sleepless, he would roam, ghost-like, through the corridors of the convent, and call up the drowsy monks for the midnight services of the church. Once he was asked by a sluggish novice, whose slumbers he had broken, why he could not be satisfied with turning the world upside down, but must also disturb the peace and rest which it was reported he had come to seek at Yuste.

From all secular things and persons he kept entirely aloof. Of the events then passing in the world, nothing stirred his curiosity or his interest but the ruthless crusade against heresy, led by Cardinal Valdés, the fiercest inquisitor since the days of Torquemada. For the great northern Reformation had made itself felt, though with feeble and

transient effect, even in Spain,—as the Lisbon earthquake troubled the waters of Lochlond. Strange questions were stirred in the schools of Alcala and Salamanca; new doctrines were taught from the pulpits of Seville and Valladolid; wool-clad wolves were said to lurk even in the folds of St. Francis and St. Dominic; and Lutheran traders ran casks of heretical tracts upon the shores of the bay of Cadiz. Amongst the persons arrested at Valladolid was Dr. Augustin Cazalla, canon of Salamanca, who had been one of the emperor's preachers, and as such, had resided, from 1546 to 1552, at the imperial court in Germany. Though he had distinguished himself in the land of the Reformation by sermons against its doctrines, and had returned to Spain with untarnished orthodoxy, he was accused not only of being infected with Lutheran principles, but of having "dogmatized," as the inquisition happily called preaching, in a conventicle at Valladolid. Charles was much moved when he heard of this arrest, not with pity for the probable fate of the man, but with horror of his crime. "Father," said he to the prior, "if there be anything which could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising heretics. For such creatures as these, however, this is not necessary; but I have written to the Inquisition to burn them all, for none of them will ever become true catholics, or are worthy to live." This recommendation, seldom neglected, was exactly observed in the case of the poor chaplain. Denying the offence of dogmatizing, he confessed having held heretical opinions, and offered to abjure them. Nevertheless he was "relaxed," or in secular speech, burnt, with thirteen companions, at Valladolid, in the presence of the princess-regent and her court.

A more illustrious victim of the holy office was Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, canon of Seville, and famous both as a pulpit orator, and as author of several theological works, which were much esteemed in Italy as well as Spain. He, too, had attended the emperor in Germany as his preacher and almoner. For him Charles seemed to entertain more respect; for upon hearing that he had been committed to the castle of Triana, he remarked, "If Constantine is a heretic, he will prove a great one." The canon's "merits," for so the Inquisition, with a sort of grim humor, called the acts or opinions which qualified a man for the stake, were certain heretical treatises in his handwriting, which had been dug with his other papers out of a wall. Confessing to the proscribed

doctrines, but refusing to name his disciples, he was thrown into a dungeon, damp and noisome as Jeremiah's pit, far below the level of the Guadalquivir, where a dysentery soon delivered him from his chains. "Yet did not his body," says the historian\* of Spanish literature, written several ages after, with all the bitterness of a contemporary, "for this escape the avenging flames." His bones, and a carefully modelled effigy of him, with outstretched arms, as he charmed the crowd from the pulpits of Seville, figured at the *auto-da-fé* which, in 1560, illuminated the burning-place, the *quemadero*, of that city. Another sufferer there, Fray Domingo de Guzman, was also known to the emperor. His arrest, however, merely drew from him the contemptuous remark, that Fray Domingo might have been shut up as much for idiocy as for heresy.

In looking back on the religious troubles of his reign, Charles bitterly regretted that he did not put Luther to death when he was in his power. He had spared him, he said, on account of his pledged word, which, indeed, he would have been bound to respect had the offences of Luther merely concerned his own authority; but he now saw that he had erred, in preferring the obligation of his promise to the greater duty of avenging upon that arch-heretic his offences against God. Had Luther been removed, he conceived the plague might have been stayed: now, it was going on from bad to worse. He had some consolation, however, in recollecting how steadily he refused to hear the points at issue argued in his presence. At this price he had declined to purchase the support of some of the protestant princes of the empire, when marching against the Duke of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse; he had declined it even when flying, with only ten horsemen, before the army of Duke Maurice. He knew how dangerous it was, especially for those who, like himself, had little learning, to parley with heretics, who were armed with reasons so apt and so well ordered. Suppose one of their arguments had been planted in his soul; how did he know that he could ever have got it rooted out? So have many better men of every form of faith learned to look upon their belief as something external to themselves, to be kept hid away in the dark, lest, like ice, it should melt in the free air and light of heaven.

The grave was now in all his thoughts. One morning, his barber, a malapert of the old comedies, ventured to ask him what he

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\* Nicolas Antonio.

was thinking of. "I am thinking," replied Charles, "that I have here a sum of two thousand crowns, which I cannot employ better than in performing my funeral." "Do not let that trouble your majesty," rejoined the fellow: "if you die and we live, we will take care to bury you with all honors." "You do not perceive, Nicolas," said the emperor, rather pursuing his own train of thought than replying to the barber, "that it makes a difference in a man's walking, if he holds the light before or behind him." The same opinion had been held by a bishop of Liege, Cardinal Erard de la Mark, whom Charles must have known, and whose example perhaps suggested the idea. For many years before 1528, the year of his death, did this prelate rehearse his obsequies, annually carrying his coffin to the tomb which he had prepared for himself in his cathedral.

Before deciding on the step, however, the emperor determined to submit the question to his confessor, Fray Juan de Regla. They had just been hearing the service for the souls of his parents and his wife. Speaking of such rites in general, he asked the friar if they were most effectual when performed before, or when performed after, death. Fray Juan, after due deliberation, gave his verdict in favor of solemnities which preceded decease. "Then," said the emperor, "I will have my funeral performed while I am still alive."

Accordingly, this celebrated service took place next day, being the 30th of August, 1558. So short a time being allowed for the preparations, they cannot have severely drained the bag of dollars, which Nicolas the barber wished to reserve for other purposes. A wooden monument, however, was erected in the chapel in front of the high altar; the ornaments of the convent were brought out and arranged to the best advantage; and the whole was illuminated with a blaze of wax-lights. The household of the emperor, all in deep mourning, attended; and thither Luis Quixada brought Don Juan, from his sports in the forest, to learn his first lesson of the vanity of human greatness. "The pious monarch himself," says the historian of the Jeromites, "was there, in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies." And when the solemn mass for the defunct was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throng, and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, and the incense, and the glittering

altar—the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas of Titian, which pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansion.

When the dirge was sung, and the ceremonies over, and Charles had, as it were, come back for a little while to life, he told his confessor that he felt the better for being buried. Of a scene which might well have shaken the nerves of the boldest hunter on the Sierra, he said next day, that it had filled his soul with joy and consolation that seemed to react upon his body. That evening he caused to be brought, from the repository where his few valuables were kept, a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, in its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of Our Lord praying in the Garden: and after long gazing, passed from that to a Last Judgment, by Titian. Perhaps this was a sketch or small copy of the great altar piece, or it may be that he turned to the original itself, which could be seen by opening the window, through which his bedchamber commanded a view of the altar. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth; it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of this masterpiece, to the noble art which he loved with a love that years, and cares, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame. He remained so long abstracted and motionless, that the physician who was on the watch thought it right to awake him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and said, "I feel myself ill." The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. He was seated at the moment in the open gallery, to the west of his apartments, into which the sinking sun poured his tempered splendor through the boughs of the great walnut-tree. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

His old enemy, the gout, had not troubled him for several days. The disorder with which he was now attacked, was a tertian fever, likewise a malady familiar to his shattered frame. The fits now were of unusual violence, the cold fit lasting twice as long as the hot. His physician twice attempted to



relieve him by bleeding, but the operation seemed rather to augment than allay the violence of the disease. Being sensible that his hour was come, and wishing to add a codicil to his will, he despatched a messenger to Valladolid, to the regent Juana, requiring an authorization for his secretary Gaztelu to act as a notary for the purpose. The princess, seeing the imminence of the danger, along with the authorization, instantly sent off her physician, Cornelio, to Yuste, while she herself prepared to follow. It is possible that she also sent father Borja, to pay a last visit of consolation to his friend,

The emperor had made his will at Brussels, on the 6th of June, 1554. The codicil is dated at Yuste, the 9th of September, 1558. From the great length of this document, its minuteness, and the frequent recurrence of provisions in case of his death before he should see his son, an event which now was beyond hope, it seems to have been prepared some time before. But as it must have been read to him before his trembling hand affixed the necessary signature, it remains as a proof that one of his last acts was to urge Philip II., by his love and allegiance, and his hope of salvation, to take care that "the heretics were repressed and chastised, with all publicity and rigor, as their faults deserved, without respect to persons, and without regard to any plea in their favor." The rest of the paper is filled with directions for his funeral, and with a list of legacies to forty-eight servants, and many thoughtful arrangements for the comfort of those who had followed him from Flanders. Though willing to send all his Protestant subjects to martyrdom, he watched with fatherly kindness over the fortunes of his grooms and scullions. It is said that Fray Juan de Regla proposed that Don Juan of Austria should be named in the will as next heir to the crown after Philip, his sister, and his children; but if this incredible advice were given by the confessor, the dying man had energy enough left to reject it with indignation.

Day by day the tide of life continued to ebb with visible fall. The sick man, however, was still able to attend to his devotions, to confess and to receive the sacrament. He would not allow his confessor, Regla, to be absent from his bedside, and the poor man, who could hardly find a moment for his repasts, was nearly worn out with incessant watching. On every Sunday and feast day, at half-past three in the afternoon, the chaplain, Villalva, preached in the church, the window of the sick-room being left open, and

the doors being shut to all but the friars. The patient likewise frequently caused passages of Scripture to be read to him, and was never weary of hearing the psalm which begins, *Domine! refugium factum es nobis*. On the 19th of September, towards evening, the patient asked for the rite of extreme unction. By the desire of the prior, Louis Quixada, who was ever at his pillow, inquired whether he would have it administered according to the form for friars, or after the briefer fashion of the laity. He chose the former, in which the seven penitential psalms were read, as well as a litany and sundry prayers and verses of Scripture. During the reading of the psalms, it was observed that he joined in the responses of the monks with an audible voice. When the ceremony was over, instead of being exhausted, he seemed to have been revived by it. His appetite for food having entirely failed him for some days, Quixada seized the opportunity of urging him to take some. "Trouble me not, Louis Quixada," said he; "my life is going out of me, and I cannot eat." The next morning, the 20th, he asked for the eucharist. His confessor told him that having received extreme unction, the other sacrament was unnecessary. "It may not be necessary," said the dying man; "yet it is good company on so long a journey." His wish was accordingly complied with; the wafer was brought to his bedside, followed by the whole community in solemn procession, and he received it from the hands of his confessor with tears of devotion, incessantly repeating the words of our Saviour, "*In me manes, ego in te maneam.*" In spite of his extreme weakness, he remained for a quarter of an hour kneeling in his bed, and uttering devout ejaculations, in praise of the blessed sacrament, which the simple friars attributed to divine inspiration.

On the evening of the 19th of September, a remarkable visitor knocked at the gate of Yuste. It was the new Archbishop of Toledo, Bartolomé Carranza de Mirandi—a name which stands high on the list of the Wolseys of the world, of men remembered less for their splendid success than for their signal fall. From a simple Dominican, he had risen to be a professor at Valladolid, a leading doctor of Trent, prior of Plasencia, provincial of Spain, and prime adviser of Philip II. in that movement which Spanish churchmen loved to call the reduction of England. During Mary's reign, the ruthless black friar had been a mark for popular vengeance; and Oxford, Cambridge, and Lambeth long remembered how he had preached the sac-

rice of the mass, dug up the bones of Bucer, and presided at the burning of Cranmer. For these services he had been rewarded by Philip II. with the richest see in Christendom: and he was now on his way to take possession of the throne of Toledo, little thinking that his enemy, the inquisitor Valdes, was already preparing the indictment which was to make his reign a long disgrace.

The archbishop was expected at Yuste. He had been long known to the emperor, who had paved the way for his success by sending him to display his lore at the council of Trent. Charles had afterwards offered him the Peruvian bishopric of Cuzco, the post of confessor to the heir-apparent of Spain, and lastly, the bishopric of the Canaries. His refusal of all these pieces of preferment caused his patron some surprise, which was changed into displeasure by his acceptance of the see of Toledo. Reports had also got abroad, which cast a doubt on the orthodoxy of the new prelate—of all doubts, as Charles thought, the gravest. He was anxious for an opportunity of conversing with him, partly, it seems, to upbraid him with his new honors, and partly in order to ascertain how far these reports were well founded. William, one of his barbers, related that he had heard his majesty say, "When I gave Carranza the bishopric of the Canaries, he refused it; now he accepts Toledo. We shall see what we are to think of his virtue." In this frame of mind he had been expecting the unconscious prelate for some time; these feelings of dislike being, no doubt, strengthened by his confessor, father Regla, a bitter enemy, and one of the foremost accusers of Carranza.

There can be no doubt that the ruin of this celebrated man was decreed on evidence which would have been listened to only by a secret tribunal of unscrupulous enemies. It may be that some of his printed theology contained—what theology does not?—passages capable of interpretations neither intended nor foreseen by the writer; it may be that he had pillaged the writings of reformers, whose persons he would willingly have given to the flames. But it is certain that he was a man of unambitious nature, of active benevolence, and, according to the notions of that age, of exemplary life; that he was a scholar and theologian of practiced and consummate skill, a wary shepherd of the faithful, a relentless butcher of heretics; that he carried his reluctance to the mitre so far beyond the bounds of decent clerical coyness, as to recommend three eminent rivals

to Philip II., as more fit and proper than himself for the primacy; and that one of his first acts, as archbishop, was to advise the king to appropriate the revenues of a canonry in every cathedral in Spain to the use of the Inquisition. Setting aside, therefore, the palpable personal hatred which betrayed itself in all the proceedings against him, it seems probable that he spoke the plain truth, when he made his dying declaration, that he had never held any of the heretical opinions of which he had been accused.

In after days, when enduring the sickness of deferred hope in his prison at Valladolid or at Rome, the archbishop perhaps regarded it as one of the mischances which marked the ebb of his fortunes, that he reached Yuste too late either to explain to the emperor the circumstances of his promotion, or to remove the suspicion which had been cast on his faith. On the evening of his arrival, Charles was too ill to receive him, and the day following, although he was thrice admitted into the sick-room, he found occasion to utter only a few words. Those words, few and simple as they were, were some weeks after reported to the Holy Office, with, as it seems, gross exaggeration, by the confessor, father Regla.

On the 20th of September, it was evident that the end was approaching. The few friends of the emperor who lived in the neighborhood had assembled at the convent. The Count of Oropesa was there from Xarandilla, with several of the family of Toledo, and Don Luis de Avila had come from Plasencia. They, and the prior and some of the monks, were frequently in the sick-room, in which Quixada kept constant watch. The patient had hardly spoken during the whole day. In the afternoon, when Oropesa introduced the archbishop, he merely told him to be seated, but was unable to hold any conversation. Towards night he grew hourly worse. The physicians, Mathesio and Cornelio, at last announced to the group around the bed that the resources of their art were exhausted, and that all hope was over. Cornelio, the court doctor from Valladolid, then retired; Mathesio remained, feeling the pulse of the dying man, and saying at intervals, "His majesty has only two hours to live—only one hour—only half an hour." Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious of what was going on around him, but now and then mumbling a prayer, and turning his eyes to heaven. At last he roused himself, and pronounced the name of William Van Male. On the man's coming to his sup-

port, he leaned towards him, as if to obtain ease by a change of posture; at the same time uttering a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the archbishop, who was standing there in the shade, "*Domine! jam moritur.*" The prelate approached, and knelt down by the bed, holding a crucifix in his hand, and saying in a loud tone, "Behold him who answers for sin; sin is no more; all is forgiven!" Sad and swarthy of visage, Carranza had also a hoarse, disagreeable voice. On hearing it, the emperor gave signs of impatience so distinct, that the faithful Quixada thought it right to interfere and say, "Hark, my lord, you are disturbing his majesty." The archbishop took the hint, and retired.

It was near two o'clock on the morning of the 21st of September, St. Matthew's-day. Fray Francisco de Villalva, the favorite chaplain, now presented himself at the bed-side. Addressing the dying man, he told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the day of St. Matthias, the apostle who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and on being about to die on the day of St. Matthew, the evangelist, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth, as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time he continued to hold forth in the same edifying strain. At length, Charles, rousing himself, said, "The time is come; bring me the candle and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from Our Lady's shrine at Monserrat; the other, a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which before had been taken from the dead hand of his mother Juana, in the convent of Tordesillas, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son Philip, in the convent of the Escorial. When brought by the attendant, he turned eagerly to receive them; and taking one into each hand, he remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed upon the figure of the Saviour. Those who stood nearest the bed then heard him say, quickly, as if replying to a sudden call, "*Ya voy, Señor—Now, Lord, I go.*" A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; and then, with a voice loud and clear enough to be heard in the other apartments, he cried three times, "*Ay, Jesus!*" and expired.

In or near the chamber of death were assembled the prior and the chaplains, and the household; the Count of Oropesa, his brother *Don Francisco*, his cousin *Don Juan Pacheco*, and his uncle *Diego*, abbot of Cabañas; *Don*

*Luis de Avila*, and Archbishop Carranza. *Don Juan of Austria*, too, in the quality of page to Quixada, stood by the death-bed of him he was afterwards so proud to call his sire.

On the day of the death, and part of the day following, the physicians and attendants were engaged in embalming the body, and arranging it for the grave. Meanwhile, a leaden coffin was prepared, and likewise a massive outer case of chesnut wood, and a black velvet pall to cover the whole. Sandoval had heard, but gave no credit to the story, of the coffin which the emperor was said to have brought with him to Yuste, and to have kept under his bed. Another version of the tale, he says, made the coffin a winding-sheet, but no mention of either was found in the minute account drawn up by the prior Angulo. When all was ready, the coffin was lowered, by ten or twelve men, through the window which opened from the bed-chamber into the church, and placed upon a stage erected in the middle of the aisle. These preparations were hardly completed, when the corregidor of Plasencia arrived with his clerks and constables, and asserted that, as the emperor had died within his jurisdiction, it was his duty to see that the remains had been deposited in a place of safety. In spite, therefore, of the remonstrances of the prior, he caused the coffins to be opened, that he might identify the body.

The solemn funeral services, or the honors, as they were called, were commenced the next day, Tuesday, the 27th of October. They were an expansion of the rites in which the emperor had himself taken part a few weeks before, and they lasted for three days. Mass was said each day by the archbishop of Toledo, the prior of Yuste assisting as deacon, and the prior of Granada as subdeacon, amongst the tears of the whole brotherhood. Funeral sermons were also preached, on the first day by the eloquent Villalva; on the second, by the prior of Granada; and on the third by the prior of Yuste. The imperial dust was then committed to the earth. "Let my sepulture," said the will of Charles, "be so ordered, that the lower half of my body lie beneath, and the upper half before, the high altar, that the priest who says mass may tread upon my head and breast." But the clergy present being divided in opinion as to the lawfulness of placing under the high altar a corpse not in the odor of sanctity, the matter was compromised by laying the coffin in a cavity made in the wall behind, so that it encroached



only on a small portion of the holy ground.

Funeral honors also took place in the presence of the regent and her court, in the beautiful church of the royal Benedictines at Valladolid. A sermon was preached on the occasion by Francisco Borja, from the text, "*Ecce longavi fugiens et mansi in solitudine.*"—"Lo ! then would I wander afar off, and remain in the wilderness." (Psalm lv. 7.)\* It was filled with praise of the emperor for his pious magnanimity in taking leave of the world before the world had taken leave of him—praise which, from the mouth of a Jesuit who had once been a wealthy grandee, must have savored somewhat of self-glorification. Amongst other edifying reminiscences of his friend, Borja told his hearers that he had it from the lips of the deceased, that never, since he was one-and-twenty years old, had he failed to set apart some portion each day for inward prayer.

Brussels excelled all the other cities of the Austrian dominion in the splendor with which she did honor to the emperor's memory. The ceremonies took place on the 29th and 30th of December. The procession, in which King Philip walked, attended by the Dukes of Savoy and Brunswick, and a host of the nobility of Spain, Germany, and the Netherlands, was two hours in passing from the palace to the church of St. Gudule. Its principal feature was a huge galley, large enough for marine service, placed on a cunningly devised sea, which answered the double purpose of supporting some isles, emblematic of the Indies, and of concealing the power which rolled the huge structure along. Faith, Hope, and Charity, were the crew of this enchanted bark ; and her sides were hung with twelve paintings of Charles's principal exploits, which were further set forth in golden letter-press on the black satin sails. A long line of horses followed, each led by two gentlemen, and bearing on its housings the blazon of one of the states of the emperor. They were led up the aisle of the church past the altar and the seats occupied by the order of the Golden Fleece. As the last horse, covered with a black foot-cloth went by, the Count of Bossu, one of the knights, the early playmate and dear friend of the emperor, threw himself on his knees, and remained for some time prostrated on the pavement in an agony of grief.

The chapel of Yuste was merely a temporary resting place of the royal dead. In his will the emperor had confided the care of

his bones to his son, expressing a wish, however, to be laid beside his wife and his father in the cathedral of Granada, in that splendid chapel-royal, rich with the tombs and trophies of Ferdinand and Isabella. Philip, however, shivering in the rear at St. Quentin, had already vowed to St. Lawrence, the great monastery which it was his after-delight to make the chief monument of the power and the piety of the house of Hapsburg. At the Escorial, therefore, he united the bones of his father and mother, and placed them, on the 4th of February, 1574, in a vault beneath the jasper shrine, which yet contains their fine effigies, wrought in bronze by Leoni. The occasion was marked by one of those terrific storms, sent, as the monks supposed, by the devil, in the hope of overthrowing that fortress of piety. A grand arch of timber, erected at the door of the church, was blown away, and its hangings of rich brocades, rent into minute shreds, were scattered far and wide over the surrounding chase. Eighty years later, the repose of the emperor was once more broken by his great-grandson, Philip IV. For thirty-three years that prince was engaged in building the celebrated Pantheon, begun by his father Philip III. On the 16th March, 1654, the dust of the Austrian kings of Spain and of their consorts who had continued the line, was translated from the plain vault of Philip II. to this splendid sepulchral chamber, which gleamed, in the light of a thousand tapers, with its marble and jasper and gold, like a creation of oriental romance. Each coffin was borne by three nobles and three Jeromite friars ; the procession being headed by that of Charles V., carried by Don Luis de Haro, the Duke of Abrantes, and the Marquis of Aytona. As the remains were to be deposited in a marble sarcophagus, it became necessary to remove the previous coverings, which enabled Philip IV. to come face to face with his great ancestor. The body of the emperor was found to be quite entire. After looking at it for some minutes in silence, the king turned to Haro, and said, "Honored body, Don Luis." "Very honored," replied the minister ;—words, brief indeed, but very pungent ; for the prior of the Escorial has left it recorded, "that they condensed all that a Christian ought to feel on so solemn an occasion."

Charles did not leave the world without some of those portents in which the men of that age loved to trace the influence of a remarkable death upon the operations of nature. A comet appeared over the monastery at the

\* Psalm liv. 7. The Vulgate Psalm liv. is our Psalm lv.



beginning of his last illness, and was seen no more after the night on which he died. In the spring of 1558, a lily in his garden, beneath his windows, bore two buds, of which one flowered and withered in due course, but the other remained a bud through the summer and autumn, to the great astonishment of the gardener and the friars. But on the night of the 21st of Sept. it burst into full bloom, an emblem of the whiteness of the parting spirit, and of the sure and certain hope of its reception into bliss. It was reverently gathered, and fastened upon the black veil which covered the sacramental shrine in the church. In the week following the grand obsequies, a pious bird, large as a vulture, but of a kind unknown at Yuste, perched at night on the roof of the church, exactly over the imperial grave, and disturbed the friars by barking like a dog. For five successive nights it barked there in the clear moonlight, always at the same hour, and always arriving from the east, and flying away towards the west. And four years later a holy Capuchin of the New World, Fray Luis Mendez, as he knelt in his convent-chapel at Guatemala, was blessed with a vision, wherein he saw the emperor before the judgment-seat of our Lord making his defence against the accusing demons, with so much success that he received honorable acquittal, and was in the end carried off to heaven by the angels of light.

The codicil of the will of Charles, the only part of the document which belongs to his life at Yuste, is drawn up with a minuteness of detail very characteristic of the careful habits of the man. After a profession of attachment to the church, and hatred of heresy, and after the directions for his burial which have been already noticed, he proceeds to describe a monument and an altar-piece which he wished to be erected in the church of the convent, in the event of Yuste being chosen by his son for the final resting-place of his bones. The altar-piece was to be of alabaster, a copy in relief of Titian's picture of the "Last Judgment," the picture on which he was gazing at the moment when he first felt the touch of death. A custodia, or sacramental tabernacle, was likewise to be made of alabaster and marble, and placed between statues of himself and the empress. They were to be sculptured, kneeling with hands clasped as in prayer, barefoot, and with uncovered heads, and clad in sheets like penitents. For further particulars, he referred the king to Luis Quixada, and the confessor Regla, who were fully instructed in his meaning and wishes. In case of the removal of

his body, instead of the altar-piece and monument, the convent was to receive a picture for their altar, of such kind as the king shall appoint. In compliance with this desire, Philip presented the monks with a copy of Titian's "Judgment," which adorned their high altar until the suppression of the convents, in 1823, when it was carried off to the parish church of Texeda.

The emperor next expresses his concern at hearing that the pensions which he had granted to the servants whom he had dismissed at Xarandilla, had been very ill-paid, and he entreats the king to order their punctual payment for the future. He directs that the friars of Yuste and the friars from other convents, who had been specially employed in his service, as readers, preachers, and musicians, shall receive such gratuities as shall appear sufficient to father Regla and Quixada. To the confessor himself he bequeaths an annual pension of four hundred ducats (about 80*l.* sterling,) and four hundred ducats in legacy. Of Luis Quixada he twice speaks in the most affectionate terms, acknowledging his long and good service, and his willing fidelity in incurring the expense and inconvenience of removing his wife and household to Yuste. Lamenting that he has done so little to promote his interest, he earnestly recommends him to the king's favor, and with a legacy of 2000 ducats, he leaves him a pension to the value of his present appointment (without mentioning the sum) until he is provided with a place of greater emolument. He also desires that the Infanta will cause the amount of fines recovered by his attorney, or that might be recovered in cases still pending against the poachers and rioters of Quacos, to be paid into the hands of a person named by the executors, for distribution amongst the poor of the village. The contents of his larder and cellar, and his stores of provisions in general, at the day of his decease, and likewise the dispensary, with its drugs and vessels, he leaves to the brotherhood of Yuste, and to the poor any money which may remain in his coffers after defraying the wages of his servants.

These are all mentioned by name, and for the most part receive pensions, except a few to whom small gratuities are given, it being explained that previous provision has been made for them. The pensions range from four hundred florins (32*l.* sterling), conferred on the doctor, Enrique Mathesio, to ninety florins, which requite the services of Isabel Platinn, the laundress of the table-linen.

The gratuities vary from 150,000 maravedis (about 45*l.* sterling), left to the secretary Gastelu, to 7500, given to Jorge de Diana, a boy employed in the workshop of Torriano. That mechanician being already pensioned to the amount of 200 crowns, receives only 15,000 maravedis; he is likewise reminded that he has been paid something to account on the price of a clock which is in hand, and for which his employer is content that the executors shall pay a fair valuation.

These sums were all to be paid at Valladolid. After the funeral services were ended, therefore, on the 29th of October, when the Count of Oropesa and the other neighbors returned to their homes, and the archbishop took the road to Toledo, most of the household of the emperor were also ready to depart. Only three Flemings remained behind for a few days to bring up the rear with the heavy baggage. Within about a fortnight after the death of Charles, the Jeromites of Yuste were again alone among the yellow October woods, and the convent relapsed into its ancient obscurity, never more to be remembered, except as a cell of the imperial recluse.

So ended the career of Charles V., the greatest monarch of the memorable sixteenth century. The vast extent of his dominions in Europe, the wealth poured into his coffers by the New World, the energy and sagacity of his mind, and the important crisis of the world's history in which he acted, have combined to make him more famous than any of the successors of Charlemagne. The admiration which was raised by the great events of his reign, were sustained to the last by the unwonted manner of its close. In our days, abdication has been so frequently the refuge of weak men fallen on evil times, or the last shift of baffled bad men, that it is difficult for us to conceive the sensation which must have been produced by the retirement of Charles. Now that the "divinity which doth hedge a king" has decayed into a bowing wall and a tottering fence, it is almost impossible to look upon the solemn ceremony which was enacted at Brussels, with the feeling and the eyes of the sixteenth century. The act of the emperor was not, indeed, a thing altogether unheard of, but it was known only in books, and belonged, as the Spaniard used to say, to the days of King Wamba. The knights of the Fleece who wept on the platform around their Cæsar, knew little more about Diocletian than was known by the farmers and clothiers who elbowed each other in the crowd below. It

was only some studious monk who was aware that a Theodosius and an Isaac had submitted their heads to the razor to save their necks from the bowstring; that a Lothaire had led a hermit's life in the Ardennes; that a Carloman had milked the ewes of the Benedictines at Monte Cassino. The retirement of Charles, therefore, was fitted to strike the imagination of men by the novelty of the occasion, by the solemnity of its circumstances, by the splendor of the resigned crown, and by the world-wide fame with which it had been worn.

There can be no doubt that the emperor gave the true reasons of his act, when, panting for breath, and unable to stand alone, he told the States of Flanders that he had resigned the government because it was a burden which his shattered frame could no longer bear. It was to no sudden impulse, however, that he yielded; but he calmly fulfilled a resolve which he had cherished for many years. Indeed, he seems to have determined to abdicate, almost at the time when he determined to reign. For so powerful a mind has rarely been so tardy in giving evidence of power. Until he appeared in Italy in 1530, the thirtieth year of his age, his strong will had been as wax in the hands of other men. Up to that time the most laborious, reserved, and inflexible of princes was the most docile subject of his ministers. But if his mind was slow to ripen, his body was no less premature in its decay. By nature and hereditary habit a keen sportsman, and in youth unwearied in tracking the wolf and the bear over the hills of Toledo and Granada, he was reduced, ere he had turned fifty, to content himself with shooting crows and daws amongst the trees of his gardens. Familiarized by feeble health with images of death, he had determined, twenty years before his abdication, to interpose some interval of rest between the council and the grave. He had agreed with his empress, who died in 1538, that as soon as the state affairs and the age of their children should permit, they should retire into religious seclusion: he into a cloister of friars, and she into a nunnery. In 1542, he spoke of his design to the Duke of Gandia; and in 1546 it was whispered at court, and was mentioned by the sharp-eared envoy of Venice, in a dispatch to the Doge. Since then, decaying health and declining fortune had maintained him in that general vexation of spirit which he shared with King Solomon. His later schemes of conquest and policy had resulted in disaster and disgrace. The

Pope, the great Turk, the Protestant princes, and the King of France were once more arrayed against the potentate, who in the bright morning of his career had imposed laws upon them all. The flight from Innsbruck had avenged the cause which seemed lost at Muhlberg; Guise and the gallant townsmen of Metz had enabled the French wits to turn the emperor's proud motto, *Plus ultra*, into *Non ultra metas*. Whilst the Protestant faith was spreading even in the dominions of the house of Hapsburg, the doctors of the church assembled in that council which had cost so much treasure and intrigue, continued to quibble, for the sole benefit of the tavern-keepers of Trent. The finances both of Spain and the other Austrian States were in the utmost disorder, and the Lord of Mexico and Peru had been forced to borrow from the Duke of Florence. It is no wonder, therefore, that he seized the first gleam of sunshine and returning calm to make for the long-desired harbor of refuge; and that he relieved his brow of its thorny crowns as soon as he had obtained an object dear to him as a father, a politician, and a devotee, by placing his son Philip on the rival throne of the heretic Tudors.

His habits and turn of mind, as well as his Spanish blood, and the spirit of his age, made a convent the natural place of his retreat. Monachism seems to have had for him the charm, vague, yet powerful, which soldiership has for most boys; and he was ever fond of catching glimpses of the life which he had resolved, sooner or later, to embrace. When the empress died, he retired to indulge his grief in the cloisters of La Sisle, at Toledo. After his return from one of his African campaigns, he paid a visit to the noble convent of Mejorada, near Olmedo, and spent two days in familiar converse with the Benedictines, sharing their refectory fare, and walking for hours in their garden alleys of venerable cypress. When he held his court at Brussels, he was frequently a guest at the convent of Groenedael; and the monks commemorated his condescensions, as well as his skill as a marksman, by placing a bronze statue of him on the banks of their fish-pond, into which he had brought down a heron, from an amazing altitude, with his gun. Though unable at Yuste to indulge the love of sport, which may have had its influence in drawing him to the chesnut woods of the Vera, we have seen that he continued to the last to *take his pleasure in the converse and companionship of the Jeromites*.

In the cloister, Charles was no less popular than he had been in the world; for in spite of his feeble health and phlegmatic temperament, in spite of his caution, which amounted to distrust, and his selfishness, which frequently took the form of treachery, in spite of his love of power, and the unsparring severity with which he punished the assertion of popular rights, there was still that in his conduct and bearing which gained the favor of the multitude. A little book, of no literary value, but frequently printed both in French and Flemish, sufficiently indicates in its title the qualities which colored the popular view of his character. "The Life and Actions, Heroic and Pleasant, of the invincible Emperor Charles V.," was long a favorite chap-book in the Low Countries. It relates how he defeated Solymán the Magnificent, and how he permitted a Walloon boor to obtain judgment against him for the value of a sheep, killed by the wheels of his coach; how he charged the Moorish horsemen at Tunis; and how he jested incognito with the woodmen of Soigne. A similar impression, deepened by his reputation for sanctity, he seems to have left behind him amongst the sylvan hamlets of Estremadura.

In one point alone did Charles in the cell differ widely from Charles on the throne. In the world, fanaticism had not been of his vices; he feared the keys no more than his cousin of England; and he confronted the successor of St. Peter no less boldly than he made head against the heir of St. Louis. When he held Clement VII. prisoner in Rome, he permitted at Madrid the mockery of masses for that pontiff's speedy deliverance. Against the protestants he fought rather as rebels than as heretics; and he frequently stayed the hand of the triumphant zealots of the church. At Wittenberg, he set a fine example of moderation, in forbidding the destruction of the tomb of Luther—saying, that he contended with the living, and not with the dead. But once within the walls of Yuste, and he assumed all the passions, and prejudices, and superstitions of a friar. Looking back on his past life, he thanked God for the evil that he had done in the matter of religious persecution, and repented him, in sackcloth and ashes, of having kept his plighted word to a heretic. Religion was the enchanted ground whereon that strong will was paralyzed, and that keen intellect fell grovelling in the dust. Protestant and philosophic historians love to relate how Charles, finding that no two of his time-



pieces could be made to go alike, remarked that he had perhaps erred in spending so much blood and treasure in the hope of compelling men to uniformity in the more difficult matter of religion. We fear that the anecdote must have been invented by some manufacturer of libels or panegyrics, such as Sleidan and Jovius, whom Charles was wont to call his liars. No remark of equal wisdom can be brought home to the lips of the Spanish Diocletian; nor was the philosophy "of him who walked in the Salonian garden's noble shade" ever heard amongst the litanies and the scourges which resounded through the cloisters of Yuste.

To those who have perused this brief record of the recluse and his little court, it may be agreeable to know the subsequent fortunes of the personages who acted upon that miniature stage.

Queen Mary of Hungary died at Cigales on the 28th of October, 1558, four weeks after the death of her brother. So passed away, in the same year, and within a few months of one another, the royal group who landed at Laredo.

From Yuste, Luis Quixada and his wife returned to their house at Villagarcia, near Valladolid, taking Don Juan with them. When Philip II. arrived in Spain, in 1559, he received his brother and his guardian at the neighboring convent of San Pedro de la Espina. They afterwards followed the court to Madrid, where Quixada had an opportunity of signaling his devotion to his master's son, by rescuing him from a fire, which burnt down their house in the night, before he attended to the safety of Doña Magdalena. This, and his other services, were not neglected by the king, who made him master of the horse to the heir-apparent, and president of the council of the Indies, and gave him several commanderies in the order of Calatrava. When Don Juan was sent to command against the Moriscos, whom Christian persecution and bad faith had driven to revolt in the Alpuxarras, the old mayordomo went with him as a military tutor. They were reconnoitring the strong mountain fortress of Seron, when a bold sally from the place threw the Castilians into disorder bordering on flight, in the course of which a bullet from an infidel gun finished the campaigns of the comrade of Charles V. He fell, shot through the shoulder, by the side of his pupil; and he died of the wound at Canilles, on the 25th of February, 1570, in the arms of his wife, who had hurried from Madrid to nurse him. Don Juan buried him

with military honors, and mourned for him as for a father.

The good Doña Magdalena retired to Villagarcia, and employed her childless widowhood in works of charity and piety, in prayers for the soul of her husband, and for the success of her darling young prince. For the latter she also engaged in work of a more practical and secular kind; for the hero of Lepanto wore no linen but what was wrought by her loving hands. His sad and early death severed her chief tie to the world, and left religion no rival in her heart. The companions of Francis Borja, who had first kindled the holy flames of her devotion at Yuste, became her guides and counsellors; and she built and endowed no less than three Jesuit colleges at Villagarcia, Santander, and Oviedo. Her life of gentle and blameless enthusiasm ended in 1598, when she was laid beside her lord in the collegiate church of Villagarcia. Amongst the relics of that temple, two crucifixes were held in peculiar veneration,—one being that which she had pressed to her dying lips, the other a trophy rescued by Luis Quixada from a church burned by the Moors in the war of the Alpuxarras.

William Van Male, the gentle and literary chamberlain, returned to Flanders, with a slender annual pension of 150 florins, which was to be reduced one half on his becoming keeper of the palace at Brussels, an office of which the king had given him the reversion. He died in 1560, and was buried in the church of St. Gudule, at Brussels, where his widow, Hippolyta Reynen, was laid by his side in 1579.

Father Borja continued to teach and to travel with unflagging zeal. Soon after preaching the emperor's funeral sermon, he was again in Portugal, visiting the colleges at Evora, Coimbra, and Braga, and aiding in the foundation of the college of Porto. Called to Rome by Pope Pius IV., to advise on affairs of the church, he was twice chosen vicar-general of the Company; and finally, in 1565, he received the staff of Loyola. During his rule of seven years, the order lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes in every part of the world, and in every condition of mankind. Its astute politicians gained the ear of princes and prelates who had hitherto been cold, or adverse; its colleges rose amid the snows of Poland, and the forests of Peru; Barbary, Florida, and Brazil, were watered with the blood of its martyrs; and its ministers of mercy moved amongst the roar of battle, on the bastions of Malta and the decks at Lepanto. The



general of this great army visited his native Spain, for the last time, in 1571, when he was sent by Pope Pius V. to fan the anti-Turkish flame in the bosom of Philip II., and to add a morsel of the true cross to the relics of the Escorial. Of the offers to build houses for the Company, which now poured in, the last that he accepted was Doña Magdalena de Ulloa's college of Villagarcia, thus finding, after many days, the bread which he

had cast upon the waters at Yuste. From Spain, he went to preach the crusade at the courts of Portugal and France—an arduous journey, which proved fruitful of royal cares, but fatal to his enfeebled frame. Falling ill by the way, he had barely strength to reach Rome to die. In the year 1572, the sixty-second of his age, he was laid beside his companions in toil and glory, and his predecessors in power, Loyola and Laynez.

## LORD CARLISLE ON POPE.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(Continued from the *Eclectic Magazine* for May.)

WHOM shall we pronounce a fit writer to be laid before an auditory of working-men, as a model of what is just in composition—fit either for conciliating their regard to literature at first or afterwards for sustaining it? The qualifications for such a writer are apparently these two: first, that he should deal chiefly with the elder and elementary affections of man, and under those relations which concern man's grandest capacities; secondly, that he should treat his subject with solemnity, and not with sneer—with earnestness, as one under a prophet's burden of impassioned truth, and not with the levity of a girl hunting a chance-started caprice. I admire Pope in the very highest degree; but I admire him as a pyrotechnic artist for producing brilliant and evanescent effects out of elements that have hardly a moment's life within them. There is a flash and a startling explosion, then there is a dazzling coruscation, all purple and gold; the eye aches under the suddenness of a display, that, springing like a burning arrow out of darkness, rushes back into darkness with arrowy speed, and in a moment all is over. Like festal shows, or the hurrying music of such shows—

“It was, and it is not.”

*Untruly, therefore, was it ever fancied of*

Pope, that he belonged, by his classification, to the family of the Drydens. Dryden had within him a principle of continuity which was not satisfied without lingering upon his own thoughts, brooding over them, and oftentimes pursuing them through their un-linkings with the *sequaciousness* (pardon a Coleridgian word) that belongs to some process of creative nature, such as the unfolding of a flower. But Pope was all jets and tongues of flame; all showers of scintillation and sparkle. Dryden followed, genially, an impulse of his healthy nature. Pope obeyed, spasmodically, an overmastering febrile paroxysm. Even in these constitutional differences between the two are written, and are legible, the corresponding necessities of “utter falsehood in Pope, and of loyalty to truth in Dryden.” Strange it is to recall this one striking fact, that if once in his life Dryden might reasonably have been suspected of falsehood, it was in the capital matter of religion. He *rattled* from his Protestant faith; and according to the literal origin of that figure he *rattled*; for he abjured it as rats abjure a ship in which their instinct of divination has deciphered a destiny of ruin, and at the very moment when Popery wore the promise of a triumph that might, at any rate, have lasted his time. Dryden was a Papist by apostasy; and, perhaps, not to speak uncharitably, upon some

bias from self-interest. Pope, on the other hand, was a Papist by birth, and by a tie of honor; and he resisted all temptations to desert his afflicted faith, which temptations lay in bribes of great magnitude prospectively, and in persecutions for the present that were painfully humiliating. How base a time-server does Dryden appear on the one side!—on the other, how much of a martyr should we be disposed to pronounce Pope! And yet, for all that, such is the overruling force of a nature originally sincere, the apostate Dryden wore upon his brow the grace of sincerity, whilst the pseudo-martyr Pope, in the midst of actual fidelity to his Church, was at his heart a traitor—in the very oath of his allegiance to his spiritual mistress had a lie upon his lips, scoffed at her whilst kneeling in homage to her pretensions, and secretly forswore her doctrines whilst suffering insults in her service.

The differences as to truth and falsehood lay exactly where, by all the external symptoms, they ought *not* to have lain. But the reason for this anomaly was, that to Dryden, sincerity had been a perpetual necessity of his intellectual nature, whilst Pope, distracted by his own activities of mind, living in an irreligious generation, and beset by infidel friends, had early lost his anchorage of traditional belief; and yet, upon an honorable scruple of fidelity to the suffering church of his fathers, he sought often to dissemble the fact of his own scepticism, which yet often he thirsted ostentatiously to parade. Through a motive of truthfulness he became false. And in this particular instance he would, at any rate, have become false, whatever had been the native constitution of his mind. It was a mere impossibility to reconcile any real allegiance to his Church with his known irreverence to religion. But upon far more subjects than this, Pope was habitually false in the quality of his thoughts, always insincere, never by any accident in earnest, and consequently many times caught in ruinous self-contradiction. Is that the sort of writer to furnish an advantageous study for the precious leisure, precious as rubies, of the toil-worn artizan?

The root and the pledge of this falseness in Pope lay in a disease of his mind, which he (like the Roman poet Horace) mistook for a feature of preternatural strength; and this disease was the incapacity of self-determination towards any paramount or abiding principles. Horace, in a well-known passage, had congratulated himself upon this disease as upon a trophy of philosophic emancipation:

“Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,  
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes:”

which words Pope thus translates, and applies to himself in his English adaptation of this epistle:—

“But ask not to what doctors I apply—  
Sworn to no master; of no sect am I.  
As drives the storm, at any door I knock;  
And house with Montaigne now, or now with  
Locke:”

That is, neither one poet nor the other having, as regarded philosophy, any internal principle of gravitation or determining impulse to draw him in one direction rather than another, was left to the random control of momentary taste, accident, or caprice; and this indetermination of pure, unballasted levity, both Pope and Horace mistook for a special privilege of philosophic strength. Others, it seems, were chained and coerced by certain fixed aspects of truth, and their efforts were overruled accordingly in one uniform line of direction. But *they*, the two brilliant poets,\* fluttered on butterfly-wings

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\* “*The two brilliant poets.*” As regards Horace, it is scarcely worth while to direct the reader’s attention upon the inconsistency of this imaginary defiance to philosophic authority with his profession elsewhere of allegiance to Epicurus; for had it even been possible to direct the poet’s own attention upon it, the same spirit of frank simplicity which has converted his very cowardice, his unmitigated cowardice (*relictū non bene parvulū*), into one of those amiable and winning frailties which, once having come to know it, on no account could we consent to forego—would have reconciled us all by some inimitable picturesqueness of candor to inconsistency the most shocking as to the fulfilment of some great moral obligation; just as from the brute restiveness of a word (*Equotuticum*), that positively would not come into the harness of hexameter verse, he has extracted a gay, laughing *alias* (viz., “*versu quod dicere non est*”); a pleasantry which is nowhere so well paralleled as by Southey’s on the name of Admiral Tchichakoff:—

“A name which you all must know very well,  
Which nobody can speak, and nobody can spell.”

Vain would it be to fasten any blame upon a poet armed with such heaven-born playfulness that upon a verbal defect he raises a triumph of art, and upon a personal defect raises a perpetual memento of smiling and affectionate forgiveness. We “condone” his cowardice, to use language of Doctors’ Commons, many times over, before we know whether he would have cared for our condonation; and protest our unanimous belief, that, if he did run away from battle, he ran no faster than a gentleman ought to run. In fact, his character would have wanted its amiable unity had he *not* been a coward, or had he *not* been a rake. Vain were it to level reproaches at him, for whom all reproaches

to the right and the left, obeying no guidance but that of some instant and fugitive sensibility to some momentary phasis of beauty. In this dream of drunken eclecticism, and in the original possibility of such an eclecticism, lay the ground of that enormous falsehood which Pope practiced from youth to age. An eclectic philosopher already, in the very title which he assumes, proclaims his self-complacency in the large liberty of error purchased by the renunciation of all controlling principles. Having severed the towing-line which connected him with any external force of guiding and compulsory truth, he is free to go astray in any one of ten thousand false radiations from the true centre of rest. By his own choice he is wandering in a forest all but pathless.

become only occasions of further and surplus honor. But, in fact, for any serious purposes of Horace, philosophy was not wanted. Some slight pretence of that kind served to throw a shade of pensiveness over his convivial revels, and thus to rescue them from the taint of plebeian grossness. So far, and no farther, a slight coloring of philosophy was needed for his moral musings. But Pope's case is different. The moral breathings of Horace are natural exhalations rising spontaneously from the heart under the ordinary gleams of chance and change in the human things that lay around him. But Pope is more ambitious. He is not content with *borrowing* from philosophy the grace of a passing sanction or countersign, but undertakes to *lend* her a systematic coherency of development, and sometimes even a fundamental basis. In his "Essay on Man" his morals connect themselves with metaphysics. The metaphysics had been gathered together in his chance eclectic rambles amongst books of philosophy, such as Montaigne, Charron, and latterly amongst the fossil rubbish and *debris* of Bayle's Dictionary. Much also had been suggested to his piercing intellect in conversation, especially with Lord Bolingbroke; but not so exclusively by any means with *him* as the calumniators of Pope would have us suppose. Adopt he did from all quarters, but Pope was not the man servilely to beg or to steal. It was indispensable to his own comfort that he should at least understand the meaning of what he took from others, though seldom indeed he understood its wider relations, or pursued its ultimate consequences. Hence came anguish and horror upon Pope in his latter days, such as rarely can have visited any but the death-bed of some memorable criminal. To have rejected the *verba magistri* might seem well, it might look promising, as all *real* freedom is promising, for the interests of truth; but he forgot that, in rejecting the master, he had also rejected the doctrine—the guiding principle—the unity of direction secured for the inquirer by the master's particular system with its deep internal cohesion. Coming upon his own distracted choice of principles from opposite angles and lines of direction, he found that what once and under one aspect had seemed to him a guiding light, and one of the *buoys* for narrowing the uncertainties of a difficult *navigation*, absolutely under another aspect, dif-

"—ubi passim  
Pallantes error recto de tramite pellit ;"

and a forest not of sixty days' journey like that old Hercynian forest of Cæsar's time, but a forest which sixty generations have not availed to traverse, or familiarize in any one direction.

For Horace, as I have endeavored to explain in the note, the apology is so much the readier as his intrusions into this province of philosophy are slighter, more careless, and more indirect. But Pope's are wilful, premeditated, with malice aforethought; and his falsehoods wear a more malignant air, because they frequently concern truth speculative, and are therefore presumably more deliberate in their origin, and more influential

ferently approached and differently associated, did the treacherous office of a *spanselled* horse, as in past days upon the Cornish and the South Irish coast it was employed—expressly for showing false signals, and leading right amongst breakers. That *hortus siccus* of pet notions, which had won Pope's fancy in their insulated and separate existence, when brought together as parts and elements of the same system in the elaborate and haughty "Essay on Man," absolutely refused to cohere. No doctoring, no darning, could disguise their essential interrepulsion. Dismal rents, chasms, hiatuses, gaped and grinned in a theory whose very office and arrogant pretension had been to harmonize the dislocated face of nature, and to do *that* in the way of justification for God which God had forgotten to do for himself. How if an enemy should come, and fill up these ugly chasms with some poisonous fungus of a nature to spread the dry rot through the main timbers of the vessel? And, in fact, such an enemy *did* come. This enemy spread dismay through Pope's heart. Pope found himself suddenly shown up as an anti-social monster, as an incendiary, as a disorganizer of man's most aspiring hopes. "O Heavens! What is to be done! what *can* be done!" he cried out. "When I wrote that passage, which now seems so wicked, certainly I meant something very good; or, if I didn't, at any rate I meant to mean it." The case was singular; if no friend of the author's could offer a decent account of its meaning, to a certainty the author could *not*. Luckily, however, there are two ways of filling up chasms; and Warburton, who had reasons best known to himself for cultivating Pope's favor, besides considerable practice during his youth in a special pleader's office, took the desperate case in hand. He caulked the chasms with philosophic oakum, he "payed" them with dialectic pitch, he sheathed them with copper and brass by means of audacious dogmatism and insolent quibbles, until the enemy seemed to have been silenced, and the vessel righted so far as to float. The result, however, as a permanent result, was this—that the demurs which had once been raised (however feebly pressed) against the poem, considered in the light of a system compatible with religion, settled upon it permanently as a sullen cloud of suspicion that a century has not availed to dissipate.

in the result. It is precisely this part of Pope's errors that would prove most perplexing to the unlearned student. Beyond a doubt the "Essay on Man" would, in virtue of its subject, prove the most attractive to a laboring man of all Pope's writings, as most of all promising a glimpse into a world of permanence and of mysterious grandeur, and having an interest, therefore, transcendent to any that could be derived from the fleeting aspects of manners or social conventionalisms, though illuminated and vivified by satire. *Here* would be the most advantageous and remunerative station to take for one who should undertake a formal exposure of Pope's hollow-heartedness; that is, it would most commensurately reward the pains and difficulties of such an investigation. But it would be too long a task for this situation, and it would be too polemic. It would move through a jungle of controversies. For, to quote a remark which I once made myself in print, the "Essay on Man" in one point resembles some doubtful inscriptions in ancient forms of Oriental languages, which, being made up elliptically of mere consonants, can be read into very different senses according to the different sets of vowels which the particular reader may choose to interpolate. According to the choice of the interpreter, it may be read into a loyal or a treasonable meaning. Instead of this, I prefer, as more amusing, as less elaborate, and as briefer, to expose a few of Pope's *personal* falsehoods, and falsehoods as to the notorieties of *fact*. Truth, speculative oftentimes, drives its roots into depths, so dark that the falsifications to which it is liable, though detected, cannot always be exposed to the light of day—the result is known, but not therefore seen. Truth personal, on the other hand, may be easily made to confront its falsifier, not with refutation only, but with the visible *shame* of refutation. Such shame would settle upon *every* page of Pope's satires and moral epistles, oftentimes upon every couplet, if any censor, armed with an adequate knowledge of the facts, were to prosecute the inquest. And the general impression from such an inquest would be, that Pope never delineated a character, nor uttered a sentiment, nor breathed an aspiration, which he would not willingly have recast, have retracted, have abjured or trampled under foot with the curses assigned to heresy, if by such an act he could have added a hue of brilliancy to his coloring or a new depth to his shadows. There is nothing he would not have sacrificed, not the most solemn of his

opinions, nor the most pathetic memorial from his personal experiences, in return for a sufficient consideration, which consideration meant always with *him* poetic effect. It is not, as too commonly is believed, that he was reckless of other people's feelings; so far from *that*, he had a morbid *facility* in his kindness; and in cases where he had no reason to suspect any lurking hostility, he showed even a paralytic benignity. But simply and constitutionally, he was incapable of a sincere thought or a sincere emotion. Nothing that ever he uttered, were it even a prayer to God, but he had a fancy for reading it backwards. And he was evermore false, not as loving or preferring falsehood, but as one who could not in his heart perceive much real difference between what people affected to call falsehood and what they affected to call truth. Volumes might be filled with illustrations: I content myself with three or four.

I. Pope felt *intellectually* that it was philosophic, and also that it wore an air of nobility, *not* to despise poverty. *Morally*, however, he felt inversely: nature and the accidents of his life had made it his necessity to despise nothing so heartily. If in any one sentiment he ever was absolutely sincere, if there can be cited one insulated case upon which he found it difficult to play the hypocrite, it was in the case of that intense scorn with which he regarded poverty, and all the painful circumstances that form the equipage of poverty. To look at a pale, dejected fellow-creature creeping along the highway, and to have reason for thinking that he has not tasted food since yesterday,—what a pang would such a sight, accompanied by such a thought, inflict upon many a million of benign human hearts! But in Pope, left to his spontaneous nature, such a sight and such a thought would have moved only fits of laughter. Not that he would have refused the poor creature a shilling, but still he would have laughed. For hunger, and cold, and poverty appeared to *him* only in the light of drolleries, and too generally of scoundrelisms. Still he was aware that some caution was requisite in giving public expression to such feelings. Accordingly, when he came forward in gala-dress as a philosopher, he assumed the serene air of one upon whom all such idle distinctions as rich and poor were literally thrown away. But watch him: follow his steps for a few minutes, and the deep realities of his nature will unmask themselves. For example, in the first book of the "Dunciad" he has occasion to mention Dennis:—



"And all the mighty mad in Dennis raged."

Upon this line (the 106th) of the text he hangs a note, in the course of which he quotes a few sentences about Dennis from Theobald. One of these begins thus: "Did we really know how much this poor man suffers by being contradicted—" &c.; upon which Pope thinks proper to intercalate the following pathetic parenthesis in italics: "*I wish that reflection on POVERTY had been spared.*" How amiable! how pretty! Could Joseph Surface have more dexterously *improved* the occasion: "The man that disparages poverty, is a man that—" &c. It is manifest, however, at a glance, that this virtuous indignation is altogether misplaced; for "*poor*" in the quotation from Theobald has no reference whatever to *poverty* as the antithesis to *wealth*. What a pity that a whole phial of such excellent scenical morality should thus have been uncorked and poured out upon the wrong man and the wrong occasion! Really, this unhappy blunder extorts from me as many tears of laughter as ever poverty extorted from Pope. Meantime, reader, watch what follows. Wounded so deeply in his feelings by this constrained homage to poverty, Pope finds himself unable to re-settle the equilibrium in his nervous system until he has taken out his revenge by an extra kicking administered to some old mendicant or vagrant lying in a ditch.

At line 106 comes the flourish about Dennis's poverty. Just nine lines a-head, keeping close as a policeman upon the heels of a thief, you come up with Pope in the very act of maltreating Cibber, upon no motive or pretense whatever, small or great, but that he (the said Cibber) was guilty of poverty. Pope had detected him—and this is Pope's own account of the assault—in an overt act of poverty. He deposes, as if it were an ample justification of his own violence, that Cibber had been caught in the very act—not of supping meanly, coarsely, vulgarly, as upon tripe, for instance, or other offal—but absolutely in the act of not supping at all!

"Swearing and *supperless* the hero sate."

Here one is irresistibly reminded of the old story about the cat who was transformed into a princess: she played the rôle with admirable decorum, until one day a mouse ran across the floor of the royal saloon, when immediately the old instinct and the hereditary hatred proved too much for the artificial nature, and her Highness vanished over a *six-barred gate* in a furious mouse-chase.—

Pope, treading in the steps of this model, fancies himself reconciled to poverty. Poverty, however, suddenly presents herself, not as a high poetic abstraction, but in that one of her many shapes which to Pope had always seemed the most comic as well as the most hateful. Instantly Pope's ancient malice is rekindled; and in line 115 we find him assailing that very calamity under one name, which under another, at line 106, he had treated with an ostentatious superfluity of indulgence.

II. I have already noticed that some of Pope's most pointed examples which he presents to you as drawn from his own experience of life, are in fact due to jest-books; and some (offered as facts) are pure coinages of his own brain. When he makes his miser at the last gasp so tenacious of the worldly rights then slipping from his grasp as that he refuses to resign a particular manor, Pope forgot that even a jest-book must govern its jokes by some regard to the realities of life, and that amongst these realities is the very nature and operation of a will. A miser is not therefore a fool: and he knows that no possible testamentary abdication of an estate disturbs his own absolute command over it so long as he lives, or bars his power of revoking the bequest. The moral instruction is in this case so poor, that no reader cares much upon what sort of foundation the story itself rests. For such a story a lie may be a decent basis. True; but not so senseless a lie. If the old miser was delirious, there is an end of his responsibilities; and nobody has a right to draw upon *him* for moral lessons or warnings. If he was *not* delirious, the case could not have happened. Modelled in the same spirit are all Pope's pretended portraiture of women; and the more they ought to have been true, as professing to be studies from life, the more atrociously they are false, and false in the transcendent sense of being impossible. Heaps of contradiction, or of revolting extravagance, do not verify themselves to our loathing incredulity because the artist chooses to come forward with his arms a-kimbo, saying angrily, "But I tell you, sir, these are *not* fancy-pieces! These ladies whom I have lampooned are familiarly known to me—they are my particular friends. I see them every day in the undress of confiding friendship. They betray all their foibles to me in the certainty that I shall take no advantage of their candor; and will you, coming a century later, presume to dispute the fidelity or the value of my contemporary portraits?" Yes, and upon these two

grounds: first (as to the fidelity), that the pretended portraits are delineations of impossible people; and secondly (as to the value), that, if after all they could be sworn to as copies faithful to the originals, not the less are they to be repelled as abnormal, and so far beyond the intelligibilities of nature as practically to mean nothing, neither teaching nor warning. The two Duchesses of Marlborough, for instance, Sarah and Henrietta, are atrocious caricatures, and constructed on the desperate principle of catching at a momentary stare or grin, by means of anarchy in the features imputed, and truculent antithesis in the expression. Who does not feel that these are the fierce pasquinades, and the coarse pasquinades, of some malignant electioneering contest? Is there a line that breathes the simplicity and single-heartedness of truth? Equal disgust settles upon every word that Pope ever wrote against Lady Mary W. Montagu. Having once come to hate her rancorously, and finding this hatred envenomed by the consciousness

that Lady Mary had long ceased to care two straws for all the malice of all the wits in Christendom, Pope labored at his own spite, filing it and burnishing it as a hand-polisher works at the blade of a cimeter.—For years he had forgotten to ask after the realities of nature as they existed in Lady Mary, and considered only what had the best chance of stinging her profoundly. He looked out for a “raw” into which he might lay the lash; not seeking it in the real woman, but generally in the nature and sensibilities of abstract woman. Whatever seemed to disfigure the idea of womanhood, *that*, by reiterated touches, he worked into his portraits of Lady Mary; and at length, no doubt, he had altogether obliterated from his own remembrance the true features of her whom he so much detested. On this class of Pope’s satiric sketches, I do not, however, wish to linger, having heretofore examined some of the more prominent cases with close attention.

## THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

Thou art not far from us, brave world  
Of dreams, and ne’er hast been—  
Though the shadows of this toiling earth  
Lie cold and dense between.  
Our busy days, our lonely nights,  
Thy trackless zone surrounds;  
Care hath no bond, and life no bar,  
To part us from thy bounds.

The exile crosses to his home,  
The aged to his youth,  
The bard to find his promised land,  
The sage in search of truth.  
And some return with tidings heard  
From angels on their track,  
Which never in the speech of men  
Their souls can render back.

Thou hold’st the harvest homes of hope  
That never blest our years,  
The grave of many a buried grief,  
The ghosts of all our fears;  
For weary wastes and wilds are thine;  
But oh! for one true chart  
To guide us to thy blessed isles  
That lie so far apart!

The dead are in thee; we have seen  
Their looks, and mourn’d no more,  
And the steps have wander’d far and long  
That met us on thy shore.  
And some for whom we could forgive  
Our fortunes all the past,  
The loved and the world-parted hearts,  
Were with our own at last.

Not as they meet us here, perchance  
The faint, the poor of soul,  
Whom gold can bribe, whom words can sway,  
Whom sin and fear control;  
But true in love and firm in faith,  
And all we deem at times  
They might have been, were this cold earth  
Less full of cares and crimes.

Oh! lovely art thou, world of dreams,  
To hearts that find thee thus,  
Made glorious with that better part  
Life never lent to us.  
Our fields of toil, our tents of care,  
Are pitch’d by earthly streams,  
But our spirit’s country lies in thee,  
Thou boundless world of dreams!

From the People's Journal.

## DR. CHALMERS.

BY PARSON FRANK.

"The Scottish church, both on himself and those  
With whom from childhood he grew up, had held  
The strong hand of her purity. . . .  
And surely never did there live on earth  
A man of kindlier nature. The rough sports  
And teasing ways of childhood vexed not him;  
Indulgent listener was he to the tongue  
Of garrulous age; nor did the sick man's tale,  
To his fraternal sympathy addressed,  
Obtain reluctant hearing."—WORDSWORTH.

On the whole, the status of Dr. Chalmers among his brethren of the modern pulpit is like that of Saul, the son of Kish, among the children of Israel—"from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people." Edward Irving might be more of the natural and artistic orator; Robert Hall more elegant; John Foster more original; but neither of them presented such a forcible combination of brilliant matter and impassioned manner as Thomas Chalmers. "I know not what it is," said the fastidious Francis Jeffrey himself, in 1816, "but there is something altogether remarkable about that man. It reminds me more of what one reads of as the effect of the eloquence of Demosthenes than anything I ever heard." George Canning went, in 1817, with Wilberforce, Huskisson, "Bobus" Smith, Lords Elgin and Harrowby, &c., to hear the Scottish celebrity, and cried as he listened. At the beginning he was disappointed enough to whisper to Wilberforce, like the Edinburgh review of Wordsworth's last, "This will never do!" But at the conclusion his dictum was: "The tartan beats us all!—we have no preaching like that in England." This was at a morning service in the Scotch Church, London-wall. On the afternoon of that day, Chalmers preached in Swallow-street. The crowd here, Dr. Hanna tells us, had nearly lost its object by the very vehemence of its pursuit. "On approaching the church, Dr. Chalmers and a friend found so dense a mass within and before the building as to give no hope of effecting

an entrance by the mere force of ordinary pressure. Lifting his cane, and gently tapping the heads of those who were in advance, Dr. C.'s friend exclaimed, "Make way there—make way for *Dr. Chalmers*." Heads, indeed, were turned at the summons, and looks were given; but with not a few significant tokens of incredulity, and some broad hints that they were not to be taken in by any such device, the sturdy Londoners refused to move. Forced to retire, Dr. Chalmers retreated from the outskirts of the crowd, crossed the street, stood for a few moments gazing at the growing tumult, and had almost resolved altogether to withdraw. Matters were not much better when Mr. Wilberforce and his party approached. Access by any of the ordinary entrances was impossible. In this emergency, and as there was still some unoccupied space about the pulpit which the crowd had not been able to appropriate, a plank was projected from one of the windows till it rested on an iron palisade. By this privileged passage Mr. Wilberforce and the ladies who were with him, were invited to enter, Lord Elgin waving encouragement and offering aid from within. "I was surveying the breach," says Mr. Wilberforce, "with a cautious and inquiring eye, when Lady D—, no shrimp you must observe, entered boldly before me, and proved that it was practicable."\* There are many descriptions of Chalmers' manner and appearance in the pulpit, by different hands. Not

\* *Life of Chalmers*, vol. ii., pp. 102-8.

the least striking is that by William Hazlitt, who pictures the enthusiastic preacher as a man seemingly in mortal throes and agony with doubts and difficulties, seizing stubborn knotty points with his teeth, tearing them with his hands, and straining his eyeballs till they almost start out of their sockets, in pursuit of a train of visionary reasoning, like a Highland seer with his second sight. The description (continues Hazlitt) of Balfour of Burley in his cave, with his Bible in one hand and his sword in the other, contending with the imaginary enemy of mankind, gasping for breath, and with the cold moisture running down his face, gives a lively idea of Dr. Chalmers' prophetic fury in the pulpit.\* Mr. Lockhart observes that never, perhaps, did the world possess an orator whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice had more power in increasing the effect of what he said—whose delivery was the first, and the second, and the third excellence of his oratory, more truly than was that of Dr. Chalmers.† “He laid about him like a man inspired,” says Mr. Gilfillan: “He spoke with the freshness and fervor of one to whom all things had become new. His eye seemed to see the invisible; his body trembled and panted under the burden of the present God. His eye, especially when excited, had a grey glare of insanity about it; his brow was broad rather than lofty; his step quick and eager; his accents fast and hurrying; his gesture awkward; his delivery monotonous; but all these were forgotten and drowned in the fierce and rapid stream of his eloquence.”‡ His face, according to Mr. Lockhart, was at first sight coarse, but with a mysterious kind of meaning palpably breathing from every part of it, very pale, with large, half-closed eyelids, characterized by a certain drooping melancholy weight; lips singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, with a sort of leonine firmness about all the lower part of the face; cheeks square and strong, in texture like pieces of marble, with the cheek bones very broad and prominent; eyes, light in color, with a strange, dreamy heaviness, but illuminated into flame and fervor in moments of high-entranced enthusiasm, and expanding in their sockets with a dazzling, watery glare; forehead of the most marked mathematical order,§ arched with

imagination, and terminating in a grand apex of high and solemn veneration and love; the whole edged by a few crisp locks, affording a fine relief to the deathlike paleness of those massive temples. In general appearance he was, as a writer in the *Athenæum* once said, “one of those burly persons in whom Carlyle delights as heroes; and nothing less than the robust form and powerful constitution of this great-headed man could have sustained the unremitting labors which he underwent during his long life of threescore and ten.”||

The latter section of his life identified Dr. Chalmers in the eye of the public with the Free Church movement in his native land, and numbers still think of him only as the Coryphæus of that protest, the Tancred of that crusade. But he was something more than an ecclesiastical reformer. He was an able mathematician, an adept in the mysteries of positive science, a distinguished expositor (in the *Edinburgh Review* and elsewhere) of political economy. He filled with *éclat* the professional chair of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's, and that of theology in “Auld Reekie.” Exclusive of his posthumous works, recently published under the able supervision of his son-in-law Dr. Hanna, he has left us five-and-twenty volumes of divinity, the popularity of which might be tolerably established by a glance at Mr. Collins' ledger. The favorite volume is probably that which contains the so-called *Astronomical Discourses*, which he gave to the world in 1817, and of which 6000 copies had been disposed of in ten weeks, the demand showing no symptom of decline. “Nine editions were called for within a year, and nearly 20,000 copies were in circulation.” This was indeed a marvelous thing in the history of sermon-literature, so generally a complete drug in the market, as scores of gentlemen of the cloth find out annually, to the diminution of their purse and their pride. Dr. Hanna mentions that Scott's *Tales of my Landlord* had a month's start in the date of publication, and even with such a competitor the Discourses ran an almost equal race. “Not a few curious observers were struck with the novel

brows than either Mr. Playfair's or Mr. Leslie's, and having the eyebrows themselves lifted up at their exterior ends, quite out of the usual line—a peculiarity which Spurzheim had remarked in the countenances of almost all the great mathematical or calculating geniuses, such for example, if I rightly remember, as Sir Isaac Newton himself, Kaestner, Euler, and many others.”—*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*.

[*Athenæum*. No. 1048, p. 1185.

\* *Spirit of the Age*.

† *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*.

‡ *Literary Portraits* (First Series).

§ Mr. Lockhart's words are, “It is without exception the most marked mathematical forehead I ever met with—being far wider across the eye-



competition, and watched with lively curiosity how the great Scottish preacher and the great Scottish novelist kept for a whole year so nearly abreast of one another." \* Chalmers himself, in after years, considered these Discourses as "quite a juvenile production, with too rich an exuberance of phraseology, to which the pruning-knife might beneficially have been applied," † and far preferring the *Commercial sermons*; but the *Astronomical* are the most lucrative, and more read than any other of his productions. George Channing expressed great admiration for these lectures, in which there are, he said, "most magnificent passages." Robert Smith (the Bengal advocate-general), and other unlikely public men, joined in the plaudits. William Hazlitt found the volume in the orchard of the inn at Burford-bridge, near Boxhill, and passed a whole and very delightful morning in reading it without quitting the shade of an apple-tree—which may remind us of Sir Joshua Reynolds reading the *Life of Savage* while he was standing with his arm leaning against a chimney-piece, and, "not being able," quoth Boswell, "to lay down the book till he had finished it, when he attempted to move, he found his arm totally benumbed;" ‡ or of Sir William Hamilton, who got hold of Carlyle's *French Revolution* about three in the afternoon, and "could not lay it aside till four in the morning—thirteen hours at a stretch." § These sermons, Hazlitt tells us || ran like wild-fire through the country, were the darlings of watering-places, and were laid in the windows of inns;—and *that*, surely, is true fame, as Coleridge said of Thomson's *Seasons*, found on a window-sill. The glory of the subject, and the scope it affords to an expansive rhetoric, will go some way to account for this extreme popularity—apart from the galloping of the fiery-footed steeds of Chalmers' eloquence. But the glory of the subject when he wrote was almost *nil* when compared with that which now magnifies it, under the revelations of Lord Rosse's telescopes. It hath no glory by reason of the glory which excelleth. To use the language of the inimitable De Quincey, "What is it that Lord Rosse has revealed? Answer: he has revealed more by far than he found. The theatre to which he introduced us, is immeasurably beyond the old

one which he found. To say that he found, in the visible universe, a little wooden theatre of Thespis, a *tréteau* or shed of vagrants, and that he presented us, at a price of toil and anxiety that cannot be measured, with a Roman colosseum,—that is to say nothing. It is to undertake the measurement of the tropics with the pocket-tape of an upholsterer. Columbus, when he introduced the Old World to the New, after all that can be said in his praise, did in fact only introduce the majority to the minority; but Lord Rosse introduced the minority to the majority. There are two worlds, one called Ante-Rosse, and the other Post-Rosse; and, if it should come to voting, the latter would shockingly out-vote the other." But, as Mr. Gilfillan truly says, so far as the Newtonian astronomy goes, the poetry, as well as the religion of the sky, never found before such a worthy and enthusiastic expounder as Chalmers. "He sets the 'Principia' to music." His eye had not seen the actual splendor of the spheres, nor his ear heard the quire of their innumerable symphony—but his heart had conceived not a little of the Apocalypse, and it prompted him to thoughts that breathe and words that burn. As he says of the Psalmist (when considering the heavens, the work of God's fingers, the moon and the stars, which He hath ordained), "he leaves the world, and lifts his imagination to that mighty expanse which spreads above it and around it; he wings his way through space, and wanders in thought over its immeasurable regions; instead of a dark and unpeopled solitude, he sees it crowded with splendor, and filled with the energy of the divine presence." \* Night, says Mr. Isaac Taylor, has three Daughters—Religion, Superstition, Atheism. † It is in the priesthood of the first of the triad that Chalmers holds so prominent a place. To *his* eye the Invisible God was adumbrated, both in the vastness and richness of the visible universe; nor could *he* ever gaze upon the expanse of stars without desiring, as it were filling all the bright abyss of worlds, the great lines, or contour, of the Supreme Majesty. ‡ The confluence of ethereal fires, described by Young, § from urns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven, streams to a point, and centres in his sight—nor tarries there; he feels it at his heart; he too names Devotion

\* *Life of Chalmers*, vol. ii. p. 89. † *Ibid.* p. 92.

‡ Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, anno. 1744.

§ See Gilfillan's *Gallery*, p. 140.

|| *Spirit of the Age*.

\* *Modern Astronomy*, p. 22 (5th edition).

† *Saturday Evening*, p. 124.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 127.

§ *Night Thoughts*, Book ix.

the daughter of Astronomy, and holds that an *un-devout* astronomer is mad.

At the time of their publication these discourses were objected to by John Foster among others, as proceeding upon unworthy principles of reasoning. He considered the doctor to be spending a good deal of strength for nought, and assailing exceptions rather imaginary than real. Probably the critic was less beside the mark than the preacher. The Discourses are admired as an effusion of powerful oratory, but the language not the argument is in request. We applaud, and pass on. It gains at best our polite assent, as a matter of form, not our cordial consent as a matter of feeling. It is difficult to suppose that any adverse thinker can have been brought round to the orator's point of view by all this oratory. There is both too much and too little speculation in the eye of this modern astronomer; sometimes he mounts out of sight above the empyrean, and sometimes his plummet sinks only a few fathoms, yet is drawn up as though it had sounded the very foundations of the earth where the ocean-bass is heard deeper and deeper still.

The *Natural Theology* of our author is original only in style—and that, for such a theme, is very inferior to the lucid, direct diction of Paley. Much interesting reading there undoubtedly is, both in this and its companion treatise on the *Evidences of Christianity*. But with all our love and respect for Dr. Chalmers, to regard him as a great divine is quite out of our thoughts. Neither as a scholar nor profound thinker can he claim such a reputation—and it is only the excessive admirers of his peculiar talents in pulpit and parish (in which he was the *facile princeps* of his generation) that make such a claim for him. Not even they would compare his erudition with that of the “divines” whose tomes are classic in English literature, such as Hooker, and Taylor, and Barrow, and Warburton, and Horsley;—or with that of such contemporaries as Neander and Hengstenburg in Germany, or Moses Stuart in America, or several we could but will not name, episcopal and otherwise, in England. His *Lectures on the Romans*, in four volumes, display but a meagre modicum of exegetical skill; it is their eloquence and unction, not their hermenutics, by which they are rescued from bald common-place. So his *Daily Biblical Readings* are attractive for their simple piety and whole-hearted earnestness, and occasionally show a modest independence of thought which in a less established name

would raise a cry of heresy—but critical or commenting help they afford little or none. It is as a preacher and writer of sermons that his literary celebrity will survive—and even in this capacity it is not unlikely to wane together with the oral tradition of his personal mannerism. You must have seen and heard the man in order to enter fully into the printed discourse—a fatal condition to nearly all modern sermons, and which in fact attaches itself less to *his* than to those of nineteen-twentieths of his fel'ows. Many a popular preacher, who is great things behind the velvet cushion, shrinks into an atrophy when translated into print;—between McNeile in the pulpit and McNeile on paper, there is a *longum intervallum* indeed!\* Chalmers will probably be read when M'Neile is entirely forgotten; but, for the reason given above, between Chalmers past and Chalmers future, between the man and the memory of the man, there will also be a *longum intervallum*. Already there are symptoms of this decline. Mr. Gilfillan's estimate of the question appears to us highly truthful and impartially correct. He places the doctor, as a writer, in the second rank of preachers—contrasting his comparative coarseness, and scantiness, and mannerism, with the true taste, and copiousness, and delicate discrimination, and fresh coloring of Barrow—his strong, but bounded imagination, with Jeremy Taylor's inexhaustible faculty—and so on.† He accounts him not a great theologian, though possessed of vivid ideas on theology—not a man of science, though widely acquainted with many branches of science—not a philosopher, though possessing much of the spirit of philosophy—hardly a man of genius, for such a subtle idealizing faculty as Jeremy Taylor for instance, or of great poets, was not his—but one whose high talent and energy inflamed through the force of their own motion, and burst out into the conflagrations of eloquence—a Christian orator unequalled—one in whom *emotive* sympathy with the spirit of the age, with the Scottish people, with the poor around him, with all that was lovely and of good report, was the ruling element.‡

The writer of this paper never heard Chalmers in his prime—but it was his privilege to be present at a sermon preached by the veteran within a fortnight of his death. The physical vehemence of the old man even then

\* How true this was also of the late Mr. Irving.

† See *Literary Portraits*, p. 108.

‡ *Tait's Magazine*, 1847, p. 524.

was surprising. The discourse itself had been long in print, and was too familiar to take by storm—but the delivery was novel enough. One leading feature in Chalmers' oratory was iteration. He got hold of one idea, and dressed it in a score of varied costumes; sentence after sentence was but its predecessor in new attire; paragraph after paragraph was but an old friend with a new face. It reminds us of a certain banquet recorded by Jean Paul, at which *die Saladière, die Saucière, die Assiette zu Käse und die Senfdose war ein Einziger Teller*. Robert Hall once said, "Pray, sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr. Chalmers? Why, sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. An idea thrown into his mind is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form; but the object presented is just the same. His mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion, but no progress." A highly felicitous brace of illustrations. Now to this habit of reiteration, monotonous as it may seem, Chalmers owes much of his effect in popular appeals. Mr. De Quincey, in his criticisms upon Greek Literature, observes that even an orator like Lord Bacon (according to Ben Jonson's description) was too weighty, too massy with the bullion of original thought, ever to have realized the idea of a great popular orator—one who "wielded at will a fierce democracy," and ploughed up the great deeps of sentiment, or party strife, or national animosities, like a levanter or a monsoon. If such an orator, says Mr. De Quincey, "had labored with no other defect, had he the gift of *tautology*? Could he say the same thing three times over in direct sequence? For, without this talent of iteration—of repeating the same thought in diversified forms—a man may utter good heads of an oration, but not an oration." This gift of *tautology* is just what Chalmers excelled in. His faculty of composing variations on a given *thema* was almost unparalleled, and the effect entranced the popular ear. It is curious to hear what power it had over Professor Young, of Glasgow, who scarcely ever heard Chalmers without weeping like a child; and upon one occasion, Dr. Hanna tells us, was so electrified (in the Tron church) that he leaped up from his seat on the bench, and stood breathless and motionless gazing at the preacher till the burst was

over, the tears all the while rolling down his cheeks; and on another occasion, forgetful of time and place—fancying himself perhaps in the theatre—he rose and made a loud clapping of his hands in the ecstasy of his admiration and delight.

For Dr. Chalmers as a man, we entertain the very highest regard. He was a genuine, hearty, trusty, loving and truly lovable being—uniting the utmost manliness with the simplicities of open-browed childhood. He was impatient of all finical and canting pretence. Reality was as necessary to his soul as food to his body. The most popular of preachers, he despised and disliked the popularity merely as such, calling it "a most worthless article, far more oppressive than gratifying—a popularity of stare, and pressure, and animal heat, and a whole tribe of other annoyances which it brings round the person of its unfortunate victim." His philanthropy was as ardent in degree as it was healthy and genial in kind. He loved a game at bagatelle with an "elder," and at bowls with children, with whom he would disport his reverend person on the floor. He had a fine, fresh, cherry laugh—and Mr. Carlyle shrewdly calls laughter the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man:—"Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff, and titter, and snigger from the throat outwards; or at best produce some whiffing, husky cachinnations, as if they were laughing through wood; of none such comes good." Not long before he died, the doctor visited Carlyle in London, and they laughed together, as heartily and honestly as the fewest can.

Surely such a kind of "sudden death" as that which overtook Chalmers is more beautiful, and attractive, and enviable than otherwise. "Sleep is sometimes that deep mysterious atmosphere in which the man spiritual is slowly unsettling its wings for flight from earthly tenements."\* In sleep, as some one finely observed at the time, the spirit of the good man soared to expatiate on heavenly things, and forgot to come back again. We are always reminded of the departure of Southey's *Ladurlad*, on whom the Lord of Death with love benignant smiled,

And gently on his head his blessings laid,  
As gently as a child  
Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,  
Tired with long play, at close of summer day, lies  
down and slumbers.†

\* De Quincey.

† Curse of Kehama.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE JEWELLED WATCH.

Among the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half-pay, was Captain Dutton, of the —th regiment. He had lately married the pretty, portionless daughter of a deceased brother officer; and filled with romantic visions of rural bliss and "love in a cottage," the pair, who were equally unskilled in the practical details of housekeeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half-pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nurse-maids, baby-linen, doctors, and all the etceteras appertaining to the introduction and support of these baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For awhile they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom Captain Dutton became casually acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring, as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune. This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit-lamps, which Smith assured the captain would, when once known, supersede the use of candles and oil-lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him descant on the marvellous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp, one would be inclined to take him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual's precious heirloom. Our modern magician, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the "slave of the lamp," or, in other words, ready money, to set the invention agoing;

and he at length succeeded in persuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. If Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense, probably, of a semi-dislocation of his jaws; for the lamp rejoiced in an eight-syllabled title, of which each vocable belonged to a different tongue—the first being Greek, the fourth Syriac, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand; the intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German, Sanscrit, and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this *prestige* of a name, the lamp was a decided failure: its light was brilliant enough; but the odor it exhaled in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin, so every-way abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once, seldom submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr. Smith alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble off his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds. For some time the accounts of the business transmitted to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the cent.-per-cent. profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr. Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L——, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up! Mr. Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the un-



pronounceable lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair; and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Captain Dutton had honorably paid every farthing he owed in the world before intrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith; and now this upright conduct was its own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engrossing in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, they managed to preserve a decent appearance, and to prevent even their neighbors from knowing the straits to which they were often reduced. Their little cottage was always exquisitely clean and neat; and the children, despite of scanty clothing, and often insufficient food, looked, as they were, the sons and daughters of a gentleman.

It was Mrs. Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and often did she work till midnight at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriend him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment; but the soldier, who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need. He had too much delicacy to press his claims; he was too proud to be importunate; and so others succeeded where he failed.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering-place near which the Duttons resided, and hired for the season a handsome furnished house. Walking one morning on the sands, in a disconsolate mood, our hero saw, with surprise, his former commander approaching; and with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition. But the quick eye of General Vernon was not to be eluded,

and intercepting him with an outstretched hand, he exclaimed—"What, Dutton! is that you? It seems an age since we met. Living in this neighborhood, eh?"

"Yes, general; I have been living here since I retired from the service."

"And you sold out, I think—to please the mistress, I suppose, Dutton? Ah! these ladies have a great deal to answer for. Tell Mrs. Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lecture for taking you from us."

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her menial labors, rather surprised the veteran; but its true cause did not occur to him. He had had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the best and bravest officers under his command, and was sincerely pleased at meeting him again; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy, during the progress of which the ex-soldier, like a war-horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him, the general shook him heartily by the hand, and said—"You'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends? Come, I'll take no excuse: you must not turn hermit on our hands."

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but on second thoughts accepted the invitation, not having indeed any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded towards home, and announced their rencontre to his wife. She, poor woman, immediately took out his well-saved suit, and occupied herself in repairing, as best she might, the cruel ravages of time; as well as in starching and ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day, in due time, he arrived at General Vernon's handsome temporary dwelling, and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, civilians as well as soldiers, sat down to a splendid banquet. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talent for invention displayed by artists of different countries. Watchmaking happening to be mentioned as one of the arts which had during late years been wonderfully improved, the host desired his valet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris; and which was less

valuable for its richly jeweled case, than for the exquisite perfection of the mechanism it enshrined. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly admired by the guests; then the conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed until they adjourned to the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the general suddenly recollected his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining-room table, where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned looking somewhat frightened: he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

"Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it by mistake into the drawing-room?"

"I think not; but we will try."

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

"What I fear," said the general, "is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it."

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a wealthy baronet.

"We will none of us leave this room until it is found!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen with ominous emphasis.

"That decision," said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, "might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient: let us all be searched."

This suggestion was received with laughter and acclamations; and the young man, presenting himself as the first victim, was searched by the valet, who, for the nonce, enacted the part of custom-house officer. The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Captain Dutton alone took no share in what was going on: his hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated, muttered some excuses, unheard amid the uproar.

"Now for it, Johnson!" cried one to the valet.

"Johnson, we're watching you!" said another; "produce the culprit."

The servant advanced; but Dutton, crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying: "Captain Dutton is right; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and for myself."

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing. General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Captain Dutton spent some time in wandering restlessly on the sands before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage, and his wife could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

"What has happened?" cried she.

"Nothing," replied her husband, throwing himself on a chair, and laying a small packet on the table. "You have cost me very dear," he said, addressing it. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. "Not now, Jane," he said; "to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow I will tell you all."

Early next morning he went to General Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself? In what way would he be received? How could he speak to the general without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon? The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked; another servant opened the door, and instantly gave him admission. "This man, at all events," he thought, "knows nothing of what has passed." Will the general receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his dressing-room. Without daring to raise his eyes, the poor man began to speak in a low hurried voice.

"General Vernon, you thought my conduct strange last night; and painful and humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and to myself to make it"——

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on, without heeding the interruption. "My misery is at its height: that is my only

excuse. My wife and our four little ones are actually starving!"

"My friend!" cried the general with emotion. But Dutton proceeded—

"I cannot describe my feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my poor Jane, depriving herself of a morsel of bread to give it to her baby; of my little pale, thin Annie, whose delicate appetite rejects the coarse food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two *pâtés* from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would tempt my little darling to eat. I should have died of shame, had these things been produced from my pocket, and your guests and servant made witnesses of my cruel poverty. Now, general, you know all; and but for the fear of being suspected by you of a crime, my distress should never have been known!"

"A life of unblemished honor," replied his friend, "has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!" And he

showed the missing watch. "It is I," continued he, "who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence I had dropped it into my waistcoat-pocket, where, in Johnson's presence, I discovered it while undressing."

"If I had only known!" murmured poor Dutton.

"Don't regret what has occurred," said the general, pressing his hand kindly. "It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend, who, please God, will find some means to serve you."

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the general. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologize for his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin: it was his nomination to an honorable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

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From Dickens' "Household Words."

## HISTORY OF SPITALFIELDS.

HAVE you any distinct idea of Spitalfields, dear reader? A general one, no doubt, you have—an impression that there are certain squalid streets, lying like narrow black trenches, far below the steeples, somewhere about London—towards the east, perhaps—where sallow, unshorn weavers, who have nothing to do, prowl languidly about, or lean against posts, or sit brooding on door-steps, and occasionally assemble together in a crowd to petition Parliament or the Queen; after which there is a Drawing-Room, or a Court Ball, where all the great ladies wear dresses of Spitalfields manufacture; and then the weavers dine for a day or two, and so relapse into prowling about the streets, leaning against the posts, and brooding on the door-steps. If your occupation in town or country ever oblige you to travel by the Eastern Counties Railway (you would never do so, of course, unless you were obliged), *you may connect* with this impression a

general idea that many pigeons are kept in Spitalfields, and you may remember to have thought, as you rattled along the dirty streets, observing the pigeon-hutches and pigeon-traps on the tops of the poor dwellings, that it was a natural aspiration in the inhabitants to connect themselves with any living creatures that could get out of that, and take a flight into the air. The smoky little bowers of scarlet-runners that you may have sometimes seen on the house-tops, among the pigeons, may have suggested to your fancy—I pay you the poor compliment of supposing it to be a vagrant fancy, like my own—abortions of the bean-stalk that led Jack to fortune: by the slender twigs of which, the Jacks of Spitalfields will never, never, climb to where the giant keeps his money.

Will you come to Spitalfields?

Turning eastward out of the most bustling part of Bishopsgate, we suddenly lose the noise that has been resounding in our ears,

and fade into the quiet church-yard of the Priory of St. Mary, Spital, otherwise "*Domus Dei et Beatæ Mariæ*, extra Bishopsgate, in the Parish of St. Botolph." Its modern name is Spital Square. Cells and cloisters were, at an early date, replaced by substantial burgher houses, which, since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, have been chiefly the depositories of the silk manufacture introduced into London, by the French Huguenots, who flew from the perfidy of Louis the Fourteenth. But much of the old quiet cloistered air still lingers in the place.

The house to which we are bound, stands at an angle with the spot where the Pulpit-cross was anciently planted; whence, on every Easter Monday and Tuesday, the Spital sermons were preached, in presence of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and children of Christ's Hospital. We cross the many-cornered "square" and enter a sort of gateway.

Along a narrow passage, up a dark stair, through a crazy door, into a room not very light, not very large, not in the least splendid; with queer corners, and quaint carvings, and massive chimney-pieces; with tall cupboards with prim doors, and squat counters with deep dumpy drawers; with desks behind thin rails, with aisles between thick towers of papered-up packages, out of whose ends flash all the colors of the rainbow—where all is as quiet as a playhouse at day-break, or a church at midnight—where, in truth, there is nobody to make a noise, except one well-dressed man, one attendant porter (neither of whom seem to be doing any thing particular), and one remarkably fine male cat, admiring, before the fire, the ends of his silky paws—where the door, as we enter, shuts with a deep, dull, muffled sound, that is more startling than a noise—where there is less bustle than at a Quakers' meeting, and less business going on than in a Government office—the well-dressed man threads the mazes of the piles, and desks, and cupboards, and counters, with a slow step, to greet us, and to assure us, in reply to our apology, that we have *not* made any mistake whatever, and that we are in the silk warehouse which we seek: a warehouse in which, we have previously been informed, by one whose word we never before doubted, that there is "turned over" an annual average of one hundred thousand pounds of good and lawful money of Great Britain.

We may tell our informant, frankly, that, looding round upon the evidences of stagna-

tion which present themselves, we utterly disbelieve his statement. Our faith, however, is soon strengthened. Somebody mounts the stairs, and enters the apartment with the deliberate air of a man who has nothing whatever to do, but to walk about in a beautifully brushed hat, a nicely-fitting coat admirably buttoned, symmetrical boots, and a stock of amazing satin; to crush his gloves tightly between his hands, and to call on his friends, to ask them—as this gentleman asks our friend—how he is getting on; and whether he has been down "yonder" lately (a jerk eastward of the glossy hat); and, if he hasn't, whether he intends going down next Sunday, because if he does, he (the visitor) means to go too, and will take him down in his "trap." He then, in a parenthetical, post-scriptum sort of way, alludes to certain "assorted Glacés," and indicates the pile of silks he means by the merest motion of his ring-finger. "The figure is——" says he,

"Two and seven," replies the vendor; "How many pieces shall I put aside?"

"Well—fifty. By-the-bye, have you heard?"—Mr. Broadelle (our friend) has *not* heard, and the visitor proceeds to announce, with unimpeachable authority, that the match between Mr. Crumpley of Howell's, and Miss Lammy of Swan's, is to come off at last; in fact, next Thursday. Cordial "good-bye;" graceful elevation of the polished hat to myself; and departure of, as Mr. Broadelle informs us, one of his best customers.

"Customer?"

"Yes? You heard? He has just bought fifty pieces of silk of various or 'assorted' colors."

"At two shillings and seven-pence per yard?"

"Just so. And there are eighty-four yards in a piece."

Our organs of calculation are instantly wound up, and set a-going. The result brought out when these phrenological works have run down, is, that this short, easy, jaunty gossip began and ended a transaction involving the sum of five hundred and forty-two pounds ten shillings. No haggling about price; no puffing of quality, on one side, or depreciation of it on the other. The silks are not even looked at. How is this?

"Our trade," says our friend, in explanation, "has been reduced to a system that enables us to transact business with the fewest possible words, and in the easiest possible way. The gentleman who has just left, is Messrs. Treacy and McIntyre's silk-buyer. That department of their establishment is



handed over to his management as unrestrictedly and unreservedly as if the whole concern were his own. In like manner, the different branches of large houses—such as cotton, woollen, hosiery, small wares, &c.—are placed under the control of similar buyers. At the end of every half-year, an account is taken of the stewardship of each of these heads of department; and, if his particular branch has not flourished—should the stock on hand be large and unsaleable—the Buyer is called to account, and his situation jeopardized. The partners, of course, know the capabilities and peculiarities of their trade, and can tell, on investigation, how and why the Buyer has been at fault. If, on the contrary, the Buyer have narrowly watched the public taste, and fed it successfully,—if he have been vigilant in getting early possession of the most attractive patterns, or in pouncing on cheap markets, by taking advantage, for instance, of the embarrassments of a “shaky” manufacturer or a French revolution (for he scours the country at home and abroad in all directions), and if his department come out at the six-monthly settlement with marked profit—his salary is possibly raised. Should this success be repeated, he is usually taken into the firm as a partner.”

“But no judgment was exercised in the bargain just made. The Buyer did not even look at your goods.”

“That is the result of previous study and experience. It is the art that conceals art. He need not examine the goods. He has learned the characteristics of our dyes to a shade, and the qualities of our fabrics to a thread.”

“Then, as to price. I suppose your friend is lounging about, in various other Spitalfields warehouses at this moment. Perhaps by this time he has run his firm into debt for a few thousands pounds more?”

“Very likely.”

“Well; suppose a neighbor of yours were to offer him the same sort of silks as those he has just chosen here, for less money, could he not—as no writing has passed between you—be off his bargain with you?”

“Too late. The thing is done, and cannot be undone,” answers Mr. Broadelle, made a little serious by the bare notion of such a breach of faith. “Our bargain is as tight as if it had been written on parchment, and attested by a dozen witnesses. His very existence as a Buyer and mine as a Manufacturer, depend upon the scrupulous performance of the contract. I shall send in the silks this afternoon. And I feel as certain of a check

for the cash, at our periodical settlement, as I do of death and quarter-day.”

It is difficult to reconcile the immense amount of capital which flows through such a house as this—the rich stores of satins, velvets, lustrings, brocades, damasks, and other silk textures, which Mr. Broadelle brings to light from the quaint cupboards and drawers—with the poignant and often-repeated cry of poverty that proceeds from this quarter.

What says Mr. Broadelle to it? He says this:

“Although most masters make this locality their head-quarters, and employ the neighboring weavers, yet they nearly all have factories in the provinces; chiefly in Lancashire. The Spitalfields weaver of plain silks and velvets, therefore, keeps up a hopeless contest against machinery and cheaper labor, and struggles against overwhelming odds. Will you step round and see a family engaged in this desperate encounter?”

“Is there no remedy?” we ask, as we go out together,

“A very simple one. In the country—say in Suffolk, where we have a hand-weaving factory—food is cheaper and better; both food for the stomach, and food for the lungs.”

“The air is better, so less money, you think, would be spent in drink?”

“Undoubtedly. Fancy yourself stewed up in a stifling room all day: imagine the lassitude into which your whole frame would collapse after fourteen hours’ mere inhalation, of a stale, bad, atmosphere—to say nothing of fourteen hours’ hard work in addition; and consider what stern self-denial it would require to refrain from some stimulant—a glass of bad gin, perhaps—if you could get it. On the other hand, the fresh air which plays around country looms, exhilarates in itself, and is found to be a substitute for gin.”

“I have also heard that the atmosphere of London is positively detrimental to the manufacture of silk. Is that so?”

“Why, sir,” replies Mr. Broadelle, stopping short, and speaking like a deeply-injured man, “the two-days’ fog we had in December last, was a dead loss to me of one hundred pounds. The blacks (London genuine particular) got into the white satins, despite the best precautions of the workpeople, and put them into an ugly, foxy, unsaleable half-mourning, sir. They would not even take a dye, decently. I had to send down, express, to our Suffolk branch, to supply the deficiency; and the white satins, partly woven

there on the same days, came up as white as driven snow."

Considering that both the worker and the work are deteriorated by an obstinate tenure of the present dense and unfit site, it seems wonderful that the weavers themselves are not as anxious to remove from a noxious and unprofitable neighborhood, as their well-wishers can be to effect their removal. From fourteen to seventeen thousand looms are contained in from eleven to twelve thousand houses—although, at the time at which we write, not more than from nine to ten thousand of them are at work. The average number of houses per acre in the parish, is seventeen; and the average per acre for all London being no more than five and a fifth, Spitalfields contains the densest population, perhaps, existing. Within its small boundaries, not less than eighty-five thousand human beings are huddled. "They are," says Mr. Broadelle, "so interlaced, and bound together, by debt, marriage, and prejudice, that, despite many inducements to remove to the country establishments of the masters they already serve, they prefer dragging on a miserable existence in their present abodes. Spitalfields was the Necropolis of Roman London; the Registrar-General's returns show that it is now the grave of Modern Manufacturing London. The average mortality is higher in this Metropolitan district, than in any other."

"And what strange streets they are, Mr. Broadelle! These high gaunt houses, all window on the upper story, and that window all small diamond panes, are like the houses in some foreign town, and have no trace of London in them—except its soot, which is, indeed, a large exception. It is as if the Huguenots had brought their streets along with them, and dropped them down here. And what a number of strange shops, that seem to be open for no earthly reason, having nothing to sell! A few halfpenny bundles of firewood, a few halfpenny kites, halfpenny battledores, and farthing shuttle-cocks, form quite an extensive stock in trade here. Eatables are so important in themselves, that there is no need to set them off. Be the loaves ever so coarse in texture, and ever so unattractively jumbled together in the baker's dirty window, they *are* loaves, and that is the main thing. Liver, lights, and sheep's heads, freckled sausages, and strong black puddings, are sufficiently enticing without decoration. The mouths of Spitalfields will water for them, howsoever raw and ugly they be. Is its intellectual appetite sharp-

set, I wonder, for that wolfish literature of highly-colored show-bill and rampant wood-cut, filling the little shop-window over the way, and covering half the house? Do the poor weavers, by the dim light of their lamps, unravel those villanous fabrics, and nourish their care-worn hearts on the last strainings of the foulest filth of France?" "I can't say," replies Mr. Broadelle; "we have but little intercourse with them in their domestic lives. They are rather jealous and suspicious. We have tried Mechanics' Institutions, but they have not come to much."

"Is there any school here?"

"Yes. Here it is."

An old house, hastily adapted to the purpose, with too much darkness in it and too little air, but no want of scholars. An infant school on the ground floor, where the infants are, as usual, drowsily rubbing their noses, or poking their fore-fingers into the features of other infants on exploratory surveys. Intermediate schools above. At the top of all, in a large, long, light room—occupying the width of two dwelling houses, as the room made for the weaving, in the old style of building, does—the "ragged school."

"Heaven send that all these boys may not grow up to be weavers here, Mr. Broadelle, nor all these girls grow up to marry them!"

"We don't increase much, now," he says. "We go for soldiers, or we go to sea, or we take to something else, or we emigrate perhaps."

Now, for a sample of the parents of these children. Can you find us a man and wife who should be in Lancashire, or Suffolk, or anywhere rather than here? Nothing easier to find in Spitalfields. Enter by this doorway.

Up a dark narrow winding public stair, such as are numerous in Lyons or in the wynds and closes of the old town of Edinburgh, and into a room where there are four looms; one idle, three at work.

A wan thin eager-eyed man, weaving in his shirt and trowsers, stops the jarring of his loom. He is the master of the place. Not an Irishman himself, but of Irish descent.

"Good day!"

"Good day!" Passing his hand over his rough chin, and feeling his lean throat.

"We are walking through Spitalfields, being interested in the place. Will you allow us to look at your work?"

"Oh! certainly."

"It is very beautiful. Black velvet?"

"Yes. Every time I throw the shuttle, I

cut out this wire, as you see, and put it in again—so!” Jarring and clashing at the loom, and glancing at us with his eager eyes.

“It is slow work.”

“Very slow.” With a hard dry cough, and the glance.

“And hard work.”

“Very hard.” With the cough again.

After a while, he once more stops, perceiving that we really are interested, and says, laying his hand upon his hollow breast and speaking in an unusually loud voice, being used to speak through the clashing of the loom :

“It tries the chest, you see, leaning for’ard like this, for fifteen or sixteen hours at a stretch.”

“Do you work so long at a time?”

“Glad to do it when I can get it to do. A day’s work like that, is worth a matter of three shillings.”

“Eighteen shillings a week.”

“Ah! But it ain’t always eighteen shillings a week. I don’t always get it, remember! One week with another, I hardly get more than ten, or ten-and-six.”

“Is this Mr. Broadelle’s loom?”

“Yes. This is. So is that one there ;” the idle one.

“And that, where the man is working?”

“That’s another party’s. The young man working at it, pays me a shilling a week for leave to work here. That’s a shilling, you know, off my rent of half-a-crown. It’s rather a large room.”

“Is that your wife at the other loom?”

“That’s my wife. She’s making a commoner sort of work, for bonnets and that.”

Again his loom clashes and jars, and he leans forward over his toil. In the window by him, is a singing-bird in a little cage, which trolls its song, and seems to think the loom an instrument of music. The window, tightly closed, commands a maze of chimney-pots, and tiles, and gables. Among them, the ineffectual sun, faintly contending with the rain and mist, is going down. A yellow ray of light crossing the weaver’s eager eyes and hollow white face, makes a shape something like a pike-head on the floor.

The room is unwholesome, close, and dirty. Through one part of it the staircase comes up in a bulk, and roughly partitions off a corner. In that corner are the bedstead and the fireplace, a table, a chair or two, a kettle, a tub of water, a little crockery. The looms

claim all the superior space and have it. Like grim enchanters who provide the family with their scant food, they must be propitiated with the best accommodation. They bestride the room, and pitilessly squeeze the children—this heavy, watery-headed baby carried in the arms of its staggering little brother, for example—into corners. The children sleep at night between the legs of the monsters, who deafen their first cries with their whirr and rattle, and who roar the same tune to them when they die.

Come to the mother’s loom.

“Have you any other children besides these?”

“I have had eight. I have six alive.”

“Did we see any of them, just now, at the——”

“Ragged School? O yes! You saw four of mine at the Ragged School!”

She looks up, quite bright about it—has a mother’s pride in it—is not ashamed of the name; she, working for her bread, not begging it—not in the least.

She has stopped her loom for the moment. So has her husband. So has the young man.

“Weavers’ children are born in the weaver’s room,” says the husband, with a nod at the bedstead. “Nursed there, brought up there—sick or well—and die there.”

To which, the clash and jar of all three looms—the wife’s, the husband’s and the young man’s, as they go again—make a chorus.

“This man’s work, now, Mr. Broadelle—he can’t hear us apart here, in this noise?”

“Oh, no!”

—“requires but little skill?”

“Very little skill. He is doing now, exactly what his grandfather did. Nothing would induce him to use a simple improvement (the ‘fly shuttle’) to prevent that contraction of the chest of which he complains. Nothing would turn him aside from his old ways. It is the old custom to work at home, in a crowded room, instead of in a factory. I couldn’t change it, if I were to try.”

Good Heaven, is the house falling! Is there an earthquake in Spitalfields! Has a volcano burst out in the heart of London? What is this appalling rush and tremble?

It is only the railroad.

The arches of the railroad span the house; the wires of the electric telegraph stretch over the confined scene of his daily life; the engines fly past him on their errands, and

outstrip the birds ; and what can the man of prejudice and usage hope for, but to be overthrown and flung into oblivion ! Look to it, gentlemen of precedent and custom, standing daintily opposed to progress, in the bag-wigs and embroidered coats of another generation, you may learn from the weaver in his shirt and trowsers !

There, we leave him in the dark, about to kindle at the poor fire the lamp that hangs upon his loom, to help him on his laboring way into the night. The sun has gone down, the reflection has vanished from the floor. There is nothing in the gloom but his eager eyes, made hungrier by the sight of our small present ; the dark shapes of his fellow-workers mingling with their stopped looms ; the mute bird in its little cage, duskily expressed against the window ; and the watery-headed baby crooning in a corner God knows where.

We are again in the streets.

"The fluctuations in the silk trade, and consequently, in the condition of the Spitalfields weaver," says our friend, "are sudden and unforeseen ; for they depend upon a variety of uncontrollable causes. Let us take, for example, the past four or five years."

"But does that period afford a fair average of the condition of the trade ? Were not the fluctuations extreme ?"

"They were. In 1846 the price of raw silk was very low. The manufacturers bought all they could, and worked up all they bought. Not a hand was idle, not a loom at rest. Enormous stocks soon accumulated, silk became dearer ; but in May, 1847, there came a sudden stop."

"Was it not then that the last loud cry of distress arose from Spitalfields, and that public meetings were held for finding means of 'redress' ?"

"It was. The stagnation was prolonged by a dispute, in which the silk manufacturers and wholesale dealers were involved with the large retail houses. It got the name of the 'short measure question.' The retailers wanted us to give them thirty-seven inches to every yard. The autumn trade was completely crippled by this discussion ; which did not end till the breaking out of the French Revolution in February 1848. West-end and wholesale buyers rushed over to Paris and Lyons, in regiments, and with unlimited capital. They bought for almost any price they chose to offer. This cut two ways ; although wholesale and retail houses brought home great parcels of manufactured articles,

we also bought raw silk, in France, from fifteen to twenty per cent. below the lowest price I ever knew it. What do you think, sir, of the finest French organzine for a guinea a pound ?"

We answered by an exclamation of vague surprise.

"Such a price as this enabled us to set some of our looms at work for stock, and, during 1849, the French goods being exhausted, ours came in play. Indeed, during that year the British manufacturer was in a position to defy competition."

"The French had not recovered themselves ?"

"Not only that—but we had bought nearly all their raw silk, and they were actually obliged to buy it back from us at advances of from twenty to fifty per cent. ! From that time prices advanced here, and work kept on increasing, so that, during most of last year, Spitalfields was busy."

"A glut of stock has been again the consequence."

"Yes ; and what with that and the advancing price of raw silk,\* I have within the last fortnight been compelled to discharge one hundred hands."

Spitalfields, however, has its bright side. As yet machinery has not been taught to turn artist, or to guide the shuttle through the intricate niceties of the Jacquard loom, so as to execute designs. Figured and brocaded silks must still be done by hands, and those hands must be skillful.

"Our silks," Mr. Broadelle tells us, "have never been inferior, in quality, to those of our foreign rivals ; but we have always been beaten in taste. In the stolid assiduous painstaking motion of the hand and treadle, the English weaver is unsurpassed ; but he has seldom exercised his fancy. Until lately, therefore, few designs originated in this country. We silk-manufacturers, like the Dramatic Authors' Society, have been content to take our novelties from the French."

"You say, 'until lately.' Has the English manufacturer improved in that respect ?"

"Decidedly. Schools of Design have done something : the encouragement given by masters to those who make available patterns, has done something too ; but the great improver of the English silk trade was the last French revolution."

\* The price of "organzine" during the month of March was ;—French, 82s. ; Piedmont, 26s. ; China 22s.



"How?"

"That political disaster brought the manufacturers of France to a dead-lock. During the whole of 1849 the English markets were stocked with the most splendid fashions that ever came into it. As we could not sell a yard of *our* manufacture, we had plenty of leisure to examine the different foreign goods minutely. So rich a variety had never fallen under our observation, and never before had such a flood of light been thrown on the manufactures of our greatest rivals. We profited by it. More important improvements have been effected in the fabric of fancy silk goods since 1848, than were made, down to that time, since the days of Jacquard."

"This shows the value of national intercourse, Mr. Broadelle. Will the Great Exhibition do much service in this way?"

"I have no doubt it will. But, we are now at the door of a figure-weaver; and you will compare this visit with our last."

We knock at the door of a cheerful little house, extremely clean. We are introduced into a little parlor, where a young artist sits at work with crayons and water-colors. He is a student of the School of Design. He is at work on a new pattern for a table-cover. He has learnt to paint in oil. He has painted the portraits of his sisters—and of some one who I suspect is not a sister, but who may be

A nearer one  
Yet and a dearer one,

and they decorate the room. He has painted groups of flowers. He shows us one that was in last year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy. He shows us another that he means to finish in good time to send to the next Exhibition. He does these things over and above his regular work. He don't mind work—gets up early. There are cheap casts prettily arranged about the room, and it has a little collection of cheap books of a good sort in it. The intrinsic worth of every simple article of furniture or embellishment is enhanced a hundred-fold (as it always may be) by neatness and order. Is father at home? Yes, and will be glad to see the visitors. Pray walk up!

The young artist shows us the way to the

top of the house, apologizing cheerfully for the ladder-staircase by which we mount at last. In a bright clean room, as pure as soap and water, scrubbing, and fresh air, can make it, we find a sister whose portrait is down stairs—we are able to claim her instantly for the original, to the general satisfaction. We find also, father, who is working at his Jacquard loom, making a pretty pattern of cravat, in blue upon a black ground. He is as cordial, sensible, intelligent a man, as any one would wish to know. He has a reason for everything he says, and everything he does. He is learned in sanitary matters among other necessary knowledge, and says the first thing you have to do, is, to make your place wholesome, or you can't expect to work heartily. Wholesome it is, as his own pleasant face, and the pleasant faces of his children well brought up. He has made various improvements in his loom; he has made an improvement in his daughter's, who works near him, which prevents her having to contract her chest, though she is doing very ordinary work. Industry, contentment, sense, and self-respect are the hopeful characteristics of everything animate and inanimate in this little house. If the veritable summer light were shining, and the veritable summer air were rustling, in it, which the young artist has tried to get into the sketches of green glades from Epping Forest that hang near father's loom, and can be seen by father while he is at work, it could not be more cheering to our hearts, oppressed with what we have left.

I meant to have had a talk with our good friend Mr. Broadelle, respecting a cruel persistence in one inflexible principle which gave the New Poor Law a particular severity in its application to Spitalfields, a few years back, but which I hope may have been amended. Work in the stone-yard was the test of all able-bodied applicants for relief. Now, the weaver's hands are soft and delicate, and *must be so* for his work. No matter. The weaver wanting relief, must work in the stone-yard with the rest. So, the Union blistered his hands before it relieved him, and incapacitated him from doing his work when he could get it.

But let us leave Spitalfields with an agreeable impression, and be thankful that we can.

From the North British Review.

## ANIMAL MAGNETISM.\*

It has been frequently asserted, and that almost from time immemorial, that the common magnet is capable of re-acting upon the nervous system of man. Mesmer attributed all the phenomena of animal magnetism to the efflux and the influx of a subtle fluid, conceived of as specifically localized in the magnet, but radiating also from stars and planets, sun and moon, the earth and the sky, and most effectively of all from the bodies of healthy and viripotent men. Less adventurous medicasters have confined themselves to the power of the magnet proper and to metallic tractors. Partly on account of the somewhat paracelsian character of poor Mesmer, partly because of the bombastic and unenlightened enthusiasm of the vast majority of his disciples, and partly owing to the indeterminate nature of the professed phenomena, men of positive science have generally held aloof from the whole subject. Men of observation, accustomed to the use of telescopes and equatorials, of microscopes and micrometers, barometers and thermometers, thermoscopes and electrosopes, balances and test-glasses, entertain a laudable aversion to the employment of the morbid nerve of exceptional human beings as at once the indicator and the measure of any physical force whatever.

Even physicians, who never have had, and probably never shall attain to anything like physiometrical accuracy of observation in the principal objects of their study, namely in symptoms and cures, have steadily and sternly refused to have anything to do with the magnet and its alleged effects on certain pa-

tients. They have even scouted, abused, condemned, and banned the unfortunate magnet, with that impetuous hatred which is characteristic of the otherwise magnanimous profession;—as if such proceedings could put a summary stop either to its influences or to people's belief in them!

The great obstacle in the way of animal magnetism, in so far as the regulars of science are concerned, is the circumstance that the only known re-agent upon the professed and otherwise undiscoverable force is the exceptional nerve. It is to sensation indeed, that is to say, to touching, tasting, smelling, hearing and seeing nerves, that we owe all those facts, the recording, the classification, the generalization, and the co-ordination of which constitute the whole substance of natural science; but it is to the common or general sensations of the race, not to the exceptional and particular sensations of the individual. It is also the unfailing instinct and practice of positive science to distrust the obscurer senses of touch, taste and smell. It reserves its confidence for those of hearing and sight, the differences and identities of sound and of light being directly perceptible by the ear and the eye. In fact, it may be said that it is always the first effort of the exact sciences to transform the dimmer perceptions of the more deceivable organs into those of sight, the most discursive and accurate of the senses. The mineralogist does not satisfy himself with the intimations of what has been called the muscular sense, or that sense of resistance which is related to the perception of weight, concerning the specific gravity of a stone. He weighs it first in the air, then in water; notes the difference between the two weights; and thence computes its specific heaviness. The chemist does not trust his fingers, or even his lip, for the temperature of his agents and reagents; but invents the thermometer, and reads off his measurements with the eye. It is the same in the sciences of magnetism proper, electricity, and galvanism. Even in the investigation of sound (which is measurable with such exquisite nicety by the ear, as to render the art of ma-

\* 1.—*Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction, in their relations to the Vital Force.* By KARL, BARON VON REICHENBACH, Ph. Dr. Translated by WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. 1850.  
2.—*The Power of the Mind over the Body: an Experimental Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Phenomena attributed by Baron Reichenbach to a New Imponderable.* 1846.  
3.—*Letters on the Truth contained in Popular Superstitions.* By HERBERT MAYO, M.D., &c. Second Edition. *Supplementary Letter.* 1851.

sic not only possible, but the very antitype of mathematical proportion), the natural philosopher converts its vibrations into visible things before he will philosophize upon them. In the region of the visible, on the other hand, he trusts as little as possible to the immediate reactions of the eye; but devises micrometers, photoscopes, and what not! The excessive beauty of all this procedure consists neither solely nor mainly in the transmutation of the perceptions of the lower senses into those of the eye, which is "the light of the body," as reason is the light of the soul. He would deem but poorly of this great preliminary device of science who should think so. The true beauty of this primary invention consists in its elevation of the eye itself, from being a mere measure of external phenomena, to the dignity of being a measurer of them; two things as different from one another as a polypus from a man.

It is chiefly in the art of healing that this nobler method of procedure is not realizable as yet. The physician must work as well as he can upon the reported sensations of his patient, the sounds of his stethoscope, and the feelings of his own fingers; enlightening such comparatively vague intimations as reach him in those ways, to the best of his ability, by means of knowledge derived from the scalpel, the microscope, chemical analysis and other instruments of science. Let him be ever so learned in anatomy, organic chemistry, histology, pathology and all other sciences, it is very seldom that he can altogether dispense with the sensations of his patient; that is to say, with the reported reactions of the morbid and exceptional nerve. It might, therefore, have been expected that physicians could have approached the subject of animal magnetism without scientific distress; and that not only because it professes to deal with the miserable body of man, but because its method of inquiry is akin to that of their blessed art. Alien to the habits of the natural philosopher and the chemist, its way of procedure are not altogether foreign to theirs. It is accordingly not so wonderful that men like Elliotson, Esdaile and Engledue, to name no foreign doctors, should have entered this department of doubtful science with the confidence of an honorable scepticism, as it is curious that the vast majority of the profession should have turned their backs upon it with aversion. This is not owing to motives of self-interest or scientific bigotry, but simply to that instinctive craving in the man of science for instrumental observation, which has been *deepened in the medical men of the present*

day by the grand predominance of the exact sciences. They have failed, perhaps, to remember that the methods of such sciences are not altogether applicable in medicine. They have certainly gone beyond their preceptors; for it is notorious that men of eminence in optics, in chemistry, in natural history, and in physics in general, have shown more interest in the alleged phenomena of animal magnetism than the descendants of Hippocrates and Galen. It will likely be retorted on this assertion that it owes its truth to the fact that the physicist is ignorant of physiology. It may be so. The instinct of the profession may be preserving it from errors. It is even possible that those physicians who have dared to confront this phenomenal imbroglio, are not competent physiologists; for there is nothing more common in society than to meet doctors of medicine who are ignorant, not only of the first principles of physiology, but even of the very first principles of scientific research. But no man on earth can deny that it is the duty of every professed physiologist either to confirm or to confute the laborious and profound convictions of their colleagues in the architecture of science, be their supposed or actual deficiencies what they may:—or else to keep a wise and kindly silence. No other course of conduct is either manly or safe.

The animal magnet, however, has at last found a scientific champion in the person of Karl, Baron von Reichenbach and doctor of philosophy, resident and at work in Castle Reichenbach near Vienna. During the last decade of the century, this eminent personage has satisfied himself that the old story about the power of the magnet over the nervous system of the man is well founded.—Having surrounded himself with a multitude of witnesses to the fact, he has multiplied experiments with rare ingenuity; recorded hundred of results with much fidelity; and constructed a generalization or theory of the whole subject, which is not without its feasibility and beauty. In short, the baronial doctor has either created a new science for posterity, and placed himself among the Copernicuses and Newtons, at least with the Voltas and the Oersteds of the world; or he has built himself as brave a castle in the air as ever was seen. There is, indeed, a third alternative, to borrow an image from Marryat's triangular duel: It is possible that Castle Reichenbach may turn out to be partly real and partly false, founded on facts but reared with unsubstantial inferences, begun in truth and ending in moonshine.

It is just six years since Reichenbach published the first part of his novel researches in two supplementary numbers of *Leibig and Wöhler's Annals of Chemistry*. It is impossible to deny that this experimentalist possesses certain of the qualifications for such an investigation in a very high degree. He had won himself a good name for accuracy and invention by his analyses of tar and of the proximate principles which he discovered to be the components of that fragrant olio. His knowledge of several departments of natural philosophy and history, as well as his active labors in them, had long been acknowledged in the commonwealth of science. It appears that he had earned the distinction of being unquestionably the highest living authority on the natural history of aerolites or meteoric stones. Altogether, he had approved himself a sufficient and reputable master in the great art of scientific observation. There was therefore no wonder that Berzelius, who made a greater number of accurate observations in chemistry than ever was done by any single man in the whole history of that science, should express the opinion that the investigations now under review could not possibly have fallen into better hands. The Swedish chemist had frequently expressed the wish, during the last forty years of his life, that the allegations of the mesmerists concerning the magnet should receive a liberal but searching criticism at the hands of some competent experimentalist; and his hope was fulfilled in the person of his friend the discoverer of creosote. The Baron has also been singularly fortunate in securing the confidence, approbation and discipleship of Professor Gregory, a man quite remarkable for openness of mind in the direction of natural science. Those great qualities and strokes of good fortune, however, have not protected him from much injurious treatment: the insolent silence of neglect; the private and social sneer of many scientific circles, where his name would have been pronounced with vast respect, if he had only not dared to venture on untrodden ground; the open but uncandid criticism; the virulent and unreasoning assault; and even the depreciation of his past labors. It is the world-old tragedy of scientific history. No sooner does a man obey the impulse of conscience, and challenge the foregone conclusions of his age, than the hue and cry is raised against him. It is in vain that he shall lavish his good name, his means, his talents, the blood of his heart, the sweat of his brain, every thing that is his, upon the working out of

the thought by which he has been visited.— One word of scorn, one flippant little word, will defraud him of the only outward reward he values, namely, the sympathy of his brethren. Why, even if the enthusiast were the laborious and generous victim of some coil of error, he would still deserve the love and furtherance of men, for he is at least casting his life into some breach with bravery worthy of a better task; but being the heavy laden, and therefore the slowly-treading, perhaps the staggering bearer of a weighty new truth, from the heart of Nature to the ears of her frivolous children, they ignore, flout, slander, obstruct, and even hate him. The highest and most enduring reward of scientific exploration, conducted in the spirit of the masters and not in that of the hirelings, is not even the finding of truth; it is the finding of new strength, faith deepened in foundation, more capacious love, and hope building higher and higher. Such assuredly, let all critics and criticasters know and inwardly digest, shall be the mellow last-fruits of this protracted and harassing investigation of Reichenbach's, be the residual amount of scientific truth contained in his books what it may.

These researches have been continued with great industry ever since 1844; and the results of his manifold labors in this direction are now before the world in a large octavo volume, composed of two parts. Dr Gregory has lately translated and published it for the use of the British public; a service which is doubtless its own reward. The merits of this remarkable volume are great. The painstaking, conscientious, cautious, ingenious, we had almost said the religious, and certainly the self-possessed enthusiasm with which the experimental clew is followed from turn to turn of the labyrinth, is surpassed by nothing of the same sort in the whole range of contemporary science. The moral qualities of a great explorer are displayed by the author in no common degree, with one exception. It is beneath Von Reichenbach to speak with so much bitterness of spirit against Reymond, his Berlin vituperator, or with such contempt of his young medical opponents in Vienna; although the former is a bully, and the latter are puppies: "He is there sitting, where they durst not soar."— But his too great animosity against these wretched critics is not the exception referred to. It is a want of respect for the convictions of others; the very crime that is perpetrated against himself. His observations relative to ghostly or spiritual apparitions



are little short of insulting to those who believe in such things; and all the more so, that they appeal to the very same kind of evidence as his own discoveries depend upon. Excathedral denunciations of other people's beliefs do not become the writer who exclaims against them in his own case. Ghosts are to be disproved or explained away, or else established and reduced to law, by the same methods of criticism as may be applicable to odylic flames. Then why does he indulge in such woundy contempt for the older school of mesmerism? Its cosmical fluid is as good as his; it is the germ of his one indeed, call it animal magnetism, call it odyle, or call it what he choose. To deface the memory of Mesmer is to disown his own father. Mesmer is the legitimate predecessor of Reichenbach, whether the Baron will or not. It was the doctrine of Mesmer, suggested by a chapter of Van Helmont's, that there radiates from the sun, the moon, the planets, the earth, in short from the whole of nature, a quick and subtle essence, which is not heat, nor light, nor anything else that is known. This secret force was furthermore understood by that speculative physician to be peculiarly resident and concentrated in the common magnet; and partly on that account, partly because the animal nerve was its only known measure or reagent, the fluid itself received the name of animal magnetism.—Let us now see what sort of extension the magnetist of Vienna has given to these ideas.

The germinal fact from which this singular investigation has sprouted and grown, till it has become somewhat of a jungle, it must be confessed, is very simple considered as a fact; but there are many ways of accounting for it, simple as it looks. When good strong magnets, capable of lifting some ten pounds' weight, are carried slowly down the persons (without touching them) of a score of people taken at random, one or more are sure to be affected by the passes (as they are called) in a notable and a somewhat describable manner. Sometimes so many as three or four such sensitives will be found in that number of subjects. Our author knows an institution where eighteen out of twenty-two women are perceptive of the sensations produced by the passes of the magnet. Many people, who enjoy an average degree of good health, seem to feel the influence in question. The higher degrees of sensitivity, however, are shown chiefly by the sickly; folk with weak nerves, the hysteric, the spasmodic, the cataleptic, the epileptic, the paralytic, sleep-walkers, and the insane. As for

the very large number of healthy subjects, who displayed considerable and even remarkable sensitivity in the later of Reichenbach's experiments, it is not to be forgotten that the apparently healthy man may well be the subject of an unhealthy diathesis or habit of body. The tendency to fits, somnambulism, and madness may and does exist in thousands, who never show it to the uninitiated eye:—a thing to be insisted on with all respect for Endlicher the botanist, Schuh the mechanic, Kotschy the traveller, and all the other healthy enough patients of the Baron. The difficulty is to find a family without hereditary morbid dispositions of the constitution; and a considerable, if not a large proportion of those inherited vices must be assigned to the class of nervous disease. This investigation would therefore have been more complete, if the hereditary and acquired predispositions of the so-called healthy patients had been ascertained. It is not a very difficult thing to do; but it is a delicate task, and we must be content without it in this instance. In the meantime, it would be unfair to assume that all the subjects described in the course of those researches are the victims of a neuropathic diathesis, or ill habit of body in the matter of the nervous system. The reader may suspect it, but he cannot prove it. It is our own opinion, we confess; but opinions go for nothing in the sciences of observation and induction. At the same time, it is a point which the candid experimentalist in this department will do well to attend to, for it is an inquiry of some importance.

The sensation produced in the excitable by the magnetic pass is represented as being rather unpleasant than agreeable; and it is associated with a slight feeling either of coldness or of warmth, resembling a cool or else a tepid little breeze passing along the line of traction. They sometimes experience a sense of dragging or pricking in the parts under reaction. Formication or the sleeping of a limb is not an uncommon attendant of these experiments. There are some men in the prime of life who perceive this magnetic influence, but women are decidedly more sensitive. It is sometimes vividly felt by children. The most notable of this whole group of magnetic symptoms is the sensation of cold or of heat.

Starting from this primogenitive and obscure fact, our experimentalist has discovered a multitude of related things. He has found that one pole of the magnet produces the sensation of coolness, the other that of warmth.

That single crystals of all sorts of chemical substances, especially when very large and perfect, work the same effects as the magnet. That one pole of the crystalline axis produces coolness, the other warmth. That crystals possessed of more than one axis are also endowed with more than two poles of animal magnetic action; how many axes so many poles. That chemical action is also animal-magnetic; some reactions producing the cool, others the warm sensation, in the sensitive. That light is animal-magnetic precisely in the same way; the light of the sun and sun-stars being cool, that of the moon and planets or moon-stars being warm. That heat, electricity, and galvanism are all capable of giving rise to the animal-magnetic phenomena. That the body of man is peculiarly potent in this way; whence the manipulations or hand-passes of Mesmer and his disciples. That one side of the body produces the cool, the other the warm sensation, in the sensitive. That, in fine, everything in nature, crystalline or uncrystalline, magnetic, chemically active, luminous, cold or hot, dead or living, is capable of yielding similar results: a fact amazingly and suspiciously broad and general.

These things are known only through the reports of subject patients of course; but Reichenbach adduces the testimony of some sixty people, of both sexes, of all ranks, of all degrees of sensitivity, some of them men of science, two or three of them members of the medical profession; and the unvarying agreement of such a number of intelligent people had better not be set too easily aside. Anything like imposture is wholly out of the question. The simplicity, the purity, the precaution, the ingenuity with which some of the experiments were made, cannot be too much admired; as shall be found when we come to the discussion of the second great fact in the investigation, namely the perception by the sensitives of the odyllic lights, as they are called. In the meantime, we accept and believe the fact of the animal-magnetic sensations of cold and heat, as evoked in the sensitives of our investigator by magnets, crystals, chemical mixtures, light, heat, electricity, and everything else.

Before proceeding to the theory of this broad fact, however, let us clearly understand what it is as a fact. The sensation produced is not an actual and ordinary sensation of heat or cold, of course. No thermometer, no thermoscope, detects the slightest change of temperature. In a section devoted to the consideration of the difference between the agent of these phenomena (as well as others)

and heat, the author is perfectly aware of this. Heat sometimes produces the cold animal-magnetic feeling. The warm radiance of the sun flashing upon a broad metallic plate sends the cool breeze through a long wire to a sensitive in an isolated chamber. In short, this animal-magnetic coolness or warmth is not real in one sense of the word; that is to say, it is the image of no object. It corresponds with no phenomenon of temperature. It is not a sensation proper; it is a mere quasi-sensation. It is a sensuous illusion. The magnet or the crystal appears to act upon the nerve of the subject in some yet occult way; and one of the effects of that action is the perception of a pseudo-sensation of heat or cold. That pseudo-sensation is a mere spectral illusion at the very best. Reichenbach knows this. He has even expressed it; but it does appear to the critical student of his work that he does not lay enough stress upon it, perhaps even that it does not seem to have pronounced itself with sufficient emphasis to his mind. He should have iterated and reiterated it all through the book. Neither the writer nor the reader could have held it too constantly and inexorably in view, "for thereby hangs a tale."

So much for the facts themselves; and now for the theory of them. It has just been said that the animal magnet (whether a common magnet, a man's hand, or a crystal) appears to stir, agitate, commove, or act upon the nerve of the sensitive in some yet wholly occult manner; and that one of the effects of that action, one of them, is the perception of a quasi-sensation of heat or of cold in such nerve or nerves. But there are two to a bargain; and even this small amount of claim for the power of the animal magnet is open to reasonable question. Mr. Braid, the hypnotist, and also the most searching of the experimental critics of mesmerism, has published a counter-statement. He asserts the principle that the instrument employed, whichever of all the so-called animal-magnets it may be, has nothing to do with the sensations in question; nothing, that is to say, in the way of direct causation. He can produce precisely similar sensations in certain sorts of people both with and without such an instrument. He takes a patient's hand, lays it on the table with the palm upwards, makes passes from the wrist down the fingers, and the subject soon begins to feel cold or warm, as the case may be, under the lines of passage. He then bids the patient turn away her head, and making believe

that he is repeating the experiment, asks her what she feels; and she experiences the very same sensations as before, although no passes are being made. In short, he provokes the same sort of sensations as are described by Von Reichenbach, without the same instrumentation. He has only by word or sign to excite the expectation of the occurrence of such sensations in the patient's mind. Dr. Holland has shown at large how the direction of the expectant attention to any organ or part of the body excites actions in that part.\* The mesmerist or hypnotist, as Braid prefers to call him, is also well aware that he can present any image he chooses to his patient, by a word or a hint. It is therefore very natural for Mr. Braid to conclude that the Viennese patients experienced all those sensations, or rather quasi-sensations, merely because they more or less obscurely expected them; in other words, that they directed their expectant attention to the parts apparently operated upon, and the sensations ensued. The uniformity in character of these quasi-sensations is no objection to this view, for the uniformity in character of all spectral illusions is one of the most noticeable of things about them. There is a law or unity of procedure in the phenomena of disease, quite as clearly displayed as in those of health.

Yet the conclusion of Mr. Braid is not obligatory. The same effect may be produced by two different causes. A man may perceive the image of a tree, because the radiance of a veritable tree paints it on his retina; but he may also perceive the image of a tree because his nervous system is disordered, and a tree of conception is thereby intensified into a tree of quasi-sensation. The perception is the same in both these cases. A hypnotic patient may see a book, because a book is placed before her, or she may see a book because an experimentalist tells her his glove is one. Mr. Braid has failed to perceive this alternative, and his inference is therefore defective. His experiments may be good and true, but so may those of Reichenbach. His effects may have been produced by suggestion, Reichenbach's by objects. Similar as they are, and diverse as are their respective causes, they do not contradict one another. For our part, we accept them both. Braid's cases seem to be unexceptionable; but it is not easy to read the elaborate and orderly statement of the

German naturalist, to consider the number and character of his subjects, to observe the precautions taken against any thing like suggestion, to notice the continual congruity of the descriptions given by the patients, to see the checks upon coincidence and unintentional collusion which occurred at every turn of the inquiry, without yielding to the conviction that the phenomena, obscure and indirect as they are, were the effects of an outward physical cause. That physical cause or force is not magnetism, for a crystal is as productive of the effects as a magnet, and a crystal is not magnetic. It is not crystalism, if the reader will tolerate a bad new word for once, for amorphous or uncrystallized matter is also effective in this way. It is not light; it is not heat; it is not electricity: neither is it chemical affinity, nor gravitation, nor any thing peculiar to organization. It is nothing that we know otherwise than in and by those new observations. The author of the investigation under review considers it to be a distinct and universally diffused force, the common accompaniment of all those better known cosmical powers. In compliance with an old and established method in physical science, he refers the phenomena to the external agency of a new imponderable fluid, analogous to, yet differing from caloric and its congeners, which he christens by the name of odyle; a word perfectly synonymous with animal magnetism. Before proceeding to the criticism of the ingenious baron's views of the natural history and physiological scope of this cosmical force, it is necessary to examine another series of his experimental observations.

The animal-magnetists have been proclaiming, during the progress of more than half a century, how the more susceptible of their patients declare that they see rings and haloes of light playing round the heads of their magnetizers, or such as are placed *en rapport* with them; strings of light passing towards them from those by whom they are being swayed; lambent glowings of light investing those to whom they are drawn by sympathy; "glowings, glowings everywhere, but ne'er a ray to see by," to paraphrase a memorable distich of the *Anciente Marinere*. Without express reference to these allegations, but guided by some dim conjecture concerning the nature of the northern and southern lights or auroras, our experimentalist requested the father of one of his earliest and most sensitive patients to place a powerful horse-shoe magnet before her during the night. She immediately per-

\* *Medical Notes and Observations*; a truly admirable book of facts and thoughts.



ceived nebuloid lights or flames flickering upwards from the poles of the instrument. This was the beginning of a long run of singular experiments of the same kind. All sorts of patients were found to see similar lights; odylic flames, odylic threads, odylic vapors. Some saw them rising from the same magnet to different heights and of different colors. They saw them playing round the poles of crystals, emanating from finger-tips and lips, rising in fact from everything. They saw them not knowing they were to see them. Their descriptions did not jar with one another. Cataleptic girls, people of good culture, men of science agreed in their reports. In one instance the flames from a very powerful magnetic pole were some ten inches high. Chemical action, sunlight, &c. all sent such flames through wires in such a manner that a patient, confined in a pitch-dark chamber, saw them issuing from and playing around the extremities of the wires, introduced through the luted key-hole. A little globe or *terrelle*, with a good straight magnet in its interior, as an axis with its pair of poles, suspended from the ceiling of a dark room, gave a mimic semblance of the earth and its auroral lights to the sensitive. In short, not only the old-world stories about corpse-candles and ghosts hovering over graves, but the phenomenon of the aurora, are at length explained—to the satisfaction of this experimentalist.

Now apart from Mr. Braid's finding that precisely such lights are perceived by exceptional people under the influence of suggestion and expectant attention, and accepting the amazingly congruous perceptions of Reichenbach's sensitives as the effects of an external physical cause operative in magnets, metals, crystals, planets, suns, plants and animals, there is an all-important remark to be made concerning them on the very threshold of his theory. It is this: the sensations of coolness and warmth, as produced indirectly by the same agents, are not correspondent with external phenomena of temperature. He has said so himself. They are real as perceptions, not as sensations; they are tactual illusions. By a parity of reasoning, these perceptions of light are not real as sensations; they are real only as perceptions. They are not correspondent with external phenomena of light. They are the parallels, the analogons of the quasi-sensations of coolness and warmth. They are optical illusions. A fact must be judged by its peers; and, if the sensations of heat and cold produced by

a magnet or a crystal are only quasi-sensations or spectres, then the sensations of red and blue produced by a crystal or a magnet are only spectres and quasi-sensations too. This at once explains how one sensitive should see the flames three inches, and another see them ten inches high, though issuing from the same pole of the same magnet; for when a dim-sighted person sees an illuminated disc, he does not see it as of half the size it presents to the eye of one who sees twice as well, but of half the degree of illumination. It explains how "even Bollmann," as Reichenbach frequently says of his one blind patient, should perceive the odylic lights just like another. In fine, it explains all the little discrepancies between the reports of the sensitives, while it does not contravene the remarkable amount of similarity or identity of these reports; for spectral illusions (whether arising wholly within the nervous system, as in *delirium tremens*, or drawing one of their origins from without, as in these memorable experiments) are the orderly exponents of law, just as truly as any other natural phenomena. But this view also excludes and rejects the Reichenbachian hypothesis of the aurora, unless the hypothetist is prepared to defend the still more novel proposition that the aurora is an optical illusion, quite as visible "even to Bollmann," as to those who have eyes! In truth, even if we reciprocated his belief concerning the common reality of his odylic radiance, we should deeply regret that he should have ventured to leap the gulf which separates the sheen of magnets and crystals, perceptible only by the exceptional, from the classical and published glories of the polar light. But we do not reciprocate that belief. On the other hand, we entreat his disciples to take notice that parity of reasoning, just analogy, and the right rule of induction compel the critical mind to place the odylic lights on the same level with the odylic heats and colds; which latter the discoverer himself perceives and states, but without precision, to be illusory as sensations, though real and constant as perceptions.

I have said nothing about Reichenbach's attempt to furnish something like a physical proof of the optical nature of the odylic flames, threads and smokes; and that simply because it is utterly unsatisfactory. His friend Carl Schuh, an expert heliographist, shut up a prepared silver plate, with a magnet before it, in a dark box; and another without a magnet, in a dark drawer. After



some hours, the former was found, by exposure to mercurial vapor, to be affected by light; the later not; "but the difference was not very great." Why were the plates not in exactly similar dark boxes or drawers? "A dark box" and "a dark drawer" are worth nothing whatever in an experiment so infinitely dainty as this. Schuh next placed the magnet over against a plate, within a box wrapped in thick bedding; and after sixty-four hours, the plate, on exposure to the vapor of quicksilver in the dark, showed the effect of light over its whole surface. Why were not two plates, one with, and the other without a magnet, and in equally dark boxes of course, employed in this experiment? And why was this most legitimate and comfortable species of experimentation not prosecuted any farther? Certainly these two poor experiments prove nothing. The experiment with two plates lasts a few hours; the experiment with only one, and therefore without a check, lasts sixty-four: the check, in the former, was rendered null by want of care about the box and the drawer; and there was no check provided in the later. The experiments of Mr. Braid are much better.

They were made with nine plates, prepared by Mr. Akers of the Manchester Photographic Gallery, a man professionally engaged in daguerreotypic experiments, and therefore quite as likely to be an adept as Herr Schuh. Three of the plates were exposed to the action of a powerful horse-shoe (originally able to lift eighty pounds, but somewhat reduced by use), in seclusion from light. Other three were treated precisely in the same manner, only two sheets of black paper were placed between the magnet and the plates, so as to intercept the real or supposed radiance of its poles. A seventh plate was confined in a box at a distance from the magnet. They were all kept in these several circumstances from sixty-six to seventy-four hours; but in no instance was there any appearance of the photographic action of light, the only changes being such chemical modifications of the surfaces, "as generally arise from keeping prepared plates for some time before exposing them to mercury."

Now it is to be noticed that these are three positive results. Those of Schuh, such as they were, were at the best only negative ones. In his two experiments, it is not the least impossible but that common light reached the plates; and it does not appear that he was on his guard against those chemical changes which "generally arise from keeping prepared plates for some time."

But in the experiments of Braid and Akers, metallic sensitives were positively and indubitably submitted to the prolonged action of a powerful magnetic force, but no photographic effects ensued. This is the positive observation, not that; although at first sight it seems to be the reverse. In every point of view, in fact, the experiments of the Manchester surgeon are greatly superior to those of the Viennese authority on meteoric stones; and they settle this part of the question in the meantime. It is, of course, quite possible that Reichenbach, or some other experimentalist, may yet adduce photometrical evidence so luminous as to throw all objections and objectors into perpetual shade; and therefore let us all be prepared to give it a scrutinizing, but a hearty welcome.

But Reichenbach made another experiment with a lens; an experiment, however, not a whit more physical and positive because of the use of an optical instrument. It had an opening of about eight inches, a focal distance of about  $12\frac{1}{4}$  for a candle at 59. In a dark room he placed the magnet, whose flame was  $10\frac{1}{4}$  inches high to Mad'le Reichel, the subject of this experiment, behind the lens, at a distance of about 25 inches, directing the axis towards a wall, to which he called the attention of the patient. It was found necessary to withdraw the lens gradually to the distance of 54 inches from the wall, during which process, Reichel saw "the image" constantly diminishing, till it had shrunk from  $10\frac{1}{4}$  inches to the size of a lentil. She placed her finger on the place where she saw the focal image; the experimenter felt for her hand, and placed his own finger on the spot. He then desired an assistant who held the lens, to shift its direction without saying how. The girl instantly pointed out another spot. The observer felt for it, placing his finger on it, and desiring the assistant to tell him in what direction the lens had been moved. His finger, he says, was always found to have been placed in the direction indicated; whether to the right or to the left, upwards or downwards. This experiment was subsequently repeated with a very large lens, made at Paris on purpose, upon a great number of sensitives with similar results; and those results are doubtless all true as facts.

Yet they are quite unsatisfactory as bearing on the point now at issue. Nobody who is conversant with medical psychology, or knows anything of the phenomena of spontaneous somnambulism, or is aware of the power of direct or indirect suggestion over

mesmeric patients, even over highly educated men apparently quite self-conscious, can attach any value to them. The more intelligent the sensitive, the worse ; for he will just understand the suggestions of the apparatus and the experiments all the better, and expectant attention will have all the fuller swing. Moreover, if a sensitive sees such lights emanating from the magnetic poles, and from her own person, and from the experimenters, and from the lens, and from everything else, as are described in other parts of this piece of research, why, the dark chamber can hardly be dark to her. Lastly, "right and left, up and down," and all such vague indications are surely far below the mark of scientific accuracy, as it is practiced and demanded in these days. But here appears the avenging Nemesis of Reichenbach's contempt for the older mesmerists. If he had studied their works, he could neither have made nor published this set of his experiments. Braid the hypnotist would more especially have furnished him with both facts and thoughts for his guidance. Dr. Holland, who is neither hypnotist nor mesmerist, would have put him on his guard against the effects of expectant attention on certain exceptional nervous systems. In fine, our otherwise accomplished investigator would have been all the better for a little more knowledge of the physiology and the pathology of the cerebro-spinal axis, considered as the instrument of the mind, and a little less knowledge of meteors. At all events, these experiments with the lenses will carry conviction into the judgment of neither physicist nor physiologist, especially if he be cognizant of the phenomena to be evoked in the mesmerized nervous system by a word, by a sign, by absolutely next to nothing ; and still more especially, if he have seen how perfectly self-conscious the possessor of such a nervous system may appear to be, even when seeing water become white, a handkerchief turning into paper, and so forth. If Baron von Reichenbach were to intermit his experimentations in this department for a year or two, as being dazzled and bewildered by the strange things he has seen with the astonished eye of his mind ; and if he were to occupy the interval with the study of the phenomena of morbid psychology as shown in the sleepwalking, mesmeric, and partially hypnotic states, the second edition of this great work of his would probably be as superior to the first, in all the qualities of scientific and literary organization, as a psyche to

its chrysalis, or the chrysalis to its original worm.

It is unnecessary to say anything concerning this author's observation, that a cataleptic limb frequently follows a magnet or an operator's hand, as if it were attracted by them ; for it has often been as well made and better stated. It is astonishing that, knowing as he does, that there is no mutual attraction between the magnet and the cataleptic limb, he should not have defined it as an irresistible following of the removed magnet on the part of the limb. This phenomenon in fact, considered as a phenomenon of motion, is altogether subjective in the patient. According to our experimentalist himself, a magnet suspended from one end of a beam and balanced by weights at the other, never moved when a cataleptic hand was tending towards it with much force, was allowed to approach close to it, and was hindered from touching and clinging to it only by the stronger arm of the operator. The magnet does not draw the hand, but the hand seeks toward the magnet ; and the experimenter's fist or a large crystal is as good as a magnet.

As for the facts recorded concerning the discomfort experienced by some sensitives from lying in any direction but that of the magnetic meridian, with their heads northwards and their feet southwards, they are very curious and important ; but they still retain all the characters of isolated and unexplained facts to our mind. If they be referable to any animal-magnetic or other physical law, one should expect to find it hinted, if not strongly set forth in the instinctive habits of the living world : but the author frankly confesses there is no such indication in the common history of nature. Since Faraday has proved that the body of man is a diamagnetic, in all its parts and as a whole, the direction of east and west should be the most suitable for repose, always supposing the magnetism of the earth is strong enough to act upon a sleeping animal at all. This is also the proper place to mention that Reichenbach appears to suppose that his odyle and the London discoverer's diamagnetism are one and the same thing. Dr. Herbert Mayo understands him to say so. Inasmuch as we cannot understand the meaning of this claim, opinion, conjecture or scientific hope, we cannot criticise it. North and south, and east and west, longitude and latitude, are certainly at right angles to one another !—But it is clear that we do not comprehend the meteorologist's ideas on this

point, so that it will be better to proceed at once to the criticism of his doctrine of odyle.

Carefully remembering then that the heats, colds, and luminosities of this whole investigation do not correspond with any real external phenomena of temperature and light; yet allowing that the perception of them as quasi-sensations or sensuous illusions is initiated by some occult action on the exceptional nerve, it remains to be considered what the agent of that action is in itself. It is resident in everything that is material; it is more potent in matter that is more active, in crystals, in light, in chemical mixtures, in magnets, in the living body; it is peculiarly energetic in mighty magnets, and in a kind of mighty men. Wherever there is more than ordinary atomic activity, or wherever the sum of that activity in a single form is made to drive in one direction by polarity, as in the magnet and the crystal, there this obscure action upon the exceptional nerve, this *cœnæsthesia*,\* as Feuchterleben the great medical psychologist would have called it, is more than ordinarily made manifest. Of its cœnæsthetic effects we know absolutely nothing, except in and by means of the sensuous illusions it gives rise to in some roundabout manner, of which also we know nothing. Now all nature is quick with motion, all nature throbs and thrills, all nature is phenomenal. Suns blaze and rotate, planets rotate and revolve, atoms never rest. The coldest stone is as full of movements, actions, and reactions as the milky way. How much more intense the interior phenomena of a regular crystal with its pointing axis and poles, an energetic magnet, a plate of metal with the sun flashing on it, the chemical bucket, an ever-unfolding tree, the body of a breathing man! Every footfall is propagated through the universe. Did it descend on the snows of Siberia, it would penetrate to Peru in a trice, and pass on for ever. It would institute motions in every nerve in Christendom. Suppose that instead of a footstep it were an earthquake, is it not very easily conceivable that the exceptional nerve should be obscurely sensitive of the shock, not so as to recognize it for an earthquake or a shock, but so as to fashion forth for itself a sensuous illusion pointing to the north-east, a flash of light or a glow of heat? In a precisely similar manner do we think that the ordinary atomic energies, which are common to all animal magnets, are quite

competent to the commoving of the exceptional nerve in such a manner as to yield spectral glows and coolings, lights and shades, however vivid these may be to the perception of the unfortunate subjects. The inward stir, the wondrous and incalculable inward stir that is ceaselessly going on within the body of the so-called animal magnet, excites an inward stir within the substance of the exceptional nerve, and that stir bodies itself forth through the said exceptional nerve to its percipient owner as a cool aura, a warm breeze, a luminous flame, a thread of light, a phosphorescent vapor:—or what not! In other words, the common nerve of man is reactive on the whole of nature; especially on the more energizing forms of nature, the magnet and so forth, but not in the way of sensation, or anything that simulates the nature of sensation: whereas the exceptional nerve is all the more reactive on those highly energetic natural forms, but that not in the way of direct sensation either, only in the way of indirect quasi-sensations or sensuous illusions of remarkable regularity of character. This simple view of the matter explains everything connected with the subject; the peculiar action of peculiar substances or classes of substance, idiosyncratic aversions to certain forms of matter, nervous sympathies and antipathies, and so forth. Now it is the general rule of the inductive hypothesis, that the investigator invent nothing new if possible; it is the second, that he adduce the minimum of causation for the maximum of effect; and it is the third that he proceed from the known to the unknown. It is humbly submitted that the doctrine now explained fulfils these conditions.

Reichenbach, however, has devised and promulged quite another doctrine, which seems to comply with only the last of these rules. He refers the cœnæsthetic effects under discussion to the agency of a new imponderable or dynamide. This new fluid or force is distinguished from caloric, electricity, magnetism, and their congeners, by the name of odyle. Apart from hypercriticism of the notions commonly entertained concerning the nature of the so-called imponderables or dynamides in general, and allowing the usefulness of such language as corresponds with these notions in the meantime, we can only say that we do not see the necessity or convenience of creating this new sort of matter or material power; and those who have followed our strictures on the facts of the case with their approval will assuredly say the same. We acknowledge neither the thing

\* *Hidden, secret, latent, or dark sensation.*



nor the name. The former is *non-inventum* and unnecessary; and the latter is as odd as it is ill compounded.\* They are both of them intellectual illusions in our opinion, struck out of the investigator by his observations:—*et præterea nihil*.

The author indeed endeavors to substantiate his odyle by investing it with a show of popularity, and setting it forth in all the algebraical and Arabian dignity of plus and minus, and dressing it out in the point-lace of positive and negative,—thesis, midpoint, and antithesis. This part of his researches appears to be a signal failure. Heat and cold are not polar opposites; the latter is the negative of the former in a very different sense from that in which the chloroid pole of a galvanic battery is negative to the zincoid one. They are not anode and cathode, they are not positive and negative, two yet one, opposites not different, in the physical sense of these terms. Neither are light and darkness; still less are red and blue. Yet the only indication to be found in our author's experiments, that his (invented) odyle is bipolar in its manifestations, is the fact that heat and cold, red and blue, are produced as quasi-sensations in the exceptional nerve by the actions respectively of the poles of a magnet, the poles of a crystal, sun and planet, right and left of the human body, oxygenoid and potassoid bodies, and so forth. That the opposite poles of a magnet (and so forth throughout the list) should produce different cœnæsthetic effects is what might be expected. It tallies with all experience. But these effects, coolness and warmth, do not stand in polar opposition to one another after all! Moreover, the experimentalist should have remembered that his sole reagent, namely the cerebro-spinal axis of a sensitive, is confessedly and notoriously a bipolar instrument. It is therefore our distinct opinion that the very superficial semblance of bipolarity, observable in the cœnæsthetic effects of crystals and other animal magnets, are derived partly from the polar relations of the agents, and partly from the manifestly bipolar constitution of the nervous systems of the reagents, from Reichel and Nowotny up to Endlicher and Kotschy, to say nothing of the duality of the cerebro-spinal axis of the observer himself. At all

events, the inherence of bipolarity in a force so dimly and remotely hinted by experiment as this, even supposing it to be nothing less than a new cosmical power, must be established on incomparably more outward and positive grounds than the quasi-sensational reports of exceptional women and men.

Such is a candid criticism of this singular piece of work from the point-of-view of a positive, that is to say, an inductive methodology; and we trust it has been expressed with good nature and respect. In case any reader, going along with the experimentalist in all his judgments, should think some of our phraseology is touched with the spirit of levity and some of it too caustic, we beg to repeat the assurance of a profound regard for the accomplishments, the ability, and the courage of the inventor of odyle. It is confessedly a miserable thing to think that a laborious and self-denying man shall spend years of toil in working out a difficult subject, only to be criticised by people sitting at their ease in their studies; and we should feel our present task to have been ungracious in its very nature, and even somewhat insolent in its performance, if we did not heartily desire, and now strongly express the wish, that everybody who has perused this commentary should also read the book commented on. Nor is it possible for the student of positive science to forget that, although an experimental subject may be open enough to critical objection in its earlier stages of development, another day's work or a single new experiment on the part of the explorer may cover the handless critic with confusion of face. Talk is nothing to work, and speculation is less than nothing to fact. The only thing that becomes men like our present experimenter is to tread right forward; coolly, firmly, slowly, and surely. In some propitious hour he may discover a purely physical reagent upon odyle; and thereby not only silence the conscientious critic, who will rejoice to hold his peace; but also bring to open shame that curse of science, the man that "sits in the chair of the scorner."

Nor must the reader whose bad passions may perhaps have been gratified by the body, if not by the spirit of this critique, conclude that little or nothing remains in the book after such large deductions as have just been made. Very far from that. Supposing the author and his disciples ready to grant that the odylic lights are as spectral as the odylic heats and colds, that the existence of odyle is the most questionable thesis in all the literature of experimental science, and in fine,

\* Men of science are sometimes, if not generally, but indifferent hands at the making of words. Chloroform has been dubbed an anæsthetic agent! An anæsthetic is an insensible; but chloroform is neither sensible nor insensible; it only renders its inhaler insensible.



that every one of our objections is founded, there would still remain a massive body of new matter. So extensive, orderly and authentic a narrative of sensuous illusions is an invaluable contribution to the science of medical psychology. But that is not all; for this investigator has established the proposition, that the whole of nature is reactive on the nervous system of man, on a breadth of basis which cannot be shaken; there being no matter, considering the thing as a discovery of fact, whether that influence be exerted through the medium of a new dynamide, or by the propagations of the well-known cosmical powers of matter. The idea of this proposition is as old as the doctrine of the macrocosm and the microcosm; it entered into the conceptions of astrology; it was a favorite with the Rosicrucians; it was a grand point with Paracelsus; it began to shape itself into a distinct hypothesis within the mind of the elder Van Helmont; it at length derived a local habitation and a name from Mesmer; and the affirmation of that unfortunate physician has now received immovable confirmation from the careful observations of Baron von Reichenbach. This will, of course, be understood to be said only of the bare and simple proposition stated above; because, as for the hypothetical entities entitled animal magnetism or odyle, whether singular like caloric or dual like electricity, we reject it and its attendant speculations altogether:—until such not impossible evidence of its individual activity be discovered and brought forward, as no experimentalist shall be able to withstand.

It has just been remarked, in the second last paragraph, that the discovery of some purely physical reagent upon the (so-called) animal-magnetic or odylic fluid would settle the question for ever. Such an instrument, or rather something professing to be such an odylometrical apparatus, has actually been found out and offered to the world of science since the present year began; and it therefore behoves us to examine its claims with impartiality and rigor.

Dr. Herbert Mayo was once well known in this country as an anatomist. Certain observations on the brain gained him a distinct reputation; and he lectured in University College, London, for some time, with acceptance. Of late years, however, unfortunately for advancing science, this distinguished physician has been invalided at Boppard, on the Rhine. Completely crippled by his malady, he presides over an establishment for the water-cure, and beguiles the

day with literary and scientific pursuits. Among other things, he has written and published, from his sad retreat, a series of letters on the truths contained in popular superstitions. These interesting and open-minded epistles have lately reached a second edition.

It appears that the ingenuous doctor has become acquainted, in the course of his multifarious reading, with the experimental researches and the inferences of our friend the Baron von Reichenbach; and, indeed, accorded them his cordial and unreserved belief and consent. So lately as the very last evening of 1850, he was introduced by a mathematical proficient, of the name of Caspari, to the mystery of that antique geomantic toy, the divining ring. After an hour or two's tuition in the higher mathematics, for this English invalid is too accomplished to be ashamed of being a scholar, the pupil and his teacher entered into a desultory chat about the divining rod and Von Reichenbach's book on odyle. The upshot of their gossip was as follows. Caspari had something to tell as well as Mayo; and, what was still better, he had something to show. He wanted nothing but a piece of silver, a gold ring, and a thread of silk for his experiment. Having tied the ring to one end of the thread, he held the other in his hand in such a manner that the ring hung right over a silver spoon upon the table. The ring was not allowed to touch the spoon: it was suspended half an inch above it. It soon shaped its first vagabond movements into regular oscillations, passing from and towards the body of the geomancer; and it was at once evident to the valetudinary Englishman that this longitudinal vibration must be akin to the motion of the still more venerable divining rod itself. But this was far from being the terminus of his inferential career; for a maid was summoned to the thaumaturgical chamber, and she was desired to place her hand in that of Caspari, which was free. No sooner had she done so, than the oscillations of the hanging ring became transverse; they went at right angles to their former direction; they passed from left to right across the person of the mathematician, instead of to and from him. In other words, to quote the too rapid and resistless conclusion of the old anatomist, "an od-current had been established between the two experimenters, and the apparent influence of the two metals on each other had been modified."

Without stopping to question this sudden

connection of the swingings of his gold ring with the Reichenbachian talisman called odyle, Dr. Mayo plunged into the investigation of this new department of odylic science. He multiplied experiments, making as many as thirty supposed to be worthy of publication. For gold he substituted silver, lead, zinc, iron, copper, coal, bone, horn, dry wood, charcoal, cinder, glass, soap, wax, sealing-wax, shell-lac, brimstone, and earthenware; and he called a lengthy little chip of any of these substances, when hanging by a silk thread, an odometer,—thereby advancing a considerable way in his novel researches! In place of the silver spoon, he tried gold, glass, and other kinds of matter; and these he denominated od-subjects,—an eccentric enough procedure in inductive inquiry, but carrying the mind another step forward in the investigation of this foregone conclusion. For two or three days the odometers would not move over the od-subjects with anything like lawful regularity, but perseverance gained its legitimate reward. They began and continued to vibrate, and sometimes to rotate, with the most exemplary certainty. In ten days, Caspari and his disciple “succeeded in disentangling the confused results which attended their first experiments.” The literary doctor wrote down thirty observations of how odometers moved longitudinally, transversely, obliquely, round and round, according to their own inherent natures, to those of the od-subjects over which they were held, to the relative positions of these to those, to the relation of the operator with a person of the opposite sex, and so forth over several otherwise valuable sheets of writing-paper. Zealous of good works, he swiftly embodied his discoveries in a posthumous letter, to be printed for Blackwood and Sons, and, circulated among the possessors of his book.

It is worth while to consider this seminal experiment a little: for it is the germ from which the aforesaid thirtyfold structure has developed itself, after the morphological fashion in botany, that of self-repetition; in the present instance, however, the clumsy and uninventive self-repetition of the cactus. The first thing that puzzles the simple-minded reader is the difficulty of understanding how, according to the instantaneous perception of Dr. Mayo, the residence of odyle in the ring and spoon, even in the state of polar opposition, or the passage of odyle from the experimenter down the thread, or its leaping the half-inch gulf between the gold ring and the silver spoon, or the odylic

disturbance produced by the maid's laying her hand in Caspari's free one, should any or all of them produce mechanical motions of either one sort or another. There are only two directions of mechanical force that we know of, attraction and repulsion. Did the ring draw towards the spoon, it would stand stock still; all the stiller, in fact, for this supposed odylic attraction, superinduced upon the common downdraught of gravitation. Did they repel one another, their mutual repulsion would be in right and not in oblique antagonism to the attraction of gravity, and continued repose is the only conceivable resolution of two such forces. Besides, Reichenbach has not adduced a single effect of mechanical movement as produced by his supposed new dynamide: and he certainly never dreamed of such an eccentric development of the idea of motive force, as shot up within the mind of the English resident at Boppard, under the sight of the mathematical teacher from the gymnasium and his ring; and that in less than a night, like the *bovista giganteum* in a loose, light, and damp soil, under the spectral touch of the moon!

The phantasmagorical nature of his initiative idea, however, did not diminish the ardor with which the friend of odyle pursued his experiments; it rather acted as a stimulant to his enthusiasm. And it cannot be denied that experiments may be good and sufficient, even when the hypothesis from which they are studied is as incongruous as a dyspeptic's dream. A gold ring, with a plain stone, was his first odometer, but he eventually had recourse to an inch of shellac, broader below and lancet-shaped throughout; hanging the thread over the first joint of one of his forefingers for the most part.

Then here are the results:—

I. Odometer (we will suppose armed with shellac), held over three sovereigns heaped loosely together to form the od-subject; the odometer suspended from the forefinger of a person of either sex. *Result*—Longitudinal oscillations.

II. Let the experimenter, continuing experiment I., take, with his or her unengaged hand, the hand of a person of the opposite sex. *Result*—Transverse oscillations of the odometer.

III. Then, the experiment being continued, let a person of the sex of the experimenter, take and hold the unengaged hand of the second party. *Result*—Longitudinal oscillations of the odometer.

IV. Repeat experiment I., and, the longi-

tudinal oscillations being established, touch the forefinger which is engaged with the odometer, with the forefinger of your other hand. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

V. Repeat experiment I., and, the longitudinal oscillations being established, bring the thumb of the same hand into contact with the finger implicated in the odometer. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

VI. Then, continuing experiment V., let a person of the same sex take, and hold your unengaged hand. *Result*—The oscillations become again longitudinal.

VII. Experiment I. being repeated, take and hold in your disengaged hand, two or three sovereigns. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

VIII. Continuing experiment VII., let a person of the same sex take, and hold your hand which holds the sovereigns. *Result*—The oscillations become longitudinal.

And so on through other twenty-two experiments; the last three being made with a glass odometer.

He can vouch for being able to reproduce, unflinching, the recorded results of only the first twenty-seven experiments however. He had been in doubt as to the genuineness of the whole hypothesis of them in fact; they were so contradictory and capricious for some days. But the interest of these experiments is now very considerable, he says. They seem to him to contribute a mass of objective and physical evidence in favor of the subjective results of Reichenbach's experiments, and add something to the cumulative demonstration that there exists some such universal force as odyle. "And such a universal force," exclaims this disciple, more generous than his master, "what other can we deem it to be than the long vilipended influence of Mesmer, rendered bright, and transparent, and palatable, by passing through the filter of science?"

It is quite possible, beforehand, that these thirty experiments may be as genuine in their essence, as they are undoubtedly true in the report of them; and, before criticising them, we shall relate other three experiments of our own.

I. Being men of firm nerves, and perfectly self-possessed in so far as the body is concerned, having never suffered from any neuropathic disease in our lives; always having failed in getting hypnotized or mesmerized, though ever so willing; not to be swayed by the suggestion of circumstances or of other folk; but strongly mesmeric, if there be such

a quality, we repeated Caspari and Mayo's preliminary experiment. We hung a good gold ring from the first joint of our right forefinger, by a white silk thread, over a silver spoon; holding the so-called odometer half an inch apart from the odylic subject. After its first vague movements were brought to rest, the ring stood still; it never budged. This looks like a mere negative experiment at first sight, and negatives go for nothing; but it is not; it is the positive experiment in this case. Owing to the unsteadiness of most hands, owing also to the pulsative movements and nervous twitchings of most fingers, the difficult thing to do is to hold any object still. Our ring will sway to and fro at the end of its thread, in fact, when hanging from nine fingers out of ten. If, however, a tenth one be found which is able to hold it suspended in perfect stillness, there is then discovered a positive proof that the movements in the other nine cases must have been owing to nothing that is "physical and objective." Considering the matter as a question of motion or no motion, Caspari's experiment is negative although it affirms, and ours is positive although it denies. If there be such a motive force, free to operate its effects in such circumstances, as Dr. Mayo asserts, then no property of ours could interfere with its action. We could as easily hinder the ring from falling to the extent of its tether, in obedience to terrestrial gravity, as control the odylic impulsion, if there were such a thing at work within, through, and upon the so-called odometer. Any properly qualified person can repeat our experiment.

II. We summoned two ladies to witness the experiment repeated. No sooner had the ring come to rest than it began to move again, and that no longer vaguely. It swung to and from us along the line of the spoon; but as soon as one of the fair testators laid hold on our unoccupied hand it stopped, only however to vibrate transversely. The thing was repeated with the same results; it oscillated longitudinally when we were sole and singular; transversely when either of the ladies gave us her hand. We bade them observe how fixedly we held our uplifted hand, and they observed it. But, to tell the reader the truth, we produced these motions of the ring by means of infinitely trifling and imperceptible movements of our hand; and without any difficulty we could suffer the tricky pendulum to fall to rest whenever we chose. This is certainly not the manner in which Dr. Herbert Mayo's librations, longitudinal and transverse, were brought about; but this



purely negative experiment is described for the purpose of showing how very minute and unobservable movements of the hand and finger can work wonders.

III. We suspended the odometer from a fixed point by its thread, and let it fall to rest. We then held a silver spoon, a plate of porcelain, sealing-wax, and several other odylic subjects under it in the air, half an inch from it, a quarter, a twelfth, but all in vain: no motions ensued; no phenomenon of any sort took place. Now we think that this is precisely the same experiment as Caspari's, considered as "physical and objective;" and it is strange to think that an English doctor did not at once reverse it in this style. If odyle go down the thread, it goes through the spoon. It cannot matter whether the odometer or the odylic subject be in the hand of course, else the experiment is neither objective nor physical. This is certainly a crucial test, and it needs no ghost to predict that not one of all the doctor's variations of his mathematician's geomantic performance will bear its application.

At the same time, the regularity and reck-onable certainty which attended these Boppart experiments, after a few days (be it always observed) of contradiction and caprice, is very interesting, when considered from the right point of view. It is as clear as crystal that the results became expected things. Many of the experiments indicate a foregone conclusion. All of them would become such after the first satisfactory trial. Now we have seen that the most minute and invisible movements of the hand communicate certain oscillatory motions to the suspended body, and we also know something of the power of expectant attention and extrinsic suggestion over certain nervous systems, especially the hypnotizable. It appears that Dr. Mayo is the subject of the mesmerizable diathesis or habit of body: the disease under which he labors is almost a completed proof of it. Nor would any one venture to speak in this manner of his condition, but that he has adduced himself as the instrument of a scientific investigation, as well as its author. That instrument, although it is the sick body of a most excellent and valuable man, must therefore be judged as freely as if it were a sym-piesometer or an electric clock. Be it understood then, that a mesmerizable nervous system holds a thread with a light body at the other end of it; that the most infinitesimal movements of the suspensive point of that nervous system are able to institute librations of the light figure suspended; that the direction of

these librations is under the control of the will of a wholly self-possessed experimentalist; that the expectant attention of another sort of nervous system in the operator is calculated to bring about its own results in the matter of direction—and this posthumous letter on the truth contained in popular superstitions is both refuted and explained.

The intellectual under-current of motive in these unproductive experiments is good and true. Their distinguished author expresses, through means of them, his opinion that the experiments of Reichenbach are hitherto purely subjective, to use that adjective in the limited sense frequently put upon it by English writers. It is evidently his conviction that physical and objective manifestations are necessary to the establishment of the existence of an imponderable or a dynamide, which professes to be objective and physical. Neither is Dr. Mayo blind to the fact that odyle is nothing more nor less than the animal magnetism of Mesmer, whether animal magnetism be a new specific force or a nerve-stirring resultant of the general cosmical powers of nature. The most important of these indications is certainly the perception that nothing short of a physical instrument, an odometer in fact, will ever establish and illustrate the thesis of the Baron of Castle Reisenberg. In short it is the one urgent, commanding, unmistakable, and unavoidable duty of Von Reichenbach to suspend his operations on the exceptional nerve, and betake himself with stout and eager devotion to the invention of an odylosopic apparatus. It were in vain to say that the exceptional nerve is the only reagent and test of odylic action; for if such be the case, it differs from all the family of dynamides in a very central particular, and that is a sad argument against it to begin with. It were almost as absurd as to speak of a new gas, supposed to want the property of weight. To imagine that, though gendered and resident in all sorts of unorganized matter, as well as in plants and animals, it shows its existence only through the exceptional nerve, is all but equivalent to shutting it out of the society of the imponderables altogether. Gravity, cohesion, affinity, heat, light, electricity, galvanism, and honest old magnetism disown it in such a case, and it must just found a family for itself. The indefinite hope is not to be abandoned, however, that Reichenbach himself, or Professor Gregory, or Dr. Herbert Mayo will yet construct a true odometer, and thereby exult victoriously over all us sceptics and critical house-dogs, in triumph!



## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

Among the new works announced in London, for the last month, are—a new work by Mrs. Norton, *Stuart of Dunleath, a story of modern times*; *Caleb Field*, a tale, by the author of *Margaret Maitland*; a *Glimpse at the Great Western Republic*, by Col. Cunningham; *Kate Devereux*, a tale; *God and the Blue Mountains*, by Lieut. Renton; *United States and Cuba*, by J. Glanville Taylor; *Life of Edward Baines*, by his son; Mr. Paxton's *Narrative of the Origin of the Great Exhibition Building*; *Companions of my Solitude*, by the author of "Friends in Council."

Mr. Howitt has in hand a *Life of George Fox*, nearly ready for publication.

The essays contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, by Henry Rogers, have been republished in two volumes. The first volume is chiefly devoted to biographical sketches, half critical, half philosophical; the second is taken up with a series of papers on the Tractarian movement. They all possess a certain amount of literary merit; though they can hardly be said to stand on the same elevation as the previous reprints. The personal studies are the most finished and interesting. We would particularly single out for praise the papers on Luther, Leibnitz, and Pascal. The last named is an eloquent and acute estimate of the intellectual position of the illustrious Jansenist.

*The Guild of Literature and Art.*—Under this name has been projected, in London, an institution in connection with a life insurance company, for the sole advantage of Professors of Literature and Art. The idea, which originated with Mr. Charles Dickens, began to assume a shape under the roof of Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, in the autumn of last year, when Mr. Dickens and his company of amateur players were visiting at Knebworth Hall, and entertaining Sir Edward's guests with their dramatic representations. The subject being then mooted, Sir Edward was so much struck with it, that he undertook not only to make a free gift of such land as should be requisite for the erection of the proposed residences or lodges, but also to write a play (if Mr. Dickens and his company would undertake to perform it with other plays, in a series of representations), the whole profits of which should be devoted to the ends of the institution. The bargain was struck upon the spot; the play, a comedy in five acts, was promptly written; has since been rehearsed and prepared; and is now upon the eve of representation at Devonshire House. It is to be acted by Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Dudley Costello, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Augustus Egg, A.R.A., Mr. John Foster, Mr. R. H. Horne, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. J. Westland Marston, Mr. Frank Stone, Mr. John Teniel, M. F. W. Topham, and others. Portions of the scenery have been presented by Mr. Absolon, Mr. T. Grieve, Mr. Louis Haghe, and Mr. Telbin. Mr. Maclise, R.A., has offered to paint a picture (the subject arising out of these performances), and to place it at the disposal of the guild; and Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., has also expressed his wish to aid the design. The first performance will take place at Devonshire House,

which the Duke of Devonshire has devoted to the purpose, on Friday, the 16th of May, when the Queen and Prince Albert will honor the performances with their presence. Other representations of the comedy, and an original farce, will afterward take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, where the movable theatre, constructed for the purpose, and opened at Devonshire House, will be erected for those occasions. Now as to the institution itself. The society, or guild, will embrace several objects, such as life insurances, at rates of premium calculated as payable either for the whole term of life, or as altogether ceasing to be payable at a certain age; annuities to commence at a certain age; pensions to widows; payments destined to the education or provision of children, &c. It is proposed to establish and endow an institute, having at its disposal certain salaries, to which certain duties will be attached; together with a limited number of free residences, which, though sufficiently small to be adapted to a very moderate income, will be completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen. The offices of endowment will consist—1. Of a warden, with a house and salary of £200 a-year. 2. Of members, with a house and £170, or, without a house, £200 a-year. 3. Of associates, with a salary of £100 a-year. The details of the scheme are set forth in the prospectus; they appear to be practical in their character, and to be wisely and happily adapted to the end in view—that end being to afford aid to struggling artists or authors in such a way as shall necessitate no degrading plea of poverty—no painful exposition of calamity and want—but as shall bear the character of a tribute to merit, not of an alms to destitution.—*Herald*.

Mrs. NORTON's new tale, *Stuart of Dunleath*, is thus commended by the *Examiner*:—

"Like the crystal fountain among the fountains of Crystal Palace, this novel shines among the new novels of the year pre-eminent and peerless. No prose work of equal power has yet come from the pen of Mrs. Norton: and we are glad to announce her return to a field of composition which she has already so successfully cultivated, by a notice of the present contribution of her genius to the vast wilderness of novelty, instruction, and delight which May has opened to our metropolis."

*New Proof of the Earth's Rotation.*—That the earth revolves round the sun, and rotates on its polar axis, have long been the settled canons of our system. But the rotation of the earth has been rendered visible by a practical demonstration, which has drawn much attention in Paris, and is beginning to excite interest in this country. The inventor is M. Foucault: and the following description has been given of the mode of proof:—

"At the centre of the dome of the Panthéon a fine wire is attached, from which a sphere of metal, four or five inches in diameter, is suspended so as to hang near the floor of the building. This apparatus is put in vibration after the manner of a pendulum. Under and concentric with it, is placed a circular table, some twenty feet in diameter, the circumfe-

times of which is divided into degrees, minutes, &c., and the divisions numbered. Now, supposing the earth to have the diurnal motion imputed to it, and which explains the phenomena of day and night, the plane in which this pendulum vibrates will not be affected by this motion, but the table over which the pendulum is suspended will continually change its position in virtue of the diurnal motion, so as to make a complete revolution round its centre. Since, then, the table thus revolves, and the pendulum which vibrates over it does not revolve, the consequence is that the line traced upon the table by a point projecting from the bottom of the ball will change its direction relatively to the table from minute to minute, and from hour to hour, so that if such point were a pencil, and that paper were spread upon the table, the course formed by this pencil would form a system of lines radiating from the centre of the table. The practical eye of a correct observer, especially if aided by a proper optical instrument, may actually see the motion which the table has in common with the earth under the pendulum between two successive vibrations. It is, in fact, apparent that the ball, or rather the point attached to the bottom of the ball, does not return precisely to the same point of the circumference of the table after two successive vibrations. Thus is rendered visible the motion which the table has in common with the earth.

Crowds are said to flock daily to the Panthéon to witness this interesting experiment. It has been successfully repeated at the Russell Institution, and preparations are being made in some private houses for the purpose. A lofty staircase or room, twelve or fourteen feet high, would suffice; but the dome of St. Paul's, or, as suggested by Mr. Sylvester in the *Times*, the transept of the Crystal Palace, offers the most eligible site. The table would make its revolution at the rate of 15° per hour. Explanations, however, will be necessary from lecturers and others who give imitations of M. Foucault's ingenuity, to render it intelligible to those unacquainted with mathematics, or with the laws of gravity and spheroidal motion. For instance, it will not be readily understood by every one why the pendulum should vibrate in the same plane, and not partake of the earth's rotation in common with the table; but this could be shown with a bullet suspended by a silk-worm's thread. Next, the apparent horizontal revolution of the table round its centre will be incomprehensible to many, as representative of its own and the earth's motion round its axis. Perhaps Mr. Wyld's colossal globe will afford opportunities for simplifying these perplexities to the unlearned.—*Spectator*.

**Flaxman Gallery.**—The noble collection of casts by Flaxman—groups of figures, statues, and reliefs, have been presented to the University College, London, by his sister-in-law and executrix, Miss Denman, and has been opened to visitors. The hall is octagonal, and lighted by five windows; allowing a satisfactory view of the works, except of those on the North-east wall. In the centre is the Archangel Michael overcoming Satan; the rest of the works, which are in relief, being disposed in niches round the room. Among these are several monumental compositions, some of those from the Lord's Prayer, Pandora brought to Earth by Mercury; and on the stairs, the Hercules and Hecate, designed in restoration of the torso of the Vatican. Those who would study Christian sculpture will find it here in its highest development—of lovely

yet severe grace, of nature and simplicity, of elevation and holiness. The whole number of works is about one hundred and fifty.

**Professor Kinkel.**—The celebrated Bonn professor, Dr. Gottfried Kinkel, who has recently and so strangely escaped from the prison of Spandau, is delivering a course of lectures "On the History of the Modern Drama," at Willis's Rooms, in London. The extraordinary circumstances of his recent career will, no doubt, add greatly to the attraction which the Professor's reputation as a lecturer is sure to present.

**Sale of the Pictures of the late King Louis Philippe.**—The sale of pictures, statuary, and objects of art belonging to the collections of the late King Louis Philippe has lately taken place in Paris. A picture by Leopold Robert, "A Funeral at Rome," was purchased by the Duke de Geliers, for the Orleans Family, for 15,800*fr.*; "Cupid and Psyche," by M. Picot, fetched 6,400*fr.*; "The Arrest of Crespierre," by M. Touy Johannot, was bought for the Duke de Montpensier for 4,000*fr.*; "The Greek Woman," by Ary Scheffer, fetched 3,500*fr.*; "Allan M'Aulay," by Horace Vernet, went for 1,315*fr.*; a "Combat with a Corsair," by the same master, fetched 1,375*fr.*; the "Emperor at Charleroi," by the same, 2,400*fr.*; a "Malle-poste," by Swersbach, fetched 1,200*fr.*; a "Brigand's Wife," by Schnetz, 1,205*fr.*. The two paintings by Germain, the "Chasseur de la Garde," and the "Cuirassier Flessé," were sold for 23,400*fr.*. Five paintings by M. Horace Vernet, viz., the "Bataille de Sommeper," the "Bataille de Valmy," the "Bataille de Montmirail," the "Bataille de Hanau," and "Camille Desmoulins au Palais Royal," were purchased by the Marquis of Hertford at the following prices respectively:—1,600*fr.*, 5,810*fr.*, 6,800*fr.*, 10,000*fr.*, 210*fr.*. The "Descente de la Croix," by Delacroix, was sold for 1,650*fr.*; the "Visite du Curé," by Delangé, 1,410*fr.*; the "Vue du Mont St. Michel," by Guérin, 1,325*fr.*; and the "Côte de Normandie," by the same painter, 1,200*fr.*—*Times*.

**Ancient Greek MSS.**—A correspondent of the *Rivista* of Turin writes from Constantinople, that an immense treasure of Greek MSS. of the highest antiquity had been found in a cave at the foot of Mount Athos, by a learned Greek named Simonides.

**Death of a Botanist.**—From Stockholm is announced the death, at the age of seventy-one, of the distinguished botanist and geologist, M. Georon-Wahlenberg, Professor at the University of Upsal, and director of the botanical garden in the same institution. M. Wahlenberg is stated to have spent thirty out of his seventy-one years in scientific journeys throughout the different countries of Europe; and the results of these travels he has recorded in a variety of learned works. He has left his rich collection and numerous library to the University of Upsal, in which he was a student, and to which he has been attached in various capacities during upwards of forty-three years.

**London Advertisements.**—The total number of advertisements inserted in the 134 London newspapers, in the year 1859, was 891,630, and the duty amounted to £66,873 15*s.*. In the 222 English newspapers there were 873,631 advertisements, which yielded £63,672; in the 102 Irish newspapers, 236,128 advertisements, duty (£12,000).

£11,806; in 110 Scotch newspapers, 249,141 advertisements, duty £18,685 11s. 6d. Newspaper stamps issued in the year 1850, in England and Wales—penny stamps, 65,741,271; halfpenny, 11,684,428. In Ireland, 6,302,728 penny, 48,358 halfpenny; in Scotland, 7,648,045 penny, 241,264 halfpenny.

*Royal Library of Copenhagen.*—The Royal Library of Copenhagen is about to receive an accession to its treasures, consisting of about 40,000 printed books, and 400 manuscripts, devised to it by M. Engelstoft, national historiographer, who is lately deceased. With these additions the printed volumes of the library exceed, it is said, 500,000, and the manuscripts 11,000.

*Dr. Johnson.*—The churchwardens of St. Clement Danes, having satisfactorily ascertained that a seat in the pew numbered 18, in the north gallery of that church, was regularly occupied for many years by the great moralist, have caused a neat brass tablet recording the fact to be affixed in a conspicuous position to the pillar against which the doctor must often have reclined. The inscription on the tablet is from the pen of Dr. Croly, rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and is as follows:—"In this pew, and beside this pillar, for many years attended divine service the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist, and chief writer of his time. Born, 1709; died, 1784. In the remembrance and honor of noble faculties, nobly employed, some inhabitants of the parish of St. Clement Danes have placed this slight memorial. A.D. 1851."—*Times*.

*Episodes of Insect Life.*—The graceful and erudite work of this title, so generally and highly commended by the foreign critical journals, has been republished in New York, by J. S. REDFIELD, in three elegant volumes; publishing the work according to its threefold division of the insects of spring, summer, and autumn. In reproducing the work, the novel, ingenious, and elegant style of the English edition, which added half to its value, has been successfully imitated. We have seldom seen a work more beautifully adorned. Its contents unite, with rare ingenuity, utility, and entertainment, solid and varied learning, with sprightliness, wit and anecdote, important principles and instructive facts. Science becomes romance under such treatment, and the greatest truths are insinuated in the garb of amusement. The plates are peculiarly elegant, possessing a finish and grace not only attained in steel engraving. We have no doubt the work will be a favorite with the reading public, and repay the somewhat costly adventure of the publisher.

*The Stow Manuscripts.*—Mr. Murray has purchased the Grenville papers, formerly preserved at Stow, being the private correspondence of Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, and his brother George Grenville, their friends and contemporaries, and they are now preparing for publication. Much valuable and interesting information may be expected from this correspondence respecting the history of parties and factions from the accession of George III. to the commencement of the present century. The letters are chiefly from the Duke of Grafton, Marquis of Granby, Earls of Bute, Chatham,

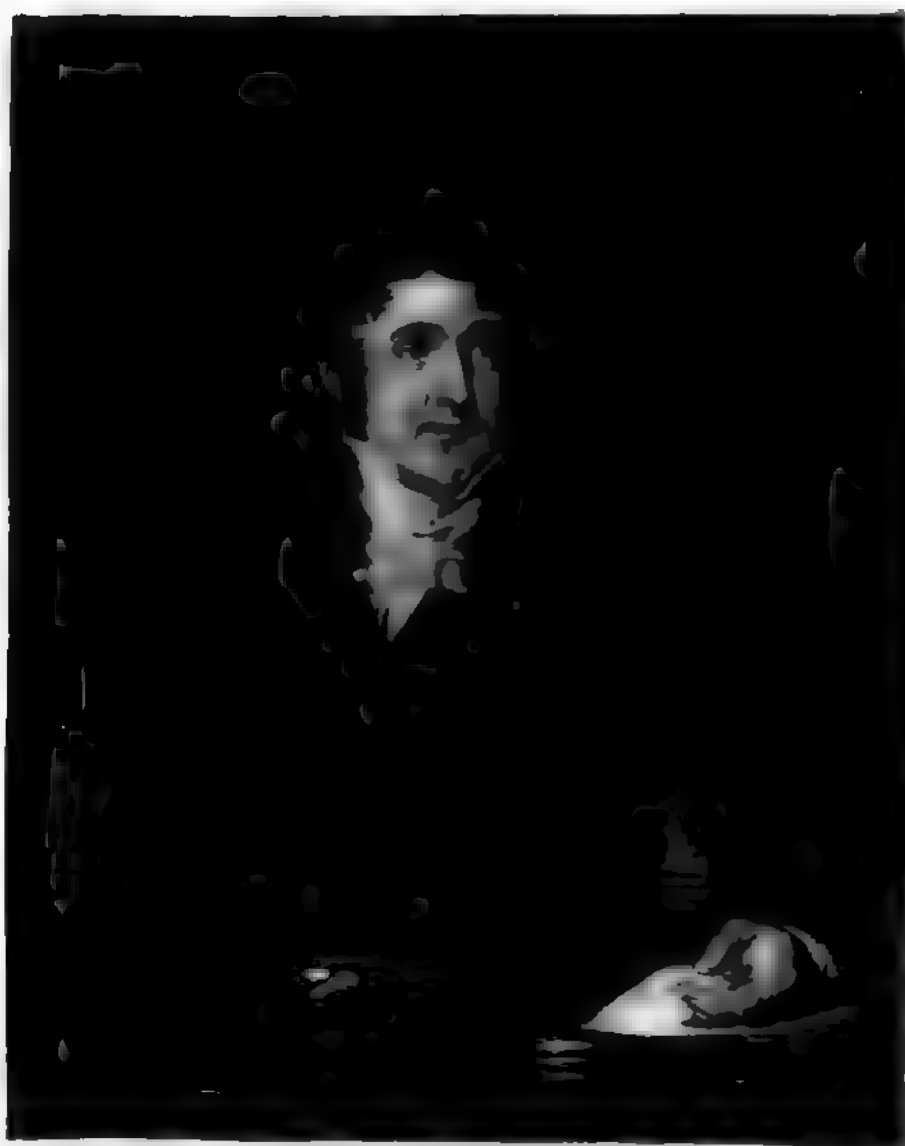
Hardwicke, and Mansfield, Lords Holland, Clive, and George Sackville, Horace Walpole, Edmund Burke, John Wilkes, and other notable persons of the time, including the author of the "Letters of Junius," from whom there are three letters, which are said to throw some light upon its personality.

*The Waverley Copyrights.*—The value still attaching to the writings of Sir Walter Scott, was remarkably tested on the occasion of their being submitted to public auction. The Scott family has long ceased to have an interest in the Waverley copyrights. The entire property, consisting of the novels, poetry, prose writings, and Life by Lockhart, belonged to the publisher, Mr. Cadell of Edinburgh, and are now offered for sale by his trustees. The average duration of the copyrights is about fifteen years; "Waverley," the oldest, having some five years to run, and Lockhart's valuable "Life" a much longer period. The sale was attended by the leading publishers, stationers, and printers, and caused a great deal of excitement. 5000*l.* was the first offer, when, after numerous advances of 500*l.* each, the property was bought in at 15,000*l.* The highest genuine offer was 14,500*l.*, making, with the sum to be paid, according to the conditions of sale, for the stock, little short of 25,000*l.* It was currently reported in the room that the trustees expected 30,000*l.* for the copyrights alone; and that the copyrights and stock were actually valued about two years since, prior to the death of Mr. Cadell, at 50,000*l.* That such a sum as 15,000*l.* should have been offered at public auction for a set of copyrights that have been published for several years in forms to suit all readers and all pockets, and for a stock which will require a further outlay of from 8000*l.* to 10,000*l.* to bring out a new edition of them, is one of the most remarkable instances in the annals of the publishing trade that we have on record. The writings of Sir Walter Scott are supposed to have realized, from the year 1829 to the present time, a profit of half a million. The author himself is said to have paid his debts to the extent of 150,000*l.* out of his half-share of the profits; and Mr. Cadell is said to have made 250,000*l.* by them since his failure in partnership with Constable. The average amount of profit realized lately by the sale of Sir Walter Scott's works has been about 2000*l.* a year.

*Conquest of Florida, by Theodor Irving.* G. P. PUTNAM.—This is a work of extraordinary interest; and, illustrating an obscure but important section of the early annals of the country, possesses great value as an historical work. The career of De Soto was adventurous and strange; and very much of the interest which attaches to the early Mexican history, and especially to the romantic vicissitudes of Louisiana, is to be found in the less known events of the Florida conquest. Mr. Irving has diligently explored the field, and arrayed the facts and incidents of the period in a very graphic and picturesque narrative. The characters are admirably drawn out, and the imagination assisted by vivid portraiture of the time and circumstances in which they play their part. Something of the Irving beauty and clearness of style belongs to the nephew; and the work is well worthy of the name it bears, as well as of its important and interesting theme. Mr. Putnam has presented it in fine style, and given an elegant map of Florida.

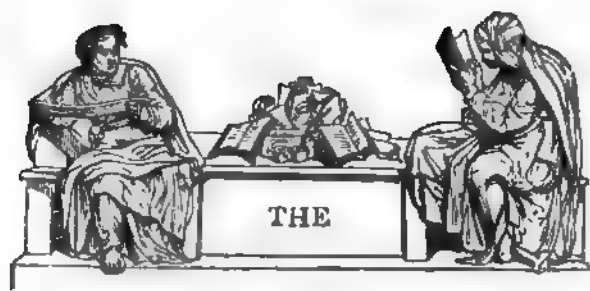












# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JULY, 1851.

From the People's Journal.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

With all that Nature's fire  
Can lend to polish'd Art,  
He strikes his graceful lyre,  
To thrill or warm the heart.—MACCARTHY.

THE hard of hope—who has hymned her pleasures so sweetly—stands high among those illustrious Scotchmen who have in recent years removed from their country the stigma of literary indolence and barrenness, if not of inaptitude and incapacity. The grounds for affixing such a stigma on such a land might be purely negative; but that the stigma was not a malicious, gratuitous invention, is allowed by her own writers, whatever they may be pleased to assign as the cause. Thus, Mr. Lockhart, in his *Life of Burns*, dwells on the fact, that no man can point out any Scottish author of the first rank in all the long period which intervened between Buchanan and Hume. But the charge is amply refuted by *this* time of day, Not to speak of the Mackenzies, Smollette, Robertsons, Blairs, Beatties, &c., belonging to the last century, what a noble army of authors may the Scotland of our time proudly

enumerate! One thinks—how gratefully!—of a Walter Scott; and his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart; and John Wilson, the admirer and admired of both; and Jeffrey, their public antagonist and private friend; and James Hogg, mourned, as meet is, on Ettrick banks and the braes of Yarrow; and “Delta” Moir, dear to the lovers of “Maga.”; and Thomas Aird, little known as he may be on this side the Tweed as excelling in energetic verse and manly prose; and Allan Cunningham, and John Galt, and Sir W. Hamilton, and W. E. Aytoun (the present editor of *Blackwood*), and Joannie Baillie, and Jane Porter, and Annie Grant, and Sir James Mackintosh, and Thomas Chalmers, and Thomas Carlyle, and William Mure, and Hugh Miller, and other no less worthy names. No one amongst them all, however, appears more secure of a permanent and shining reputation than Thomas Campbell. Lord Jef-



frey, imagining a book of *Specimens* of British poetry, to be edited and published some time next century, is more liberal in the *quota* he assigns to Campbell in that supposed anthology than to any of his contemporaries:—"There," he says, "shall posterity hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithes of Crabbe, and the three *per cent.* of Southey—while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded."\* It may be remarked, *en passant*, that the triumphant fifty *per cent.* which the above paragraph guarantees for Campbell, is not, as to quantity, more, if so much, as the poor three *per cent.* to which Southey is stinted.

Considering the expectations one had naturally formed upon such a subject, the Life of Campbell, by Dr. Beattie, is, we confess, upon the whole, one of the dullest books we ever essayed to read. Before the first bulky volume is nearly finished, one yawns portentously, drops expressions about "awfully slow work," and is only induced to abide the two other over-grown tomes by the hope of something piquant by way of relief—pippins and cheese to come. From it we learn that Thomas Campbell was born at Glasgow, A. D. 1777—at which time Scott was a sickly boy of six years old†—and Charles Lamb a prattler of two, and Southey of three, and Coleridge of five—and Burns and Schiller were ardent youths of eighteen summers. At thirteen he appeared in print—again at fifteen and eighteen—but in each case prematurely. But before he was two-and-twenty, Campbell gave the world *The Pleasures*

of *Hope*, and the world will never forget the donation or the donor. Perhaps no poem of this kind is so popular with the young. Mr. Tuckerman calls Campbell one of the kings of school literature in America, as he also is in our own country. "It would indeed be difficult to name a modern English poet whose works are more closely entwined with our early associations, or whose happier efforts linger more pleasantly in the memory." For Campbell is a clear, lively, unaffected minstrel, such as youthful hearts are at once opened to, and upon whom youthful eyes brighten and smile with glistening sympathy as they gaze. They catch his meaning and comprehend his beauties, far enough at least to ensure them a delight in perusing his graceful page—while they turn with a very different feeling, that of listlessness and *ennui* and quiet vexation, from the philosophy of Wadsworth, the idealism of Shelley, the sensationalism of Keats, the mysticism of Coleridge, the scholasticism of Southey, the *délicatesse* of Rogers, and the platitudes of Montgomery. "Nowhere," says Mr. Gillfillan, "shall we find the poetical feeling more beautifully linked to the joyous rapture of youth, than in the 'Pleasures of Hope.' It is the outburst of genuine enthusiasm; and even its glitter we love, as reminding us of the 'shining morning face' of a schoolboy."\* This "glitter" is certainly more abundant in Campbell's first poem than in *Gertude of Wyoming* and subsequent efforts—an observation which may seem a truism when it is remembered that it *was* his first poem, and when did the dew of youth do otherwise than glitter? Nor is this quality unconcerned in the preference given by the young to the *Pleasures*—it is bright enough to reflect, and refine while it reflects, their own radiant hopes, and they exult in the sheen to which elder folks prefer a mellow, chaster, more matured style. There is an earnest warmth about the spirit of the poem, which the spring of life cannot resist, and which has no slight power to thaw even the frigor of age, the winter of discontent. It comes from the heart of the poet, is dictated by its eager beatings; colored, and deepened, and ensanguined by its ruddy drops. It is no mercenary piece-work, no *volens volens* taste-work of a laureate, bound to write an ode for the bays, no mechanical product of a cast-iron poet. It may not have the robust, indomitable energy which

\* Edinburgh Review, March, 1819.

† It was in this year that Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of the new version of the *Flowers of the Forest*, wrote to her minister, Dr. Douglass, as follows:—"I last night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' said he; 'crash it goes!—they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' said he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. Pray what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing; he is not quite six years old."—*Lockhart's Scott*, chap. ii.

\* *Gallery of Literary Portraits*, First Series, p. 239.

revels in the master-pieces of some seer-like bards, but it is animated with reality, and sincere from first to last. It may not have the voice and echoing burden of the strong and mighty wind, nor the awful sublimity of the earthquake, nor the speeding, irresistible mission of the fire; but it has the effectual impressiveness and the subduing tenderness of the still small voice. "Now the music deepens," to adopt the language of Wilson,\* "into a majestic march—now it swells into a holy hymn—and now it dies away, elegiac-like, as if mourning over a tomb. It ceases in the hush of night—and we awaken as if from a dream." How many a line canonized by lovers in their epistles, stereotyped by magazine-writers for periodical quotation, and ordained to do duty in ordinary correspondence, and to give point to ordinary conversation, is taken from this poem, the first-fruits of the young Scotchman's genius! For example—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;

or in the famous Polish episode,

Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;

or the appeal, in the example of William Tell, to

The might that slumbers in a peasant's arms;

or the consolatory assurance,

Congential spirits part to meet again;

or the line which was little noted in its real author, till Campbell borrowed it, and made it what it is, perhaps the most hackneyed and worn-out of all lines—

Like angel visits, few and far between.

Felicitous epithets and expressive metaphors are not like angel visits, in the *Pleasures of Hope*. We pause to enjoy such fine occasional fragments as "the dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye"—"down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way"—"a lonely hermit in the vale of years"—"and press th' uneasy couch where none attend"—and the closing couplet (dear as a *bonne bouche* in the pulpit to Dr. John Cumming and popular preachers) which prophesies the sur-

vival and exultation of Hope, even when heaven's last thunders shake the world below—

Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

At the same time we are free to own that in his first poem Campbell manifests a closer adherence to the then fashionable style of verse than pleases us—that he had not yet altogether proved his ability to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, or was not quite content to let the grace step forward in *puris naturalibus*. A simplicity that would suffice for Wadsworth, he must attire in a vesture, however airy and gauze-like, of the eighteenth century mode—for the dynasty of the Queen Anne's wits was not overthrown, and Campbell was too fond of Pope, witness his part in the Bowles and Byron controversy, not to flavor his own verses with a spice of that "Augustan" age. Hazlitt truly remarked that in the *Pleasures of Hope* our author had not quite emancipated himself from the trammels of the more artificial style of poetry—from love of epigrams, and antithesis, and hyperbole.\* Similarly, Mr. G. L. Craik, a discerning and unpretending critic, observes, that Campbell's writing, with all its careful finish and signs of classic taste, is, especially in his earlier poetry, seldom altogether free for any considerable number of lines from something hollow and false in expression, into which he was seduced by the conventional habits of the preceding bad school of verse-making in which he had been partly trained, and from which he emerged, or by the gratification of his ear lulling his other faculties asleep for the moment. "In the *Pleasures of Hope*, especially, swell of sound, without any proportionate quantity of sense, is of such frequent occurrence as to be almost a characteristic of the poem."† Considering, however, the date of its production, and the age of the poet, there is little reason to cavil at the exhibition of art, while there is much to applaud in the freshness and cordiality of nature.

In 1809 appeared *Gertrude of Wyoming*—less glittering than its predecessor, less studied with jets of sparkling light, but far more instinct with a deep spirit of poetry. The story may be but so-so; the characters may be indifferently portrayed; but a sweet atmosphere encompasses all, and we are fain to say, Here is true poetry, though here is no

\* *Blackwood's Magazine*, Sept. 1881, Art.: "An Hour's Talk about Poetry"—and a truly pleasant hour it is.

\* W. Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*.

† *History of Literature and Learning in England*, vol. vi. p. 177.

great poem. Gertrude herself deserves, we submit, a higher estimate than that vouchsafed her by a clever countryman of the poet's—who cavalierly, but far from chivalrously, sets down the devoted maiden as a pretty, romantic Miss of Pall Mall, dropt on the banks of the Susquehanna, "where, undismayed by the sight of the dim aboriginal woods, she pulls out her illustrated copy of Shakspeare, and, hand elegantly lost in the tangles of her hair, proceeds to study the character of Imogen, or Lady Macbeth, or Mrs. Anne Page." Rather a one-sided view of a pensive girl on whose cheek the rose of England bloomed, and in whose affections were instilled names of the English great and good, and why not amongst these the name of him who drew the gentle lady, married to the Moor? why be sarcastic upon "sweet Gertrude" for haunting a deep untrodden grot, where she may "charm the lingering noon" with that volume

Which every heart of human mould endears;  
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,  
And no intruding visitation fears,  
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

Such criticism seems to imply that she haunted the grot by appointment—and that young Henry Waldgrave, "a curled darling who has gone the grand tour," was not so unlooked-for an intruder upon her solitude as the poet, in his simplicity, had supposed. Even the Indian, Outalissi, that stoic of the woods, a man without a tear, is indicted by Mr. Gilfillan, as a sentimental savage, who must be qualified for intercourse with these paragons, by having his whiskers clipped, his nails pared, and a nasal twang for the elocution of his parting song, generally admired as pitched in the true key,

"And I could weep"—th' Oneyda chief  
His descant wildly thus began, &c.

Beautiful passages, finished off as only artist can, enrich *Gertrude*. For example:—

And every sound of life was full of glee,  
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;  
While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry,  
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then,  
Unhunted sought his woods and wildness again.

\* \* \* \* \*

And though amidst the calm of thought entire,  
Some high and haughty features might betray  
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire  
That fled composure's intellectual ray,  
As *Ætna's* fires grow dim before the rising day.\*

\* \* \* \* \*  
All uncompanion'd else her heart had gone  
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

\* \* \* \* \*  
As monumental bronze unchanged his look;  
A soul that pity touch'd but never shook.

\* \* \* \* \*  
But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?  
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips; but still their bland  
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt  
With love that could not die.  
He heard some friendly words; but knew not what they were.

The fastidious taste for which Campbell is remarkable, is seen in this highly-finished poem. Lord Jeffrey was speaking of *Gertrude* when he said to the author—"You have hammered the metal in some places, till it has lost all its ductility. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions, glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves; but you must chasten, and refine, and soften them forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them." William Hazlitt said† that he should dread to point out, even if he could, a false concord, a mixed metaphor, or an imperfect rhyme, in any of Campbell's productions, fearing in very earnest that all his fame would hardly compensate him for the discovery. To Campbell may be applied what Boileau teaches of Malherbe—

D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir.‡

The same fact accounts for the comparative paucity of his works. "What a pity it is," exclaimed Sir Walter Scott, talking with Washington Irving about *Gertrude*, "what a pity it is that Campbell does not write more, and oftener, and give full sweep to his ge-

\* This passage suggests; we presume, Mr. Gilfillan's naughty captiousness: "The characters are rather insipid. Gertrude's father is a volcano burnt out."

† *Spirit of the Age*.

‡ *L'Art Poétique*, chant premier.

nus ! He has wings that would bear him to the skies ; and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. The fact is, Campbell is, in a manner, a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his farther efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him."\* This was in 1817. Ten years later, we read as follows in Sir Walter's diary : "I wonder often how Tom Campbell, with so much real genius, has not maintained a greater figure in the public eye than he has done of late. The author, not only of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but of *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel*, &c., should have been at the very top of the tree. Somehow he wants audacity, fears the public, and, what is worse, fears the shadow of his own reputation. He is a great corrector, too, which succeeds as ill in composition as in education."† Byron says of Campbell, that "with a high reputation for originality, and a fame which cannot be shaken, he is the only poet of the times, except Rogers, who can be reproached (and in him it is, indeed, a reproach) with having written too little."‡ So highly developed in our poet was the critical faculty, that it curbed the careerings of his fine imagination, and sometimes chilled the ardor of his native enthusiasm. When Campbell the minstrel sat down to give fancy a local habitation, or give sorrow words, Campbell the censor also took a seat on the opposite side of the table, knitted his brows, shook his head, and cavilled, quibbled, hesitated, hemmed and ha'd till the session was over. And in the long run, Campbell the minstrel found that Campbell

the censor was such a very particular gentleman, so precise and exacting, and punctilious and ceremonious in his ways, so addicted to take exceptions and adjust difficulties, and so desperately confirmed in an alarming habit of brow-beating the sensitive, shrinking muse, that it seemed expedient to say, Sing no more ; Campbell hath murdered song. It was a case *felo de se*.

*Theoderic* is flat and common-place for such a man. So, it seems generally agreed, is the *Pilgrim of Glencoe*. But far otherwise is *Lochiel's Warning*, in which, says Christopher North, was heard the last of the seers. What a deserved favorite, again is the voice of *O'Connor's Child*—a tale of more prevailing sadness—sad is the note, and wild its fall, as winds that mourn at night forlorn along the isles of Fion-Gall—fitting music for the sorrows of O'Connor's pale and lovely child. So touching are the sounds, so melodious their flowing numbers, that one is tempted to take up the words of Virgil's shepherd in the Eclogues, and say,

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona ?  
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus Austri,  
Nec percussa juvant flucta tam littora, nec quæ  
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.\*

As for the *Battle of the Baltic*, exaggeration of praise is well-nigh impossible ; the condensed power, the essential spirit of it, is most heart-stirring ; the music of the metre is surpassingly fine : our own breath is suspended at the glorious stanza ending

As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

And how easily he melts us, amid the joy of victory and the festal city's blaze, whilst the wine-cup shines in light, with the solemn reminder,

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore.

How exquisitely that *piano* interval tells, after the choral *fortissimo* of triumph !

Equally spirited are those immortal lyrics, which raise Campbell to the high-enthroned seat of Burns himself, *Ye Mariners of England* and *Hohenlinden*—in the latter of which

\* Virgilio Bucolica, v. 81-84.

\* *Abbotsford and Newstead*.

† *Lockhart's Scott*, chap. lxxi.

‡ Notes to *Don Juan*. It may be here observed that Hazlitt assigns Campbell a position between Byron and Rogers. "With much of the glossy splendor, the pointed vigor, and romantic interest of the one, he possesses the fastidious refinement, the classic elegance of the other. Mr. Rogers, as a writer, is too effeminate, Lord Byron too extravagant : Mr. Campbell is neither."

It may be interesting to mention Southey's opinion of *Gertrude*, given in a letter to his brother, 1809 :—"Campbell's poem has disappointed his friends, Ballantyne tells me. It is, however, better than I expected, except in story, which is meagre. This gentleman, also, who is one of Wordsworth's abusers, has been nibbling at imitation, and palpably borrowed from the two poems of *Ruth* and *The Brothers*. 'Tis amusing envy ! to see how the race of borrowers upon all occasions abuse us who do not borrow. The main topic against me is, that I do not imitate Virgil in my story, Pope in my language," &c.—*Life of Southey*, vol. ii.



flows a torrent of verse, grand and gloomy as its own Iser rolling rapidly. *The Last Man* is a prophet-like vision—yet, we are disposed to think, a little over-rated. The *Lines on Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire* are very beautiful, and eminently characteristic of Campbell's heart; the musical charm of their expression rings in the ear and haunts the memory for ever—dear are they to every creature of sensibility, when musing in the silence of twilight's contemplative hour. Nor would we willingly "gaze on a setting sun in company with a man who" could read unmoved the poet's allusion to the deserted home of his fathers,

All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,  
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree,  
And travel'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,  
Where the hunter of deer and warrior trode,  
To his hills that encircle the sea.

*Glenara* is one of those pithy, headlong,

romantic lyrics which so very few can write, and none better than Campbell. The bard of Coila may be *primus inter pares* in this province; and next comes Scott, and Macaulay; and, by perhaps a flush of anticipation, we may venture to add Sydney Yendys. *The Rainbow* is a "triumphal arch"—a robe of beams woven in the poet's fancy. And who knows not, and prizes not, *Lord Ulin's Daughter*, and *The Exile of Erin*, and *Gilderoy*, and *The Ritter Ban*, and *The Wounded Hussar*, and *Field Flowers*? The last were not destined, however, to grow on Campbell's grave. In Westminster Abbey sleeps the bard who, to adopt the lines of Moore, knew so well

All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell :  
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,  
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.  
Sleep, sleep, mute bard.\*

\* Moore's *National Airs*, "Here sleeps the bard."

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From the North British Review.

## LIFE OF CARNOT.\*

It is only in seasons of danger, and during the emergencies of a Revolution, that the genius of an empire is roused from hybernation, and summoned into life and activity. When France lay prostrate under the despotism of her kings, her military and her intellectual glory were equally eclipsed. The privileges of class overbore the claims of merit, and the very power of competing for the prizes of the State was denied to those who would have carried them off in triumph. Among a people thus morally degraded, the seeds of discontent ripened where the seeds of glory had been crushed; and that which would have been the ornament and safeguard of the throne was stimulated to dishonor and to destroy it. The moral of the French Revolution, pregnant with individual and

national instruction, has been appreciated neither by the people whom it scourged, nor the nations whom it scared. The terrors of anarchy and democratic violence, indeed, are destined to have a broader field and a longer reign before the rulers of nations are taught to govern;—and education and knowledge must have a wider range, and take a deeper hold, before the people learn to obey.

There is no phase in which man can be contemplated, more painful and humiliating than that in which he appears as the pilot of the State; and in the history of European governments, whether absolute or constitutional, we have too frequently to deplore the consequences of presumptuous statemanship, and of imbecile or reckless legislation. When incapacity and ignorance are placed at the helm, and talent and wisdom in the hold, the vessel of the State may survive the summer lightning and the zephyr gale, but it will in vain seek its haven when Jove brandishes his thunderbolt, and Neptune upheaves his tri-

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\* *Biographie de LAZARE NICOLAS MARGUERITE CARNOT, Membre de la première classe de l'Institut de France (section Mécanique.)* Par M. ARAGO, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences. Paris 1850.

dent. The revolutionary history of France displays to us the magnitude and grandeur of achievements when genius and talent are the only passports to power, and proclaims to us how nobly the intellectual and military glory of a people may be sustained even when civil war rages in the midst of them, and external foes threaten them from without. In the chronicles of our own country, whether of peace or of war, we may study the baneful effects of an opposite system. In what age have we found a Colbert, whose appreciation of knowledge inspired him with the patronage of literature and science—whose taste fostered the arts of polished and industrious life—whose liberality endowed the educational institutions of his country, and whose piety and wisdom prompted him to suppress immorality and vice by teaching and reforming the immoral and the vicious? The records of the past have not preserved to us even the shadow of so glorious a name. The experience of passing years exhibits to us no such minister, and in the horizon of the future there looms no auroral gleam of a luminary on its way. We have, on the contrary, to mourn over establishments destroyed—churches breaking down—colleges in decay—teachers starving—and wise men consigned to poverty and degradation.

Nor are these evils counterbalanced by financial wisdom,—by commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural prosperity, or even by the vain splendor of military and naval glory. Science was not more assailed in a darker age by the persecution of Galileo, the exile of Tycho, and the poverty of Kepler, than it is at this hour, and in this land, by the miserable expediency of heaping imposts upon knowledge, and the heartless taxation of invention and discovery; and the heart of the philanthropist could not have been more lacerated by the sight of negro humanity in chains, than it might now be by the imposition of taxes on the health, the prudence, and the parental forethought of British subjects.

We wait for the advent of a minister strong in piety, knowledge, and moral energy, who shall raise to the same platform all the various interests of the State, and who shall give its honors to those who merit them, its offices to those who can best discharge their duties, and its patronage and support to everything that can advance the intellectual glory and the material interests of the nation. Such a pilot must be willing to quit the helm when his people cease to obey him, and must seek for permanent fame from the measures which he has lost, as well as from the tro-

phies which he has won. The man who can thus act must be moulded from a nobler material than vulgar clay—not from the fragile pottery which a breath can break, and a vibration shiver; but from the tough and shining porcelain which rings when it is struck, and rebounds when it falls.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of the admirable Biographical Memoir of Carnot, which we owe to the eloquent pen of M. Arago. The history of a great man by a man equally great—of a patriot of the first French Revolution by a patriot of the last, cannot fail to rivet the attention of thoughtful men, even if it did not, as it does, throw the brilliant light of truth over characters which faction has defamed, and upon deeds of glory which proscription and exile have obscured. Rich in its anecdote—brilliant in its wit—powerful in its argument—vigorous in its eloquence, and generous and lofty in its aspirations, this biographical memoir will challenge a comparison with the most elaborate productions of ancient or of modern times. It is in studying the life of such a man as Carnot, by such a writer as Arago, that we may discover those germs of discontent which so dangerously ripen into revolution; and that we are enabled to appreciate those hidden and irresistible influences which urge the civilian from his hearth, and the soldier from his barracks, to sustain the liberties of their country, and to take their place in its forum or upon its ramparts. In the feelings of one such heart we recognize the impulse upon that of thousands, and by integrating their individual throbs we may estimate the frenzy of their combined pulsation.

Such of our readers as may seek in the perusal of the original memoir a fuller account of the Life of Carnot than our limited space allows us to give, will, doubtless, be impressed as we have been with the value of a National Institution, which embalms in eloquence the memory of its members, and transmits to posterity the record of their virtues and achievements. In our own land no such obligation is felt, and no such duty discharged. The philosopher passes from the circle which he has adorned, honored doubtless by the tears of his associates, but no eulogy is pronounced over his grave, and no monument rises to the ornament of his country, and the benefactor of his race.

Lazare Nicolas Marguerite Carnot, whose life and character we are about to review, was born on the 13th May 1753, at Nolay, in the department of the Côte-d'Or in Bur-

gundy, a duchy which had been the cradle of three of the greatest celebrities of which the Academies of Paris could boast—Bossuet, Vauban, and Buffon. His father, Claude Abraham Carnot, was a distinguished advocate, who “followed this noble profession with much talent, which is not rare, and with great disinterestedness, which is said not to be so common.” He was descended from a family which, since the fifteenth century, had given to the priesthood and to the army more than one remarkable man. Out of a numerous family of *eighteen* children, two lived to be lieutenant-generals of the French army, one a counsellor in the Court of Cassation, one a procureur-général of the Cour Royale, one a directress of the hospital of Nolay, and one a municipal magistrate, highly esteemed when he discharged the duties of his commune, but if possible still more esteemed when after twenty years of service he submitted, at the Restoration, to dismissal from his office rather than abandon his duty.

The education of Lazare Carnot, the subject of this article, was superintended by his father till he was qualified for the college of Autun. When he was only ten years of age, he accompanied his mother in a journey to Dijon, which she had at that time occasion to make. Between his twelfth and his fifteenth year, Carnot followed the course of study which prevailed in the college of Autun, where he was distinguished by his quickness and originality, and by a degree of intelligence far from common. At sixteen years of age he had finished his philosophy; and at this early period that decision of character became apparent which we shall have occasion to admire in the course of his most stormy career.

At this period of his life, Carnot was so impressed with the religious principle, and with those minute forms of devotion which were scrupulously followed in the seminary at Autun, that some of his friends proposed that he should take orders in the Church; but though this suggestion was strengthened by the recollection that Canons, Vicars-General of the diocese of Chalons, Doctors of the Sorbonne, and an Abbe of Citeaux had been members of his family, the love of military glory prevailed, and young Carnot was sent to a special school in Paris to prepare for his examination. Among his companions at this seminary, his religious opinions and habits were the subject of continual sarcasm. But sarcasms were not arguments in the mind of Carnot, and he found it neces-

sentiments and opinions which he had hitherto cherished. Theology thus became for some months the only occupation of the Apprentice Officer, but no person can now say what were the results of his studies, for, as M. Arago informs us, he carefully avoided, even in the midst of his family, not only discussions but even conversations on the subject of religion. “We know only,” says his biographer, “that he professed principles adopted by all honest and enlightened minds.” “Universal toleration is the dogma which I boldly profess. I abhor fanaticism, and I believe that the fanaticism of irreligion, made fashionable by the Marats and Père Duchènes is the most dreadful of all. We must not kill men in order to force them to believe. We must not kill them to prevent them from believing. Let us compassionate the failings of others, as each of us has his own; and allow our prejudices to be removed by time when we cannot cure them by Reason.”

From the study of Theology, Carnot passed to that of Geometry and Algebra, in which he made a rapid and brilliant progress. M. Longprès, the director of the preparatory school, was acquainted with the illustrious D’Alembert, who, in one of the visits which he occasionally paid to the school, particularly noticed Carnot, and addressed to him some flattering and prophetic words, which our colleague repeated with emotion even at those epochs of his life when Fortune had made him one of the arbiters of the destinies of Europe.

Previous to the French Revolution, no individual, however distinguished, could be admitted an Officer of Artillery, unless he belonged to the class of nobles. When, under the patronage of the illustrious Legendre, Baron Fourier applied for permission to be examined for the artillery, the minister replied that as he was not noble he could not be admitted, even if he were a second Newton. At an earlier period, the united labors of a genealogist and a geometer were not required in the examination of an officer of engineers. Every Frenchman, in 1771, could be admitted into the school of engineers at Mezières, provided their father or their mother had not enriched their family or their country by commerce or by manual labor, and it was under this system, less rigorous than that which had excluded Fourier, that Carnot was admitted an officer of engineers. Bossut, his examiner, certified his great mathematical acquirements; and his father had no difficulty, as M. Arago observes, “in proving that never had one of his

ships been in a distant country exchanging the fruits of the French soil and of French industry against the productions which nature had reserved for other climates;—that his hands had never combined the movable types of Guttenberg—not even to reproduce the Bible or the Gospels;—and that he had never personally concurred in the execution of any of those admirable instruments which measure time or sound the depths of space. When these negative merits were legally proved, young Carnot was declared to be of a sufficiently good family to wear the epaulette, and he received without delay that of second lieutenant."

In the school of engineers, which he entered at the age of eighteen, he studied descriptive geometry and the physical sciences, under the celebrated Monge, and so rapid was his progress, that on the 12th January, 1773, he was sent to Calais as first lieutenant in the service of fortresses, where the influence of the tides added a new and important condition to the very complicated data of the problem of fortification. In this position he acquired, among the officers of the garrison, the character of an *original*, choosing to live in libraries rather than in cafés, and preferring Thucydides, and Polybius, and Cæsar to the licentious works of the day.

In the year 1783, the Academy of Dijon having offered a prize for an Eloge of Field-Marshal Vauban, a native of Burgundy, it was carried off by Carnot, whose "*Eloge de Vauban*" was published in 1784. Fontenelle had already written the life of the illustrious Marshal with his usual eloquence and power, but by omitting to view his character in one of its most interesting phases, he left room for a better portrait from the pencil of Carnot. "One would have thought," says M. Arago, "that an Eloge of Vauban from the pen of an officer of engineers, would have consisted chiefly in an appreciation of those systems of attack and defence which he bequeathed to the art of war. But this was not the plan which Carnot adopted. It was on account of the qualities of his heart, his virtues and his patriotism, that Vauban appeared to him worthy of admiration."—"Vauban," says Carnot, "was one of those men whom nature gave to the world fully equipped for its service; imbued like the bee with an inborn activity for the general good, who could not sever their lot from that of the Republic, and who, themselves integral members of society, live, prosper, suffer, and languish with it."

The Academy of Dijon crowned in 1784

the "*Eloge de Vauban*;" and dictated to Buffon, whom nobody will accuse of being a reformer in matters of government, the following expressions, so flattering to the author:—"Your style is noble and flowing, you have executed a work both agreeable and useful." Prince Henry of Prussia, too, who was present when the Eloge was read and crowned, not only expressed the pleasure which it had given him, but offered its author a place in the service of his brother, Frederick the Great. The Prince of Condé, likewise, who presided at the meeting as governor of Burgundy, added his applause to that of the Prince;—the same Condé whom Worms a few years afterwards saw at the head of the emigrant nobility, and who afterwards denounced the Revolution of 1789 as an effect without a cause—and as a meteor, the arrival of which nobody could have foreseen. M. Arago has described at great length, and with his usual power, an interesting episode in the history of Carnot, which originated in an ambiguous expression in his Life of Vauban, and which in its development threw him into the Bastille. In speaking of the technical part of the works of Vauban, he had occasion to say that a *certain ignorant and vulgar person* took an erroneous view of fortification, by reducing it to the art of tracing, upon paper, lines subject to conditions more or less systematic. These words were, without any reason, applied to himself by the Marquis of Montalembert, a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a general officer in the French army. He had written a work entitled *Fortification Perpendiculaire*, containing a new method of defending fortified places, which had been bitterly attacked by almost the whole corps of engineers; and believing, and persisting in the belief, that the expression used by Carnot applied to himself, he sought his revenge by publishing an edition of the Eloge on Vauban, with notes, outrageously offensive to Carnot, and calculated to crush for ever the rising officer of engineers. In this difficult position Carnot showed himself what he has ever since been, frank, loyal, and insensible to injuries which he did not deserve. "Had there been," said he, in writing to his fiery antagonist, "any ground for your suspicions, I should have misunderstood the first duties of honor and of decency: I should have failed especially in that infinite respect which soldiers owe to a distinguished general. Believe me, there is no officer of engineers who has not learned with pleasure that the Marquis of



Montalembert has fortified places, as well as the brave D'Esse\* has defended them. Your work," he added, "is full of genius. Provided your casemates are known and proved, fortification will take a new form, and become a new art. . . . Though the corps of engineers has not the advantage of possessing you, we believe we have no less the right of reckoning you among its most illustrious members. Whoever enlarges our knowledge, whoever furnishes us with new means of being useful to France, becomes our colleague, our chief, our benefactor." With so flattering a testimony to his merits, M. de Montalembert was completely overcome, and the most formal apology for his unfortunate pamphlet followed the noble reply of Carnot.

The affair, however, did not end here, and we blush when we record the history of its termination. The superior officers of engineers, men appointed chiefly from the ranks of the nobility of France, were so irritated by the Elogé which a captain of their own body had pronounced upon systems of fortification which they had so authoritatively condemned, that "a letter of cachet and the Bastille taught," as M. Arago observes, "our colleague, that on the eve of our great Revolution the right of judgment—that precious conquest of modern philosophy—had not penetrated into military circles." In the very letter to the Marquis which gave rise to this deed of oppression, there were sentiments so noble and flattering to the very men who now injured him, that generous hearts should have accepted them as a just compensation for the imaginary wrong which they resented. "An officer of engineers," said the inmate of the Bastille, "stands in the very heart of danger, but he stands alone and in silence; he sees death, but he must look at it with indifference—he must not court it like the hero of battles; he must see it calmly approach;—he goes where the thunderbolt bursts, not to act, but to observe; not to be distracted, but to deliberate." With such an incident before him, and it is but one of a thousand, who will say with the Prince of Condé that the French Revolution was without cause? And when M. Arago tells us that in his day he has heard the simple sub-lieutenant question and even refute the opinion of the general, and that in place of being sent to the Bastille, he

had thus earned a fresh title to promotion,—who will venture to say that the French Revolution was without a result?

In the year 1783, Carnot gave to the world his *Essai sur les Machines en général*, which, had he done nothing else, would have immortalized his name, and placed him on a level with the most distinguished philosophers of other lands. It has long been a vulgar notion that a machine creates power by increasing or multiplying the power or force which moves it. The power applied to machinery may be the force of a man or of a horse, the weight or the impulse of water, the elastic force of heat, steam, or gunpowder; and when a given quantity of any of these powers is applied to produce a great mechanical effect, by the agency of a machine consisting of a number of movable powers, such as levers, wheels and pinions, &c., all that the machine does, is to enable us to produce that effect in a longer time, *the machine causing us to lose in time, or velocity, what we gain in force*; that is, a force which would raise a ton to the height of six feet in a second, would require, by the aid of a perfect machine, two seconds to raise it twelve feet, and so on. But a piece of perfect machinery does not exist; the flexibility of beams and rods, the stiffness of belts and chains, and the friction of all the moving parts upon each other, and even the resistance of the air, destroy or absorb a certain considerable portion of the moving power. Following out these principles, Carnot has shown that in machines, and, generally speaking, in every system of moving bodies, we ought at all hazards to avoid sudden changes of velocity; and he shows that the loss of force (*vis viva*) produced by such changes, is equal to the force with which all these bodies would be actuated, if each of them were endowed with the final velocity which it had lost, at the instant when the sudden change was effected.\* This principle, known by the name of the *Theorem of Carnot*, now directs the mechanical philosopher in his calculus, guides the engineer in his practice, and protects the public against the schemes of ignorant speculators. But though we have spoken of the loss of force in machinery, we must not suppose that force can ever be lost in the true sense of the term; it is lost only in so

\* D'Esse was an ancestor of the Marquis, and had, in 1543, by a heroic resistance, obliged the forces of the Emperor to raise the siege of Landrecies.

\* In referring to the subject of *perpetual motion*, Carnot has not only shown that *every* machine left to itself *must stop*, but he determines the instant when this will take place.

far as the useful effect of the first mover is concerned; but in being absorbed and lost, it has been spent in the dislocation and destruction of the machinery.

It was the fate of Carnot, as of other distinguished men, to be driven from the repose of study into the arena of political strife; but he was neither the quiet fluid, which took the form of its containing vessel, nor the contented passenger, that shut his eyes when his steeds were in gallop.—He strove to mould to a smooth and Tuscan outline the rude vessel which imprisoned him.—He grasped the safety rein of his headlong coursers, and if he did not stop them in their fiery onset, he slackened their speed, and saved them from destruction. *Injicit fræna vaganti.*

Although Carnot was one of the first officers of the French army who honestly and enthusiastically embraced the reforming principles of the National Assembly, yet his name does not occur in the annals of the Revolution till the beginning of 1791. In that year, when he was in garrison at St. Omer, he married Mademoiselle Dupont, the daughter of a rich merchant, by whom he had several children, and along with his brother, who was also a Captain of Engineers, he was chosen to represent the department of the *Pas de Calais* in the Legislative Assembly. "From this time Carnot devoted himself wholly to the discharge of those high and onerous duties which were imposed upon him by the choice of his fellow-citizens, and the suffrage of his colleagues. The geometer was almost wholly merged in the statesman, and in the former character he made only an occasional appearance."

In 1793, the Convention was the only organized power in the State which was capable of opposing a bulwark against the shoals of enemies which, from every part of Europe, threatened the nationality of France. The Committee of Public Safety, formed on the 6th April, was, after some partial changes, composed, on the 11th September, 1793, of *Robespierre, Saint-Just, Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varrennes, Prieur de la Marne, Prieur de la Côte-d'Or, Carnot, Jean-Bon-St.-André, Barère, Herault de Séchelles, and Robert Lindet.* The Committee thus constituted were entrusted with great powers. A majority of votes was required to decide every question, and a certain number of signatures to give these decisions the force of law. In defence of the general proceedings of this active and zealous body, M. Arago might have argued that

moral and intellectual force can no more than physical force be increased by machinery: what is gained in power is lost in time; and on the events of time depended the very existence of France. The mental energies of twelve men were insufficient for the business which pressed upon them. Despatches from every part of their frontier invaded or threatened with invasion,—from every city,—and even from every village, struggling against the prejudices of the privileged classes, could not receive that mature consideration which they deserved. The reconstruction of the Committee, in the face of enemies without and within, would have occasioned fresh dissensions, and deprived it of its magic power. The Committee therefore resolved upon the division of its labor. Carnot was charged with organizing the armies and superintending their operations; Prieur of the Côte-d'Or with the armaments; Robert Lindet with the army stores; and the other members were reserved for matters of politics, general police, and measures of safety. In every kind of question a single signature was serious, and involved responsibility, though the law required as a formality that the other signatures should be added. The imprudence of such a system is equalled only by its danger—a danger as great to the possessor as to the victim of power. "In permitting himself to countersign without examination the decisions of his colleagues, Carnot," as our author remarks, "made the greatest of all sacrifices to France: he placed his honor in the hands of several of his declared enemies; but, counting on the tardy justice of posterity, he illustrated that motto, almost superhuman, of one of the most powerful organizations which revolution ever raised from the popular will—that motto which every sincere patriot with an ardent temperament may well avow, '*Let my reputation perish rather than my country.*'"

Bitterly as we must denounce the cruelties of the Committee of Public safety, and associate the name of Robespierre with its most sanguinary acts, we are bound, on the strength of the evidence adduced by M. Arago, to absolve Carnot from the charges which have been brought against him as a member of that hated body: at no period, and under no circumstances, in his long political career, was he, in the bad sense of the term, a party man, who strove to carry out his principles and his plans by those tortuous ways which honor and justice forbid. As chairman of the Commission of the 9th June, 1792, charged with proposing compensation

to the families of Théobald, Dillon, and Berthois, who had been massacred before Lille, by their own troops, Carnot did not, as others would have done, make a compromise with his duty, and try to soothe the susceptibility of the army. He denounced the brutal act in these burning words :—"I will not repeat," he exclaimed, "the circumstances of this atrocity. Posterity, in reading our history, will believe that they see in it the crime of a horde of cannibals rather than that of a free people."

In 1792, when the National Guard had volunteered to form an army of reserve at Soissons, a report was circulated through Paris that their stores of flour had been poisoned, and that 200 soldiers had perished. The Parisian populace became exasperated : the Court had disapproved of the armament, and the base act of poisoning its food was ascribed to the king, and even to the queen, and their adherents. Carnot was sent to the camp as commissary to make the necessary investigations. Under his rigorous inquest the slander and its danger at once disappeared. No soldiers had perished, because no flour had been poisoned. The ball of some youths at play had detached pieces of glass from the windows of an old church, and some of them had fallen, not in powder but in pieces, into a single sack of corn !

From the bureaux of the Committee of Public Safety our author might have collected many striking proofs of the kindness and indulgence of Carnot towards those who held political opinions different from his own, but he has wisely rested his defence upon more general considerations. "The Convention," says he "was the arena where the heads of those factions which divided the country went to contend ; but it was in the clubs where their adherents were formed, and also that energetic force, the action of which often annulled the effects of the most eloquent harangues. If the Convention saw the bursting of the thunderbolt, it was out of its bounds that the storm began to gather, till it grew and attained an irresistible power. There was not then a single influential politician who was not obliged to appear every day at the *Jacobins* or at the *Corde-liers*, and take a part in every debate. But, gentlemen, Carnot did not belong to any of these associations ; never was a word of his heard in the clubs :—At this time of trouble, Carnot was exclusively a *Man of the Nation*."

It is no slight proof of the correctness of these views, that Robespierre and his more

violent associates viewed with jealousy, and even indignation, the moderate conduct of their military colleague. "To be led away," cried Robespierre, in one of his harangues, "by every military operation, is an act of selfishness ;—to repose obstinately, or take no part in the affairs of police in the interior, is to enter into terms of accommodation with the enemies of the country." "I am distressed," said he to Cambon on another occasion, "that I do not understand that construction of lines and of colors which I see upon their charts. Ah ! had I but studied the art of war in my youth, I should not have been obliged, whenever we discuss the subject of our armies, to tolerate the supremacy of the odious Carnot." This animosity had its origin in Carnot's disapproval of the Coup d'Etat, which led to the fall of the Girondists ; and such was the feeling entertained against him for his moderation, that Saint-Just demanded that he should be put upon his trial for having refused, when with the army of the north, to sign an order for the arrest of General O'Moran : but he escaped from the vengeance which would have thus fallen upon him, because it was impossible in the estimation of his enemies, as well as his friends, to replace him in his military position by a member of the Convention.

We have already referred to the greatness of the sacrifices which Carnot was obliged to make in sanctioning by his name the acts of his associates ; and we cannot better illustrate the principle upon which such a sacrifice was made, than to mention the fact, that he was thus led to sign, in ignorance, the arrest of his own secretary, and of the very restaurateur whom he employed ! But though the signature of Carnot may have often given its sanction to an act of cruelty, yet we know that that act would have been performed without it ; and in estimating the amount of crime to which he may have been indirectly a party, we learn with the deepest satisfaction from the works of the Royalists themselves, and from the published writings of the Republicans, that "in the Committee of Public Safety Carnot had saved more lives than his colleagues had sacrificed." From the meetings of the Committee he was never absent, excepting when his military duties absorbed all his attention, and whenever he was present innocence could always reckon upon him as its bold and affectionate advocate. "Chance," says Mr. Arago, "led me a few days ago to discover, that the part of a kind defender was not the only one which he had performed. There is among



you, gentlemen, a venerable academician, equally versed in mathematical theories and in their application: who has gloriously associated his name with useful works and vast undertakings, which the future may yet realize. He has run through a long career without making, and certainly without deserving, an enemy; yet his life was one day menaced, and the miscreants wished to effect his fall when he was rearing one of those scientific monuments which have thrown the brightest lustre on the revolutionary era. An anonymous letter intimated to our colleague the danger to which he was exposed. The storm was dispersed, but it might again from time to time recur. The friendly hand pointed out a plan of conduct, suggested prudential cautions, and indicated the necessity of finding a place of retreat. It promised not to leave its work unfinished, and to resume the pen if danger reappeared. The anonymous writer, gentlemen, was Carnot—the geometer whom he thus preserved to science and our affections, was M. de Prony!"

At this time, as M. Arago informs us, M. de Prony and Carnot had never even seen one another. At a later period, in 1814, we had the privilege of seeing them together on the floor of the Institute—the one rejoicing in the peaceful pursuit of his studies, and in the friendship of the illustrious Watt, by whom we had just been introduced to him; and the other mourning over the subjugation of France, dejected, though lofty in his mien—as if he already saw that duty to his country might yet summon him into the field, or drive him into exile.

In order rightly to understand the position of Carnot when, in August, 1793, he became a member of the Committee of Public Safety, we must look more narrowly into the state of France. "The wreck of the army under Dumouriez had been driven from one position to another:—Valenciennes and Condé had opened their gates to the enemy; Mayence had capitulated under the pressure of famine; two Spanish armies had invaded France; forty thousand Vendéans, under Cathelineau, had taken Bressuire, Thouars, Saumur, and Angers—threatened Tours and Le Mans, and attacked Nantes by the right bank of the Loire, while Charette operated upon the left. Toulon had received into its harbor an English squadron, and our principal towns, Marseilles, Caen, and Lyons, had separated themselves violently from the Central Government." Under such circumstances, all Europe looked for the overthrow of the Convention, and the submission of France. But they had formed an erroneous

estimate both of the patriotism and the resources of the nation. Carnot was charged with the organization and direction of its armies, and he nobly fulfilled the mission which was entrusted to him. With almost sovereign power, he introduced order and system into the army. He united all the various elements of the service, reading every despatch, and availing himself of the suggestions and talents of the humblest of his officers. It was at this time that the young Hoche, a serjeant of infantry, composed his Memoir on the means of penetrating into Belgium; a work which drew from Carnot the prophetic exclamation, "Behold a serjeant of infantry who will make his way!" The general's eye followed him in every battle, and in the course of a few months Hoche became captain, colonel, general of brigade, general of division, and general-in-chief!

In another branch of his military administration, Carnot, as our author shows, was no less great and successful. Copper was required for his cannon, and saltpetre for his gunpowder, and leather for the shoes and accoutrements of the soldier, and muskets for the destruction of his enemies. The bells of the church and of the convent, which had peaceably summoned the worshiper to prayer, became the cartilage of those brazen throats that were to utter the thunders of desolation and death. The soil of France, never before appealed to for the elements of destruction, surrendered to the analyst the last atom of its nitre; and while new discoveries in chemistry gave rapidity to the process of the tanner, new inventions and new methods added fresh skill and unexampled rapidity to the hand and labors of the armorer. The balloon, hitherto used to gratify the multitude, became, in 1799, an instrument of war. From the region of clouds General Morlot studied the manœuvres of the enemy at the battle of Fleurus, and was thus enabled to obtain for his country a brilliant triumph. The telegraph, too, which had been profitless for centuries, was perfected for the service of the Committee of Public Safety—transmitted their orders in a few minutes, and enabled them to follow the movements of their armies, as if they had deliberated in the midst of them. Thus did science and patriotism combine their irresistible powers to smite an enemy and to save an empire. The annals of nations, struggling for their existence, present us with but few examples in which science has been summoned to their defence, and acquitted itself of the task. When the scientific arts were



in their infancy, they had but little to offer for the service of the state, and even that little the state did not deserve. But in the present age, when the firmament of civilization shines with its constellations of genius, and when new elements of matter and new combinations of mind have given an almost superhuman character to the works of man, we may look forward to the time when a small but intellectual state may defy the most powerful empire, and when a handful of instructed warriors may drive from their shores the hordes of barbarism and ignorance that may assail them. Writing under the second dynasty of the Bourbons, M. Arago has said that the art of thus exciting genius and forcing it from its accustomed repose, has been lost. True as this remark is, it is not applicable to England. The art of exciting genius has never penetrated the chain of shops and custom-houses which girdle our commercial island, and there has never been a statesman who was willing to import it. Times, however, of national danger are not impossible. Continental hosts may surround us with their navies of steam, and stop the corn and the wine on which we live, and the flax and the cotton with which we work, while an internal foe, the enemy of religious truth and religious liberty, is ready to rebel and to betray. Science may then be required when it is scarcely in existence, or may be summoned when it refuses to appear. Like the invisible domestic which quits the house when its services are undervalued, science may have found a home in a foreign land, when she was no longer wanted in her own.

While Carnot was thus occupied in relieving the more immediate necessities of the State, he did not forget his obligation to the men of science who had so nobly assisted him. Among the great establishments which he contributed to found, were the first Normal School, the Polytechnic School, the Museum of Natural History, the Conservatory of Arts and Professions; and among those which he encouraged by his vote, were the mensuration of the earth, the establishment of a new system of weights and measures, and what M. Arago calls the great and incomparable registers of the national property.

But though a colossal mass of physical power—of men and of the munitions of war, was thus placed by the Convention in the hands of Carnot, yet it was left to him to organize, to discipline, and to instruct the Requisition.\*

\* By the Requisition all unmarried persons from 18 to 25, were ordered to join the armies.

"Carnot," says M. Arago, "organized fourteen armies. He required to create qualified officers, and he was of the opinion of a certain Athenian general, that an army of deer commanded by a lion was better than an army of lions commanded by a deer. He selected them from the inexhaustible mine of non-commissioned officers; and, as I have already said, his penetrating eye searched the obscurest ranks for talents and courage combined, and promoted it rapidly to the highest grade. Like the Atlas of fable, he bore for several years the weight of all the military events in Europe. He wrote with his own hand to the generals;—he gave them detailed orders, in which every contingency was minutely foreseen;—his plans, such as those which he addressed to Pichegru on the 21st Ventose, of the year II., seemed the result of real divination. The facts justified to such a degree the prediction of our colleague, that in order to write the history of the memorable campaign of 1793, we have only to change the proper names of a few villages in the instructions which he addressed to the general-in-chief. The places where they were to give battle,—those where they were to limit themselves to simple demonstrations and skirmishes,—the strength of each garrison, and of each post,—everything was pointed out, and everything regulated with admirable precision. It was by the orders of Carnot that Hoche one day concealed his movements from the Prussian army, crossed the Vosges, and joining the army of the Rhine, struck a decisive blow upon Wurmsser, which led to the deliverance of Alsace. In 1793, when the enemy expected, in conformity with the classic precepts of strategy, to see our troops march from the Moselle to the Rhine, while they collected on the latter river a formidable force, to resist them, Carnot, heedless of old theories, detached suddenly 40,000 men of the army of the Moselle, and sent them by forced marches to the Meuse. Such was the celebrated manœuvre which decided the success of the campaign of 1793, during which the Austrian and Dutch generals had the double mortification of being constantly beaten, and of being beaten contrary to rule. Yea, gentlemen, the National Tribune was no more than just when it re-echoed these glorious words, now become historical,—Carnot has organized victory.—*Biographie*, &c., pp. 49, 50.

One of the most interesting displays of Carnot as a soldier, was made on the field of battle at Wattignies. The Prince of Cobourg, at the head of 60,000 men, occupied all the outlets of the forest of Mormal, and blockaded Maubeuge the retention of which was the only obstacle to the advance of the Austrians to Paris. Though with inferior numbers, Carnot recommended an attack on the apparently impregnable position of the enemy. General Jourdan hesitated before so terrible a responsibility. Carnot hastens to the army, and attacks the enemy; but their numbers are so great, and their entrenchments so strong, and their artillery so for-

midable, that the day closes without any decided advantage to either of the armies. The left wing, which had lost ground and some cannon, in place of being reinforced, was almost wholly carried to the right, and in the morning Cobourg found himself in the front of, as it were, another army. The battle again raged, and the Austrians, enclosed in their redoubts, and protected by woods, coppices, and hedges, valiantly resisted the attack, and repulsed one of the French columns of attack, which began to run away. Carnot, in agony at the disorder, rallied the soldiers, formed them anew on the plain,—cashiered, in the sight of the whole army, the general who had allowed himself to be beaten by disobeying his orders, and seizing the musket of a grenadier, he marched at the head of the columns in the costume of a Representative of the People. The Austrian cavalry were repulsed by the bayonet. Carnot forced his way into the village over heaps of the slain, and from that moment the blockade of Maubeuge was raised.\* This was but the second time that Carnot had heard in battle the sound either of musketry or cannon: he had on a former occasion, with the musket in his hand, carried by assault the town of Furnes, when it was occupied by the English. The campaign of seventeen months, conducted by Carnot, and during which the troops of the Republic never laid down their arms, was one of the most successful and glorious that France can boast. According to the report of Carnot, they gained 27 victories, eight of which were in order of battle, 120 combats of inferior importance, 80,000 enemies killed, 91,000 prisoners, 116 fortified places or important cities taken, of which 36 were after being besieged or blockaded, 230 forts or redoubts carried, 3800 cannons and mortars, 70,000 muskets, 1400 milliers of powder, and 90 standards.

Soon after the Parisian sections had risen against the Convention, Carnot quitted the Committee of Public Safety, and from that moment victory almost everywhere abandoned the Republican standard. Reverses followed in rapid succession, the springs of action were unbent, and distrust and despair seized every mind. From such a result, as

M. Arago remarks, better than from an interrupted series of victories, we may learn *how great an influence the genius of a single man exercises over the destiny of nations*. Nor was the nation insensible to the obligations which it owed to Carnot. He was called to the legislature, which replaced the National Convention, by *fourteen* departments; and soon after his admission into the Council of Ancients, Carnot, on the refusal of the Abbé Sieyès, became one of the five members of the Executive Directory.

Carnot was now a second time called to the direction of the armies, when the Republic was again on the brink of a precipice. The public treasury was empty. The Directory, believed to be insolvent, could scarcely procure clerks and servants. Couriers were delayed for want of money to pay their expenses, and generals themselves did not receive more than *eight francs* per month in coin, as a supplement to their pay in assignats. Farmers declined to supply the markets with provisions, and manufacturers refused to sell their goods, because they would have been compelled to take payment in paper money, of no value. Throughout France, too, famine prevailed with its usual attendants of discontent and riot. The army was without clothes and shoes—without the means of transport—without the munitions of war. Pichegru carried on a plot with the Prince of Condé, compromised the army of Jourdan, evacuated Manheim, raised the siege of Mayence, and delivered the frontier of the Rhine to the Austrians. Civil war was lighted up in La Vendée, the English threatened the coasts, and on the frontier of the Alps, Schérer and Kellermann carried on a disadvantageous war of defence against the Austrian and Italian troops.

Under such circumstances, Carnot again accepted the high trust which he had in times equally trying so nobly discharged. Conscious of the difficulties which surrounded him, he warned his colleagues that the destinies of the State hung on the personal character of five men, and that the nation might suffer from differences in their views; and satisfied with having recorded his apprehensions, he submitted without a murmur, when the Directory had been legally established. Adopting from Carnot a new system of operations for pacifying La Vendée, Hoche triumphed over Charette, and in eight months brought to a close the civil war, which had so long desolated the country. On the Rhine, Jourdan and Moreau carried their victorious arms into the very heart of Germany; and Bona-

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\* According to a German historian, the Prince of Cobourg, when he saw the French columns giving way, exclaimed to his troops, "The Republicans are excellent soldiers; but if they dislodge me from this position, I will consent to be a Republican myself."

parte, who at the age of twenty-five got the command of the army of Italy, with the co-operation of Masséna, Augereau, Lannes, and Murat, annihilated in a few months three Austrian armies. The plan of this campaign, glorious to France, was given by Carnot; and M. Arago has cited a letter from Bonaparte, desiring to learn his intentions for the guidance of the army of Italy, and he has given us the following characteristic letter from Carnot to Bonaparte, dated the 21st May, 1796. "Attack Beaulieu before his reinforcements can join him; do not on any account neglect to prevent this junction; you must not weaken yourself before him, and especially you must not, by a disastrous separation of your troops, give him the means of fighting you in detail, and recovering the territory he has lost. . . . After the defeat of Beaulieu, you may make an expedition to Leghorn. The intention of the Directory is, that the army should not pass the Tyrol till after the expedition to the south of Italy."

In concluding this notice of the correspondence between Carnot and Bonaparte during this celebrated campaign, M. Arago justly reminds his colleagues of the noble instructions which were given to the French general, to honor and protect the distinguished artists and *savants* whom the fortunes of war might subject to his power. On the 13th June, 1796, Carnot wrote the following letter to Bonaparte,—a letter which will never be forgotten in the annals of civilization or of war:—"General, in recommending to you in our letter of the 26th Floréal, to receive and to visit the famous artists of the countries in which you find yourself, we have particularly pointed out to you the celebrated astronomer, Oriani of Milan, as deserving to be protected and honored by the Republican troops. The Directory will learn with satisfaction that you have fulfilled its intentions with respect to this distinguished *savant*; and it invites you, in consequence, to give an account of what you have done to show to the citizen Oriani those marks of interest and esteem which the French have always had for him, and to prove to him that they know how to unite to the love of glory and of liberty, that of genius and the arts."

Although Carnot had, at the call of his country, quitted the peaceful pursuits of science, and taken his place in the battlefield, and in the wild arena of political strife, yet he never forgot the science which he so much loved. Amid the dangers of war,

and the distractions of the Tribune, his mind was often turned to the subject of the higher analysis, and he published in 1799, his celebrated work entitled, "*Reflections on the Metaphysics of the Infinitesimal Calculus.*" Had these noble "Reflections" been the transition studies, during which Carnot was marking his return from the stormy discussions of the Directory to his peaceful duties in the Institute, or the engrossing pursuits by which he was weaning himself from the excitements of a political life, science would not have had to mourn over the misfortunes of one of her most distinguished sons, nor humanity to deplore the baseness of enemies, and the ingratitude of friends. Carnot did not quit the Directory when its existence was threatened by a powerful combination of its enemies. The foreign affairs of the nation presented the most favorable aspect. Bonaparte had signed at Leoben the preliminaries of a treaty of peace. He had pointedly refused to insert in the protocols the name of the Emperor of Germany before that of the French Republic; and when foreign generals talked to him of its recognition, he replied in these memorable words: "The French Republic does not wish to be recognized: it is in Europe what the Sun is in the horizon; and so much the worse for those who do not wish to see it, and to profit by it." Under these circumstances, Carnot believed in the possibility of conciliating the parties which divided the State, and he refused to escape from danger by overstepping the limits of the constitution. This illusion, however, was speedily dispelled by the events of the 4th September, 1797. Violent addresses had been sent by the army of Italy against the party of the Clichians to which he belonged, and Augereau, the lieutenant of Bonaparte, had been commissioned to assist in the revolution. Ignorant of what had passed in Italy, Carnot had so little foreseen what was to happen, that he was surprised in his bed by the officers of Barras, and had scarcely time to save himself by escaping through the garden door of the Luxembourg. A family of artisans, from Burgundy, received and placed him in concealment. "He then took refuge in the house of M. Oudot, a great partisan of the Coup d'Etat of the 4th September, and where, of course, nobody thought of seeking for the proscribed director." He was condemned to banishment on that very day, along with his colleague Barthelemy, and all the chiefs of the Clichian party; and, before he quitted Paris, his name was erased from the list of

the members of the National Institute, to the creation of which he had so effectually contributed.

The ordonnances which were issued on the 5th and 6th of September, 1797, declared vacant all the offices which were held by the citizens who had been proscribed on the 4th. Letourneux, the Minister of the Interior, enjoined the Institute to fill up the place of Carnot, and Bonaparte was unanimously elected by a hundred and four members, in whom the right was vested. "I have often," says M. Arago, "felt a just sentiment of pride, on seeing the admirable proclamations of the army of the east signed, **MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE, General-in-Chief**; but a sadness of heart followed this first emotion, when the thought returned that the *Member of the Institute* was adorned with a title which had been torn from his first protector and friend!"

Concealed in the house of a political enemy, M. Oudet, whose name ought to be cherished by every friend of humanity, Carnot had the good fortune to find another noble-minded citizen, who took him from his hiding-place, and conducted him in a post-chaise to Geneva. Here he lodged with a bleacher of the name of Jacob; but, though prudence required that he should remain in concealment, his desire to have correct intelligence respecting the country which he loved, induced him to quit the house, when he was immediately recognized by the spies of the Directory. The accredited agent of France lost no time in demanding from the Genevese Government the person of Carnot; but the magistrate to whom the application was first made was fortunately a man of honor and conscience, and felt all the degradation which such an act would bring upon his country. The name of the magistrate was Didier, a name honorably known in the republic of letters. M. Didier lost no time in writing to Carnot. He warned him of his danger,—implored him immediately to leave his lodgings, and indicated to him the part of the Lake of Geneva where he would find a boatman to carry him to Nyon.

"It was now very late. The officers of the Directory were watching for their prey. Our colleague went straight to his host, and without any preamble asked his pardon for having introduced himself into his house under an assumed name. 'I am,' added he, 'a proscribed individual,—I am Carnot. They are about to arrest me: my fate is in your hands: will you save me?' 'Without doubt,' replied the honest bleacher. He immediately dressed Carnot in a blouse, with a

cotton bonnet and a basket, and he placed upon his head a large packet of dirty linen, which hung down even to the shoulders of the pretended Jacob, and covered his figure. It was by means of such a disguise that the man from whom a few lines would have been sufficient to move or stop in their march the armies commanded by the Massenas, the Hoches, the Moreaus, and the Bonapartes,—to excite hope or fear at Naples, Rome, or Vienna,—it was as a servant in a washing establishment that Carnot reached safe and sound the small boat which was to enable him to escape from transportation. In this boat a new and strange emotion awaited Carnot. In the boatman he recognized the same Pichegru whose culpable intrigues had rendered the event of the 4th September almost inevitable. During the passage across the lake, not a single word was exchanged between the two exiles. The time, the place, and the circumstances were not suitable for political debates or mutual recriminations. Carnot had soon reason to felicitate himself on his reserve. While reading the French journals at Nyon, he found that he had been deceived by an accidental resemblance, and that the companion of his voyage, so far from being a general, had never made any other manœuvre than that of his frail bark; and that Pichegru, arrested by Augereau, awaited his transportation in one of the prisons in Paris. Carnot was still at Nyon when Bonaparte, returning from Italy, passed through this town on his way to Rastadt. Like all the other inhabitants, he illuminated his windows in order to do homage to the General."—*Biographie &c.*, pp. 75, 76.

For the space of two years Carnot resided at Augsburg under an assumed name, exclusively occupied with the cultivation of science and literature, but he was again destined to be recalled to power when his country was in danger. When Bonaparte, on the 9th November (18th Brumaire), upon his return from Egypt, overturned the constitution of 1795, which had never taken root in the affections of the people, one of his first acts was to recall the illustrious exile, replace him in the Institute, and appoint him Minister of War. On the refusal of the British Minister to negotiate a peace—an act which Europe and humanity have had so much reason to deplore, Bonaparte rallied under Carnot the heroism of the nation, and by the glorious victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden secured the independence of France. Although it was in the power of Bonaparte to have established order and liberty upon an impregnable basis, yet the ambitious soldier had very different objects in view. These objects were soon discovered by Carnot and the friends of the Republic, and very sharp disputes arose almost daily between the First Consul and the Minister of War. Carnot mourned



over the changes in the constitution which he saw in preparation, and resolved not to be a party to them. He resigned office on the 16th Vendemiaire 1801, in the following words, "Citizen Consuls, I send you again my demission; have the goodness not to delay in accepting it."

In 1802 Carnot was again called into public life as a member of the Tribunal. In this new position he embraced every opportunity of opposing the downward tendency to absolute power. He used all his influence against the establishment of a Consulate for life. He opposed the creation of the Legion of Honor as an institution not for rewarding merit, but for creating political subserviency; and when it was proposed to raise Bonaparte to the Imperial Throne, he resisted every attempt to seduce him; and "though surrounded," as M. Arago observes, "with old Jacobins, and even with those who persecuted him as a Royalist on the 18th Fructidor, he stood almost alone in the midst of the general defection, as if it were to show to the world that a political conscience is not an empty name, but a reality."\*

The Tribunal did not long survive the overthrow of the Republic, and Carnot, again freed from the trammels of office, returned to his country house near Estampes, and resumed his mathematical studies. He soon after this published his able work, '*The Geometry of Position*,'† in which he has described, for the first time, many new properties of space, evincing the power and the fertility of the original methods which he has presented to science.

In the year 1809, Bonaparte was greatly annoyed at the slight resistance which several fortified towns had opposed to the besiegers, and about the end of that year he requested Carnot to draw up a system of special instructions for the guidance of the Governors of such places. Carnot entered with zeal on the discharge of his duty, and in the course of four months he produced his celebrated work, entitled, *Traité de la Défense des Places Fortes*, in which he gives an account of an entirely new method of defending fortified places. Vauban had estimated the duration of a siege of a place well fortified and garrisoned at forty-eight days. Carnot considers this as the extreme dura-

tion, and is of opinion that it seldom exceeds twenty-two or twenty-three days, fourteen being generally spent in constructing the approaches, and eight or nine days in the assault. The principle of the new method of defence which he proposes, is to substitute vertical fires for direct or horizontal fires. He forms the enceinte of the place of a simple wall not very thick, with an escarpe and counterscarpe; and behind the wall he places mortars of different calibers directed at an angle of  $45^\circ$  behind the parapet, and covered by blindages. They are charged to carry the shot to such a height as to kill the person upon whom they fall. These fires are supposed to commence when the enemy opens his third parallel, and to continue for ten days; assuming that the field occupied by the besieging army is 60,000 square yards, that the garrison is 4000, and that 3000 are spread over this area, forming the avenues of the place, one man occupying twenty square yards. But a man's body in a horizontal projection covers about a square foot, consequently the space covered by the troops and workmen of the besiegers is the 180th part of the whole area, and out of 180 shots falling on that space one will strike the enemy. M. Carnot is of opinion that one ball in fifty would take effect, owing to the shot not falling vertically, but at such an angle that the inclined projection of a man's body is nearly double its horizontal projection; but to remove every objection, he supposes only one ball in 180 to take effect. He now supposes that six 12-inch mortars mounted on the attacked front, the shells of which weigh 150 pounds, will each discharge 600 balls, 1-4th of a pound weight, at a single shot, or 3600 from the six. But one ball out of 180 will take effect; therefore at each discharge of the six mortars twenty of the besiegers will be killed or disabled. Giving a quarter of an hour to each round, he finds that 100 rounds may be fired in twenty-four hours, and hence 2000 men will be destroyed or disabled. During the ten days, therefore, that the attack continues, the besieging army will sustain a loss of 20,000 men: But if the garrison consists of 4000 men, the whole of the besieging army will probably not exceed 20,000, that is, the besieging army will be completely destroyed before effecting a breach. From these views and calculations Carnot concludes that no fortified place thus defended can be taken by any known method of attack. Economy both in men and money he considers as a powerful recommendation of it; a few companies

\* His speech at the Tribunal on this subject was delivered on the 1st of May 1804. It went through several editions, and was hawked through the streets of Paris for four days.

† *Géométrie de Position, à l'usage de ceux qui se destinent à mesurer des terrains.* 4to. Paris, 1803.

of artillery men being alone required, while the great body of the garrison are employed in watching the proper time for making a sortie, and compelling the besiegers to keep a strong guard upon their works.

During Carnot's retirement from active military duties, between 1807 and 1814, he devoted himself to the discharge of the important functions of a Member of the Institute, a title which was restored to him at the death of M. Le Roy. Almost all the *Memoirs on Mechanics*, submitted to the judgment of the First Class of the Institute, were sent to him for examination; and M. Arago informs us that his singular sagacity enabled him to point out the new and important parts of them with remarkable clearness and precision; and from his habit of doubting and distrusting theoretical results, to give most important advice and assistance to the authors themselves.

From these peaceful pursuits, for which he was so well qualified, and which he had every reason to hope would occupy the evening of his life, Carnot was again called into the arena of political and military strife. He could not now afford to subscribe to the public journals. Every day at the same hour he went to the library of the Institute, and read with the deepest interest the exciting news of the advance of the allied troops. On the 24th January he appeared more than usually engrossed with them. He asked for paper, and wrote the following remarkable letter addressed to Napoleon.

"SIRE,—While success crowned your enterprises, I abstained from offering to your Majesty services which might not be agreeable to you. Now that a reverse of fortune puts your firmness to a severe test, I do not scruple to offer you the feeble means which I still possess. It is little, doubtless, that a sexagenarian arm can offer; but I conceived that the example of a soldier whose patriotic sentiments are known, might rally round your Eagles many of those who are hesitating what side to take, and who might allow themselves to be persuaded that they would serve their country by abandoning them. It is still time for you, Sire, to conquer a glorious peace, and to obtain the love of a great people."

Napoleon did not hesitate to accept so noble an offer, and he immediately appointed Carnot Governor of Antwerp, a place to which he attached great importance, and which was at this time surrounded with his enemies. Without having seen the Emperor, Carnot set out from Paris about the end of January, and reached Antwerp on the morning of the 2d February, only through the

bivouacs of the enemy. The bombardment of the French Squadron by the English began next morning. It lasted during the 3d and 4th, and part of the 6th of February, when, after throwing 1500 bombs, and 800 ordinary shot, and many red-hot shot and fuses, the English retreated.

When some additional troops were required for the campaign in Belgium, Napoleon thought of drawing them from the garrison of Antwerp. Carnot immediately wrote the following despatch to the General-in-Chief, Maison, dated the 27th March:—

"In obeying the orders of the Emperor, I am obliged to declare to you, General, that these orders are equivalent to surrendering Antwerp. The enceinte of this place is immense; and it would require at least 15,000 good troops to defend it. Then how could his Majesty believe that with 3,000 sailors, most of whom never saw fire, I could hold the place of Antwerp, and the eight forts which depend upon it?"

"Nothing, then, remains for me to do but to disgrace myself or to die. I beg you will believe that we have all decided upon the last alternative."

"I believe, General, that if you could take it upon you to leave me a troop of the line and of artillery, (there was at Antwerp a detachment of the Imperial Guard,) you would do a great service to his Majesty; but the whole will be ready to set out to-morrow, if I do not receive from you counter-orders, which I look for with the greatest impatience and the greatest anxiety."

He at the same time wrote as follows to the Duke de Feltre, who was then Minister of War:—

"When I offered my services to his Majesty, I was ready to sacrifice my life, but not my honor. You know that I am not in the habit of concealing the truth, because I do not seek for favors. The truth is, that the state to which your orders reduce me is an hundred times worse than death, because it is only through the cowardice of the enemy that I have any chance of maintaining the post which is confided to me."

When Bernadotte wished to turn Carnot from the line of conduct which he had marked out for himself, he received the following answer:—"Prince, It is in the name of the French Government that I command in the place of Antwerp. It alone has the right to fix the term of my functions. The moment that the Government is definitively and incontestably established on a new basis, I will instantly execute its orders. This resolution cannot fail to meet with the approbation of a French born Prince, of one who

knows so well what the laws of honor prescribe."

After the entrance of the allies into Paris, and the constitution of a Provisional Government, M. Dupont, the Minister of War, sent one of his Aides-de-Camp to Antwerp. The following is the answer which Carnot returned on this occasion, dated 15th April, 1814:—

"I must say, M. le Comte, that the mission of an Aide-de-Camp with a white cockade is a calamity. Some are desirous of declaring themselves immediately, while others have sworn to defend Bonaparte. A sanguinary struggle in the very fort of Antwerp would have been the immediate consequence, if I had not resolved, with the advice of my council, to delay my adhesion and that of the whole armed force. You desire, then, a civil war. You insist that the enemy should be master of all our strongholds; and because the city of Paris has been forced to receive the law of a conqueror, is it necessary that all France should receive it? It is obvious that the Provisional Government can transmit only the orders of the Emperor of Russia. Who will absolve us if we obey such orders? What! will you not permit us to save our honor? You become yourself the promoter of desertion, the provoker of the most monstrous anarchy. The lessons of 1792 and 1793 are lost upon the new rulers of the State. They try to surprise us into adhesion, by affirming that Napoleon is about to abdicate—and to-day they tell us the very reverse. After having given us a tyrant in place of anarchy, they give us anarchy in place of a tyrant. When shall we see the end of these cruel oscillations? Paris enjoys but a temporary calm—a perfidious calm, which forebodes the most dreadful tempest. O what days of affliction and grief! happy are they who have not seen them."—*Biographie, &c.*, pp. 99, 100.

After Carnot had received orders from the Bourbon Government, and was about to set out for Paris, the authorities and inhabitants of one of the faubourgs of Antwerp, the destruction of which had been resolved upon, but which he thought it possible to preserve, without interfering with the defence of the place, addressed to him the following letter:—

"You are about to leave us, which is a source of great distress: we would fain keep you a few minutes longer. The inhabitants of St. Willebrord and of Borgerhout request that the person who shall be charged with the administration of their affairs shall be permitted to inquire once a-year for the health of General Carnot. We shall probably never see you again. If General Carnot should at any time have his portrait taken, and would condescend to have a copy of it

taken for us, this precious gift would be deposited in the Church of Willebrord.

With these striking illustrations of the fidelity of Carnot to the cause of his imperial master, it is not difficult to anticipate the part which he must have taken during the Hundred Days. Having given in his adhesion to the Government of the Bourbons, he was received at court by the King and the princes, but with a degree of coldness inconsistent with the royal declaration, that the past was to be forgotten, and that men of all opinions were in future to be united in the service of the country. Carnot was deeply mortified at this ungenerous reception, and was induced to write a very strong article against the Restoration, under the title of *Mémoire au Roi*. This memoir got into the possession of some of his friends, who appear to have published it without his authority; and such was the extent of its circulation, and the avidity with which it was read, that it paved the way for the Revolution of the 20th of March, 1815.

No sooner had Napoleon returned to the Tuileries than he recalled Carnot to his councils, and persuaded him that he would change his system of government, renounce his former views of conquest and absolute monarchy, and govern the country upon liberal and even republican principles. He therefore willingly accepted the portfolio of Minister of the Interior, with the title of Count and Peer of France, and devoted himself with a liberal spirit to the onerous duties of his office. He strove to give greater latitude to the liberty of the press, and to arm and multiply the national guards; and such was his enthusiasm that he wrote to Napoleon that "the 20th of March ought to make us remount, without a pause, to the 14th of July."

After the proclamation of the famous Additional Act, Carnot proposed, in a letter to Napoleon, two projects of decrees, which, as M. Villeneuve remarks, prove more than anything else how little he understood the character of the man to whom he thus wrote:—

"SIRE,—Have the kindness to believe a man who has never deceived you, and who is sincerely attached to you. The country is in danger; discontent is general; commotion is increasing hourly in the departments, as well as in Paris; civil war is ready to break out in several parts of France. I propose to your Majesty two projects which I consider necessary to restore tranquillity, and to bring back to you the mass of the citizens. They must issue *proprio motu*, and not on the report of any Minister, or in consequence of the deliberation

of any Council of State. It would be desirable to have them published in the course of the day.—I am, &c.,  
CARNOT."

The following is the minute of the two projects of decrees referred to in the preceding letter:—

1. "NAPOLEON, *Emperor of the French*. It being our intention to allow no trace of feudality to exist, we have decreed and decree as follows: From the date of the publication of the present decree, the denomination of *subject* and *lord* shall cease to be used among the French."

2. "NAPOLEON, *Emperor of the French*. Having learned through the liberty of the press, that it is the wish of the people of France to have improvements made in the Constitutional Act prepared for its acceptance, we have decreed and decree as follows:

"Art. 1. The Chamber of Representatives shall, in the course of next session, decide on the modifications of which the Constitutional Act is susceptible for its improvement.

"Art. 2. The new Act shall be submitted to the people for their acceptance in the Primary Assemblies."

These projects did not obtain the approbation of the Emperor, who chose to prefer absolute power to the constitutional government of a free people. Carnot, however, continued in the faithful discharge of his duties; and after Bonaparte had left Paris, on the 12th of June, 1815, for the headquarters of his army at Beaumont, the Home Minister gave the most energetic support to his master, more, it is supposed, from a dread of the return of the Bourbons, than from any attachment to his person and character. In the extraordinary position in which Carnot was now placed, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that, as a member of the Provisional Government, and under the influence of such a man as Fouché, Duke of Otranto, he should have given his adhesion to measures characterized by great weakness, and which every patriot would wish to throw into obscurity. When Napoleon retained in his councils such a man as Fouché, in spite of the most palpable evidences of his treason, we need not be surprised, as M. Arago has observed, that Carnot was fascinated by his intrigues.

It fell to the lot of Carnot to communicate the disastrous intelligence of the battle of Waterloo to the Chamber of Peers, and on this occasion he had a sharp altercation with Marshal Ney, in which was remarked the singular contrast between the despair of a warrior who had been called the *bravest of the brave*, and the calm firmness and true courage of the stern member of the Convention. Amid the general consternation which

the advance of the allies produced, Carnot never despaired. He exerted himself in providing for the public safety, and persuaded that even in such a crisis the valor of Napoleon would save the country, he, who as a tribune had dared to vote against the elevation of Bonaparte to the imperial throne, now vigorously opposed himself to his abdication. When this event took place in 1815, Carnot, hiding his face in his hands, shed tears over his last hope of liberty. He consented, however, to be one of the five members of the provisional Commission of Government, which exercised almost no other function than to sign the capitulation of Paris, and send the wreck of the army behind the Loire.

After having made several ineffectual attempts to obtain for Napoleon the command of the troops, Carnot did everything that he could to hasten his departure, and to induce him to retire to the United States; and immediately after the return of the king, he himself retired once more to that home of virtue and of science which he had so often quitted for the defence of his country. Here, however, he was not permitted to remain. His devotion to one sovereign excited the enmity of another, and that branded dynasty which neither prosperity nor adversity could teach, paved the way for their own proscription, by proscribing the noblest of their subjects. Carnot was ordered to repair under surveillance to Blois, as inscribed in the list of proscriptions prepared, on the 24th July, 1815, by his colleague the Duke of Otranto; and his was the only name of all the ministers of the hundred days with which that list was honored. "If this exceptional severity," as M. Arago remarks, "was the consequence of that ardent patriotism under which our colleague disputed with foreigners the last inch of the territory of France, or his persisting, unhappily without success, in pointing out to the Emperor the traitor who had under an old reputation for talent been introduced into the ministry, the glory of Carnot will not have been sullied." But though a prince of the house of Bourbon had no feeling for the representative of genius, of patriotism, and of virtue, who saw it to be his duty to defend his country whoever was its king,—there was another prince, and one of a higher degree, and a nobler nature, whose heart could be softened by the misfortunes of a hero and a statesman, whom the casualties of war had overtaken. The Emperor Alexander, commiserating the lot of his noble enemy, had made several re-



presentations in his favor to the royal government, and when he found them fruitless, he had provided for him, even before his arrestment, on the night of the 24th July, a passport for the Russian states! Carnot went first to Germany, and though traveling under a false name, he did not renounce the title of a Frenchman till he crossed, anew and with much grief, that noble river to which he had the signal honor to extend the frontier of his country. From Germany he repaired to Warsaw, where he was received with much kindness by the Archduke Constantine. The brave Polish patriots, so often crushed under the tread of the despot, and themselves so frequently the objects of hospitality, were, as might have been expected, the readiest to dispense it. Carnot's arrival among them was hailed with demonstrations of sympathy, which the depths of the heart only can dictate. General Krasinski gave him the title of a Majorat in lands with a rent of 8000 francs, which he held of Napoleon. The Count de Pac wished him to accept the use of several domains; and though Carnot was not a freemason, all the masonic lodges of the kingdom raised a subscription which produced a very considerable sum; but of all these offers, which he refused, the one which sunk deepest in the heart of Carnot, was that of a Frenchman, who, himself poor, and established for several years at Warsaw, went one morning and offered him in a purse the fruit of the savings of his whole life!

A dislike of the climate of Poland, combined with a desire to be nearer his native country, induced Carnot to accept of the kind offers of the Prussian Government, and to establish himself at Magdeburg, where he spent the last years of his life in study, in meditation, and in the company of one of his sons, whose education he superintended. "It was," says M. Arago, "a fine sight to see the whole of Europe,—to see especially its most absolute sovereigns compelled, to a certain degree, to render homage to that which was great and noble and striking in the French Revolution,—even in the person of one of the judges of Louis XVI.—even in the person of one of the Committee of Public Safety." Even Napoleon was obliged to confess the greatness of his services, and the grandeur of his character, when in these memorable words he addressed him after the battle of Waterloo—"Carnot, I have been too late in knowing you."\* Dumouriez remarked of Carnot that

he was an austere philosopher, a perfect citizen, and a great man; and he added that Carnot was the creator of the new military art in France, which he (Dumouriez) had only had time to sketch, but which Bonaparte had brought to perfection. Carnot died at Magdeburg, the 2d of August, 1823, at the age of seventy, and was buried in the Church of St. John.

Carnot was in his person considerably above the middle size, with regular and masculine features, a large and serene forehead, and sharp and penetrating blue eyes. His manner was polished but circumspect and cold, and at the age of sixty, even in the costume of a civilian, one could perceive somewhat of the military air to which in his youth he had been accustomed.

After having viewed Carnot in all his positions, as a member of the Convention, of the Committee of Public Safety, and of the Directory, and as a Minister of War, a military engineer, an academician, and an exile, M. Arago proceeds to give some interesting anecdotes of him as a private individual, which, while they present him to our admiration as a noble example of disinterestedness and patriotism, so rare among public men, may afford to the rulers of nations lessons of deep importance to society as well as to themselves.

In reply to the charge of being ambitious, which was made against Carnot, M. Arago reminds us that the man who in 1793 organized *fourteen* armies, arranged all their movements, nominated and replaced generals, and even cashiered them, as at Wattignies, on the field of battle and under the cannon of the enemy—was but a simple Captain of Engineers; and even when, as one of the Directory, he was the supreme arbiter of the operations of the armies, sending Hoche to La Vendée, Jourdan to the Meuse, Moreau to the Rhine in place of Pichegru; and, by a happier inspiration still, confiding to Bonaparte the command of the army of Italy, he had become Major of Brigade by seniority, a step which he kept till the 18th Fructidor drove him from France. Even when, in 1801, his successor in the War Office placed his name in the list of officers who were to

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made to say, what he probably never said, and what, if he did say, is not true, "that Carnot had no experience in war; that his ideas were false on every branch of the military art, even in the attack and defence of places, and on the principles of fortification, which he had studied all his life; and that he has published works on these subjects which could be avowed only by a man who had no practice in war."—Tom. iii. p. 124.

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\* In the *Memoirs of Montholon*, Napoleon is

be named Generals of Division of the French army, the *Consuls* refused to listen to the most earnest appeal to them from their new Minister of War, and Carnot remained in his former humble position.

But justice often comes at last, even when personal danger wrests it from the unjust. In 1814, when Carnot had to be appointed Governor of Antwerp, to sustain the desperate cause of an ungrateful master, the clerk was astonished to find that the man who was to be placed at the head of a crowd of old Generals was only a Major of Brigade; and having represented the case in the proper quarter, Carnot, "in imitation of a certain ecclesiastical personage, who in the same day received the lesser orders, the greater orders, the office of Priest and the rank of Bishop,—passed in a few minutes through the steps of Lieut. Colonel, Colonel, General of Brigade, and General of Division." "Yes," adds M. Arago, "Carnot had ambition," but as he himself said, "it was the ambition of the Spartans to defend the pass of Thermopylæ." It was not likely that a character such as this would be stained by a love of money, or by habits of ostentatious and luxurious living. When Carnot returned into private life, his small patrimony was untouched; and hence, as M. Arago remarks, it might have been expected from his simple habits and his antipathy to show, that if he did accumulate wealth, he might have obtained that independence which was enjoyed by those who, like himself, had held lucrative appointments.

When Carnot became Minister of War, after the 18th Brumaire, the pay of the troops, and even that of the clerks in the War-office, was *fifteen* months in arrear. Before a few weeks had elapsed, everything was paid but the salary and allowances of the Minister himself. The *Epingles* (pin-money,) the name given to those *douceurs* which were levied under old contracts, both public and private, were not likely to pass into the treasury of Carnot. A horse-dealer with whom he had large transactions, brought him 50,000 francs as the sum due to him under this name. Having served his official apprenticeship in the Committee of Public Safety, where contractors durst not speak of *douceurs*, Carnot did not at first comprehend the nature of the liberality which was offered him; but when he did understand it, he received the money with a smile, but immediately paid it back again to account of the horses which the dealer had contracted to furnish for the army.

Our author mentions another instance of the honesty of his colleague, less with the view of doing honor to his memory, than with the hope, feeble as it was, of its having some effect in checking the prodigality of certain ministers of the day. It had become necessary, after the 18th Brumaire, that Moreau should send one of his divisions to the army of Italy, and that the Minister of War should carry into execution this order of the Consuls, dated 15th Floréal, 1800. Carnot, with six officers of his staff, two couriers, and a domestic, repaired to Germany, inspecting on their way the troops stationed between Dijon and Geneva. After passing through the cantonments on the Rhine, they visited the forts, and having fixed with the General-in-Chief the plan of the future campaign, they returned to Paris. The Treasury had allowed 24,000 francs for this service. On his return, Carnot paid back 10,680; having, in the expenditure of 13,320 francs, acted liberally to his companions, and obeyed the orders he received, to give splendor and importance to his mission at the principal places which he visited. The Clerks of the Treasury did not know how to enter the sum of 10,680 francs in their books; but upon turning back to the period when, as a representative of the people, Carnot had inspected the Republican armies, the Clerks of Finance found in their registry the very entry which they sought, and this as often as Carnot had fulfilled his mission.

That the cold and reserved manners of Carnot were united with a warm and affectionate heart, M. Arago has given the most ample evidence. "He was certainly not," as D'Alembert said of one of the Secretaries of the Academy, "*a volcano covered with snow*," but there was about him "something which went straight to the heart, which touched, and moved, and electrified it." His noble conduct to Latour d'Auvergne, and to Colonel Bisson, under very different circumstances, has been described with such beauty and power by M. Arago, that we regret the necessity of abridging such interesting details. General Latour d'Auvergne, distinguished by his learning as well as his bravery, was descended from the family of Turenne. When the revolution broke out and deprived him of all the advantages of his position, he hastened to the field when the frontiers of his country were assailed. He refused all promotion beyond the rank of a captain; but, in order that his eminent services might be made available to the State, Carnot collected into one corps all the com-

panies of grenadiers in the army of the Western Pyrenees, and having removed every officer above the rank of a captain, older than Latour d'Auvergne, the modest soldier found himself charged with an important command; and so brilliant were the services of this remarkable body of men, that it received from the Spaniards the name of the *Infernal Column*. When Carnot became Minister of War, Latour d'Auvergne quitted for a third time the literary pursuits which were so dear to him, and offered to serve under Moreau. Carnot could not bear to see the commander of the *Infernal Column*, the author of the *Origines Gauloises*, and a correspondent of the Institute, arrive on the Rhine as the most obscure combatant. The title of "*First Grenadier of France*" struck his imagination. Latour d'Auvergne was officially invested with it; and without removing the epaulettes of the grenadier, he became equal in the soldier's eyes, if not superior, to the first dignitaries of the army.

The anecdote of Colonel Bisson is no less touching and instructive. "At the battle of Messenheim, near Inspruck, in 1800, General Championnet had noticed the bold intrepidity of Colonel Bisson, and asked for him the epaulettes of a general of brigade. Weeks passed without any news of his promotion. Bisson becomes impatient, waits upon the minister, and addresses him in an angry and brutal manner. 'Young man,' replies Carnot, calmly, 'it is possible that I may have made a mistake, but your uncivil manners may prevent me from correcting it. Go—I will inquire carefully into your services.' 'My services!' replied the colonel; 'ah! I know too well that you despise them—you, who from the floor of this office send us coldly an order to die. Away from danger and the severity of the seasons, you have forgotten, and will still forget, that our blood flows, and that we lie upon the ground.'—'Colonel,' replied the minister, 'this is too much; it is for your own interest that our conversation is not continued in such a tone. Withdraw! your address, if you please? Go—and in a short time you will hear news from me.' These last words, delivered in a solemn tone, opened the eyes of Colonel Bisson. He hastened to seek for consolation from a devoted friend, General Bessieres. Here, however, he was made to understand that a council of war would be the necessary consequence of his folly. Expecting this, Bisson hides himself, and a faithful servant goes hourly to the hotel to find the dreaded summons. The ministerial packet at last

arrives. Bisson, in great excitement, tears open the cover. The packet, gentlemen, contained the brevet of General of Brigade, and the letters of service." The repentant soldier rushed to the war-office to express his gratitude and admiration; but, though he was denied admission, he published in the evening the particulars of the results of his interview with Carnot.

The following is the eloquent conclusion of the Life of Carnot:—

"Of all the qualities," says M. Arago, "of which great men may boast, Modesty seems to be the least obligatory, and those who deem it of the greatest value, are those for whom it will procure the most durable fame. Who, for example, does not know by heart the letter which Turenne wrote to his wife 170 years ago, on the day of the celebrated battle of Dunes. 'The enemy have come to us, they have been beaten. God be praised. I have been a little fatigued during the day. I wish you good night, and I go to bed.'"

"Carnot did not forget himself less than the illustrious general of Louis XIV., not only among his intimate connections, but even when he wrote to the Convention. I have already mentioned to you the part which he took at the battle of Wattignies. Read the bulletin which this memorable and decisive event inspired, and you will in vain seek in it any words which remind you of that representative of the people. 'The Republicans charged with the bayonet in advance, and remained victorious.'"

"All of you, too, who have known Carnot, tell me if he ever, without a direct and pressing invitation, willingly conversed with you about those European events which he had so often directed. Justly jealous of the esteem of France, the former Director, while in exile, replied in writing to the calumnies of his accusers. His argument was on such occasions spirited, poignant, and severe. It was visible in each line that it proceeded from a wounded heart. Nor did the most legitimate invitation ever lead our colleague beyond the circle which his enemies had marked out. His defence might in some respects resemble an attack, but in reality, when more narrowly examined, it was still a defence. Carnot disclaimed the thought of erecting a pedestal with the immortal trophies which he had achieved during his Conventional and Directorial career. Modesty, gentlemen, is of a noble character when it thus triumphs over passion.

"In matters of science, the illustrious academican exhibited the same reserve. It might be truly said that he regulated his conduct by the reflection of one of the oldest and most ingenious of your interpreters. 'When a philosopher speaks for the instruction of others, and in the exact measure of the instruction which they wish to acquire, he confers a favor. If he speaks only to show his own knowledge, the favor is conferred by those who listen to him.'

"Modesty, too, is a quality worthy of esteem and respect only when it exists in individuals

Public bodies, and academies in particular, would be guilty of an error, and would fail in their highest duty, if they neglected to display before the public the legitimate titles which they have to the esteem, to the gratitude, and to the admiration of the world. The more they are justly celebrated, the greater is the desire to belong to them, and the more will the laborious efforts which they make to attain this end turn to the advantage of science and the glory of the human mind. This sentiment, gentlemen, has encouraged me to unfold before you, in all its details and in its true light, a life so full, so varied, and so stormy as that of Carnot. For nearly two centuries the Academy of Sciences has with religious care preserved the memories of the geometers, the natural philosophers, the astronomers, and the naturalists who have adorned it. The name of the great citizen who by his genius preserved France from foreign subjugation, ought, I think, to be inscribed with some solemnity in this glorious Pantheon."—*Biographie, &c.*, pp. 115-117.

Such was the man whose career terminated in exile—a man above all Greek—above all Roman fame. France can forget Carnot only when she is herself forgotten. The tablet of Parian marble, on which his friend has sculptured his virtues and engraven his wrongs, will convey to every clime, and preserve for every age, the lesson which it so emphatically records. But another monument—one which appeals to the eye, and rises to the heavens, is still due to the warrior who defended his country, and to the sage who adorned it. The ashes of such a man cannot rest in the land of the stranger. The blow which struck the Bourbons reversed the sentence which drove Carnot into exile; and France must yet claim from Prussia the mortal remains of the noblest of her sons. Paris with one heart will welcome them within its walls, and the hands of the wise and the brave will place them near the heart of Turenne, which Carnot had deposited beneath the dome of the Invalids, and near the ashes of Napoleon, whom he first ushered into the field of glory, and whom he last defended when that glory was dimmed.

In thus pleading the cause and emblazoning the deeds of departed genius, let us not overlook the lessons of warning and of wis-

dom which they breathe. The biography of him who was at once a statesman and a sage—a patriot and a warrior—an idol and an exile—an affectionate father and an unchanging friend—a man whom no immorality had stained, and no avarice dishonored—the biography of such a man is the most instructive of all homilies—the brightest of all examples. By the dimensions of the moral and the intellectual giant, we are enabled to scan the stature, and mark the symmetry of other minds, and during this humbling process we cannot but measure the littleness, and mourn over the weakness of our own. Nor is this the only legacy which a Great Man bequeathes to his race. The contemplative mind strives to discover the principles by which so godlike a form has been moulded, and the training by which such mental powers have been developed and applied. The truths which we thus seek are not, like many others, which lie at the bottom of a well; they are seen in their counterparts, lying on the surface and leavening the mass of social life. They appear in the absence of those lofty principles which can alone secure the happiness and promote the moral and intellectual advancement of nations. They are proclaimed "on the house top"—in the ignorance and crimes of the people—in the degeneracy of the priest—the selfishness of the legislator—and the pusillanimity of the statesman. They are displayed in genius neglected—in knowledge taxed—in talent and worth excluded from office by the tests of a fanatical and a sectarian intolerance.

In such an atmosphere there is no vital air in which patriotism and public virtue can breathe. Their very seeds may die—and the memory of illustrious men, the salt of the earth, may perish for ever. A Washington illustrated the century that has passed. A Carnot has adorned that which is passing. Can our annals produce a name like these—of one who lived for the future—who identified himself with his country, and who, in the hurricanes of revolution and of war, would have lashed himself to the mast, to live or to die with the vessel of the State?



From Bentley's Miscellany.

## RED HAIR.

IN the general category of "red" the greater part of people one meets confound every description of hair which is neither black, nor brown, nor white, nor whity-brown. It may be the fiery Milesian shock—it may be the paly amber—it may be the burnished gold—it may be the

"Brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun ;"

—*c'est égal*—it is all "red"—they have no other word.

And yet, under this general term are confounded the two extremes of beauty and ugliness—the two shades which have been respectively made the attributes of the angel and of the demon—we find that while, on the one hand, red hair (or rather a certain shade of it) has been both popularly and poetically associated with all ugliness, all vice, and all malignity, a more pleasing variety of the same hue has been associated with all loveliness, all meekness, and all innocence.

Thus Southey, in his vision of the "Maid of Orleans," after having taken the poor girl to a number of unpleasant places, introduces her to the following disagreeable personage:—

"From thence they came

Where, in the next ward, a most wretched band  
Groaned underneath the bitter tyranny  
Of a fierce Dæmon. His coarse hair was red—  
Pale grey his eyes, and blood-shot, and his face  
Wrinkled with such a smile as malice wears  
In ecstasy. Well pleased he went around,  
Plunging his dagger in the hearts of some,  
Or probing with a poisoned lance their breasts,  
Or placing coals of fire within their wounds."

This demon is Cruelty, and to his charge are committed all those who have exercised cruelty in their lifetime. Among others, "bad husbands," the poet tells us, "undergo a long purgation ;" and serve them right, too, but I would rather have handed them over for pickling to their mothers-in-law.

Thus we find that red hair, or rather a certain shade of it, (be it understood that I always qualify it thus), as betokening a cruel

and fiend-like disposition, is a part of the orthodox description of a professed executioner. Scott, in the "Talisman," gives Richard's headsman "a huge red beard, mingling with shaggy locks of the same color ;" and in the very same scene introduces, as a most marked contrast, his beautiful Queen Berengaria, with her "cherub" countenance, and dishevelled "golden tresses."

It seems, likewise, to be considered the mark of a crafty and treacherous disposition. In Spain it is popularly known by the name of Judas hair, from a belief that the traitor disciple's hair was of that shade, and in all Spanish paintings he is distinguished from the rest of the disciples by the fiery color of his hair. (See Stirling's "Annals of the Artists of Spain.") To such an extent do the Spaniards carry their prejudices, that the Castilians have a proverb, "De tul pelo, ni gato ni perro" (of such hair neither cat nor dog).

In our own country a similar belief seems to have prevailed, though unattended by the same unreasonable prejudice as in Spain. In Shakspeare's play of "As You Like It," *Rosalind* says of her lover—

"*Ros.*—His very hair is of the dissembling color.  
*Celia.*—Something browner than Judas'.  
*Ros.*—I'faith—his hair is of a good color."

Having now seen a certain variety of red hair to be the attributes of the demon—the headsman and the traitor—we shall find another variety of the same hue to be one of the attributes of perfect beauty and innocence. In that most unequal poem, "The Course of Time," Pollok, describing the dawn, says it was:—

"As though the glorious, golden, bushy locks  
Of thousand cherubim had been shorn off,  
And in the temples hung of morn and e'en."

a bold step, by the way, beyond the sublime. Thus, Tennyson's—

"Sweet girl-graduates, in their golden hair."

Thus, by an authority which it would be

heresy to dispute, and to which even a French painter has deferred, she who was "fairest of her daughters," was adorned with locks of flowing gold. And, indeed, it would seem a natural thing for a person to suppose, if unassisted by experience—on two beautiful women being placed before him—the one with shining locks of gold, and complexion radiant as the light, and the other with raven tresses and olive cheek, that the former was the native of a bright and sunny clime, and that the latter had grown up in the shadow of the gloomy northern land. Milton, as a scholar and a traveler, could not have written his description in ignorance, but it was painted, no doubt, from a model of his own, and he *could* not have drawn the fairest of women after any other pattern than that of her who possessed his imagination as the ideal of womanly beauty.

Now were I to picture the first of women, I would give her an almost Indian dusk, and the Abyssinian large, sad, gentle eye, (for the mother of mankind should have a touch of melancholy), and flowing tresses of raven black, and everybody would say it was nothing like her.

The talented authoress of "Jane Eyre," by the way, is very much dissatisfied with Milton's Eve, (not with the color of her hair, but with her culinary qualifications,) and, making a mouthpiece of her heroine, Shirley, exclaims, indignantly, that she was not Adam's wife, but his "housekeeper." She accordingly tries her hand upon an Eve of her own, and produces a sort of misty angel instead of Milton's comfortable woman. Fie! Miss Bell! find fault with Eve for being a good housekeeper! What sort of prospect is that for your husband? I have an idea, however, that Miss Bell is better than her word, and could almost wager that the authoress of "Jane Eyre" makes first-rate apple-jelly.

To return to our subject: I have in the next place to draw the reader's attention to some of the more marked prejudices or predilections of different nations on the subject. Among all nations, the ancient Egyptians stand pre-eminent for the violence of their aversion to red hair. Theirs was literally a *burning* hatred, for on the authority of Diodorus and others, that highly civilized people annually performed the ceremony of burning alive an unfortunate individual whose only crime was the color of his hair. Fancy the state of mind into which every possessor of the obnoxious shade must have been thrown on the approach of the dreaded ceremony,

each not knowing whether himself might not be selected as the victim. Let us try to realize a case. Suppose an individual, perhaps a most respectable citizen, of unblemished character, and with hair not so very red, only the supply has been unequal to the demand, and the more flagrant culprits have been used up—fancy the poor man rushing distractedly about, piteously asking his friends whether they think his hair is really so very red—fancy him, more eagerly than Titmouse, grasping at every receipt warranted to produce a deep and permanent black—fancy him sneaking nervously through the streets, imagining that every one who looks at him is saying to himself, "That's the man for the bonfire." What can the poor man do? If he were to flee to another city, they would burn him all the more readily as being a stranger, in preference to one of their own townsmen. If he were to have an artful wig made, the perruquier might be a conscientious man, and feel it his duty to denounce him. The time draws nearer and nearer, and as the dread truth that his hair is unquestionably the reddest in the place begins to ooze out by degrees, his agony is redoubled. It is the last night; unable in the extremity of his anguish to form any plan, or take any measure, he passes the time walking distractedly about his house, exclaiming, "O this dreadful red hair!" The morning dawns; for the ten-thousandth time he rushes to his glass. Ha! what is this? His hair is no longer red; fear and anguish have turned it white. He leaps high into the air. "Ha—Ha—cured in an instant!" But he dares not trust the evidence of his own bewildered mind. He calls all his household around him, and puts the question to each of his servants in turn, "What color is my hair?" They all tell him it is white, and their looks of astonishment assure him that they speak the truth. A loud knocking is heard at the door. His heart leaps within him, yet he feels that he is safe. Then a horrible qualm comes over him; fear and anguish had turned his hair white—perhaps joy may have turned it red again. Once more he rushes to his glass. No, it is all right. But he cannot bear the suspense, and rushes to the door himself. He sees the priests come for him—the magistrates, and all the little boys. Some of them may be his friends, but it is a religious ceremony, and all private feeling must give way. However, they think it proper to look grave as they inquire, "Is Mr. — within?"—"I am, Mr. —," he cries, with trembling eagerness. His fellow-townsmen are taken aback. They had known him well—many of

them often dined at his house, and therefore it would have been interesting to see how he behaved when burnt (our amateurs will tell you that there is a great deal more pleasure in seeing a man hanged whom you know). However, there is no help for it—it would be monstrous to burn a man whose hair was not red. So they hypocritically congratulate him, and he goes off with a lightsome heart to see his neighbor burnt.

It is right, however, to remark, that Sir Gardner Wilkinson throws doubt on the whole story, upon the general ground that the Egyptians were too civilized a people to permit such a barbarous custom. Seeing, however, that it is not a couple of centuries since old women were served in the same way in England, I think his reason scarcely sufficient. As to the fact that this people had a violent antipathy to red hair, there is no dispute, and the reason may probably be found in the circumstance of their being, as we learn from the sculptures, continually at war with a red-haired people called the Rebo, and it is probable, that if the above savage rite was ever actually performed, the victims were the prisoners taken in war. Among their own nation red hair was very uncommon, for though it is found upon a great number of mummies, it is merely the effect of imperfect embalming, which has changed the natural color of the hair.

It would appear from the terms “red-haired barbarians,” and “red-haired devils,” which the Chinese have been wont to employ towards us English, that in that country a similar antipathy prevails.

Now, I want to know what right the Chinese have to call us “red-haired.” They may call us “barbarians” or “devils,” if they like, for that is a matter of opinion, but as to the color of our hair, that is a matter of fact, and I submit that they have no right to take the exception for the rule.

And here I would call attention to a curious coincidence of idea between these two people. It was in honor of Typho, or the devil, that the Egyptians annually burned a person with red hair, and “red-haired devils” is the term which the Chinese employ towards us, both nations appearing to associate the idea of devils with red hair.

Another idea suggests itself in connection with the above, namely, the deceptiveness of a great part of historical evidence. We say unhesitatingly, on the authority of the Egyptian monuments, that that people were at war with a red-haired tribe called the Rebo, whom *they soundly thrashed*. Now, will not future

historians, if they trust to similar evidence, say as unhesitatingly, on the authority of Chinese records, that that people were at war with a red-haired tribe called the English, whom they soundly thrashed?

We find another instance of the manner in which this peculiarity of individuals has appeared so striking to an Oriental nation as to induce them to make it the characteristic of the people, in the prophecy current among the Turks, that Constantinople shall one day be retaken by a yellow-haired nation, in which prophecy the general opinion is that the Russians are referred to.

But we can scarcely wonder at the delusion of the Chinese respecting the color of our hair, when we find that a similar idea (based probably on the same foundation as that of our selling our wives) used to prevail very generally among our well-informed neighbors across the Channel. I believe, however, that this impression has very much died away since a certain French traveler was candid enough to contradict it. “I spik,” said he, “always de truth, and I vill say dat I *have* seen English which had *not* red hair.”

If we turn to the ancient Romans, we find that that people had as strong a penchant in favor of yellow or golden hair as the above-named nations had a prejudice against red. Among them yellow hair was so much admired that their ladies were in the habit of making use of cosmetics to change the color of their raven locks. The hue most esteemed was probably a very dark shade, and almost a brown, as the epithet (*flavus*), made use of by Horace to describe it, is the same which he constantly employs to describe the color of the Tiber. Judging by what we know of the color of the Tiber, the epithet appears to be by no means complimentary, but the affection of the Romans for their river made them imagine it to be everything that was beautiful. In this respect they were the reverse of ourselves, who make a point of abusing the Thames, for the dirt we ourselves have put into it.

The predilection of the Romans has descended to the modern Italians, among whose women we find many beautiful varieties of the golden hue so much prized by the ancient connoisseurs among the ancient, as among the modern Greeks we find a similar penchant; and the ancient custom of employing ornaments of gold to heighten the effect of the darker-colored hair, as bronze is set off by or-molu is preserved to the present day.

To the violent antipathy of the Spaniards I have already had occasion to allude. In

our own country, golden hair has always been admired, and in the Middle Ages a similar practice to that of the ancient Romans was in fashion among our ladies. They were in the habit of dying their hair yellow, and thinning their eyebrows—the latter custom exactly the reverse of that so common in the East,

In the Lowlands of Scotland yellow hair is a still more general favorite, for we find that of almost all the popular songs a “yellow-haired laddie,” or a “yellow-haired lassie,” is the hero, or the heroine, as the case may be.

On the other hand, among some of the Highland clans, red hair is regarded with so much aversion as to be considered a positive deformity. I remember an amusing instance of this, though I do not at present recollect the authority. A certain nobleman paid a visit to an old Highlander, and was introduced by him to his family, consisting of six fine, stalwart sons. The nobleman, however, happened to be aware that there were seven, and inquired after the absent member. The old man sorrowfully gave him to understand that an afflictive dispensation of Providence had rendered the seventh unfit to be introduced in company.

“Ah, poor fellow,” said the sympathizing visitor, “I see—some mental infirmity!”

“On the contrary,” replied the father, “he is by far the cleverest of the family—there is nothing the matter with his mind.”

“Oh, then, by all means let me see him,” said the nobleman, and while the old man went in quest of the unpresentable youth, he prepared a kind word for the cripple, whom

he expected to be produced. To his astonishment, however, the father returned, followed by a fine, tall, handsome young fellow, by far the most prepossessing of the family.

“Excuse me,” stammered the nobleman; “but I—in fact—I see nothing the matter with him.”

“Nothing the matter with him!” mournfully exclaimed the afflicted parent; “nothing the matter with him? Look at his hair!”

The nobleman looked; sure enough, his hair was *red*!

It is probable that this bitter aversion may have originated in some quarrel between the different clans, as we find that there are clans in which red hair preponderates.

Sir Walter Scott seems to have had a decided penchant for golden locks—at least I judge so from the number of his heroines to whom he has given hair of that color, and from the fact of his invariably comfortably marrying them, while their dark-haired companions are frequently much less satisfactorily disposed of. His reason for this seems to be an idea that they are more gentle, less ambitious, and less apt to get into mischief. Thus, the amiable, golden-haired Brenna marries the interesting Mordaunt, while the dark-haired and high-souled Minna spills her affection upon a good-for-nothing pirate. Thus the gentle Rose Bradwardine marries the interesting Waverley, while poor Flora M’Ivor’s gallant heart is wasted in chivalrous and unprofitable loyalty. I somewhat doubt the correctness of his theory, for I think the spirit of the old sea-kings not unfrequently descends with the inheritance of their golden hair.

## SPRING.

Gay Spring has woven her garlands,  
For the brows of the radiant hours,  
And her guest from far, in his golden car,  
Rides forth through a world of flowers.  
How ask ye *me* for a garland,  
A song, or a strain of glee?  
O, the wood-bird’s lay is blithe as the day—  
How ask ye then music from me!

Through the long-drawn aisles of the forest  
Roam proudly its antler’d kings,  
And vocal again is the heathery plain  
With the wild-bee’s murmurous wings:  
And the streamlets laugh and sparkle,  
As rejoicing to be free;  
And the world is filled with music,  
And ye need not song from me.

O, ask ye the brave and the blithesome  
For a song of the flowery prime,  
Whose hopes gleam bright in the morning light,  
Whose hearts are at one with Time!  
’Twere the very mock of gladness,  
And a sickly sight, to see  
A smile for a tear at dead man’s bier;  
But sadder a smile from me.

Yet the world is fill’d with music;  
And a throb of joy will sweep,  
Like a flash of light, o’er the cords with might,  
To wake them from wintry sleep.  
Could the sad heart lose its sadness,  
And the mourner cease to be,  
I would try a lay with the rest to-day:  
O, ask ye not music from me. E. C.



From the Dublin University Magazine.

## JOHN BUNYAN.\*

A NEW edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, the most beautiful and the best we have yet seen, has been laid on our table, and our thoughts are thus directed to good old John Bunyan. It would not be easy to think of Bunyan without the lines of Cowper, in which the Pilgrim's Progress is so happily described rising up before the mind. They have been often quoted, and with them Southey commences his "Life of Bunyan;" yet, torn from the context in which they occur, half their effect is lost. We know no passage more striking than that with which the "Tirocinium," the poem from which Cowper's address to Bunyan is taken, opens; the calm grandeur, the continuous sublimity, language absolutely perfect, as if flowing without effort, the natural expression of habitual feeling, and yet—examine it—in each phrase, elaborated with an artist's consummate skill, is something that was unknown in English poetry from the days of Dryden, and even in Dryden, whose manner it most resembles, there is nothing superior. The passage is one not as well known as it ought to be, for Cowper's longer poems in rhyme never quite had the popularity which the "Task" at once acquired, and continues to possess; and this particular poem had the disadvantage of being first circulated in the same volume with the Task, and there can be little doubt was altogether overshadowed by the greater work. Our readers will probably, therefore, thank us for directing their attention to some of the finest lines in the language. The opening of this poem is, we believe, absolutely unknown, even to those who are best acquainted with the treasures of English poetry, and we entreat them not to delay reading for themselves the whole magnificent passage, of which we can give but a few of the closing lines:—

"If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,  
The next mere dust and ashes in the grave;  
Endowed with reason only to descry  
His crimes and follies with an aching eye;  
With passions, just that he may prove with  
    pain,  
The force he spends against their fury vain;  
And if, soon after having burnt, by turns,  
With every lust with which frail nature burns,  
His being end where death dissolves the bond,  
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond;  
Then he of all that nature has brought forth  
Stands, self-impeached, the creature of least  
    worth,  
And useless while he lives, and when he dies,  
Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies."

The fitting education of a being thus endowed, and who (if all else in creation reflects its Maker's wisdom), with attributes such as man has been gifted with, must be intended for purposes that do not seem realized on earth, is a duty; and thus, from the very earliest period in which the infant mind can be directed or trained, parents and governors should endeavor to direct and train it so as to be in correspondence with its high destiny. The purposes with reference to which man is created, may be defeated as far as the individual is concerned, and the whole hereafter of an immortal being affected by the mould into which his early thoughts are cast. Having stated this in a passage of somewhat more subdued eloquence than that which we have quoted, the poet proceeds to describe the education of the nursery, as the nursery was something more than half a century ago:—

"Neatly secured from being soiled or torn  
Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,  
A book (to please us at a tender age  
'Tis called a book, though but a single page),  
Presents the prayer the Saviour deigned to  
    teach,  
Which children use, and parsons, when they  
    preach.  
O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing  
Back to the season of life's happy spring,  
I pleased remember, and while memory yet  
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget,

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\* "The Pilgrim's Progress," &c., by John Bunyan, with Memoir of the Author, by George Cheever, D.D. With Engravings on Wood, by Dalziel, from designs by Harvey. London. D. Bogue. 1850.

Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told tale  
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail ;  
Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple  
style

May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile ;  
Witty and well employed, and like thy Lord,  
Speaking in parables His slighted Word.

I name thee not, lest so despised a name  
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame,  
Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,  
That mingles all my brown with sober gray,  
Revere the man whose *pilgrim* marks the  
road,

And guides the *progress* of the soul to God.

'Twere well with most, if books that could en-  
gage

Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age ;  
The man approving what had charmed the  
boy,

Would die, at last, in comfort, peace, and joy ;  
And not with curses on his heart, who stole  
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul."

The final estimate which is made by that part of the public, on whose verdict literary reputation depends, is one which it would be hazardous in any particular case to anticipate. Bunyan was the contemporary of Baxter, of Taylor, of Milton. Had Cowper been speaking of any one of the set, there could be no reason for suppressing the name ; yet, there can be no doubt, we believe, that even if the circulation of books be alone considered, the *Pilgrim's Progress* must have been in thousands of hands more than any of the more popular works of these great writers reached, and if we think not of the circulation, the diffusion of the books alone, but of the actual readers, we shall find it probable that Bunyan outnumbers not these alone, but almost any writer in the language. The period of childhood, too, in which the *Pilgrim*, as well as *Robinson Crusoe*, is first read, and in which whatever is read is sure, at some after-period of life, to reappear in increased vividness, renders it certain, that the influence of this wonderful book is greater than any other we could name. In many of the editions the rude wood-cuts greatly assist in impressing the story on the imagination. Bunyan has been happily called the Spenser of the people : in some respects he resembles Spenser, not, surely, in "the accomplishment of verse," not, surely, in scholarship, in which Spenser was unexcelled, and through which he scarcely ever touches on a classical image without giving it some added beauty, in perfect keeping and harmony with the old mythology into which he breathes the life of a better religion, reminding us of the beautiful application which, in Keble's "*Christian Year*," we find, of

the narrative of the Israelites entering into Canaan :—

" And when their wondrous march was o'er,  
And they had won their homes,  
Where Abraham fed his flock of yore,  
Among their father's tombs ;  
A land that drinks the rain of heaven at will,  
Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad  
hill.

" Oft as they watch'd, at thoughtful eve,  
A gale from bowers of balm  
Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and heave  
The tresses of the palm,  
Just as the lingering sun had touch'd with  
gold,  
Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of giants  
old.

" It was a fearful joy, I ween,  
To trace the heathen's toil,  
The limpid wells, the orchards green,  
Left ready for the spoil,  
The household stores untouch'd, the roses  
bright,  
Wreath'd o'er the cottage wall in garlands of  
delight.

" And now another Canaan yields  
To thine all-conquering ark ;  
Fly from the 'old poetic' fields,  
Ye Paynim shadows dark,  
Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,  
Lo ! here the 'unknown God' of thine uncon-  
scious praise."

" The olive wreath, the ivied wand,  
'The sword in myrtles drest,'  
Each legend of the shadowy strand  
Now wakes a vision blest ;  
As little children lisp, and tell of heaven,  
So thoughts beyond their thought to those  
high bards were given.

" And these are ours ; thy partial grace  
The tempting treasure lends ;  
These relics of a guilty race  
Are forfeit to thy friends ;  
What seem'd an idol hymn now breathes of  
thee,  
Tuned by faith's ear to some celestial  
melody.

" There's not a strain to memory dear,  
Nor flower in classic grove,  
There's not a sweet note warbled here,  
But 'minds us of thy love.  
O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of *our* foes,  
There is no light but thine : with thee all  
beauty glows."

These lines are of great beauty, and the deep truth implied in the fact which they state, that all things, however seemingly ad-

verse, become subordinated to the ruling purpose of the mind, and work together for good, is one of which we should not lose sight; and if the heathen poets, and orators, and legislators are found to aid the teacher of Christian faith—if we can find them, notwithstanding adverse systems, and “strange religions, full of pomp and gold,” assistant to us in the formation of the individual mind for a better world, and for our task in converting societies into better conditions than it has yet manifested, how much more may we expect to derive help towards such purposes, from the works of such men as Bunyan. The Library is a scene which breathes repose—Fenelon, and Plato, and More;—prophets and philosophers, and poets, and kings;—kings that laid down their lives for what they believed to be the truth; philosophers who lived

“As ever in the great task-master’s eye.”

the Charleses and Miltons, all at rest, yet living to us in some truth, which through them became more distinctly understood, more operative to all after time. Here, among our books, we sympathize with all, and whatever their wars on earth were, we regard them as now in strong sympathy with each other. There is a passage in Coleridge, which is beautifully written, and well worth dwelling on:—

“When I have before me on the same table the works of Hammond and Baxter; when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving each other; it seems a mournful thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the *human* TOO-MUCH on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce.

“If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, defending both. Milton’s next work was then against the Prelacy and the then existing Church Government—Taylor’s in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was *called* republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more skeptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Coun-

cils, and for Church Antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to *all* forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-communion of his own spirit with the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not indeed to Popery, but) to Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be, and would utter the same, to all, on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any. . . .

“The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment, and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) *agglomerative*; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of Fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by Schoolmen in subtlety, ability, and logical wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expression and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still, inter-fused here and there, we see a tongue or islet of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

“Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrarily, wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In Genius, in Learning, in unfeigned Piety, in blameless Purity of Life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general Toleration, and the Liberty both of the Pulpit and the Press.”

In our selection, then, of John Bunyan as the hero of our paper, we must not be understood to express any opinion whatever on any of the great questions on which the Christian world is divided; we ask not

whether he is to be regarded as layman or ordained minister; we fall not out with those who were fond, in the latter part of his life, of calling him Bishop Bunyan, holding, that if we find him teaching apostolic doctrine, and not offending against the ordinances of society, it falls not within our province to affect to discuss or determine the serious questions which perplex divines and theologians. In thinking of the highest order of minds, where the affections are not altogether shut out from our view by the nature of the individual's pursuits, we find the life of the man almost inseparable from his works. Each reflects illustration on the other. This is the case remarkably with Milton, whose life, notwithstanding all that has been done by Hayley and by Simmons, if studied with careful attention to all the hints which his poems give, would greatly increase the interest of the poems. In the "Samson Agonistes" we cannot but read much of his own history, and the Latin poems are almost professedly biographical.

Without classing either Bunyan or Cowper with that highest rank of intellect, we regard their works and themselves as one. It is fortunate for Cowper's reputation that his letters have been preserved; they interpret his playfulness, and they soften and reconcile some exceedingly harsh traits in that part of his poetry which was first published—we mean the poems in rhyme, his first volume, given to the public under the ominous auspices, and with an austere preface, by Newton. Had these poems been the only fruit of his genius, and had we of his prose nothing but the biographical fragment which records the commencement of his insanity, with the strange lights from other worlds gleaming through the record, and only making the gloom seem more intense and more hopeless, we should in reality have been entirely misled as to his character and powers. Imperfect information is worse than none, and such a document as Cowper's account of his insanity, uncorrected by the private letters, would have just furnished the kind of evidence which each man's imagination would piece out into something most entirely unlike the proper character of the man. Indeed, we do not think, in estimating Cowper's character, quite enough is allowed for his insanity. The contrasts with habitual feeling, which are often exhibited in insanity, are familiar to every one who has seen sufferers under some of the many diseases which are called by this generic name. His best friends are by the lunatic regarded as

his bitterest and most implacable enemies. A German critic, who has analyzed, with great subtlety, some of Shakspeare's characters, tells us that the wild, coarse language given to Ophelia is not only evidence of her reason being overthrown, but of the purity of her mind before the reasoning powers were gone; that some law of contrast exists; and that insanity, far from revealing, as drunkenness is said to do, the real secrets of the bosom, perverts every feeling and every thought. If this be so, it may perhaps suggest how Cowper, who believed in the unlimited mercy of God, regarded himself as excluded from the hope of salvation. The "Memoir" of Cowper, to which we advert, is one that bears some resemblance in its character to Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," the narrative on which every biography of Bunyan is founded.

Bunyan was born in the year 1628, at Elstow, a village near Bedford. His "descent was," in his own language, "of a low and inconsiderable generation. My father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land." The father is stated in a history of Bedfordshire to have been bred to the business of a brazier, and to have worked as a journeyman in Bedford. Brazier seems but a more courteous form of language to express what is commonly meant by tinker. It would appear that Bunyan's father did not pursue his craft as an itinerant, and that he sent his son to school, and had him taught to read and write. From all this Southey finds some difficulty in accounting for Bunyan's language in describing his original position as of such extreme meanness; and Scott suggests, as a solution of the difficulty,—supporting the conjecture by a passage in Bunyan's autobiography, which does not quite sustain his view,—that the family were originally gypsies. We shall, when we touch on that passage in the course of our narrative, show our reasons for differing from Sir Walter. At school, Bunyan attended "according to the rate of other poor men's children; though, to my shame I confess, I did soon lose what I had learned even almost utterly." Bunyan's narrative of his early life was written in advanced age, and while there can be no doubt of its general truth, it would be unjust to regard all its statements as having the kind of accuracy which is ascribed to them by several of his biographers. Something is to be allowed for the use of a peculiar religious dialect, employed for the purpose of conveying a doctrine at the same



time that it details a fact, and perhaps exaggerates the fact, lest the doctrine should seem understated. That we should translate Bunyan's words in describing "his natural life" "before the gracious work of conversion in his soul," into something different from the full force of the language, will probably be admitted by most of our readers, when we tell them, that he studiously uses Scripture phraseology, the strongest he can find. We should not think ourselves warranted in lowering the statement to anything less than the author's words, were he using his own words, but where he uses the language of the inspired writers, we feel it absolutely necessary to believe it used with qualifications and accommodations, all which we must take into consideration, and limit this adopted phraseology by such facts as we find stated in ordinary language. We must separate the feeling, with which his past life is recollected by him, and which feeling we regard as alone embodied in the scriptural expressions, from the facts which he would detail. Words that would indicate general rofigacy, we find, by other circumstances, meant what is bad enough, "that from a child he had but few equals for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God."

*Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, is the title of Bunyan's narrative of his own life. This very title would render somewhat of over-statement to be expected. Exaggerate the sin, and you may make the grace more abundant. Calm and apparently subdued as the old man's spirit was, yet the very title of his tract, making all allowance for the conventional language of the period in which he wrote, is that of a person under strong and habitual excitement. We admire and we should anxiously wish to share the feeling, but we cannot forbear saying, that it, like all other strong feelings, colors all that it beholds; that, vivid as the dreams of his childhood may have been, we think it by no means unlikely that in his recollections of them in after life, they assumed more intense vividness, that, in fact, in these biographical records, by a man of highly imaginative power, much of what seems to be but remembered is almost the creation of the moment, in which what is called the record is composed; that in the case of Bunyan as in that of Goethe, we have, without, however, the consciousness of the half self-deception which the German's title-page exhibits, an inseparable blending of truth and fiction. The divine dreamer was, it would seem, from his

early childhood, the victim of dreams, and the scenery of his visions was always taken from the other world.

"Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and affrighten me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with fearful visions: for often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, labored to draw me away with them, of which I should never be rid.

"Also, I should at these years be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire; still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains of bonds and darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.

"These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith; yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish, either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil; supposing they were only tormentors; but if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than to be tormented myself.

"A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them as if they had never been; wherefore, with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lust, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God; so that, until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader of all the youth that kept me company, in all manner of vice and ungodliness."

It is not improbable, that the dreams which re-appeared in such brightness in his successive works, were in some cases recollections of actual dreams of childhood; nor is it less likely, that when he sought to bring back his childhood, and make it the distinct subject of thought, he should unconsciously exercise the marvellous faculty which gives shape and almost substance to what would, in the case of ordinary men, be classed with the mere vapors of the night. That Bunyan apolo with entire truth, when he told much of his early life to "those whom God accounted him worthy to beget to faith by his ministry in the Word," is a fact of which we have no doubt whatever, and we place entire reliance on all such details as are properly the subject of observation or of evidence. But it is

scarce possible to regard any records of dreams and visions as coming within such a classification. The shadows of clouds might almost as easily be described. We are to remember, too, in forming a judgment on this matter, not merely Bunyan's habit of clothing all his thoughts in something of allegory, but the purpose of his communication to his followers. "It is profitable at large for Christians to be often calling to mind the very beginnings of grace with their souls." He writes to them from prison, and the language is altogether framed from passages of Scripture.

"Once again," he says, "as before from the tops *Shenir* and *Hermion*, so now from the *lion's den* and the *mountains of the leopards*, . . . I have sent you here inclosed a drop of that honey that I taken out of the carcase of a lion, *Judges*, xiv. 5-8. I have eaten thereof myself, and am much refreshed thereby. Temptations, when we meet them at first, are as the lion that roared upon *Samson*; but if we overcome them, the next time we see them, we shall find a nest of honey within them. The Philistines understood me not. It is something; a relation of the work of God upon my soul, even from the very first till now, wherein you may perceive my castings down, and risings up; for he woundeth, and his hands make whole. It is written in the Scripture, *Isa.* xxxviii. 16—'The father to the children shall make known the truth of God.' Yea, it was for this reason I lay so long at Sinai, *Lev.* iv. 10. 11, to see the fire, and the cloud, and darkness, that I might fear the Lord all the days of my life upon earth, and tell of his wondrous works to my children, *Psa.* lxxviii. 3, 4, 5."

The purposes, then, of God in His dealings with His people, and the way in which thoughts originate in the mind, are the proper subjects of this "Epistle" of Bunyan's; and there is seen in it everywhere a disposition, as far as is at all possible, to refer everything to a power operating without our will or against it. It is not surprising, therefore, that he looks for something like inspiration in everything that is seemingly least connected with the ordinary on-goings of the mental powers. He looks for miracles, and he finds them; but were it not for his extraordinary strength of mind, and for his logical powers, of an order rarely surpassed, there would have been the danger of this habit degenerating into the most servile or baseless superstition. The auguries and oracles of old pagan days would find a justification in this strange habit of seeking guidance from some capricious interpretation of dreams and omens; and we think even the language of Scripture, applied in the way he

applied it, by persons of mental power inferior to his, not less likely to lead into absurdity and error. Bunyan, however, had this security against anything of important error; he seized some one truth, and this, once fixed in his mind, he never parted with. However derived, and it sometimes was made out by inferences depending each on the other, in what seemed argument, and was but analogy, yet, once attained, it became the measure of every other proposition with which it could be compared. There is a passage in this narrative which illustrates what we mean. He tells us that

"He was made to see something concerning the beasts that Moses counted clean and unclean. Now I read that the clean beasts *chewed*; that is, thought I, they show us that we must feed on the Word of God. They also *parted the hoof*; I thought that signified we must part, if we would be saved, with the ways of ungodly men. . . . I thought the hare to be a type of those who talk of the Word, yet walk in the ways of sin; and that the swine was like him that parted with his outward pollution, but still wanted the Word of Faith, without which there would be no way of salvation, let a man be never so devout."

In some such way as this is everything in the Bible made a sort of symbol, not altogether arbitrarily, for Bunyan, most often, is working out some suggestion of the New Testament, arguing from the antetype first to the type; but then from the type deducing inferences often with extreme ingenuity, but their application being always limited by some fixed truth otherwise ascertained. Had Bunyan been a reader of the Talmud, this sort of allegorizing and symbolizing would not have been strange. As it was, the fancies were altogether his own. We cannot render Bunyan known to our readers, nor will the "Pilgrim's Progress" be altogether understood, without our giving some account of his life. Though he appears to have cursed and sworn, and to have robbed orchards—this last is perhaps an unfair inference from his ascribing this feat to the hero of one of his spiritual romances—he felt a shock which made him tremble when he saw men professing religion act wickedly. He had a providential escape, which he thankfully records. He fell into a creak of the sea, and narrowly escaped drowning. He fell out of a boat, in the Bedford river, and was saved. He struck an adder on the back with a stick, and having stunned her, plucked out the sting with his fingers, "by which act," he adds, "had not God been merciful

to me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to my end."

We next find Bunyan in the army. It is probable that it was while in the army he felt "those strokes upon his spirit which made his heart ache," that are told us of in his autobiography, when he witnessed the reprobate conduct of men professing religion. In his life of Mr. Badman, he gives an instance of such profligacy, which we suppose was common enough either in the royal or parliamentary armies. Bunyan, writing years after the Restoration, did not feel it necessary in his tract to say with which side he was engaged, but there can be no doubt it was Cromwell's. Among them the contrast of religion with profligacy was more likely to exist and to force itself on his attention, and Bunyan was, on the whole, likely to have been benefited in his moral nature, from being taken, even for awhile, from the streets of Bedford. Hume's description of the parliamentary army is probably pretty accurate; and to have been removed from the streets of Bedford, where he passed his time cursing and swearing (if we are to take his own account as accurate), or, when he was better employed, in earning his bread as a tinker, herding with gypsies, and stealing poultry from farm-yards, and to be placed even under such irregular discipline as he must have been forced into, could not but have been a change for the better. Ascribe as much as you will to hypocrisy and fanaticism, there must remain much of what influenced the mind to good in such devotional exercises as occupied Cromwell's army.

"Never surely was a more singular army assembled, than that which was now set on foot by the parliament. To the greater number of the regiments, chaplains were not appointed. The officers assumed the spiritual duty, and united it with their military functions. During the intervals of action, they occupied themselves in sermons, prayers, exhortations; and the same emulation, there, attended them, which, in the field, is so necessary to support the honor of that profession. Rapturous ecstasies supplied the place of study and reflection; and while the zealous devotees poured out their thoughts in unpremeditated harangues, they mistook that eloquence, which to their own surprise, as well as that of others, flowed in upon them, for divine illuminations, and for illapses of the Holy Spirit. Wherever they were quartered, they excluded the minister from his pulpit; and usurping his place, conveyed their sentiments to the audience, with all the authority which followed their power, their valor, and their military exploits, united to their appearing zeal and fervor. The private soldiers, seized with the same spirit, employed their vacant

hours in prayer, in perusing the Holy Scriptures in ghostly conferences, where they compared the progress of their souls in grace, and mutually stimulated each other to farther advances in the great work of their salvation. When they were marching to battle, the whole field resounded, as well with their psalms and spiritual songs adapted to the occasion, as with the instruments of military music; and every man endeavored to drown the sense of present danger, in the prospect of that crown of glory which was set before him. In so holy a cause, wounds were esteemed meritorious; death, martyrdom; and the hurry and dangers of action, instead of banishing their pious visions, rather served to impress their minds more strongly with them."—*Hume's England*.

In Philip's life of Bunyan, we find it distinctly stated, on the authority of a sketch of his life, preserved in the British Museum, written by a person who knew Bunyan, that at the siege of Leicester he was called out to attack the town, then defended by the King's forces against the parliamentarians. This seems to decide what was before doubtful, and what his biographers can scarcely be blamed for misapprehending. Bunyan mentions the fact in the same way as the author of the sketch which Mr. Philip quotes, but does not mention the place. Others add the place; but this was not unlikely to mislead those who looked only at Hume, for Leicester was twice besieged in the civil war, first by the King's troops, and taken; and after the battle of Naseby, by the parliamentarians, and this last siege Hume says nothing of. At this siege occurred an incident which we must tell in Bunyan's own words:—

"This also have I taken notice of with thanksgiving: when I was a soldier, I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot into the head with a musket bullet, and died.

"Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy; but neither of them did awake my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation."

It has been suggested that Bunyan's military experience probably furnished him with some of the imagery in his "Holy War." Sir Walter Scott falls out with this supposition, on, we think, insufficient grounds. "The military operations are described," he says, "inaccurately, and the arms and armor are of earlier date than those used in the civil war." Bunyan's arms and armor for the

assailants and defendants of the town of Mansoul are like the arms and armor which the old allegorists invented for their warriors; Fear and Horror and Discord formed part, and iron and brass another part of the same inseparable mass, in the same way as Tacitus describes hostile districts divided *mutuo metu et montibus*. We are not to expect accounts of actual military expedients, but something suggested by them, and which are more likely to occur to a man who has been in the field. There is a tone of excitement foreign to Bunyan's verse, in the poem prefixed to the "Holy War," and we think it is to be referred,—not as to its interpretation, but as to its originating cause,—to the accident of his having been at the siege of Leicester.

"I saw the Prince's armed men come down  
By troops, by thousands, to besiege the town.  
I saw the Captains, heard the trumpet sound,  
And how his forces cover'd all the ground.  
Yea, how they set themselves in battle-ray  
I shall remember to my dying day.

"I saw the colors waving in the wind,  
And they within to mischief how combin'd  
To ruin Mansoul, and to make away  
Her Primum Mobile without delay.

"I saw the mounts cast up against the town,  
And how the slings were plac'd to beat it down,  
I heard the stones fly whizzing by mine ears,  
(What longer kept in mind that got in fears?)  
I heard them fall, and saw what work they made,  
And how old Mars did cover with his shade  
The face of Mansoul: and I heard her cry,  
'Wo-worth the day, in dying I shall die?'

"I saw the battering-rams, and how they play'd,  
To beat down Eargate; and I was afraid  
Not only Eargate, but the very town,  
Would by those battering rains be beaten down.

"I saw the fights, and heard the Captains shout;  
And in each battle saw who fac'd about:  
I saw who wounded were, and who were slain,  
And who when dead would come to life again.

"I heard the cries of those that wounded were,  
(While others fought like men bereft of fear,)  
And while the cry, Kill! Kill! was in mine ears,  
The gutters ran not so with blood as tears."

Bunyan was but seventeen when he went into the army. At nineteen, he quitted the army and married. "My mercy," he says, "was to light on a wife whose father was counted godly." "We had not," he says, "so much as a dish or spoon between us. We had two books, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*,

which her father left her when he died." In these books they sometimes read together, and his wife was fond of dwelling on her father's virtues, how he would reprove and correct vice, and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and in deed. Of the first of these books we know nothing, and of the second only what we learn from Southey. It was by Bayley, Bishop of Bangor, and must have been exceedingly popular, as it was translated into Welsh, into Hungarian, and into Polish, and more than fifty editions of it were published in the course of a hundred years. These books, and his wife's influence, made him desire to reform his life, and "to fall in eagerly with the religion of the times, to wit, to go to church twice a day, and that, too, with the foremost, and there very devoutly say and sing as others did, yet retaining," as he adds, "his wicked life." "I was," he says, "so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (to the high place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else) belonging to the church, counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk, most happy and without doubt greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principally in his holy temple to do his work therein."

"This conceit grew so strong in a little time upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, (though never so sordid and debauched in his life,) I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them, (supposing they were the ministers of God,) I could have lain down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them; their name, their garb, and work, did so intoxicate and bewitch me.

"After I had been thus for some considerable time, another thought came into my mind: and that was, whether I were of the Israelites or no? For finding in the Scriptures that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race, my soul must needs be happy. Now, again I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this question, but could not tell how I should. At last I asked my father of it, who told me, 'No we were not.' Wherefore then I fell in my spirits as to the hopes of that, and so remained."

We are told that this reverential feeling was not directed to the services and clergy of the Church of England, for that the meager Directory of the Puritans had been substituted for the Book of Common Prayer, and that the Liturgy of the Church of England



could not have been then used in any private family without subjecting the offenders to a large pecuniary penalty. Bunyan's language is not we think, calculated to suggest anything of this kind; and we suspect either that the ordinance which proscribed the Book of Common Prayer had not yet been executed in this part of the country, or that Bunyan, writing some forty years after the period to which we allude, made some mistake of date. At all events, as we are concerned at present more with his state of mind than with any issues between Episcopacy and Puritanism that may be supposed involved in the matter, we will only observe, that the more meager the form of worship exciting him to such veneration, the stronger must have been the impulse within his own mind to such devotion, or it could not be awakened at all. The question which he asked his father, and his reply, have led to Sir Walter Scott's notion of the family having been gypsies. Scott assumes the fact of some foreign descent as the foundation of Bunyan's question, and regards the answer, that they were not Jews, as proof that they were gypsies. We have quoted the passage in full, to show that Bunyan's question was asked under circumstances that made it natural, without at all suggesting the fact of knowing that they were of foreign descent as the cause of Bunyan's inquiry whether they were Israelites? In one passage, at least—and we think there are more in Bunyan's works—the gypsies are spoken of in such a way as would be most unlikely if Bunyan thought he belonged to that class of vagabonds. Did he belong to them, we have little doubt that he would have dwelt on it with a sort of spiritual exultation, and that his having been called out of Egypt would have been to him one of the proofs of Divine favor. We cannot imagine him suppressing the fact or disguising it. He tells, in the passage to which we allude, of a state of mind in which "he feared he should be deprived of his wits." He doubted, almost disbelieved, the existence of God, and this while he was engaged in the daily study of the Bible, and seeking to disentangle the deep mysteries of election and reprobation. Could such things as this doubt and unbelief, he asked, be found among them that loved God?

"I often, when temptation had been upon me, did compare myself to the case of such a child whom some gypsey hath by force took up in her arms, and is carrying from friend and country; kick sometimes I did, and also shriek and cry, but yet I was bound in the wings of the temptation,

and the wind would carry me away. I also thought of Saul, and of the evil spirit that did possess him, and did greatly fear that my condition was the same as his."

A sermon against Sabbath-breaking awoke Bunyan into more serious thought. He had by this time got out of some of his bad habits, but others remained. The way in which Sunday was passed was one of the great distinctions between the Puritan and the Royalist parties; and Bunyan, whatever were his political or theological leanings, was fond of out-of-door amusements, and Sunday was his day for them. Till this sermon, he never felt that there was guilt in his sports, but the sermon was a burden on him, and—we use his own language—embittered his former pleasures, and benumbed the sinews of his delights. He dined, however, and he forgot the sermon. Like "the Scotch rogue," Bunyan was but a sorry proficient in learning, being readier at cat and dog, cappy hole, riding the hurley basket, playing at *kyles* and *dams*, *spang-bodis*, wrestling, and football, than at his book;\* and blackguard and semi-gypsey as our poor tinker was, it could not but be well for both his bodily and mental health that he enjoyed these active amusements. This day, however, was destined to be a remarkable one in his biography. Such religious sectaries as look for outward evidence of a new birth to righteousness, are anxious to mark the very hour and moment of such a change, and in this way importance is given to a particular sermon, to the accidental opening of a passage in the Bible, to the visit of a friend, to anything, in short, that imagination can connect with such a change. Bunyan would not himself have dated his spiritual birth from this incident, and, indeed, we think when his mind had become calmed and sobered, there is reason to believe that he would have discouraged the inquiry; but most of his biographers do. It was, however, a remarkable incident, and one not to be forgotten, that on that day, as he was playing at cat—one of the forms of the game of cricket—"a voice"—we must use his own words—"did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding amazement; therefore leaving my cat on the ground, was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me as being very

\* Brand's "Popular Antiquities," Art. Cat and Dog.

hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices." It is plain from this account that his auditory nerves were affected, and that he seemed to himself to hear the words which he mentions—no doubt words that had occurred in the sermon to which he had been listening in the earlier part of the day. His biographers are disposed to represent him as believing himself to have seen a vision with the bodily eye. This we think, so far from being asserted, is distinctly negatived, by his language. He felt it was too late to repent. He paused, however, in his game; again thought over the case; said nothing to his companions of voice or vision; but having determined that repentance was out of the question, "returned desperately to his sport." And this kind of despair so possessed his soul, that settling with himself that heaven was lost, he felt a "desire to take his fill of sin, still studying that sin was to be committed that I might taste the sweetness of it, and fearing lest I should die before I had my desires." This temptation he describes as one which he believes to be very common. "It is Satan's policy to benumb the conscience, and overrun the spirits with a scurvy and seared frame of heart." Slight failings—such is his reasoning, and we see no ground of quarrel with it—are thus aggravated into guilt that forbids hope, and the feeling expressed in Jeremiah becomes a principle of action—"There is no hope; we will walk after our own desires, and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart." In this state of mind Bunyan actually resumed his old habits of cursing and swearing, and desperation looked not unlike actual madness, the probability of which became every day greater and greater; but from this he was preserved under circumstances where a mind less strong than his would have been endangered, were it not, perhaps, nearer the truth to say that the entanglements in which he seemed likely to have been for ever perplexed, belong to a class of subtleties that have properly no existence for an inferior class of minds. Bunyan, who was proof against the sermon, and the echo of the sermon conjured up by his imagination during his game of cricket, was one day playing the madman and blackguard at a neighbor's shop window; the woman of the house, a loose and ungodly wretch, rebuked him, telling him that his conduct was such as to corrupt the whole town. He stood admonished and abashed. "I wished with all my heart that I

might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing." Till now he felt that to swear was to give authority to his words, but this rebuke from an abandoned woman broke down the habit.

Bunyan's conduct now became that of a respectable man. He fell in with an acquaintance who did "talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of the matter of religion." This led Bunyan to the Bible. The historical parts were what he read. He was as "yet ignorant of the corruption of our nature, or of the want or worth of Jesus Christ to save us;" and he therefore "could not away with Paul's Epistles and such like Scriptures."

Bell-ringing had been a favorite amusement of his. Conscience now became tender, and he gave up the practice. Yet his heart hankered, and he went to the steeple-house and looked on, though he durst not ring. Conscience still whispered in a voice that the bells thought in vain to drown, and he began to tremble with imaginary fears. "How if one of the bells should fall!" Then he would stand under one of the main beams for safety; but there the thought would intrude, "should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding, might hit me, for all this beam." Then he would stand in the steeple-door. "But the steeple might fall," was the next thought; and this did "continually so shake his mind," that he was at last forced to flee.

The Puritans have no love for dancing; but the young will not give it up, and we don't see why they should. And our glorious tinker, in spite of all the voices from above and below that haunted him, had still an ear for the fiddle and a foot for the dance. Bunyan's love for dancing must have been for the sake of the exercise itself. If he is to be believed, he had an absolute detestation to the fair sex. Still his love of dancing, and his reluctance to give it up, make us disposed to regard with some doubt a passage which his biographers are fond of quoting. Did the man dance without a partner? We do not suppose the tinker was less happy when he had thrown off his pack and found himself in some village barn, or still better, on the open village green, than John Gilpin's horse, "right glad to miss the lumbering of the wheels." But still look at John Bunyan's picture in any edition of his "Pilgrim's Progress"—his bright, brown, large British face, perfectly honest—brilliant actually, in the very rudest print we have ever seen, with good humor, and good nature, and good

sense. Then read his pictures of Christiana and her children, and believe, if you can, the strange passage which he must have written in some moment when he was provoked into language foreign to his nature, by malignant accusations. Of Bunyan's perfect innocence of the charges he had to repel we can have little doubt; but the paragraph which we transcribe we do not believe :—

“And in this I admire the wisdom of God, that he made me shy of women from my first conversion until now. Those know, and can also bear me witness, with whom I have been most intimately concerned, that it is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasant towards a woman; the common salutation of a woman I abhor, it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. Their company, alone, I cannot away with. I seldom so much as touch a woman's hand; for I think these things are not so becoming me. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have at times made my objections against it; and when they have answered, ‘that it was but a piece of civility,’ I have told them it is not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss. But then I have asked, why they made baulks? why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favored go? Thus, how laudable soever such things have been in the eyes of others, they have been unseemly in my sight.”

Bunyan's dancing days, however, came to an end before their natural time; cursing, swearing, pilfering, bell-ringing, and dancing, all were at an end; and there was such a reformation in his whole manner and conduct as to excite the attention and admiration of his neighborhood; and in spite of some occasional lapses, followed by promises that he would do better next time, and earnest efforts towards amendment, he thought with complacency of himself, and said within his heart, “that he pleased God as well as any man in England.” Of distinct doctrine he appears then to have had no thought. “I knew not,” he says, “Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope, for as I have well seen since, had I then died, my state would have been most fearful.” “I was, as yet, nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, but I loved to be talked of as one truly godly.” It would appear that Bunyan had not as yet connected himself with any sectarian congregation; and we should suppose, in his case, that some of the temptations that tend to remove a man from his parish church did not strongly exist. There can be little doubt, that among the poor, the ignorant, the self-educated, and the half educated, the sort of social distinction which such persons attain in small dissenting congregations is, perhaps, uncon-

sciously to themselves, one of the motives for separation from a larger body in which their claims would be unnoticed or rebuked. In Bunyan's case, to have appeared at church clothed, and in his right mind, would, one should suppose, be distinction enough; and his connection with the dissenting congregation to which he attached himself does not seem to have originated with himself, nor was it either altogether as accidental as would appear from his account of the matter, or as, perhaps, he himself thought it. In all small dissenting congregations there is an anxiety to obtain converts, which is not understood or felt by larger establishments. And it is certain, that in the unsettled times in which Bunyan's lot was cast, the feeling was not less strong in almost all these bodies, of attaching to it, whenever it seemed possible, any person of the slightest promise. In the little town of Bedford, Bunyan's story was not unlikely to have made some noise. On each of the occasions on which his life was saved providentially, it would have been likely to have been the subject of much discourse, and when, at last, news was brought to his fellow-townsmen, that the man who took his place when he was about to join a besieging party was shot dead, it would not be surprising, if what before was justly regarded as providential, now appeared not distinguishable from actual miracle. The subject of all this village-wonder is a young man, of idle vagabond habits, not absolutely profligate, but on the high road to ruin. He is married, and has to support a family by what was probably a miserable and precarious trade. Suddenly, the idler becomes industrious, breaks off all his bad habits, and is, in outward appearance at least, a man altogether changed. He calls himself a hypocrite, but in a sense which does convey the worst meaning of the word; and, unjust as it would be to him, to translate, in any case, the language of self-accusation, and the exaggerations of remorse, into the acknowledgment of such details of actual sin as to a person of less conscientious feelings might suggest the same words, there is no pretence for regarding Bunyan, at any time, guilty of hypocrisy. Had he called himself a “painted sepulchre,” instead of a “painted hypocrite,” you might as well insist on understanding him literally. A small congregation of Baptists was at that time formed at Bedford, and under the direction and ministry of a man, whom the commentators on the Pilgrim's Progress are fond of identifying with Evangelist, no doubt wrongly. John Gifford, their

spiritual guide, had been a major in the royal service, and after the establishment of the Commonwealth he engaged in an insurrection, was tried, convicted, and, with eleven companions, sentenced to death. The night before the intended execution, his sister visited him in prison. The guards were asleep, his fellow-prisoners all drunk, and with his sister's assistance he escaped. He was, for awhile, concealed in London, and finally in Bedfordshire, where he became a physician, with what qualifications for the office we know not. Gifford, though sober on the night of his escape, or at least less drunk than his companions, in general did drink like a major and a gallant cavalier. Those who seem to themselves to have lost all, do not risk much in gambling: and Gifford was fond of play. Gifford was, in his own way, a patriot, and when the historians, who will see no good in the parliamentary party, have occasion to mention him, we find it recorded as his only virtue, that he hated the Puritans for the misery they brought on the nation in general, and on himself in particular, and that he often thought of killing one John Harrington, for no other provocation than because he was a leading man among persons of that description in Bristol. Gifford lost in gambling, one night, the sum of fifteen pounds; despair suggested more than one escape from the probable consequences, but while he was in the agonies of doubt, he looked into a religious book, which startled him into serious thought, and awakened a conscience which was not dead but sleeping. The passage which arrested his attention has been preserved, and may be found in Philip's Life of Bunyan, and probably in others. It is an address to the weary and heavy laden to come to Christ; and the invitation of our Lord is truly stated without exception of time, or place, or person. The very sense of his unfitness which deters a sinner from coming, is dwelt on as a proof that he is of those "specially aimed at, invited, and accepted." The appeal was not lost on Gifford. He at once sought out the meetings of those whom before he detested and despised. He was at first received doubtfully, but, after awhile, so won on them, that he was invited by some, who formed themselves into a distinct congregation, to undertake its care. Of the persons so inviting him to be their pastor, Anthony Harrington was one. The change was, in Gifford's case, as from death to life. Within a few days of the last of his life, he said, that from the day on which he was startled into thoughts of religion, "he had

not lost the light of God's countenance, no, not for an hour." Bunyan says of him, calling him holy Mr. Gifford:—"He made it his business to deliver the people of God from all those harsh and unsound tests that by nature we are prone to." Though of the Baptist name, he seems to have avoided, as Bunyan himself did, the controversies that divided the Baptists from other professing Christians, and that among themselves broke them into smaller sects. Faith in Christ and purity of life were the principles on which alone they insisted as the bond that united their congregations. They disregarded, or believed that they disregarded, all else.

Some of Gifford's flock were among the first persons to welcome Bunyan, when he assumed decency of conduct, and he tells us that as he was walking through the streets of Bedford on some business connected with his trade, he came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun. They were speaking on religious subjects, and Bunyan drew near to join their discourse, "being now a brisk talker myself in matters of religion."

"But I may say I heard, but understood not, for they were far above out of reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts; as also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature; they talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed and comforted, and supported against the temptations of the devil. They reasoned of the temptations of Satan in particular, and told to each other by which they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults."

Bunyan had before thought of religion and salvation, but the language and the facts stated by these women were strange to him. The new birth had never before entered his mind. The deceitfulness and treachery of his own heart were things wholly unsuspected by him. That he could seem to himself to be religious, and not be so, was a mystery as yet to a mind not busied with speculation. The temptations of Satan within the heart itself were by him heard of for the first time, and the comforts of Holy Scripture assumed a new meaning to him in his conversation with these women. Southey describes him as accidentally overhearing the conversation of these women; we do not think this the fair interpretation of the passage. The women are described as conversing with each other, but Bunyan is plainly known by them to be present, and we cannot but regard the con-



versation as intentionally directed to what they knew to be Bunyan's state of mind; that they were at the time engaged in what a dissenter, who has written a life of Bunyan, calls *episcopising*, meaning proselytising, or some kindred thought, and seeming to regard such efforts to save stray sheep as the habitual occupation of those who hold the pastoral office of a bishop. Bunyan returned again and again to the company of these poor people, and describes himself as each day feeling more ardent love for religion; still ignorant, but so engaged with thoughts on spiritual things, that it would then have been as difficult to him "to have taken his mind from heaven to earth, as he afterwards, he says, found it to get it from earth to heaven."

The Presbyterians had by this time established themselves through England in most of the parishes. They had pretty well got rid of episcopacy, but the difficulty in all such cases is not to overthrow, but to substitute anything effectually or permanently in the place of what is overthrown. The iron rule of positive law may do something, and for awhile did something, but when, in the language of the Parliament of the day, a year of jubilee was proclaimed to tender consciences, uprose the congregationalists to war with "Presbytery," and among those many of the old enemies, who had been regarded as utterly extinct, reappeared; "not a hair of their head singed, nor any smell of the fire of persecution upon their clothes." They fell at once to gathering congregations. London was their chief resort, "Trent may be good, and Severn better, but oh, the Thames is the best for the plentiful taking of fish therein. They did fish, I will not say steal, hence a master, thence a mistress of a family, a son out of a third, a servant out of a fourth parish, all of which met in their congregations." The Presbyterians fell out with this; how could their churches stand, if corner stones, pillars, rafters, and beams were carried off by others to build their congregations? "They complained that the new pastor, though slighting tithes and set maintenance, yet so ordered the matter that the gleanings of Ephraim became better than the vintage of Abiezer." In the discussions at Holland of a year or two before, among other matters proposed as assential or desirable in a Church, was the establishment, in conformity as it was said to apostolic regulation, of "an order of widows as essential she-ministers in the Church." Mentioning this, Fuller says, "our late civil wars in England have afforded us plenty for the place." These were the

proposals of the congregationalists, and we cannot but suspect that the poor women of Bedford, whom Bunyan fell in with, if not officially employed in this sort of ministry, were persons making such services their habitual pursuit. Some of the sort of fishing for men, which Fuller tells us was exercised in the Severn and Thames, took place in other rivers, and there was nothing in the waters of the Ouse to prevent the use of the angle there. To win a new comer to the congregation was of serious importance; such we think was the object, and such certainly the effect, of these conversations with Bunyan. The person, with whom Bunyan had a little before most frequent conversations on religion, joined what was sometimes called the "family of love," more often "the Ranters," and passed on from stage to stage of frenzy, folly, imbecility. Bunyan was obliged to leave his company altogether, and the last we hear of him is, some raving blasphemy recorded by Bunyan, but not worth repeating.

The way in which Bunyan's livelihood was obtained made him wander through the country; no doubt, in a limited and ascertained circuit, but still under circumstances that threw him in with all varieties of opinion. There could scarcely be said to be a Church at that time in England, and the wilderness of doctrine which was everywhere met with could not, under the circumstances of the country, be matter of surprise. Efforts were made by some of the sectaries to give definiteness to language, which even the best instructed men can but measure by its application, and others were united but by the uncertain and capricious bonds of temporary religious sentiment. Doctrine and conduct were alike shifting. What has been said of some of the Churches founded on this model was true of almost all. No account can be given of opinions from day to day susceptible of alteration and increase. "While countries whose immovable mountains and stable valleys keep a fixed position may be easily surveyed, no geographer can accurately describe some parts of Arabia, where the fleeting sands driven with the winds have their frequent removals, so that the traveler findeth a *hole* at his return, where he left a hill at his departure." The doctrines themselves were shifting, and the feeling of faith, a mental state, it would seem, in which the sentiment subsisted without an object, became all in all. However strong such sentiment might at first be, the language in which it was embodied was likely to survive the feeling, even in the minds that dealt most fairly with them-

selves, and the contrast between language and conduct became a marked thing. The professing religionist was not unlikely in this way to continue the dialect which he had learned in a better state of mind; and thus without his evil conduct being at all referable to the doctrines which he had adopted, the doctrines would have to share in the disgrace of such a profligate as we have imagined. Others there were, whom doctrines, pure and true in themselves, seemed to mislead into perilous absurdity. We think in most of such cases the profligacy would, at any rate, have existed; and that when what are called evangelical doctrines have been supposed to induce impurity of life, and to end in what has been called antimonianism, the vicious conduct would have at any rate occurred, and some plea or other been put forward for it, wherever the logical faculty survived, as it often does in madness—and all vice is madness—the better intellectual and moral powers. The blackguard who told Bunyan, when remonstrating with him, that if it were not for such as himself the devil would want company, and that, therefore, he went on, was not a greater idiot than the persons who affected to deduce from scriptural language an exemption from all restraint, and who described their licentiousness as obedience to a perfect law of liberty.

Bunyan shook himself clear of profligate companions, but it was not easy to get rid of the kind of arguments which each day were brought before him. It is probable that he did not read much, but what he did read would have been better avoided. Some of the books put forth by the Familists fell into his hands; but the dissoluteness of conduct of the persons claiming exclusive possession of the secret of salvation, saved him from the contagion. We cannot relate with even a show of consistency that which has little consistency in itself. We can only say, that some of these people would deny the existence of God, angel, or spirit; would, in reply to Bunyan, tell him he was legal and dark; that for themselves, they had gone through all religions, and at last had attained the true; that they had attained "perfection;" that they could do what they would and not sin.

"Oh! these temptations," says Bunyan, "were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime; but God, who had, as I hoped, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of His name, and did not suffer me to accept such cursed principles."

Bunyan distrusted his own judgment, prayed to be preserved from error, and "the Bible was precious to me in those days."

In reading the works of St. Paul, Bunyan distinguished between miraculous powers and the ordinary gifts of the Spirit. Wisdom and Understanding he felt he had not, and he doubted whether he possessed Faith. That he should be without understanding and wisdom, in the degree that other Christians possessed them, was an appointment of Providence to which, if such was God's will, he could submit with resignation; but he thought he had learned that without possessing Faith, he could have neither rest nor quiet in his soul. He would not yield to despair, and he tells us that to ascertain whether he had Faith, he thought he should perform some miracle, and he was about to command the puddles to become dry, and the dry places puddles, when he was arrested in the insane purpose by the fear of the effect upon his mind should the failure of the test prove his want of Faith. It is not often that we are let thus into the secrets of a past state of being, though we believe that through such stages some of the most gifted minds have passed. Bunyan, though recording what he regards as remarkable providences, believed he was telling of temptations not essentially different from those by which all men are tried. The soundness of his conclusions from the whole is a remarkable part of this narrative. His inference was, that "if they only had Faith which could do wonderful things, then that for the present he had it not, nor yet for some time was even like to have it." He does not lower what he regards as the Scripture test, and he states a proposition certain of leading him to a conclusion, for which,—in the state of enthusiasm in which he was at this stage of his progress,—he was not prepared, that Faith, in the sense in which it is spoken of when identified with Christian belief, must differ in degree, at least, from that principle to which is ascribed miraculous power.

We have a remarkable passage in his autobiography, which it would be unjust not to extract, as it shows the way in which Bunyan's mind reflected the past. Our readers remember the poor women of Gifford's congregation, whom he saw sitting in the sun.

"About this time the state and happiness of these poor people at Bedford was thus, *in a kind of vision*, presented to me. I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in

the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds: methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass, concluding, that if I could I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun.

"About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage, by which I might enter therein. But none could I find for some time. At the last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little door-way in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now the passage being very straight and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out, by striving to get in. At last, with great striving, methought I at first got in my head, and after that, by a sliding striving, my shoulders, and my whole body. Then I was exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

"Now this mountain and wall, &c. was thus made out to me; the mountain signified the Church of the living God; the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were therein: the wall I thought was the world, that did make separation between the Christians and world; and the gap which was in the wall I thought was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father."

You have the same scene in imaginary picture which had occurred in actual life, and with the picture a sort of allegory not unlike the fictions of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The conversations of these women, too, were plainly the occasion of that strange state in which his mind was engaged, it would seem, for years, in which Satan was for ever present with suggestions and whispers, and in which every passing thought of the mind assumed a voice that had power to wither up all hope. In a German poem, the work of a great artist, you have thoughts the highest with which man's intellect can deal, always gloriously expressed, but each casts its shadow too, and the darkness, the necessary darkness, of this shadow is given a depth and seeming outwardness. The old magican was supposed, when he attained the summit of his art, to have lost his shadow. This indicated a less power than that exercised by the enchanter to whom we allude, who made the shadowy and the substanceless express his conceptions of what would seem to be an evil spirit, if, in his view of good and evil, he could acknowledge absolute evil in the creation. We should be sorry to be regarded as vouching for the theology or the philosophy, or even the poetry of the enchanter to whom we allude, when com-

pared with works written under the inspiration of Hebrew or Christian feeling, but some such strife of "thoughts excusing or else accusing one another"—some such mental dialogue as that in which we find John Bunyan and Satan interlocutors—seems to have been well known by him as the true shape into which imagination, acting with more rapidity than is consistent with having its operations the subject of distinct attention, is apt to throw itself. Bunyan gives us his own words and those of the spirit of evil, each armed with texts, each disputing, not according to the old scholastic forms, but just in the manner of modern polemics; and each well entitled to the dignity of a doctor's degree in any of the faculties. On the subjects of "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," the devil did not make as good a case as might be expected, if, as is probable, he was one of the company who discussed the topics with Milton's friends. Still John was staggered when asked—how can you tell you are elected? This was a puzzler. The controversy was one of close text fighting, and there could not be, in the view of either of the combatants, a doubt as to the doctrine of election and reprobation. The doctrines were stated in many passages of Scripture admitted as decisive of the general fact. But was there any text which fixed the man John Bunyan was one of the elect? There was the rub; that was the sore spot. John was a casuist quite subtle enough for his antagonist. John was an anagrammatist, and by the same sort of analysis and synthesis as was exemplified after his day in the celebrated shoulder-knot case, John could do wonders; still that question did puzzle him, and Old Nick seemed to have the best of it: a text, however, did occur to him, and a glorious one it is, and embodying a truth coextensive with the history of man, and to which every heart bears witness.

"Look at the generations of old, and see did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded?"

A strange and insuperable difficulty here arose; the verse which occurred to Bunyan could not be found anywhere in the Bible. It was sought for high and low; the truth was not denied; but the text—where is the text? Ancient men were asked about it in vain; the widows of Bedford sought for it: at last its hiding-place was found in one of the Apocryphal books. Other temptations and other difficulties followed. He was now introduced to Gifford, who brought him to



his house. Bunyan was in the state of a person who takes up a book of medicine. Every disease of which he reads leads him to recognize its symptoms in himself. We doubt whether we are right in so minutely recording this state of mind, or that we do it with effect, as we have not room to give it in his own words. We have, we trust, better reasons for wishing our readers to be acquainted with it, and we therefore wish them to read for themselves the little tract of "Grace Abounding," but—among our reasons—is the light it throws on his peculiar style of fiction. That this state of mind is what he allegorizes in the "Slough of Despond," we feel no doubt, though we know it is otherwise interpreted. "My conscience," says he, in this part of his narrative, "was sore, and would smart at every touch. . . . I found myself as on a miry bog that shook if I did but stir, and was there left of God, and Christ, and the Spirit, and all good things."

The way in which Bunyan speaks of Scripture as then occurring to him is curious enough. While we cannot imagine other than the ordinary reasoning processes going on, we find texts flashed on his mind, at times creating great joy, at times great depression. Then there was plainly something of bodily disease in his at times hearing the utterance of distinct voices. At times he envied the birds and beasts; they were not of a sinful nature; they were not subject to the wrath of God. Then came a sermon which cheered his heart, "Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair." He thought of the words as he went home; and then sounded in his ears and rang as a sort of rhyme, "thou art my love, thou art my dove," twenty times together. He was cheered, but found himself replying in words to the same tune, "But is it true, but is it true?" as the awful sentence fell upon him, "he wist not that it was true which had come unto him of the angel."—Acts, xii. 9. This conjured up another verse, and he went home the happiest of men. "I thought I could have spoken of his love and have told of his mercy to me, even unto the crows that sate upon the ploughed ground before me, had they been capable to have understood me; therefore I said in my soul with much gladness, well, I would I had a pen and ink here, I would write this down before I got any farther, for surely I will not forget this forty years hence. Alas! within forty days I began to question all again."

Distractions at places of devotion and in

private prayer, were of frequent occurrence. Blasphemies, whole floods of blasphemies were poured upon his spirit; doubts of the truth of Scripture; doubts of everything. At prayer Satan would pull his clothes, bid him shorten his prayers, and then say, "fall down and worship me." A stranger temptation would then come over his mind; he would labor to compose his mind and fix it on God. "Then would the tempter distract me by representing to my heart and fancy the form of a bush, a bale, a besom, or the like, as if I should pray to these. To these he would also sometimes so hold my mind that I was as if I could think of or pray to nothing else."

We have said that Bunyan never ceased to think out a subject, and it was, we think, this perfect fair dealing with his mind that made his good sense eventually triumph. He endeavored to view things from the first to the last. To place together, one by one, every stone of the edifice he was to create, is a remarkable characteristic of his mind. We could give instances that more fully exemplify this than the following, but none more interesting:—

"But O! now, how was my soul led from truth to truth by God! even from the birth and cradle of the Son of God, to his ascension, and second coming from heaven to judge the world!

"Truly, I then found upon this account, the great God was very good unto me; for, to my remembrance, there was not anything that I then cried unto God to make known and reveal it unto me, but he was pleased to do it for me: I mean, not one part of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, but I was orderly led into it. Methought I saw, with great evidence, from the four evangelists, the wonderful works of God in giving Jesus Christ to save us, from his conception and birth even to his second coming to judgment; methought I was as if I had seen him born, as if I had seen him grow up, as if I had seen him walk through this world, from the cradle to the cross; to which also, when he came, I saw how gently he gave himself to be hanged and nailed on it, for my sins and wicked doing. Also, as I was musing on this his progress, that dropped on my spirit, 'He was ordained for the slaughter.' 1 Peter, i. 19, 20."

Luther on the Galatians now fell into his hands. "Before all the books that ever I had seen, except the Holy Bible, I prefer it as most fit for a wounded conscience."

A temptation, not very intelligible, is then recorded at considerable length. The strength with which any image was presented to Bunyan's mind seems to have been evidence to him of some guilt of his own, even in



the admission of the thought, if one associated with evil ; for most of those which afflicted him passed through his mind, not to be indulged but to be repelled. "To sell Christ" was a thought that dwelt with him night and day for a year. That he could not sell him out and out, and that his own interest in him could not be altogether parted with, he inferred from the fact, that in the Israelitish dispensation the land could not be sold for ever. "The land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is mine." Whatever he saw, this temptation mingled with it. "Suppose a pin upon the ground which he stooped to pick up. Sell Christ for that—sell him—sell him." Sometimes it would run on for a hundred times together. "Sell him—sell him." And Bunyan's fear was that he should yield to the temptation, and he would reply—"no, not for thousands, not for thousands, not for thousands," at least twenty times together ; at last, when out of breath with strange repetition of unmeaning words, he felt the thought pass through his mind, "Let him go if he will." And now the crime was committed, and then came the thought of his ingratitude ; then came the fancy that this was to sin against the Holy Ghost ; and then came a comparison of his sin with all the cases of sin he could imagine or read of, and he found some incident which distinguished his from all others by a deeper stain of guilt. He had committed a sin for which Christ had not died ; God would pardon if it were possible, but it would require another sacrifice to save him, and it is written—"There is no more sacrifice for sin :"—

"187. Thus was I always sinking, whatever I did think or do. So one day I walked to a neighboring town, and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause, about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to ; and after long musing, I lifted up my head ; but methought I saw, as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light ! and as if the very stones in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did bend themselves against me : methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world ; I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or be partaker of their benefits because I had sinned against the Saviour. O how happy now was every creature over me !

for they stood fast, and kept their station, but I was gone and lost."

The difficulties of his case were at last solved by his considering that we died with Christ ; that His righteousness is ours ; that He was looked on of God, and should be looked on by us as that common or public person on whom all the body of his elect are always to be considered and reckoned. That we fulfilled the law by him, died by him, rose from the dead by him, got the victory over death, the devil, and hell by him. When he died we died ; and so of his resurrection. "Thy dead men shall live, together with the dead body shall they arise." He ascribed his temptation to his not having prayed against being led into future temptation, but confining his supplications to be delivered from present evil. Some five or six years after his joining Gifford's congregation, Bunyan was invited by some of the members of it now and then "to take a hand" in exhortation. They were pleased at his success, and he occasionally accompanied such of them as went into the country to teach ; and at last was "called forth and appointed" to public preaching. In the occupation of instructing others he found the rest and quiet of mind to which he had been so long a stranger. He had been five years a preacher when he was apprehended and thrown into jail. Sureties were offered, but bail would not be taken, as it was intimated that he would repeat the offence. He was tried for upholding conventicles, and appears to have been severely dealt with. What, if his case had been conducted by counsel, would only have been regarded as an argumentative admission, was treated as a confession of the offence charged, and he was left to languish for some six years in Bedford gaol ; and was scarcely discharged when he got back again, and was kept there six years more.

We incline to believe that to this lengthened imprisonment was due the calm of mind into which Bunyan finally passed, and which rendered possible the creation of the glorious work to which he owes his earthly immortality. Of that work, perhaps the most popular in the language, and in the best respects one of the best, we have not left ourselves room to speak as we could wish. The omission we shall soon supply.

From the *Athenæum*:

## LIFE OF WORDSWORTH.\*

OF the only active portion of the life of the poet Wordsworth, the record, such as it is, was not long since given to the world by the author himself, in the somewhat unusual form of a posthumous poem, entitled 'The Prelude.' In that, and in his other works, indeed, the whole of this author's uneventful and contemplative life may be said to be written:—written, not only to all intents and purposes, but substantially. This, Dr. Wordsworth admits. "A poet's life," he says "is written in his works,"—and the life of this poet in particular. "Mr. Wordsworth's poems," he affirms, "are no visionary dreams, but practical realities. He wrote as he lived, and he lived as he wrote. His poetry had its heart in his life, and his life found a voice in his poetry." But while admitting—or rather insisting on—all this, Dr. Wordsworth maintains the expediency of the present volumes as supplying not a life of the Poet, but "materials subordinate and ministerial to the poems, and illustrative of them:"—in a word, "a biographical commentary on the Poet's works." Within these modest bounds the work before us is especially limited.

The ground thus taken and the tone assumed create at the outset a favorable anticipation and an impression of cordiality towards the author. It must be declared, however, that there is nothing to commend in these volumes on the score of critical acumen. An unquestioning admiration and reverence of the deceased poet constitutes the key-note of the whole production. This is the fault of biographies in general that are undertaken by men in such close relations to their subject-heroes. They sit too near the edifice they are surveying to judge of its proportions. We are made to understand throughout these volumes—very naturally—that in the mind of the nephew his uncle's claims to poetical supremacy are above all contest. Not to be classed with Homer or Shakspeare,—his title to sit in the

chair of Milton is determined on the biographer's authority—and on that of Mr. Southey. Now, for ourselves, we see great distinctions—and those of kind—between Wordsworth and Milton. The different nature of their themes were itself almost enough to separate them. We collect from these memoirs that Wordsworth sedulously and as a matter of conscience avoided religious arguments. He feared to be found in error on points of faith, and confessedly preferred Nature to God as the subject of his Muse. He was no daring speculator in theological matters; but elected the orthodox as the safer side, without strictly defining its doctrines or busying himself about their results. In Milton, nothing is more marked than his devotion to doctrinal discussion and his love of embodying religious truth in poetic allegory,—nay, even of dealing with its sternest dogmas in metrical language. In Wordsworth, we have an observance of natural phenomena by which the mind was from time to time excited to spiritual reflection;—in Milton, we have spiritual contemplation as a habit,—pleased with occasionally selecting some fact of nature or of history as a symbol of the prevailing mood, but not for ever busy, as Wordsworth was, in accumulating such for the suggestion or stimulation of a meditative mind. The two poets typify especially the two very different modes of Contemplation and Meditation;—that, looking up and around,—this, down and into;—Milton, contemplating the heavens,—Wordsworth, meditating on the earth. With this the Bard of Rydal Mount was confessedly content; while the Bard of Paradise lived and died in a state of sublime dissatisfaction with

—the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call earth.

This difference of taste strongly marks the men, and points to a radical difference in their genius. Wordsworth's view in comparison with Milton's was exceedingly limited. It was confined to pastoral life,—and scarcely appreciated man in cities. Hence, as we find

\* *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate, D.C.L.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. 2 vols. Moxon.

in these very volumes, many prejudices besetting Wordsworth, from which his friend Coleridge had delivered himself simply by cultivating a wider experience. Coleridge, in fact, in the essential qualities of his mind, would be more comparable to Milton than Wordsworth. To him belonged the seraphic fire which caused Milton to ascend;—to Wordsworth the cherubic discretion which inclined him to gather knowledge patiently in a narrow sphere and on the lowest level.—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

One outlook on the world, and the doings of men in a complex state of society, and Wordsworth retired into his native vales to meditate in seclusion.

Mr. Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April 1770. He was the second son of John Wordsworth, an attorney,—law agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. We have so lately, in our review of 'The Prelude,' gone through the history of Wordsworth's early years, that the repetition here would be supererogatory. An early chapter of these volumes contains some autobiographical notes by the poet himself:—"which may serve," says Dr. Wordsworth, "to present an outline or general view of this work, like the first map in an atlas, to be followed in order by special charts, with minute details and on a larger scale." From these notes we find that, according to his own impression, the Poet's childhood was "of a stiff, moody, and violent temper;" "perverse and obstinate in defying chastisement:"—and in after-life the same qualities of character enabled the man to defy criticism. Nothing is more marked than Wordsworth's self-respect and self-determination, as well as his self-consciousness of power, at all periods of his history.

From some verses written by Wordsworth at the age of fourteen or fifteen as a school exercise, we perceive that, notwithstanding his subsequent depreciation of Pope, he began by imitating him. They are accordingly condemned by himself as "tame," though not without merit, considering the period of their composition. In all other respects, Wordsworth seems to have acted on his "free impulses:"—to which his orphanage offered licence and inducement. One qualifying and chastening incident in his youthful fortune was, however, even then at work.—

"The influence of his one sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, upon his life from his childhood was too

important to be forgotten here. She was not quite two years younger than he was. Her loving tenderness and sweetness produced a most beneficial effect on his character. The contrast between the temper of the brother and sister is represented by the Poet himself in the verses where he alludes to the times in which (he says)

My sister Emeline and I  
Together chased the butterfly.  
A very hunter did I rush  
Upon the prey . . .  
But *she*, God love her, feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings.

And, speaking of her, he expresses his gratitude that she who was

The blessing of his later years,  
Was with him when a boy.

And the nature of her influence upon him is thus portrayed:—

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,  
And humble cares, and delicate fears,  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,  
And love, and thought, and joy.

But death came to the mother, and separated the brother and sister for some years. Dorothy Wordsworth was removed from Cockermouth to Penrith, the residence of her maternal grandfather."

To return to the poet.—Much that troubled his better nature was mended on the restoration of his sister to his companionship. With her came back the old familiar influences; and Wordsworth's spirit, troubled by public commotions, was, in a certain degree, calmed and soothed by the home reference. What disturbance remained, found a safety-valve in certain imitations of Juvenal—in which Wordsworth seems to have so well succeeded, that he narrowly escaped becoming a satiric metricist lampooning the vices of society, in place of a descriptive and meditative poet, "the high-priest of Nature," as he has been since called. About the same time, he was occupied in the composition of his tragedy 'The Borderers,' which, though written in 1795-6, was not published till 1842.

But the poet was soon to come under an influence superior to all that had hitherto affected him,—that of Coleridge. Their meeting took place in June 1797. The first impression made by this avatar into his fortunes is thus expressed in a letter by Miss Wordsworth to a friend:—

"You had a great loss in not seeing Coleridge. He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered, and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle. At first I thought him very plain, that is, for about three minutes: he is pale, thin, has a

wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth, long, looseish-growing, half-curling, rough, black hair [in both these respects a striking contrast to his friend Wordsworth, who in his youth had beautiful teeth and light brown hair]. But, if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but grey, such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind; it has more of 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead. The first thing that was read after he came was William's new poem, 'Ruined Cottage,' with which he was much delighted; and after tea he repeated to us two acts and a half of his tragedy, 'Osorio.' The next morning, William read his tragedy, 'The Borderers.'"

To this may be fitly added Coleridge's description of the lady herself.—

"Wordsworth and his exquisite sister are with me. She is a woman indeed, in mind I mean, and in heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty; but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.' Her information various; her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer."

The astonishing influence exercised by Coleridge over the mind of Wordsworth appears in every page of these Memoirs. To him the Poet dedicated "The Prelude,"—and by him were the Poet's thoughts incessantly occupied. "My dear friend," he writes, "we talk of you perpetually, and for me, I see you everywhere." Friendship had in this case taken some of the forms of love,—adopting its anxieties, its dreaminess, and its impatience of separation.

The first book of "The Recluse" is still unpublished;—but we are treated with specimens of it in these volumes.—On settling at Grasmere, Wordsworth thus poured out his feelings:—

On Nature's invitation do I come,  
By Reason sanctioned. Can the choice mislead,  
That made the calmest, fairest spot on earth,  
With all its unappropriated good,  
My own, and not mine only, for with me  
Entrenched—say rather peacefully embowered,—  
Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,  
A younger orphan of a home extinct,  
The only daughter of my parents dwells;  
Ay, think on that, my heart, and cease to stir;  
Pause upon that, and let the breathing frame  
No longer breathe, but all be satisfied.

VOL. XXIII. NO. III.

Oh, if such silence be not thanks to God  
For what hath been bestowed, then where, where  
then

Shall gratitude find rest? Mine eyes did ne'er  
Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind  
Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,  
But either she, whom now I have, who now  
Divides with me that loved abode, was there,  
Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps turned,  
Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang;  
The thought of her was like a flash of light  
Or an unseen companionship, a breath  
Or fragrance independent of the wind.

In all my goings, in the new and old  
Of all my meditations, and in this  
Favorite of all, in this the most of all. . .  
Embrace me then, ye hills, and close me in.  
Now in the clear and open day I feel  
Your guardianship: I take it to my heart;  
'Tis like the solemn shelter of the night.

But I would call thee beautiful; for mild,  
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art,  
Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,  
Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou art  
pleased,  
Pleased with thy crags, and woody steeps, thy  
lake;

Its one green island, and its winding shores,  
The multitude of little rocky hills,  
Thy church and cottages of mountain-stone,  
Clustered like stars some few, but single most,  
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,  
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks,  
Like separate stars with clouds between.

A specimen like this creates desire for the remainder of the poem,—which we hope will no longer be kept from the world.

On the completion of the two volumes of "Lyrical Ballads," Wordsworth presented a copy to the statesman whom he most admired, Mr. Fox; with a letter having particular reference to the poems "The Brothers" and "Michael,"—and dwelling much on the political duty of preserving to the poor their independent domestic feelings. Fox's answer is brief, and worth quoting:—

"Sir,—I owe you many apologies for having so long deferred thanking you for your poems, and your obliging letter accompanying them, which I received early in March. The poems have given me the greatest pleasure; and if I were obliged to choose out of them, I do not know whether I should not say that 'Harry Gill,' 'We are Seven,' 'The Mad Mother,' and 'The Idiot,' are my favorites. I read with particular attention the two you pointed out; but whether it be from early prepossessions, or whatever other cause, I am no great friend to blank verse for subjects which are to be treated of with simplicity. You will excuse my stating my opinions to you so freely, which I should not do if I did not really admire many of the poems in the collection, and many parts even of those in blank verse. Of the poems which you state not to be yours, that entitled 'Love' appears to me to be the



best, and I do not know who is the author. 'The Nightingale' I understand to be Mr. Coleridge's, who combats, I think, very successfully, the mistaken prejudice of the nightingale's note being melancholy. I am, with great truth, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed)

C. J. Fox.

"St. Ann's Hill, May 25. [1801.]"

It is stated that in the poem on "The Daf-fodil," the two lines—

That flash upon that inward eye  
That is the bliss of solitude

are Mrs. Wordsworth's.—If this be correctly noted, both wife and sister may be said to have shared with the poet himself

The vision and the faculty divine.

—In the "Ode on Immortality" Wordsworth asserted this gift prerogatively. Hear his own account of the matter:—

"*The Ode.*—This was composed during my residence at Town End, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the first four stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself, but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere—

A simple child  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

But it was not so much from the source of animal vivacity that my difficulty came, as from a sense of the indomitableness of the spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated in something of the same way to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines, 'Obstinate questionings,' &c. To that dreamlike vividness and splendor which invests objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but having in the poem regarded it as a presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it

right to protest against a conclusion which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favor. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations, and among all persons acquainted with classic literature is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a Poet."

Wordsworth was a bad correspondent:—he wrote few letters. One in defence of his "Idiot Boy" is eloquent. We must cite a passage or two.—

"You begin what you say upon the 'Idiot Boy' with this observation, that nothing is a fit subject for poetry which does not please. But here follows a question, Does not please whom? Some have little knowledge of natural imagery of any kind, and, of course, little relish for it; some are disgusted with the very mention of the words pastoral poetry, sheep or shepherds; some cannot tolerate a poem with a ghost or any supernatural agency in it; others would shrink from an animated description of the pleasures of love, as from a thing carnal and libidinous; some cannot bear to see delicate and refined feelings ascribed to men in low conditions in society, because their vanity and self-love tell them that these belong only to themselves, and men like themselves in dress, station, and way of life; others are disgusted with the naked language of some of the most interesting passions of men, because it is either indelicate, or gross, or vulgar; as many fine ladies could not bear certain expressions in the 'Mother' and the 'Thorn,' and, as in the instance of Adam Smith, who, we are told, could not endure the ballad of 'Clym of the Clough,' because the author had not written like a gentleman. Then there are professional and national prejudices for evermore. Some take no interest in the description of a particular passion or quality, as love of solitariness, we will say, genial activity of fancy, love of nature, religion, and so forth, because they have [little or] nothing of it in themselves; and so on without end. I return then to [the] question, please whom? or what? I answer, human nature as it has been [and ever] will be. But, where are we to find the best measure of this? I answer, [from within; by stripping our own hearts naked, and by looking out of ourselves to[wards men] who lead the simplest lives, and most according to nature; men who have never known false refin-

ments, wayward and artificial desires, false criticisms, effeminate habits of thinking and feeling, or who having known these things have outgrown them. This latter class is the most to be depended upon, but it is very small in number. People in our rank in life are perpetually falling into one sad mistake, namely, that of supposing that human nature and the persons they associate with are one and the same thing. Whom do we generally associate with? Gentlemen, persons of fortune, professional men, ladies, persons who can afford to buy, or can easily procure books of half-a-guinea price, hot-pressed, and printed on superfine paper. These persons are, it is true, a part of human nature, but we err lamentably if we suppose them to be fair representatives of the vast mass of human existence. And yet few ever consider books but with reference to their power of pleasing these persons and men of a higher rank; few descend lower, among cottages and fields, and among children. A man must have done this habitually before his judgment upon the 'Idiot Boy' would be in any way decisive with me. I know I have done this myself habitually; I wrote the poem with exceeding delight and pleasure, and whenever I read it I read it with pleasure. \* \* What false notions have prevailed from generation to generation of the true character of the Nightingale. As far as my Friend's Poem in the 'Lyrical Ballads' is read, it will contribute greatly to rectify these. You will recollect a passage in Cowper, where, speaking of rural sounds, he says,

'And even the boding owl  
That hails the rising moon has charms for me.'

Cowper was passionately fond of natural objects, yet you see he mentions it as a marvellous thing that he could connect pleasure with the cry of the owl. In the same poem he speaks in the same manner of that beautiful plant, the gorse, making in some degree an amiable boast of his loving it, 'unsightly' and unsmooth as it is. There are many aversions of this kind, which, though they have some foundation in nature, have yet so slight a one that, though they may have prevailed hundreds of years, a philosopher will look upon them as accidents. \* \* But you will be inclined to ask by this time how all this applies to the 'Idiot Boy?' To this I can only say that the loathing and disgust which many people have at the sight of an idiot, is a feeling which, though having some foundation in human nature, is not necessarily attached to it in any virtuous degree, but is owing in a great measure to a false delicacy, and if I may say it without rudeness, a certain want of comprehensiveness of thinking and feeling. Persons in the lower classes of society have little or nothing of this: if an idiot is born in a poor man's house, it must be taken care of, and cannot be boarded out, as it would be by gentlefolks, or sent to a public or private receptacle for such unfortunate beings. [Poor people] seeing frequently among their neighbors such objects, easily [forget] whatever there is of natural disgust about them, and have [therefore] a sane state, so that without pain or suffering they [perform] their duties towards them. I could with pleasure pursue this subject,

but I must now strictly adopt the plan which I proposed to myself when I began to write this letter, namely, that of setting down a few hints or memorandums which you will think of for my sake. I have often applied to idiots, in my own mind, that sublime expression of scripture that '*their life is hidden with God.*' They are worshipped, probably from a feeling of this sort, in several parts of the East. Among the Alps, where they are numerous, they are considered, I believe, as a blessing to the family to which they belong. I have, indeed, often looked upon the conduct of fathers and mothers of the lower classes of society towards idiots as the great triumph of the human heart. It is there that we see the strength, disinterestedness, and grandeur of love; nor have I ever been able to contemplate an object that calls out so many excellent and virtuous sentiments without finding it hallowed thereby, and having something in me which bears down before it, like a deluge, every feeble sensation of disgust and aversion. \* \* It is probable that the principal cause of your dislike to this particular poem lies in the word *Idiot*. If there had been any such word in our language, to which we had attached passion, as lack-wit, half-wit, witless, &c., I should have certainly employed it in preference; but there is no such word. Observe (this is entirely in reference to this particular poem), my 'Idiot' is not one of those who can articulate, and such as are usually disgusting in their persons:—

'Whether in cunning or in joy,  
And then his words were not a few,' &c.

and the last speech at the end of the poem. The 'Boy' whom I had in my mind was by no means disgusting in his appearance, quite the contrary; and I have known several with imperfect faculties, who are handsome in their persons and features. There is one at present, within a mile of my own house, remarkably so, though [he has something] of a stare and vacancy in his countenance. A friend of mine, knowing that some persons had a dislike to the poem, such as you have expressed, advised me to add a stanza, describing the person of the Boy, [so as] entirely to separate him in the imaginations of my readers from that class of idiots who are disgusting in their persons; but the narration in the poem is so rapid and impassioned, that I could not find a place to insert the stanza without checking the progress of it, and [so leaving] a deadness upon the feeling."

These passages constitute implicitly Wordsworth's defence touching not only the specific poem, but others similarly obnoxious to conventional taste. They may therefore stand for all.

Next to the notices of Coleridge in these volumes, some of the most interesting are those that relate to Sir Walter Scott:—though they are by no means calculated to raise the writer in general estimation. Indeed, if the report of witnesses—neighbors and friends—may be taken, Wordsworth was

in the habit, in conversation, of alluding to Scott's poems with undisguised contempt.—In a far different mood, he treats of his intimacy with Sir George H. Beaumont. Perfect sympathy seems to have existed between the poet and the painter. The latter purchased for and presented to the former an estate (Applethwaite), in order that he, Coleridge and Southey might live closer together,—and at his death left him an annuity of one hundred pounds. Yet even with such a patron as this Wordsworth is a reluctant correspondent. In fact, he disliked the act of writing—and apologizes for his indolence by ascribing it to a weakness and irritability of the chest. At all times he employed the hand of his wife, his sister, his wife's sister, or his daughter, in preference to his own. But for them, many of his verses would have been lost. In his "Elegiac Musings," however, Wordsworth did justice to the memory of Beaumont.

Notwithstanding the dislike which Wordsworth entertained to the act of writing, he takes credit to himself for the elaboration of his compositions. No accusation seems to sting him more than that which avers that certain objectionable pieces of diction were the result of carelessness. This charge he takes every opportunity of rebutting; and claims credit for having paid the utmost attention to style,—defending the peculiarities of his own on definite principles. On one occasion, he expresses his indignation against Sir Walter Scott for misquoting him:—

"Walter Scott is not a careful composer. He allows himself many liberties, which betray a want of respect for his reader. For instance, he is too fond of inversions; i. e. he often places the verb before the substantive, and the accusative before the verb. W. Scott quoted, as from me,

The swan on *sweet* St. Mary's lake  
Floats double, swan and shadow,

instead of *still*,—thus obscuring my idea, and betraying his own uncritical principles of composition."

While on this theme, we will give our readers Wordsworth's picture of "Yarrow Revisited,"—allusive as it is to the nature of his relations with his Northern contemporary.

"*'Yarrow Revisited.'*—In the autumn of 1831, my daughter and I set off from Rydal to visit Sir Walter Scott, before his departure for Italy. This journey had been delayed by an inflammation in my eyes, till we found that the time appointed for his leaving home would be too near for him to receive us without considerable inconvenience. Nevertheless, we proceeded, and reached Abbots-

ford on Monday. I was then scarcely able to lift up my eyes to the light. How sadly changed did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful a few years before, when he said at the inn at Paterdale, in my presence, his daughter Anne also being there, with Mr. Lockhart, my own wife and daughter, and Mr. Quillinan, 'I mean to live till I am *eighty*,' 'and shall write as long as I live.' Though we had none of us the least thought of the cloud of misfortune which was then going to break upon his head, I was startled, and almost shocked, at that bold saying, which could scarcely be uttered by such a man, sanguine as he was, without a momentary forgetfulness of the instability of human life. But to return to Abbotsford. The inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart; Mr. Liddell, his lady and brother, and Mr. Allan, the painter, and Mr. Laidlaw, a very old friend of Sir Walter's. One of Burns's sons, an officer in the Indian service, had left the house a day or two before, and had kindly expressed his regret that he could not wait my arrival, a regret that I may truly say was mutual. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Liddell sang, and Mrs. Lockhart chanted old ballads to her harp; and Mr. Allan, hanging over the back of a chair, told and acted old stories in a humorous way. With this exhibition, and his daughter's singing, Sir Walter was much amused, and, indeed, were we all, as far as circumstances would allow. On Tuesday morning, Sir Walter Scott accompanied us, and most of the party, to Newark Castle, on the *Yarrow*. When we alighted from the carriages, he walked pretty stoutly, and had great pleasure in revisiting these his favorite haunts. Of that excursion, the verses, '*Yarrow Revisited*' are a memorial. Notwithstanding the romance that pervades Sir Walter's works, and attaches to many of his habits, there is too much pressure of fact for these verses to harmonize, as much as I could wish, with the two preceding poems. On our return in the afternoon, we had to cross the Tweed, directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly. A rich, but sad light, of rather a purple than a golden hue, was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning,

A trouble not of clouds, &c.

At noon on Thursday we left Abbotsford, and on the morning of that day, Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation, *tête-à-tête*, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which, upon the whole, he had led. He had written in my daughter's album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her; and while putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence, 'I should not have done anything of this kind, but for your father's sake; they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.' They show how

much his mind was impaired; not by the strain of thought, but by the execution, some of the lines being imperfect, and one stanza wanting corresponding rhymes. One letter, the initial S, had been omitted in the spelling of his own name. In this interview, also, it was that, upon my expressing a hope of his health being benefited by the climate of the country to which he was going, and by the interest he would take in the classic remembrances of Italy, he made use of the quotation from 'Yarrow Revisited,' as recorded by me in the 'Musings at Aquapendente,' six years afterwards."

We will merely quote further a few detached notes, which give the picture of Wordsworth's last days.—

"On Sunday, the 10th of March, 1850, Mr. Wordsworth attended divine service at Rydal Chapel for the last time. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day he set out to walk to Grasmere, accompanied by Mr. Quillinan and Miss Hutchinson. The weather was ungenial, with a keen wind from the north-east; and Mr. Wordsworth was lightly clad, as usual. He walked over White Moss, and paid a visit to Mrs. Fisher, who had been in his service when he lived at Town-End. He then called at Mrs. Cookson's. Being there asked how Mrs. Wordsworth was, he replied, 'Pretty well: but, indeed, she must be very unwell indeed for any one to discover it: she never complains.' He had been reading the third volume of Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, and conversed a good deal on that subject. His friends thought him looking feeble: he had a stick in his hand, on which he leaned when sitting in the house. The next day Mr. Wordsworth, accompanied by Mrs. Wordsworth and his two nieces, called at Mr. Quillinan's house, to bid him good-bye before his departure to pay a visit to a friend near Carlisle: he then walked on to Foxhow, to see Mrs. Arnold; and thence to Ambleside, where he called at Mrs. Nicholson's, and returned home to Rydal. On the afternoon of the following day Mr. Wordsworth went towards Grasmere, to meet his two nieces, who were coming from Town-End. He called at the cottage near the White Moss quarry, and, the occupant not being within, he sat down on the stone seat of the porch to watch the setting sun. It was a cold bright evening. His friend and neighbor, Mr. Rounsledge, came to drink tea at Rydal; but Mr. Wordsworth, not being well, went early to bed. On the 14th he complained of pain in his side; and the medical advice of Mr. Fell and Mr. Green, of Ambleside, was resorted to. On the 20th the symptoms of the disorder assumed a more serious aspect. The throat and chest were affected, and the pleura were inflamed. In order to subdue the bronchial and pleuric inflammation, it

had been thought requisite to resort to medical discipline, which had much reduced his strength, and left him in a state of exhaustion, debility, and lethargy, from which he was not able to rally. He seemed to feel much repugnance both for medicine and food. From this time the reports of his bodily condition fluctuated from day to day for more than a fortnight.

"Sunday, 7th April.—Mr. Wordsworth completed his eightieth year to-day; he was prayed for in Rydal Chapel, morning and afternoon. \* \* On or about this day [the 20th], Mrs. Wordsworth, with a view of letting him know what the opinion of his medical advisers was concerning his case, said gently to him, 'William, you are going to Dora.' He made no reply at the time, and the words seemed to have passed unheeded; indeed it was not certain that they had been ever heard. More than twenty-four hours afterwards one of his nieces came into the room, and was drawing aside the curtain of his chamber, and then, as if awaking from a quiet sleep, he said, 'Is that Dora?'

"Tuesday, April 23rd.—The report this morning was, 'Mr. Wordsworth is much the same.' . . . And so he remained till noon. . . . The entry in Mr. Quillinan's journal for this day is as follows:—'Mr. Wordsworth breathed his last calmly, passing away almost insensibly, exactly at twelve o'clock, while the cuckoo clock was striking the hour.' \* \* On Saturday, the 27th, his mortal remains, followed to the grave by his own family and a very large concourse of persons, of all ranks and ages, were laid in peace near those of his children, in Grasmere church-yard. His own prophecy, in the lines,

Sweet flower! belike one day to have  
A place upon thy Poet's grave,  
I welcome thee once more,

is now fulfilled. He desired no splendid tomb in a public mausoleum. He reposes, according to his own wish, beneath the green turf, among the daisies of Grasmere, under the sycamores and yews of a country churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream, amid the mountains which he loved."

On the whole, these are two ponderous and unattractive volumes; and even after what we know of the poet's calm and uneventful life, we rise from their perusal with a sense of wonder and disappointment that they should have so little of interest to yield. Something of this is due, no doubt, to the unskilfulness of the biographer; but when that is allowed for, the feeling remains that the reputation of the Poet loses more than it gains by the publication of his *Notes and Memoirs*.



From the Edinburgh Review.

## POPULAR PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.\*

THIS book is a somewhat undigested mass of valuable matter, interspersed occasionally with reflections of much interest, and observations of considerable originality. The author is unquestionably a man of talent; he writes with vigor and smartness; he has taken pains in the collection of most of his materials; and his statistics are arranged with great care, and managed with unusual skill. In this point he is much superior to his prototype and apparent master, Mr. Alison. But his range of topics is too wide to allow of his doing justice to any one of them, and his book is disfigured with an unwieldy series of quotations from blue books, newspapers, and reviews; from publications that never had authority, and publications that have long been superseded. An enumeration of the heads of some of his chapters will give an idea of the extent of ground which he careers over:—"Population;" "Occupations of the People;" "Taxation, Revenue, Expenditure;" "Theory of Progress;" "Condition of the People;" "Crime;" "Manners;" "Conversation;" "Rich and Poor;" "Railways;" "Sir Robert Peel;" "The Press;" "The Tenth of April;" "The Church;" "Solicitors and Attorneys;" "Supply of London with Meat;" "Drinking Habits;" "The Poor Law;" and many others. All these grave topics are disposed of in a positive off-hand manner, and in the tone we might expect from a man of lively and inquiring mind, whose Tory predilections and protectionist opinions are often so one-sided as to show us as much of "England as it is not," as of "England as it is."

The book, on the whole, however, is decidedly readable, though, besides its discursiveness, it has two rather serious faults. If we except two or three chapters, the writer has no personal or practical knowledge of any of the subjects which he treats. The chapters devoted to law and the legal pro-

fession will be interesting to the unlearned, because there the author is comparatively *en pays de connaissance*; and from the same cause the chapters on Manners and Conversation are about the best in the book, because society—that is, London literary, legal, and political society—at least in one of its many-colored aspects, appears to be familiar to him; not so life in the provinces and society among the middle classes. While, of the people—of the component parts of our social structure in detail; of the character, feelings, and position of the masses—he knows practically nothing, having looked at them through the medium of books alone. His source of information on these points is sometimes the "Times" newspaper; sometimes an obscure pamphlet; sometimes a party review; sometimes a blue book. He speaks as a barrister from his brief, who makes the most of the materials furnished to him, but who has never come into personal communication with his client, or seen the premises or machine on which he descants so fluently to the jury.

As far as any one prevailing idea can be detected in the book, it is, that England is going to the dogs: as far as any distinct purpose can be traced, it is to prove our national peril and retrogression. It would be unjust to class "England as it is," with the absurd and malignant work of Ledru Rollin ("*La Decadence de l'Angleterre*"); but there are some undeniable resemblances between them. Both authors are disposed to paint English society *en noir*, to think that our imperial star is on the wane, that our national maturity is past, and that old age and decrepitude are at hand. For ourselves, we have better trust and stronger faith; we believe that we flourished and advanced under Tory ministers and a restrictive tariff; and we are not without hopes that we shall continue to flourish and advance even under a Whig Government and a free commercial policy. And since we entirely disagree with Mr. Johnston as to the decay, both actual and prospective, of Great Britain, we propose to join issue with him on this, the prominent conception of his book.

\* *England as it is; Political, Social, and Industrial, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century.* By WILLIAM JOHNSTON, Barrister at Law. London: 1851.

The warning symptoms of this impending desolation Mr. Johnston traces in the deteriorating material position of our working classes; in the decay of friendly intercourse between them and their superiors; in the increase of crime; in the excessive toil and struggle for existence everywhere manifest around us; in the scoffing and frivolous tone of society; and in the dwarfed and degraded spirit of our statesmanship;—signs and menaces which, if their existence could be clearly proved, would go far to justify his gloomiest and worst surmises. In most of these points, however, we differ with him as to fact; in some as to causes; in others as to the inference to be drawn from them.

First, as to the *Physical Condition of the Masses*. We are not disposed to draw a picture *couleur de rose* of the condition of our people. We have been too long and too near witnesses of their struggles and their sorrows, to feel any temptation to ignore them, or make light of them. But we must remember that the question is not now,—whether our present state is satisfactory? but, Is it improving or deteriorating? Are we advancing or retrograding in civilization and well-being? Is our actual progress so slow, as to make us despair about the future? or, worse still, Is our improvement confined to the outside, the surface, and the summit, while all within is hollow, and a varnished decay is busy at our vitals? Admitting then, and deploring, as we do, that the condition of the masses is far from the ideal we might form, far even from a point at once desirable, attainable, and due,—we affirm that it has improved, and is still improving, with a rapidity and in a direction, which, viewed aright, justify the most sanguine anticipations.

“The inventions of science have not benefited the poorer classes.”—Have they not? Look at railroads, the great scientific marvel of the age, which in the course of twenty years have brought the remotest parts of our islands within twenty-four hours of each other, which have quintupled our locomotive speed, and multiplied the amount of our locomotion in a ratio that baffles calculation. Who have been the chief gainers by them? Clearly the poor, to whom, formerly, locomotion was a thing almost impossible; who, for the most part, passed the whole of life in the narrow circuit of their native hamlet, or the town in which they were apprenticed; who frequently lived and died without visiting the next valley, or crossing the range of low hills which were ever before their eyes;

who, if compelled by dire necessity to travel, trudged painfully on foot, weary, limping, and heavy-laden; who, on their rare holidays, could find no recreation but wandering in familiar fields, or boozing at the wonted tavern. The wealthy could always travel in luxurious carriages with spirited post-horses, which carried them along at the rate of eighteen pence a mile. The middle classes indulged their restless or curious propensities on the top of the mail coach, a mode of conveyance to which even now they look back with affection and regret. But the poor, till this great application of science to their use, were absolutely rooted to their place of birth: they heard of London, or York, or the mountains, or the lakes, as distant scenes replete with wonders and attractions, but as inaccessible as Paradise to them. Now, every fine Sunday, every summer holiday, sees hundreds of thousands of artisans rush from the smoky recesses of Liverpool or London, to make merry with their friends, or refresh themselves after a week of toil with the gay verdure and invigorating air of the country. For the smallest sums, they are carried in cheap trips to see York minster, or to wander on the cliffs of Scarborough, or bathe in the sea at Dover;—they are poured out in multitudes on the shores of Windermere; and conveyed almost without any intervention of their own, to London, to Dublin, to Paris, at a cost which few among them cannot, by an effort, manage to afford. What these new facilities must have done to counterbalance and compete with the low pleasures of intemperance and gambling, how they have interfered with the cock-fight, and unpeopled the race-course, and replaced the bull-bait, may be easily conceived. A “cheap trip” is now, with the artisan class, the established mode of passing a leisure day. In 1848, the number who left Manchester alone, in Whitsun week, by these excursion trains, was 116,000; in 1849 it had risen to 150,000; and last year it reached 202,000. Mr. Johnson himself gives a table (vol. i. p. 285,) which should have prevented him from penning the rash sentence we have quoted from him on the uselessness of scientific improvements to the poor. In 1849 the number who traveled by railway were as follows:—

|                         | Passengers. | Receipts.  |
|-------------------------|-------------|------------|
| First Class             | 7,292,811   | £1,927,768 |
| Second                  | 23,521,650  | 2,530,968  |
| Third and Parliamentary | 32,800,323  | 1,816,476  |

Thus it appears that the poorer classes traveled by railway to the number of nearly

33,000,000, and could afford to spend in that mode of recreation nearly 2,000,000*l*. They outnumbered the middle classes in the proportion of *four to three*, and the wealthier classes in the proportion of *four to one*.

"The condition of the working classes has deteriorated, and their command over the comforts of life has diminished."—Has it? Let us look at facts again. At the close of the last century, rye, oats, and barley bread, were extensively consumed throughout the country: according to one authority, rye bread was the habitual food of one-seventh of the population: it is now entirely disused, and the use of wheaten bread is almost universal among even the poorest classes. To what extent their consumption of this has increased, we have no means of knowing with any approach to accuracy. According to the calculation of Lord Hawkesbury, the consumption of wheat in the kingdom, in 1796, was 6,000,000 quarters; it is now estimated by the most careful authorities (but of course, as we have no agricultural statistics, this is merely an estimate) at 15,200,000 quarters. The growth of wheat in England is known to have enormously increased; and besides this, the amount of wheat and wheat-flour imported and retained for home consumption, which was 2,317,480 quarters in the five years ending with 1800, had increased in the five years ending with 1850, to 15,463,530 quarters. Vast as has been our importation since, it has all gone into consumption as fast as it was landed. Of course, the difference between our population at the several periods is to be taken into account. But, all things considered, probably the price of grain may be the best proximate test of the command of the working classes over this the first necessary of life. Now a comparison of the past and present gives us a conclusive result; and it is a fair comparison, because the potato-disease and the famine of 1847 form an ample set-off against the bad harvests at the beginning of the century. The average price of wheat during the first ten years of the century was 8*s*. 6*d*.; during the last ten years, it was only 5*s*. 4*d*. The same earnings, therefore, which in the last generation could command only five quartern loaves would now purchase eight. The fall in the cost of other articles of daily consumption among the poor has been nearly, if not quite, as great. Coffee, which fifty years ago was selling at 200*s*. a cwt., may now be purchased, of equal quality, at 117*s*.; tea, in the same period, has fallen from 5*s*. to 3*s*. 4*d*. a lb.; and sugar from 80*s*.

to 41*s*. a cwt. In articles of clothing the reduction is even more remarkable: a piece of printing calico, 29 yards long, which is made into three gowns, and which, as late even as 1814, cost 28*s*. in the wholesale warehouse, is now sold for 6*s*. 6*d*., and two years ago sold as low as 5*s*. A piece of good 4-quarter Irish linen, (13<sup>00</sup> quality) bleached, sold in 1800 at 3*s*. 2*d*. a yard. Goods, the nearest to the same kind now made, sell at 14*d*. Grey 4-quarter shirting (20<sup>00</sup> quality), which cost 5*s*. 6*d*. a yard in 1800, and 3*s*. 6*d*. in 1830, now sells for 1*s*. 6*d*.; and the cost of bleaching it is reduced in the same proportion, viz.: from 12*s*. a piece in 1800, and 8*s*. in 1830, to 3*s*. 6*d*. in the present year.

These facts prove that the poor have the power of purchasing a larger quantity of food and clothing than formerly with the same sum. But we can go a step further than this, and can show, in the case of many articles, that they actually *do* supply themselves more liberally than formerly. We have seen that they do so with wheat. The average consumption of coffee (in spite of the great adulteration with chicory) has risen from one ounce and a tenth per head in 1801, to twenty-eight ounces in 1849; tea from 19 oz. to 23 oz.; sugar from 15 lbs., which it was in 1821, to 24 lbs. in 1849, against 22½ lbs. in 1801. Now it needs no elaborate argument to show, that increased cheapness of the principal necessities of life must redound to the essential benefit of the poorest and most numerous section of the community. Of such articles as bread, sugar, coffee, calico, and linen, the wealthy and easy classes will always allow themselves as much as they desire or need; and a reduction in price will seldom induce them, as individuals (apart, that is, from their servants and household), to increase their consumption. It allows them, indeed, a larger surplus to spend on luxuries or elegancies; but that is the sum of its benefit to them: to the poor it makes all the difference of a scanty or an ample meal, of warm or insufficient clothing, of an anxious or a care-free mind, of a vigorous and healthy or a pining and sickly family.

Mr. Johnston returns to the charge (i. 136,) thus:—"The working classes have allowed themselves to be made the instrument of the middle orders or men of business, and have been led away by the delusion of accomplishing political changes, from which practically *they* could derive no advantage." Is this true? Have they derived no advantage from the political changes which have taken

place during the last twenty years? Has Parliamentary reform led to the remission of no taxation which pressed heavily upon them? Has commercial reform, rendered possible only by the great Act of 1832, brought no addition to their comforts, no plenty to their hearths, no spring to their industry, no demand for their productions? In what state would they have been, if our exports in 1850 had been the same as our exports in 1840? Has municipal reform relieved them from no burdens and no injustice? Have the county courts afforded them no facility for the recovery of their small debts? Has the increasing attention now paid to those sanitary arrangements which peculiarly concern the poor, no connection with the augmentation of the popular element in our government consequent upon Parliamentary reform? Is the vast improvement which has taken place in the schools for the working classes in no degree traceable to the same influence? Has not, in fact, the whole of our legislation for the last fifteen years been marked above all other characteristics by attention to the wants, interests, and comforts of the poor? Let Mr. Johnston look at our fiscal legislation alone, and blush for the injustice of his charge.

It is scarcely too much to say, that since 1830 the chief occupation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been the removal or reduction of taxes which pressed upon the mass of the people. We know how distasteful figures generally are both to hearers and readers, and we shall therefore be merciful in our use of them; but we have collected a few which are too speaking to be withheld. Since the peace in 1815 (leaving out that year,) we have repealed, up to 1846, taxes which produced annually 53,046,000*l.*; and we have imposed taxes to the amount of 13,496,000*l.*; leaving a clear balance of relief to the country of 39,550,000*l.* a year. From 1830 to 1850, 21,568,000*l.* of taxes have been repealed, and 7,925,000*l.* imposed, showing a relief to the country since that period of not less than 13,643,000*l.* But these figures, though showing the extent to which the country has been eased, give a very inadequate conception of the extent to which the working classes have participated in that relief. Of the 7,925,000*l.* of taxation imposed since 1830, 5,100,000*l.* is furnished by the income tax, from which they are wholly exempted. In 1830, there were taxes on all the raw materials of our industry; now, all these

come in free. In 1830, there was a prohibitory duty on foreign grain, foreign meat was excluded, and heavy customs' duties were levied on all imported articles of food. Now corn comes in free; butchers' meat comes in free; the duty on colonial coffee has been reduced from 9*d.* and 6*d.* per lb. to 4*d.*; the duty on foreign sugar was prohibitory, it is now 15*s.* 6*d.* a cwt.; the duty on colonial sugar was 24*s.* a cwt., it is now 11*s.* In 1830, the poor man's letter cost him from 6*d.* to 13½*d.*, he now gets it from the furthest extremity of the island for a penny. In fact, with the single exception of soap, *no tax is now levied on any one of the necessaries of life*; and if a working man chooses to confine himself to these, he may escape taxation altogether. Whatever he contributes to the revenue is a purely voluntary contribution. If he confines himself to a strictly wholesome and nutritious diet, and to an ample supply of neat and comfortable clothing,—if he is content, as so many of the best, and wisest, and strongest, and longest-lived men have been before him, to live on bread and meat and milk and butter, and to drink only water; to clothe himself in woollen, linen, and cotton; to forego the pleasant luxuries of sugar, coffee, and tea, and to eschew the noxious ones of wine, beer, spirits, and tobacco,—he may pass through life without ever paying one shilling of taxation, except for the soap he requires for washing—an exception which is not likely to remain long upon our statute-book. Of what other country in the world can the same be said? The discontented, the factious, and the agitating still go about, telling the working man that he, the heavily-taxed Englishman, cannot compete with the lightly-taxed foreigner; speaking, as they might have been justified in some respects in speaking in 1800, or in 1815, or in 1829; using language which may have been true then, but which is simply false now. But in a work like Mr. Johnston's, carefully prepared for the press, such unfairness and unverity should, in common decency, have been avoided. In no country in Europe is the peasant and artisan so free from all enforced taxation as in England. The French peasant pays a salt-tax, a *contribution personnelle et mobilière*; a license tax; and, if he live in a town, the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*. The German laboring man pays a poll-tax, a class tax, a trade-tax, and sometimes a meat-tax; and in certain parts an *octroi* also. *The English working man pays no direct taxes whatever.* He is taxed



only for his luxuries; he pays only on the pleasures of the palate; if he chooses to dispense with luxuries, none of which are essential and few of which are harmless, he dispenses with taxation too; if, on the contrary, he chooses to smoke his pipe and drink his glass, to sip tea from China, and sweeten it with sugar from Jamaica, he at once puts himself into the category of the rich, who can afford these superfluities; *he voluntarily steps into the tax-paying class*, and forfeits all title to sue or to complain *formâ pauperis*. We are far from wishing to intimate that he should not indulge in all harmless luxuries to the utmost limit that he can afford; but most indisputably, in thus leaving it optional with him whether he will contribute to the revenue or not—and subjecting him to no actual privations if he decline to do so—Parliament is favoring him to an extent which it vouchsafes to no other class in the community, and to which no other land affords a parallel. His earnings are decimated by no income-tax, like those of the clerk; his cottage is subject to no window-tax, like that of the struggling professional aspirant; very generally he does not even contribute to the poor-rate;—he pays, like the rich man, to the State only when he chooses to imitate the rich man in his living.

In a very valuable paper, read by Mr. Porter before the British Association last August, on “the self-imposed taxation of the working classes,” he shows in a very striking manner how far less liberally they are treated by themselves than by the government which their advocates so unfairly accuse of neglect and injustice. He there clearly proves that the working classes tax themselves every year, in three needless and noxious articles alone, to an extent equal to the whole yearly revenue of the kingdom: these articles, too, (which is the worst and most selfish feature of the case) being consumed almost entirely by the heads of families, to the exclusion of their wives and children. Mr. Porter, after a careful calculation, in which all exaggeration is anxiously eliminated, gives the yearly expenditure of the people in the items of British and Colonial spirits, beer and porter, tobacco and snuff; leaving out brandy, as mainly used by the rich; leaving out all beer brewed in private families; leaving out English-made cigars, and all foreign manufactured tobacco, which is chiefly the higher priced snuff and Havannah cigars, not used by the poor. The sum total is as follows:—

|                       |   |   |             |
|-----------------------|---|---|-------------|
| Rum, gin, and whiskey | - | - | £20,810,208 |
| Beer and porter       | - | - | 25,383,165  |
| Tobacco and snuff     | - | - | 7,218,242   |
|                       |   |   | <hr/>       |
|                       |   |   | £53,411,615 |
|                       |   |   | <hr/>       |

Let those who speak of working men as an oppressed, impoverished, and extorted class, reflect what a magical change in their condition a very few years would effect were this vast sum, thus worse than thrown away, either expended in adding to their comforts, or laid by to raise them into the class of capitalists, whom they so much envy and so thoughtlessly malign.

“Vast as has been the increase of the national wealth of late years, its distribution has been found less satisfactory.” So avers Mr. Johnston. “Property is more and more coagulating into large masses. The rich are becoming richer, and the poor poorer. No class of politicians denies this.”—We deny it *in toto*: there is no evidence to support the assertion; and, thanks to Mr. Porter’s industry and research, there is considerable evidence to disprove it. It is obvious that when the savings of the working classes—the sums they accumulate and lay by—are increasing, it cannot be said, with any truth, that the poor are becoming poorer. Now, we have no means of knowing, with any certainty, what the total amount of these savings are, because so large a portion of them are in the hands of friendly societies and Odd Fellows’ clubs, of whose investments no summary is published. We only know that they are largely increasing. The number of these friendly societies registered was, in 1846, no less than 10,995; and the amount deposited by them in savings’ banks, and directly in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners, was £3,301,560. In 1849, in spite of the severe pressure and high prices of 1847 and 1848, this sum has increased to £3,356,000. This, however, by no means comprises the whole. Mr. McCulloch informs us that, in 1815, these societies were said to have numbered 925,429 members. If this be correct, they must now, he says, reach 1,200,000. But leaving these figures, over which some doubt may be thrown, let us come to Savings’ Banks, where we have official documents to rely upon. In England, Wales, and Ireland, the depositors, who numbered 412,217 in 1830, had increased to 970,825 in 1848; and the amount deposited had sprung up from £13,507,568 to £27,034,026. The following will show

the increase in the deposits as compared with the population for England, Wales, and Ireland. In Scotland, owing to the greater facilities and the more liberal interest afforded by the ordinary banks, savings banks have not till recently been much used.

|                                  |   |   |    |    |           |
|----------------------------------|---|---|----|----|-----------|
| In 1831 the amount deposited was | - | - | s. | d. | per head. |
| 1836                             | " | " | 12 | 8  | "         |
| 1841                             | " | " | 16 | 4  | "         |
| 1846                             | " | " | 19 | 10 | "         |
|                                  | " | " | 24 | 0  | "         |

In 1848, the amount had fallen off to 20s. 11d., owing to the distress occasioned by the potato-rot, and the high price of provisions; it has since again increased.

It is, however, sometimes asserted that the bulk of depositors in these institutions do not belong, properly speaking, to the working classes, but are composed of domestic servants and small tradesmen. As regards friendly societies this assertion is certainly not true; as regard savings' banks we cannot speak so decidedly, since the callings of the depositors are not regularly classified and published. But we have lying before us a return from the Manchester and Salford Savings' Bank in 1842—from which it ap-

pears that out of 14,937 depositors, 3,063 were domestic servants, 3,033 children, whose parents had invested money for them, only 2,372 tradesmen, clerks, warehousemen, porters, artists and professional teachers, and the remainder were laborers and handicraftsmen in various branches of industry.

The official accounts of the dividends paid to fundholders afford much valuable information, strongly controverting the idea of the present tendency of property to concentrate itself into few hands. They show that while the larger fundholders are diminishing, the smaller are increasing. More persons hold to the half-yearly value of £5; fewer to the half-yearly value of £500.

| Fundholders receiving at each Payment. |      | 1831.   | 1848.   | Increase per Cent. | Diminution per Cent. |
|----------------------------------------|------|---------|---------|--------------------|----------------------|
| Not exceeding                          | £ 5  | 88,170  | 96,415  | 9.35               |                      |
| "                                      | 10   | 44,790  | 44,937  | 0.33               |                      |
| "                                      | 50   | 98,320  | 96,024  | -                  | 2.33                 |
| "                                      | 100  | 25,694  | 24,462  | -                  | 4.79                 |
| "                                      | 200  | 14,772  | 13,882  | -                  | 6.02                 |
| "                                      | 300  | 4,527   | 4,032   | -                  | 10.93                |
| "                                      | 500  | 2,890   | 2,647   | -                  | 8.41                 |
| "                                      | 1000 | 1,398   | 1,222   | -                  | 12.59                |
| "                                      | 2000 | 412     | 328     | -                  | 20.88                |
| Exceeding                              | 2000 | 172     | 177     | 2.90               |                      |
|                                        |      | 281,145 | 284,127 |                    |                      |

The increase in the last item is caused by the insurance offices, which invest largely in the funds.

The income-tax returns lead to a similar conclusion: the smaller incomes have increased faster than the larger. While the number assessed between £150 and £500 have increased between 1812 and 1848, 196 per cent.; those assessed upwards of £500 have increased only 147 per cent. The probate duty lists give the same result. Between 1833 and 1848

|                                      |   |                           |               |           |
|--------------------------------------|---|---------------------------|---------------|-----------|
| The amount assessed on estates up to | - | £1,500                    | had increased | Per cent. |
| "                                    | " | between £1,500 and £5,000 | "             | 15.56     |
| "                                    | " | " £5,000 and £10,000      | "             | 9.21      |
| "                                    | " | " £10,000 and £15,000     | "             | 16.38     |
| "                                    | " | of upwards of £15,000     | "             | 6.36      |
|                                      |   |                           |               | 7.20      |

While the amount of duty received on estates of 30,000*l.* and upwards has been steadily though slowly decreasing.

Driven from all these lugubrious and mal-content positions, Mr. Johnston takes refuge in the assertion that, in spite of wealth, in spite of civilization, in spite of education, the moral condition of the people of England has retrograded in recent years. We will not now follow him through all the details he brings forward in proof of his statement. We will give one as a sample of the rest. He affirms, first, (vol. ii. p. 247,) as a matter which has fallen under his personal observation, that the greatest curse and source of crime and degradation among the laboring

classes of England is drunkenness; and secondly, that this vice is on the increase, and "that from whatever cause, the consumption of ardent spirits has far from diminished." We admit his first assertion: we entirely deny the second. The decrease of habits of drinking among the middle and higher classes has long been matter of notoriety and of congratulation. Mr. McCulloch states the average consumption of wine in the United Kingdom to have fallen since the close of the last century from *three* bottles a man to *one and one-third*; and from the last returns published we deduce the following figures:—

|                |             | Per head. |                         |
|----------------|-------------|-----------|-------------------------|
| From 1795—1804 | we consumed | 0·52      | gallons of wine a year. |
| 1821—1824      | "           | 0·22      | " "                     |
| " —1842        | "           | 0·18      | " "                     |
| " —1849        | "           | 0·22      | " "                     |

This is a most satisfactory result; but it is not generally known that the official documents relating to the consumption of beer and ardent spirits show one not less satisfactory with regard to the increasing temperance of the poor. For the first quarter of this

century the high duties on British spirits caused such an enormous amount of illicit distillation that no comparison can be instituted with that period. Since 1830 the following table shows the annual consumption per head in the kingdom.

|                                |         | 1831. | 1841. | 1849. |
|--------------------------------|---------|-------|-------|-------|
| British Spirits drunk per head | -       | 90    | 77    | 84    |
| Colonial                       | - - - - | 15    | 09    | 11    |
| Foreign                        | - - - - | 05    | 04    | 08    |
|                                |         | 1·10  | 90    | 1·03  |

The following table is still more clear and satisfactory, as showing that there has been a large and, on the whole, a continuous de-

crease in the use of ardent spirits in England and Ireland, and that the sole increase has been in Scotland.

| Home made Spirits charged with Duty. | 1831.      | 1836.      | 1843.      | 1846.      | 1849.      |
|--------------------------------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
|                                      | £          | £          | £          | £          | £          |
| England -                            | 7,732,000  | 7,875,000  | 7,720,000  | 5,634,000  | 5,318,000  |
| Scotland -                           | 6,007,000  | 6,621,000  | 5,593,000  | 9,560,000  | 10,445,000 |
| Ireland -                            | 9,004,000  | 12,249,000 | 5,546,000  | 8,333,000  | 8,117,000  |
| U. Kingdom                           | 22,743,000 | 26,745,000 | 18,859,000 | 23,527,000 | 23,880,000 |

The diminution in the consumption of malt liquor appears to have kept pace with that in the use of spirits. In 1830 the beer duty

was taken off, and a great increase in the number of licenses was the result. The beer shops increased till 1838, when they

reached their maximum. Since that time they have steadily declined. The licenses granted in that year were 45,717, or one for

every 566 persons ; in 1849, they were 38,200, or one for every 720 persons.

| Consumption per Head in the United Kingdom, | British Spirits Gallons. | Bushels of Malt. |
|---------------------------------------------|--------------------------|------------------|
| In the year 1831 -                          | 90                       | 1.63             |
| “ 1841 -                                    | 77                       | 1.35             |
| “ 1849 -                                    | 84                       | 1.32             |

It will be allowed, we think, that these figures effectually dispose of Mr. Johnston's rash assertion as to the increase in the consumption of intoxicating liquors among our increasing population.

We trust that the picture we have drawn of the undeniable improvement of our population as a whole, and of our progress in all the departments of national well-being, will not be held to indicate want of knowledge of the amount of social suffering which still exists, nor want of the deepest sympathy with the sufferers. We are fully cognizant of the existence in our great towns of a class of beings *below* the working classes, permanently and almost hopelessly degraded. We are not blind to the pressure, the privation, the penury, the occasional starvation, even, prevalent among many craftsmen, especially perhaps, among sempstresses and tailors. We admit and deplore the depressed and impoverished condition of the agricultural laborers over many parts of England ; and we look upon this feature in the social state of England with almost more anxiety than any other, because, more than any other, an air of wretchedness and of inability to rise would here appear to be characteristic of a whole section of our population. But we do not dwell upon these painful facts here, not from wishing to ignore them, nor from feeling them to be irreconcilable with our theory of progress, but because—unless they can be shown to spring out of our advancing civilization, or to prevail now to a greater degree than formerly—they are, in our controversy with the asserters of our national decay, to a great extent irrelevant considerations. The existence of widespread distress is undoubtedly a proof that our civilization is imperfect, and our social system incomplete ; but that this distress is more extensive or more severe than it has been, will not, we think, be deliberately held by any one who is aware how similar com-

plaints, as angry and unmeasured, stretch back through the whole half century ; how much more sensitive to suffering, how much more quick to detect and prompt to pity misery, the public mind has of late years become ; and how many phases of wretchedness formerly hidden in secrecy and silence are now made known through a thousand channels. If there are among us any classes whose inability to live in comfort or to rise out of their bondage is justly chargeable upon the arrangements of society, this is an impeachment of our civilization, and a fatal flaw in the structure of our political community. But if, as we believe, all these cases of misery and degradation—where they are not those casual exceptions which must always exist in human, and therefore imperfect societies—are distinctly traceable to the former neglect of natural laws which are now beginning to be studied and obeyed, and to a violation, by the last generation, of principles which have been taken as the guide and the pole-star of the present,—then this impeachment can no longer be justly sustained. It is the law of nature that children should suffer for their father's faults : it is the law of nature that indolence, improvidence, recklessness, and folly should entail suffering and degradation ; and it is no just ground for the condemnation of our social arrangements, that they carry out this law ; nor any argument against the progress of an age, that the action of this law is legibly written on its face. If, indeed, (in any but exceptional instances, which no system can ever meet,) the industrious, the frugal, and the foreseeing—whose parents before them were industrious, frugal, and foreseeing also—not only cannot maintain their position or rise above it, but are sinking lower and lower in spite of their exertions, then the construction of society is somehow, somewhere, in fault, and our boasted progress is a mistake and mockery. But who will affirm such cases to exist except as rare anomalies ?



One remark more, and we will quit this branch of the subject. Much has been written of late respecting the privations of the 30,000 needlewomen and the 23,000 tailors of the metropolis, and of the destitution and squalor of the peasants in rural districts: shocking individual pictures have been drawn of the sufferings of these classes; and, exaggerated as some of them may have been in tone and coloring, we do not deny their truth in the main. They are true as scenes; are they true as general delineations? Are they *specimens* or *exceptions*? How deep do these miseries go? Are they characteristic of a class, or only of individuals of that class? There is, moreover, one weighty consideration entirely left out of view by those who draw rapid generalizations from these harrowing descriptions, which we can only just indicate here. *How small a redundancy of numbers in any branch of industry will suffice to give to that branch the appearance, and even, for the time, to cause the reality of general distress?* If, in the cotton trade, there is regular employment, at ample wages, for 50,000 spinners, and 50,500 are seeking for work, though it be only this extra *one per cent.* who are properly speaking destitute or in distress, they may easily succeed not only in actually making the other ninety-nine sharers in their privations, but in giving a general character of destitution and *unemployment* to the whole class. If there are 31,000 needlewomen in London, and only 30,000 are wanted, the surplus thousand, by their competition, their complaints, their undeniable destitution, will inevitably produce on the superficial observer the impression of starvation and inadequate employment pervading the whole denomination. Apply these remarks to the clothing trades. Now, if we are right in this, with what justice can sufferings of this character be urged to show that society is retrograding or out of joint? How can privations, however sad, however clamorous for cure, resulting from the surplus of a few thousands—and *properly belonging only to those few*—be adduced in disproof of the progress and increasing comfort of a population of 20,000,000?

Mr. Johnston devotes a careful chapter to the examination of the Criminal Returns for the last fifteen years; and seems strongly disposed to draw from them an augury favorable to his notions of the deterioration of our social state. Except, however, in the single and very painful instance of the increase of murders, which cannot be gainsaid, we do not see that his statistics bear out his impressions.

A comparison of the total commitments for various classes of offences during the last fifteen years, presents an increase of 20·8 per cent. in this period—18·8 per cent. of which is in the crime of murder. Now we are quite ready to confess, that at first sight, the result presented is the reverse of satisfactory. But there are two or three considerations which, when duly weighed, will do much to mitigate our disappointment. And, first, let us inquire into the relative heinousness of the offences committed in these three periods, as indicated by the severity of the sentences passed upon them by the judges. Many crimes necessarily classed together under the same general denomination may be marked by very different degrees of guilt; and, where no material change has taken place in our penal laws, between the periods to be compared, we do not know that any fairer estimate can be obtained of the relative enormity of crimes than that afforded by the view taken of them by those who were judicially cognizant of all the circumstances attending their commission. During the same period it appears that while the offences judged worthy of death and transportation for life have diminished since 1839, 81 per cent.; and those judged worthy of shorter terms of exile have increased somewhat faster than the population, the vast increase which has taken place has been in those offences punishable by a year's imprisonment, or even less. A comparison between the last five years and the five years immediately preceding, shows a diminution in all offences except those visited with the mildest penalties.

There are, however, other circumstances which render the increase or diminution of committals for crime a very inadequate and often deceptive criterion of the moral progress of the community. In the first place, the varying skill and activity of the police will go far to modify any conclusions we might draw from criminal returns. An increase in the number of committals is often only an indication of a better system of detection. The number of offenders brought to justice is often no more complete or accurate test of the number of offences committed, than is the number of fish caught of the number swimming in the river. If every year a larger proportion of existing criminals be not brought to light, our police cannot be improving as it ought. It is, therefore, obvious that an increase in the crimes made known may easily co-exist with an actual decrease in the crimes committed. In the second place—and this is a point to which we wish to call special

attention—crime is, for the most part, committed, not by the community at large, but by a peculiar and distinct section of it. A great portion of the crimes of violence, and most of the crimes of fraud, are due to *professional* criminals; and an increase of offences indicates rather increased activity in this criminal population, or increased facility for their depredations, or, at most, an increase in their numbers, than any augmented criminality on the part of society in general. The inmates of our gaols, the culprits in our docks, belong habitually, in an overwhelming proportion, to a *class apart*, a class whose occupation and livelihood are found in the commission of offences; who are compelled to this trade because they know no other, and because no other is in vogue among the people with whom their lot is cast; and who are in many cases trained to it as regularly as others are trained to weaving, to ploughing, or to tailoring. The increase of crime, therefore, generally bespeaks, on the worst supposition, an increase of the criminal population; and in no degree militates against the idea of the progress of morality and civilization among all other classes; though it shows, with painful distinctness and with startling emphasis, that society has not succeeded in removing the motives which stimulate to a criminal career, or in redeeming and absorbing those classes from which the criminal population is recruited. While it is one of the beneficial effects of a good police, to separate more and more the light from the darkness, our swollen return of crime is undoubtedly a blot upon our escutcheon and a drawback on our progress; not as impeaching the general honesty and virtue of the nation, but as showing the existence of a class among us which the advance of civilization ought to have eradicated or suppressed.

The chapter which is devoted to Sir Robert Peel is one of the most interesting in the book. Mr. Johnston regards that eminent and lamented statesman from an opponent's point of view, but in no hostile spirit. He considers that to speak of him as "the embodiment and type of the age in which he lived, implies no compliment, if the age be (as he evidently conceives it) essentially unheroic—an age of compromise and artifice—an age more prolific of prudence than of elevated feeling—an age in which generous enthusiasm is dead." Again, he is inclined to account for the high and sincere encomiums passed upon Sir Robert Peel by leading men of all parties, "by a vitiated state of the general mind, so far as regards public af-

fairs; by the want of heroic attachment to high principle, by the fact that we have at present upper classes at once disdainful and mean, and middle classes worshiping what is safest, or what seems so."

Now though we do not think that Mr. Johnston is altogether just to the character of Sir Robert Peel, still it is not our province to undertake his defence at present, except in as far as the grounds on which he is condemned would insure the condemnation of nearly all the statesmen of the age; and besides, would indicate a want of appreciation of their peculiar difficulties, and a misconception of the qualities of character and the course of conduct exacted from them by the nature of representative governments and the circumstances of modern times.

It is a common complaint among the *laudatores temporis acti*,—and our author echoes it in more than one passage—that the race of great statesmen has died out,—that their modern representatives are dwarfed and dwindled, and that statesmanship itself has become low, time-serving and mediocre. The sentiment is no new one: as the men of our days look upon Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, the men of their times looked back on Bolingbroke and Chatham; these in their turn on Halifax and Clarendon; and these again on Walsingham and Burleigh. But the truth is that the statesmen of one age or country are unsuited to the requirements of another; and it is from failing to bear this in mind that we are so generally unjust to the men of our own day, so needlessly desponding about our future, and so apt unduly to extol the great leaders of the past. Our age demands very different qualifications in its public men from those which made men eminent and servicable in the times of our forefathers. The statesmen of an autocratic government, like Austria or Russia, would scarcely be more out of place in a constitutional government like ours, than the statesmen of Elizabeth, or Charles, or Anne would find themselves in the reign of Victoria. The magnificent powers of Sully and Richelieu, even of Stein and Hardenberg, would be misplaced in the latitude of London. Marborough and Godolphin would be impeached for corruption; the domineering genius of Lord Chatham would cause him to be shelved as an "impracticable" man, with whom it was impossible to act; the imperious temper of Hyde and Strafford would be much more promptly fatal to them in our days than they at last became even in their own: and even a Cecil could scarcely man-

age to govern with a reformed parliament as "viceroy over them." The very qualities which made men great in public life formerly, would bar them out from public life now. A vast change has taken place in the nature of the statesmanship required; and it is still in progress. The statesmanship required now is far less initiative and more administrative than formerly. A public man in the present day cannot decide upon his principles and purposes, and carry them out by the mere force of the high position to which his sovereign may have raised him. He is debarred from the glorious power which belongs to the rulers of autocratic states, of deciding in his own mind on the measures suited to insure his country's grandeur or well-being, and enacting and enforcing them, regardless of the opposition of parties less far-seeing, less profound, less patriotic than himself. He cannot place before him a great object, and say, "This my position as prime minister enables me to attain, and I will disregard present hostility and blame, and trust to future results to justify and vindicate my wisdom." He is denied that noblest privilege of the wise and mighty—that which gives to statesmanship its resistless fascination for the ripened mind—the right to elaborate, "in the quietness of thought," a system of policy, solid in its foundations, impartial in its justice, far-reaching, fertilizing, beneficent in its operation,—and to pursue it with unswerving and imperturbable resolve. He cannot, like Peter, systematize the civilization of a barbarous empire; he cannot, like Richelieu, by the union of high office and indomitable will, subdue and paralyze a haughty and ancient aristocracy; he cannot, like Colbert, reconstruct the finances and commerce of a great kingdom; he cannot, like Stein, by an overpowering fiat, raise a whole nation of *proletaires* out of serfdom into civil possessions and civil rights. He is powerless except in as far as he can induce others to agree with him. He has not only to conceive and mature wise schemes, he has to undergo the far more painful and vexatious labor of persuading others of their excellence, of instructing the ignorance of some, of convincing the understandings of others, of combating the honest prejudices of one party, of neutralizing the interested opposition of another; he has to clip, to modify, to emasculate his measures, to enfeeble them by some vital omission in order to conciliate this antagonist, to clog them with some perilous burden in order to satisfy that rival, till he is fain to doubt wheth-

er compromise has not robbed victory of its profit as well as of its charms.

These are some of the difficulties which statesmen have to overcome in a country where Parliament is omnipotent, and where every citizen is a dogmatic and self-complacent politician. Though modern statesmanship may call for other qualities than those needed in former days, the qualities are assuredly neither fewer, less lofty, nor rare. A thorough mastery of facts, a clear purpose, a patient temper, a persevering will; a profound knowledge of men, of the motives which actuate them, of the influences by which they are to be swayed; skill to purchase the maximum of support by the minimum of concussion; tact to discern the present temper and the probable direction of the popular feeling; sagacity to distinguish between the intelligent and the unintelligent public opinion, between the noisy clamor of the unimportant few, and the silent convictions of the influential many, between the outcry which may be safely and justly disregarded, and the expression of the mind of the country which it would be wrong and dangerous to withstand;—these are surely qualifications which demand no ordinary combination of moral and intellectual endowments. The statesman of to-day requires as comprehensive a vision and as profound a wisdom as in former times, with intenser labor, and a far wider range of knowledge; but he requires other gifts which formerly were scarcely needed. For, he now has not only to decide what ought to be done, and what is the wisest way of doing it, but he has to do it, or as much of it as he can, in the face of obstacles of which Machiavelli had no conception, which would have baffled Mazarin, and at which even Chatham or Walpole might have stood aghast. To quarrel with a statesman because he is what his age compels him to be, because he meets the requirements of his day and generation, because he does not import into a democratic age, and into a country in which the popular element is unprecedentedly active and powerful, the habits and qualities of mind which could only find their fitting field and natural development in aristocratic or despotic eras, is simply to join issue with the political necessities of the times. In England, in the middle of the nineteenth century, with a reformed Parliament, with a free and powerful press, with a population habituated throughout all its ranks to the discussion of political affairs, a minister, whatever be his genius, can no longer impose

his will upon the nation; to be useful and great, he must carry the nation along with him, he must be the representative and embodiment of its soberest and maturest wisdom,—not the depository or exponent, still less the imperious enforcer, of views beyond

their sympathy, and above their comprehension. The nature of our government prescribes the qualifications of our statesmen; to hanker after a different order of men is to pine for a different order of things.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## MORE GLASGOW CELEBRITIES.

THE relief and elevation which an infusion of literary society is calculated to give to a community mainly engaged in the pursuits of material industry, was strikingly shown in Glasgow in the last century. The university then contained a remarkable cluster of eminent men, who seemed to have mingled in an easy manner with the mercantile citizens. Most of them were what is called *characters*, that is, they had each something peculiar in dress, manner, or habits, which attracted general attention. Mixing freely with their fellow-citizens at the social board, in the club-room, or at the whist-table, their eccentricities became matter of familiar observation and daily talk with the rest of the community; and many, accordingly, were the anecdotes that I heard of them in my early days.

By nothing, I think, had these *sarants* been more generally characterized than by absence of mind. There was a certain clergyman named M'Laurin, who seems to have carried off the palm in this respect from his contemporaries. He was a brother of the celebrated mathematician of this name, and really, in his time and place, a man of eminence. So noted was he for the peculiarity in question, that I suspect some of the stories told of him must have been the invention of contemporary wags well acquainted with his failing. Of this kind I am inclined to think was the story—very current, however—of his having gone up on the street one day to a parishioner in humble life, who knew his minister well, and whom he addressed with the startling question, "Thomas, is your name John?"

One evening, at the house of his son-in-

law, and biographer, Dr. Gillies, when in profound meditation, he happened to see the word TEA inscribed in large characters on a canister placed on the sideboard. After looking at this mystical word for some time, without having the slightest idea of what it meant, he began to spell it audibly TEA—T-E-A; he then made a dissyllable of it—TE-A; but all to no purpose. At last, totally baffled, he turned to Dr. Gillies—"John," he said, "what Greek word is that?"

Dr. Gillies, himself a worthy divine, and well known in the church of Scotland by his writings, seems to have been a person of much humor; at least we may infer as much from his literary contest with a singularly-gifted man, John Taylor, the poet and writing-master, well known in Glasgow at this period. The subject of contention was a poem to be addressed to "Nonsense," (styled a goddess for the nonce) in which the indispensable condition was, that no one line should contain an intelligible idea. The prize proposed for the successful candidate was a *leaden crown*, which was to be adjudged by Dr. Hamilton, then professor of anatomy at the university. The circumstance which led to this singular war of wits, I have never heard, nor whether there were more candidates for the prize than the two I have mentioned. If there were, it is probable that they soon left the field. In adjudging the prize, Dr. Hamilton said, "That it would have been difficult for him to determine the case were it a mere question of ability; but on comparing the poems, it seemed to him that there was something like an idea in one of Dr. Gillies' lines; but that Mr. Taylor's verses were totally free



from any such imputation." Mr. Taylor was accordingly crowned with due solemnity.

As I believe the poem was never printed, although it made much noise at the time, the following ample extracts will, it is hoped, be interesting. In reading these verses, it must be recollected that their chief merit consists in their being *downright nonsense*—a species of writing which, however he may fall into it unconsciously, any one who sets himself seriously to make the attempt will find it difficult to imitate. The "Invocation," which is the only *sensible* part of the poem, is, I think, exceedingly happy:—

#### INVOCATION.

Nonsense ! I at thine altar bend,  
Imploring thou wouldst condescend  
To be my faithful teacher ;  
Whilst I, in Pindar's lofty strain,  
Attempt a precious crown to gain,  
And foil a learned preacher.

If I'm victorious by thine aid,  
With grateful heart, unbrageous maid !  
The gift I'll long acknowledge :  
No future favors I'll desire,  
And, ere the dawn, thou may'st retire  
To thine own seat—THE COLLEGE.

Gillies ! pear of apple pine,  
Rock of gruel, all divine !  
Hear thy praise by Pluto's ghost,  
Beaming in the eye of Frost.  
Lo ! as starting from his bier,  
Aaron's beard inclines to hear ;  
See ! like hairs of forky wine,  
The frisky Nine,  
All barking like the river Thames ;  
The flinty smoke to water brays,  
And straight obeys  
Whate'er the hand of Gillies dreams.

Great man grammatic ! at his nod  
The very frogs admire,  
When stylic, with a water-rod,  
He squeezes Clyde to fire.

Gillies, up ! when he is down,  
Trip it till ye fire the moon ;  
And with a bold range like the mire of Apollo,  
Strip Absence from Candor, and spin us a solo.  
Then down in clouds of solid gold  
The rays of Silence come,  
And gently with their strains enfold  
The fat of Charters' drum.  
And Gillies with lilies,  
And lilies with fillics,  
Again  
and  
Then.

Mount on the fervid wheels of rapid Lore,  
And emulous surprise the flying Tree,  
To melt the days, and tire the breathing store,  
Of what ne'er was, and what shall ever be !

When lilies, walking in the vale,  
Consolidate to melted hail,  
Then Gillies, at the lightning's sound, "  
Sets mountains in a pile,  
And bids the solid sea rebound  
Like smoke of icy guile.  
And all the while before,  
They candidly implore  
Old men and maidens new  
To sin the black, and shame the blue.

Bulls of Bashan ! with your horns  
Pare the nails of Moses' corns ;  
Bats with wings of goose's quill,  
Gild the stones of Cooper's Hill.  
While preaching the wounding of old Simon  
Magus,  
To sulphur he blows up the dry river Tagus,  
And Clyde on the back of a carpet of Latin,  
Is borne up the hill that for Greek is awaiting.

Up starts Methuselah in prose—  
Lo ! through the hills behold his nose,  
Which knows no size at all !  
But on it sits the song of praise,  
And all its sweetly-swelling rays,  
In tears before it fall.

While Bacon stars on hills of care,  
Immensity in flaggons bear.

Mr. Taylor, whose good-humor was proverbial, was sometimes applied to by the youth of the city for amatory verses, to be sent to their sweet-hearts, which he gave with great readiness. A love-sick swain, the son of a grocer in the High Street, had received several effusions of this sort, and was desirous for more. Mr. Taylor, to get rid of him, sent in a regular *Dr.* and *Cr.* account to the father, made out in his own beautiful handwriting, charging the son for "Acrostics on Miss ———, so much ;" "for Panegyrics on Miss ———, so much," &c. The account was delivered to the father, who, glancing at it through his spectacles, read, "Crossticks and Fenugreeks. We dinna deal in dyestuffs here, lad," he said ; "try the neist shop !"

Taylor was an eccentric genius through life, and it appeared that he was not even destined to be buried like ordinary mortals. As he was universally known and esteemed, his funeral was attended by the most respectable inhabitants ; but on coming to the North-West Churchyard, where he was to be interred, it was found that his nephew had forgotten to secure a burying place. The late

Kirkman Finlay, a distant relative of Mr. Taylor, was fortunately present, and, with that promptitude which always distinguished him, immediately ordered room to be made for the coffin in his own burying-ground in this churchyard. Next day the following verses were circulated, and were afterwards attributed to the pen of James Grahame, the amiable author of "The Sabbath :"—

"When the corpse of John Taylor approached  
the churchyard,  
Mother Earth would not open her portal;  
For why? She had heard so much said of the  
bard,  
She verily thought him immortal!"

Among the literary *absentees* or day-dreamers in Glasgow at this time, was the illustrious Adam Smith, professor of moral philosophy in the college. Dr. Smith, it is well known, had a habit of speaking aloud to himself. In the latter years of his abode in Glasgow, he took a daily ride on horseback for the benefit of his health; and in one of his monologues, he was overheard to say, checking his horse at the same time, "Stop, let us see what this will lead to." He then remained immovable for some time, apparently pursuing the train of his own thoughts, and totally unconscious of all that was passing around him.

A late professor at the university told me, that when sitting in his place among the professors, on Sunday, opposite the preacher in the fore-hall, Dr. Smith was occasionally seen to smile during the discourse. This behavior was never imputed to any irreverence on the doctor's part. His habits were well known, and his thoughts, it was supposed, were "far, far at sea."\*

One of the most distinguished of the brilliant circle of literati in Glasgow at this time was Dr. Robert Simson, the professor of mathematics in the university. This excellent person was also subject to occasional fits of absence in company, which, as his biographer, Dr. Trail, informs us, "contributed to the entertainment of his friends, without diminishing their affection and respect."

"The doctor," continues the same writer, "in his disposition was both cheerful and

social; and his conversation, when at ease among his friends, was animated and various, enriched with much anecdote, especially of the literary kind, but always unaffected. One evening in the week he devoted to a club, chiefly of his own selection, which met in a tavern near the college. The first part of the evening was employed in playing the game of whist, of which he was particularly fond; but though he took no small trouble in estimating chances, it was remarked that he was often unsuccessful. The rest of the evening was spent in cheerful conversation, and as he had some taste for music, he did not scruple to amuse his party with a song; and it is said that he was rather fond of singing some Greek odes, to which modern music had been adapted. On Saturdays he usually dined in the village of Anderston, then about a mile distant from Glasgow, with some of the members of his regular club, and with a variety of other, respectable visitors, who wished to cultivate the acquaintance and enjoy the society of so eminent a person. In the progress of time, from his age and character, it became the wish of his company that everything in these meetings should be directed by him; and though his authority, growing with his years, was somewhat absolute, yet the good humor with which it was administered rendered it pleasing to everybody. He had his own chair and place at table; he gave instructions about the entertainment, regulated the time of breaking up, and adjusted the expense. These parties, in the years of his severe study, were a desirable and useful relaxation to his mind; and they continued to amuse him till within a few months of his death. Strict integrity and private worth, with corresponding purity of morals, gave the highest value to a character which, from other qualities and attainments, was much respected and esteemed."\*

Any anecdotes which I have heard of Dr. Simson authenticate the above interesting picture of this eminent person's hours of relaxation. A late professor of astronomy in the university told me that a friend of Dr. Simson's, meeting him one Saturday, when he was literally *pacing* his way to his accustomed inn in the village of Anderston, stopped to ask after his health. "Stay," said the mathematician; "put your foot here, sir" (pointing to the spot where his progress

\* In a copy of Bacon's Essays, which we once encountered in an auction-room, and which bore the name of Adam Smith as owner of the book, the following note, apparently in his handwriting, appeared at the close of the dedication:—"In the preface, what may by some be thought vanity, is only that laudable and innate confidence that every good man and good writer possesses."—Ed.

\* Account of the Life and Writings of Robert Simson, M.D., late Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow. By the Rev. William Trail, LL.D. &c. Pp. 75-77.

had been arrested);—"1260! Now, sir, what have you to say?"

The portrait of Dr. Simson, in the Faculty Hall, represents him as a goodly person, of a fair complexion, and very pleasing expression of features. From the dress and general appearance, it might readily be mistaken for the picture of a country gentleman of the period, instead of one of the most profound mathematicians in Europe.

[We may here interpolate an anecdote of Dr. Simson, which we have heard in academical society in Glasgow. The amiable mathematician had had a protracted session in the club one evening, but at length he and an associate proceeded on their way home through the college courts. "Simson," said his companion impressively, "here is a most extraordinary phenomenon. Can you in any way account for it? I declare the moon is rising in the west instead of the east!" "Poh, poh, never mind her," said Simson, "she has always been a queer jade"—(the actual expression was somewhat stronger than this)—"let her take her own way."]

Turn we now to another member of this literary society—a man of true genius, and in his mathematical attainments second only to Dr. Simson himself, but in his habits of life how widely different!

Dr. James Moor, the professor of Greek in the university, was the son of a teacher in Glasgow. It is related of the father, that, being deeply enamored of Newton's "Principia," and not having wherewithal to purchase a copy, he transcribed the whole of the book with his own hand—like Fielding's Parson Adams with his *Æschylus*. Young Moor, under his father's tuition, became an excellent mathematician, and carried off the first honors of the university, where he seems at an early period to have attracted the favorable notice of Dr. Simson. After he had finished the usual college curriculum, he accepted the situation of tutor to Lord Boyd, son of the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock. This young nobleman, it will be recollected, succeeded, in right of his mother, to the earldom of Errol, and was the same who was so much admired as the "handsome Earl of Errol" at the coronation of George III. Moor was afterwards tutor to Lord Selkirk, who, as Lord Rector of the university, became his warm patron in after life. With both these young noblemen he traveled a good deal on the continent. His titled pupils procured him access to the first society in Europe, which must have improved his knowledge of men and manners. Yet it is to be feared that in this situation he

imbibed tastes which were incompatible with his future independence.

On his return home, Mr. Moor was appointed librarian to the college; and in a few years afterwards, was enabled, by the liberality of Lord Selkirk, who advanced £600 for the purpose, to secure the successorship to the Greek chair on the resignation of the then incumbent. As Greek professor, Moor might have lived happy and independent; but his habits were irregular, his expenses exceeded his income, and he soon experienced the discomforts of debt. The following anecdote, which was told me by a literary friend well acquainted with the private history of Dr. Moor, marks at once the character of the man, and shows the difficulties to which he was sometimes reduced. Two satellites of the law, who had been making a vain search for the doctor in his chambers in the college court, were leaving the place in despair of finding him, when Moor, emerging from his concealment in the garret, bawled out, "Where should you look for a Greek professor but in the *Attic* story?"

Dr. Moor took a warm interest in the publication of the Greek and Latin classics at the Glasgow press by his brother-in-law, the celebrated Robert Foulis—the beauty and accuracy of which extended the fame of the printer throughout Europe. In particular, Dr. Moor and Professor Moorhead superintended the printing of the famous Glasgow Homer, in four volumes folio; a work of which Gibbon speaks in terms of the highest admiration. Never was book edited with more care. In the preface to the "Iliad," which was probably written by Dr. Moor, although subscribed by both editors, we are informed that every proof-sheet was read over *six* times: twice by the ordinary corrector of the press, once by Andrew Foulis, once by each of the editors separately, and finally by both conjointly. But this was not all. I was informed by Mr. Reekie, the favorite pupil of Dr. Moor, and who afterwards became possessed of some of his most valuable books and manuscripts, that the types of this edition, as they were cast by Mr. Wilson, were regularly submitted to Dr. Moor, and if he were any way displeased with the matrices, they were immediately thrown into the fire. It is greatly to be lamented that the magnificent edition of Plato, projected by Foulis, to which Dr. Moor had consented to become editor, and for which he had collected many valuable materials, was not carried into execution, in consequence of the firm of Messrs. Foulis having fallen into difficulties.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## HARTLEY COLERIDGE, AS MAN POET, ESSAYIST.\*

HARTLEY COLERIDGE was born on the 19th of September, 1796, at Clevedon, near Bristol, a little village which has a threefold claim upon the affection of all who love English poetry, that is, of all true Englishmen, as the residence of the first and greatest Coleridge, the birthplace of his son, and, above all, as the final resting-place of him whose untimely death has been bewailed in the grandest and sweetest lament ever sung by poet over grave. There, too, but a few months back, were laid the remains of one who, rivaling his brother in great and good qualities, met like him an early death—one more example of hope blighted, of promise unfulfilled—one more manifestation of that mysterious Providence, whose ways baffle our ken, and leave nothing for the best and wisest of us, but, laden with cares and doubts, to fall suppliant—

Upon the great world's altar-stairs,  
That slope through darkness up to God,

Our sorrow for the loss of those two noble brothers is deepened and doubled by the thought of what they might have been—but for inexorable fate.

So it is with the subject of the memoir before us. What might he have been, but for opportunities neglected, and gifts abused? *Their* sun went down 'ere noon; *his* sun struggled on through cloud and storm to eventide. We all know the proverb, *nil mali de mortuis*; a better and truer reading would be, *nil falsi de mortuis*. There has never been a life lived or written which did not contain ensamples to follow, and warnings to avoid; and as it is our duty to the dead to set down naught in malice, so it is our duty to the living to extenuate nothing. We would fain speak of the failings and shortcomings of the departed with all affection and

all humility—affection for him who has “dreed the bitter dole,” and humility to think that we ourselves share the same nature, and may fall into the same errors. The habits and traditions of social life may excuse falsehood, and gloss it over with a finer name, but courtesy is dumb when brought face to face with Death. Of all lies, none so foul as a lying epitaph; none, indeed, so purposeless, for the survivors believe it not, and the dead cares not for our praise or blame, seeing that his good and bad deeds have been weighed once for all by unerring justice and infinite mercy.

Never was infant heir to the throne of Saint Louis, or the throne of Alfred, honored with more poetic incense than was the little Hartley Coleridge, heir to a famous name and dowered with a fatal infirmity. His father speaks repeatedly of him, and to him, with all a father's pride in his first-born—his “dear babe,” his “babe so beautiful.” And in a vein of true prophecy—

But thou, my babe, shall wander like a breeze  
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags  
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds  
Which image in their bulk both lakes, and shores,  
And mountain crags.

And again—

I deem it wise  
To make him Nature's playmate.

A few years later, Wordsworth addressed to the child of his friend the tender and graceful verses beginning—

O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought;  
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,  
And fittest to unutterable thought  
The breeze-like motion, and the self-born carol.

\* \* \* \* \*

I think of thee with many fears  
For what may be thy lot in future years.

Nor did he want for hopes, and wishes, and prayers, couched in plain prose. Lamb over and over again sends his love—a love

\* *Poems*, by Hartley Coleridge; with a Memoir of his Life by his Brother. Two vols. London: E. Moxon. 1851.

*Essays and Marginalia*. By Hartley Coleridge. Edited by his Brother. London: E. Moxon. 1851.



worth the sending—to “dear, dear little Hartley ;” and exhorts his father so to train him, that he may be worthy of his Christian name.

In his childhood he was unlike other children, just as in his boyhood he was unlike other boys, and in his manhood unlike other men. His birth had been premature ; hence came, in all probability, the weakness of his frame, and smallness of his stature. Conscious of physical imperfection, he avoided the rough sports of children ; conscious of singularity, he shrank from their ridicule, and was best pleased to wander “like a breeze,” alone among the woods and fields, to be the playmate of Nature, who ever treats her playmates gently and lovingly. Such habits would, of course, tend to develop the fancy unduly at the expense of the more solid qualities ; thus fostering what was perhaps an innate defect. His mother used to tell, “that when he was first taken to London, being then a child in arms, and saw the lamps, he exclaimed, ‘Oh! now I know what the stars are—they are lamps that have been good upon earth, and have gone up to heaven.’”

Thus, when a baby in arms, a mother’s instinct recognized in him the future poet ; so, when a child in petticoats, a father’s pride discerned the actual metaphysician. We quote from a diary kept by a friend of the elder Coleridge, and sent to Hartley’s biographer :—

C. related some curious anecdotes of his son Hartley, whom he represented to be a most remarkable child—a deep thinker in his infancy. He tormented himself in his attempts to solve the problems that would equally torment the full-grown man, if the world and its cares and pleasures did not distract his attention. Hartley, when about five years old, was asked a question about himself being called Hartley, “Which Hartley?” asked the boy. “Why! is there more than one Hartley?” “Yes,” he replied “there’s a deal of Hartleys.” “How so?” “There’s Picture-Hartley (Hazlitt had painted a portrait of him), and Shadow-Hartley, and there’s Echo-Hartley, and there’s Catch-me-fast-Hartley ;” at the same time seizing his own arm with the other hand very eagerly—an action which shows that his mind must have been drawn to reflect on what Kant calls the great and inexplicable mystery—viz., that man should be both his own subject and object, and that these two should be one.

At the same early age, continued Coleridge, Hartley used to be in agony of thought, puzzling himself about the reality of existence. As when some said to him, “It is not now, but it is to be.” “But,” said he, “if it is to be, it is.” Perhaps this confusion of thought lay not merely in the im-

perfection of language. Hartley, when a child, had no pleasure in *things* ; they made no impression on him till they had undergone a process in his mind, and were become thoughts or feelings, *Of his subsequent progress Coleridge said little or nothing.*

The last sentence is significant. In truth, he seems to have abandoned metaphysics about the time he was breeched, and to have betaken himself to historical studies after a fashion of his own. He created for himself a kingdom, an island on some undiscovered sea, which he called by the marvelous name of Ejuxria. During his lonely walks he occupied himself in devising a history thereof ; he fought battles, and conducted sieges, negotiated treaties and alliances, and rehearsed debates in the senate. This seems to have been the chief business of his life for years. One day, a lady observing him to be unusually depressed in spirits, asked him the reason ; he then confided to her that it was because, in spite of all his advice, his people (the Ejuxrians, to wit) *would* go to war. Sometimes he would come to his brother with a face of grave importance, and say—“Derwent, I have had letters and papers from Ejuxria ;” and then proceed to recount, in the most fluent manner, the condition of public affairs according to the last advices. His brother adds, that he was a most firm believer in his own inventions, and continued to inhabit his ideal world so long, that it assumed in his mind an equal consistency with the real, till at last he became quite incapable of distinguishing truth from fiction.

Mr. Derwent Coleridge very rightly gives us all the details of this singular propensity, not only because they are important to his immediate subject, but because they afford an interesting study for the lovers of child-nature. All children who are forbidden by their rank, education, or clean pinafores, to make dirt-pics, indulge in the building of air-castles ; but we never knew or heard of so persevering an architect as young Hartley. The child is father of the man : and we have little doubt that, thirty years after, when, as we have often seen him, lazily creeping along a hedge side, and ever and anon starting off at a sharp angle for a run on the open common, he was still managing tardy negotiations, or gaining brilliant victories for the Ejuxrians. Unquestionably, such a habit proceeded from and aggravated the dreamy, wayward, flighty character, which distinguished him through life, rendering continuous thought distasteful, and hard study all but impossible. Unfortunately, his inherent

and growing defects were not counteracted by any wholesome discipline. His father, though of a most affectionate and loving nature, and tenderly attached to his children, spent little of his time at home—always roaming, as he was, in search of some chimera, such as improved health in the south of Europe, or Unitarian congregations in the west of England. So the boy was left at his own will to play truant in Ejuxria. Since 1800 he had resided, in the body at least, near Keswick. There, a few years later, Southey also came to live. The two families occupied one house (Mrs. Southey and Mrs. Coleridge being sisters). The Laureate appears to have stood in *loco parentis* to his nephews, though he could have had but scant time for the office. There is a charming letter of his addressed, in 1807, to little Hartley, full of good advice couched in fun. He was wont to call the boy "Job," on account of his impatience. This year was, as his brother tells us, the *annus mirabilis* of his life—being that in which he was taken to London to see all its wonders, and among them the most wondrous of all to an imaginative child—the theatre. "Our first play," is an epoch in life which dwells in the memory more than any other, except, perhaps, our first wedding. What Hartley there saw colored all his day-dreams for years afterwards. We cannot doubt but that he established a theatre royal forthwith in the capital of Ejuxria. At that time he was introduced to, and noticed by, Scott and Davy, and had the honor of sitting to Sir David Wilkie for the portrait which is prefixed to the memoir. It must have been a faithful likeness, for we can trace the lineaments and expression of the man as he appeared thirty years later. We recognize no resemblance whatever in the frontispiece to the Essays. He would be no common artist who, while strictly adhering to the external form, should be able to catch and stereotype the fitting ray of thought and intelligence which, ever and anon, gave dignity to that mean stature, and beauty to those irregular features. But we are anticipating. His schooldays were spent at Ambleside, under the care of a kind, but eccentric master; a man of vigorous northern understanding, but deficient in graceful accomplishments; altogether, not the person best qualified to train candidates for the Oxford race.

Hartley could not, or would not, join in the active sports of his schoolfellows; but, on the other hand, he contributed to their amusement of nights, by telling them interminable stories. He would, therefore, be alternately

the 'object of caresses and bullying—his natural sensitiveness making him yield to the one, and his physical weakness incapacitating him from resisting the other. Sometimes in a paroxysm of rage, he would vent his fury on himself by biting his arm—thus making himself an object of contempt and ridicule. All this would certainly not tend to increase his self-respect, or develop his powers of self-command. Perhaps the wider field and ruder discipline of a public school might have brought out his latent faculties, corrected his outward extravagancies, and prepared him for the coming struggle at the university—the struggle which has to be maintained against rivals without and tempters within. A man who has been at a great public school commences the drama of life with the advantage of a previous rehearsal.

At all events, the besetting sin of Hartley's youth—vanity, would hardly have survived the rude ordeal. As it was, he went up to Oxford at nineteen, with an overweening sense of his own powers; so that, when he failed in obtaining the prize for English verse his disappointment was intense, out of all proportion to the occasion. To this his brother traces all the misfortunes of his after life; for he betook himself to the worst of comforters, the bottle. Unhappily, also, his name and great conversational talents made him a sort of lion, and many people sought his acquaintance and asked him to wine-parties for the purpose of hearing him talk. He must, however, have read between whiles, for he finally got a second class, and, a year or two later, was elected to an Oriel fellowship, having passed the examination with great *éclat*. The election, however, was made conditional on good behaviour, and a year was assigned as the period of probation. But, alas! the habit of intemperance had become so confirmed, that the greatest of earthly inducements failed to conquer it. At the end of the year the fellowship was pronounced to be forfeited, and poor Hartley was turned adrift upon the great sea, with no adequate means, and no definite prospects.

The "Dons" of Oriel behaved throughout with delicacy and kindness; they generously made him a present of 300*l.*, which, however seasonable, was yet to Hartley a poor substitute for the life-long independence and learned leisure which he had forfeited. He retired to the scene of his childhood and youth, "to wait for an opening," as the phrase is. But the opening never comes to those who merely wait. All the feeble efforts poor Hartley made to get on in life failed to move

him a step, and each successive year left him just where it found him, with lessening hopes and growing sorrows.

The fearful disease (for disease it was) which palsied all his efforts has already been mentioned; and if we dwell upon its deplorable symptoms and effects, we do so because Truth requires it, and in the hope of drawing a useful and impressive lesson. The less we adorn the tale, the better we point the moral. Hartley was often an object of wondering pity, but never sank into utter contempt. Wine always tempted, often mastered, but never enslaved, him. He drank of the cup of Circe, and slept—but woke, a MAN still; for he never lost the sense of shame and remorse. Innumerable were the good resolutions which he made of a morning, to be broken ere night; now and then he had a prolonged interval of abstinence, too often followed by more reckless indulgence. Sometimes, after an unexpected windfall, he would disappear for days, or even weeks, baffling all search, and as suddenly return to his old haunts, lean, rent, and beggared. In the fragments of a diary preserved in the memoir, we find most touching and pathetic self-accusations. The mournful burden, “what I might have been,” recurs again and again, and even when unexpressed, we can trace by implication the presence of the thought. The place which he had chosen for his residence threw temptations in his way. He had become one of the lions of the lake country, and the summer visitors were ever ready to give him a dinner on condition of his keeping the table in a roar. His especial allies were the Oxonians or Contabs who came to Ambleside by way of reading, young fellows flush of money, light of heart, and entertaining no very rooted antipathy to beer and cigars. He was, however, very catholic in his choice of friends. “Noscitur a sociis” was a test which could never have been applied to him; indeed he was never happier than when attending a country wake. Every boor made him welcome after the hearty Westmoreland fashion, and he had the art of adapting his conversation, and even his rhymes, to the taste and capacity of the most rustic audience. His fame stood very high among the peasantry, and we venture to say, that for one who had heard of the Poet Wordsworth, there were ten who had listened with open-mouthed delight to the Poet Hartley. Many are the stories which his humble friends and neighbors have to tell of his freaks and misadventures. One of them relates how the mischievous sprite,

John Barleycorn, once caused him to mistake a ditch hard by a cloth-dyer’s mill for his own bed, and how, when he arose in the morning, the under-side of his face was dyed a rich Kendal green, “warranted fast.”

Some of his admirers of all classes were heartless enough to amuse themselves by playing upon his simplicity, and ministering to his master-weakness. But these, we would fain hope, were rare exceptions. If ever there was a man whose frailty was entitled to pity, forbearance, and almost respect, that man was Hartley Coleridge. The bitterness engendered by early disappointments had joined with manifold seductions in fostering that infirmity to which persons of his temperament are peculiarly liable; those persons, we mean, in whose minds the imaginative element unduly preponderates. Such men have their fits of joyous excitement succeeded by fits of lassitude and depression, with a violence of reaction quite unknown to those of the ordinary and more sober constitution. In stormy seas, the trough of the wave sinks as far below the usual level as the crest rises above. In these periods of depression, there ensues a craving for some fictitious stimulus, a temporary relief which aggravates the evil. Add to this, poets—for those of whom we speak are poets *in esse* or *in posse*—are generally endowed with an exquisite nervous organization, and, by consequence, an eager relish for sensuous pleasure; when they are also blessed with healthy digestion and muscular strength, their animalism expands itself in some vigorous exercise, field sports, or mountain climbing; when from physical weakness this is impossible, it finds another vent. How many names among those who have worthily found a niche in our English temple of the Muses must occur to every one as illustrations of this humiliating truth. The busy fiend that tempts men to the sin of intemperance loves to take up his abode in the best garnished soul, and when he has established himself, he opens the door to all the avenging furies.

The latter half of Hartley’s life was scarcely marked by change of place, or variety of incident. He resided first at Grasmere, and afterwards at a cottage on the banks of Rydal water, with some worthy people of the peasant class, who took care of him. The affectionate admiration with which they regarded him, should be recorded to the credit and honor of both parties. Meanwhile, Mrs. Wordsworth watched over him like a kindly fairy, and ministered to his comforts unseen. It was she who disbursed for him the little



income allotted for his support, Hartley never troubling his head about the matter, and, indeed, as we believe, being perfectly ignorant whether he had anything to live upon or not. One day a friend asked him how much rent he paid to his landlady. "Rent?" he repeated, with a puzzled air; "rent? I never thought of that." Whenever Mrs. Wordsworth saw that his coat was getting threadbare, or out at elbows, a new one was ordered and substituted for the old while he was in bed. Hartley would put it on without making any remark, or, indeed, observing the change. This infantine simplicity in money matters contrasts oddly with his acute perception in things pertaining to literature and criticism. He gives us a subtle analysis of the character of Hamlet, and guesses shrewdly at the creed and politics of Shakspeare, yet we venture to say that he would have been utterly puzzled to explain the words, "receipt," "endorse," &c., and would not have attempted to determine what the interest of 100*l.*, at 5 per cent. per annum, would come to at the year's end. His pocket money was doled out to him shilling by shilling, as if he were a child; and, indeed, a child he was in such matters to the end of his days. To procure a little loan on a thirsty morning, he would employ the most innocent artifices, imposing upon nobody but himself. A friend of ours, spending a summer at Ambleside, became very intimate with him. One day Hartley ventured to borrow a shilling, volunteering to repay it next day. Accordingly he came, made a long call, talking, as his wont was, of dead-and-gone English poems, steering clear of "The Splendid Shilling." At last he rose to go, had got his hand on the door: "By the way," he said, "I have brought you your shilling," (ransacking his pockets.) Then, with an air of surprise, "No! I've forgotten it." Then, hesitating and blushing, "And—and—and—would you lend me another?" Having got the shilling, off he went at full speed. Every successive call the scene was repeated in the self-same words. How gladly would we have bought an hour's talk with poor Hartley at the same price. His knowledge of our literature, especially the dramatic and poetical, was both extensive and profound, and he was no niggard in the communication of it. He had a keen appreciation of tenderness and pathos, and could never hear the "May-Queen" sung without shedding tears. No less keen was his sense of the ludicrous; he chuckled, shrieked, rolled, and revelled in his reminiscences of Shakspeare's Dogberrys

and Launcelots. His tastes were very catholic, and he never compared one poet *invidiously* with another. He never encouraged a battle among his books, but made Milton and Wordsworth, Spenser and Southey, dwell side by side, like brethren. His criticisms, the result of much thought, were in general strikingly just; only, in particular cases, personal affection led him to set undue value upon modern writers, and when talking for the behoof of a large company, he would be sometimes tempted away from the truth by an epigrammatic paradox. On such occasions one was always disposed to echo the praise of the Westmoreland peasant, "Eh! but Maister Coleridge do talk fine!" but when he had only a single auditor, and poured out his whole heart without any desire of display, his talk was something much better than "fine." Like his father, he required nothing but a pleased and patient listener. "Charles," said the elder Coleridge one day, to his friend Elia, "did you ever hear me preach?" "I ne-ne-never heard you d-d-d-do anything else," stuttered Elia, in reply. Would that half of our preachers now-a-days had either Coleridge's fluency to help them on, or Elia's stutter to stop them altogether!

It should be added that Hartley's judgments were occasionally affirmed or reversed (in his own court), according to his humor. Now, he would extol Wordsworth as the equal of Milton—an opinion which he has recorded in print—now he would quiz and parody him. Once he said that the best of his father's poems were but good juvenile poems, after all; though his filial love would have been up in arms if any one else had said so.

When in the mood for fooling, he was irresistibly comic; not that his sayings would appear funny in themselves, if unaccompanied with the recollection of the tone and manner in which they were said. For instance, apropos of something or other in the conversation, he would assume a contemptuous six-foot-high air, and say, "I hate little men; they are so conceited." This is not a good story when told; it is scarcely even a joke; but to those who saw and heard little Hartley deliver himself of the sentiment, the effect was a violent, instantaneous, and universal convulsion of the midriff.

In the spring of 1837, he went for a few months to Sedbergh school, to supply the place of second master—an important event this, in his monotonous life. Sedbergh is a small poverty-stricken market-town, situated in one of the valleys which intersect the bleak,



swelling moorlands of North-Western Yorkshire. There Edward the Sixth founded a school, which, though small in numbers, has supplied Cambridge with some of her best mathematicians and her famous Professor of Geology. Hartley was well fitted for his office by his knowledge and love of classical authors. He discharged his duties with diligence, and, in other respects, conducted himself with great discretion.

Mr. Blackburne, one of the then pupils, has recorded some characteristic traits in a letter to Mr. Derwent Coleridge (page 115 of the Memoir). "I first saw Hartley," he says, "when I was at Sedbergh, and he heard us our lesson in Mr. Green's (the second master's) parlor. He was dressed in black; his hair, just touched with grey, fell in thick waves down his back, and he had a frilled shirt on; and there was a sort of autumnal ripeness and brightness about him. His shrill voice, and his quick authoritative 'right, right!' and the chuckle with which he translated '*recum repetundarum*' as 'peculation, a very common vice in governors of all ages,' after which he took a turn round the *sofa*,—all struck me amazingly.

\* \* \* I never knew the least liberty taken with him, though he was kinder and more familiar than was then the fashion with masters. His translations were remarkably vivid; of *μυροῦ μύροισι* 'toiling and moiling;' and of some ship or other in the Philoctetes, which he pronounced to be 'scudding under maintop sails,' our conceptions became intelligible. \* \* \* Out of school he never mixed with the boys, but was sometimes seen, to their astonishment, running along the fields with his arms outstretched, talking to himself. He was remarkably fond of the traveling shows that occasionally visited the village. I have seen him clap his hands with delight; indeed, in most of the simple pleasures of country life, he was like a child."

On the 29th of May, the boys having been for some reason balked of the expected holiday, revenged themselves by "stripping the hollows bare of spring," and adorning the school-room with extemporized arbors, pleasant to the eye, but as obstructive as might be to the business of the afternoon. Among other devices, the largest bough was set up tree-wise by Hartley's desk, and the exercises which awaited his perusal were suspended on the topmost twigs, well out of his reach. Hartley, however, contrived, by getting on a bench and using a hooked stick, to flick them down, and many were the jokelets

which he vented on the exercise-tree, and its unripe fruit. The mischievous boys had anticipated a storm; they found sunshine; and Hartley was a double favorite ever after.

About this time, a new church was consecrated in the upper part of the valley of Dent. The people flocked from far and near. After the canonical ceremonies, Professor Sedgwick, who happened to be there, got on a heap of stones, and addressed the crowd in that unstudied eloquence which, as it came straight from the heart of the speaker, went straight to the hearts of the hearers. Among them stood Hartley, looking up with moistened eye. He had found his way over the hills some eight miles on foot. He has commemorated the Professor and his birth-place in a sonnet each, (vol. ii. page 366.)

When his services were no longer needed at Sedbergh, he returned to his old abode, and never again, so far as we know, left it till he left for home. He died on the 6th of January, 1849, cheered by the presence and ministrations of his brother. What words so fit as his wherein to tell the tale?

He died the death of a strong man, his bodily frame being of the finest construction, and capable of great endurance. Of his state of mind it will be sufficient to say, that it was such as might have been looked for by those who knew him, and loved him well,—gentle, humble, loving, devout. His time was passed either in religious exercises, or in the most searching self-communion. A few days before his death, he received the sacrament of the Lord's supper, having named a friend whose presence and participation he desired on this occasion; and again, after the last struggle had commenced, his eye resting on another friend, with whom of latter years he had been much associated, he requested him to join with him in the last expressions of hope and faith. It was so that he bade him farewell. His sorrowing friends, with whom he had so long been domesticated, and his young friend, Dr. Green, who never left him night or day, were also present.

In these last hours he took a clear review of his past life, his words, whether addressed to me or to himself, falling distinct on my ear; his mind appearing to retain its wonted sagacity, and his tongue scarcely less than its wonted eloquence. Of this most solemn confession, I can only repeat that it justified the most favorable construction that could be put upon the past, and the consolatory hope which could be formed for the future.

Wordsworth, his constant friend and counsellor, who had stood by his cradle as now he stood by his coffin, was deeply affected. He directed that he should be buried in the grave marked out for himself. "Let him be by us—he would have wished it."

The day following he walked over with me to Grasmere—to the church-yard, a plain enclosure of the olden time, surrounding the old village church, in which lay the remains of his wife's sister, his nephew, and his beloved daughter. Here having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and for Mrs. Wordsworth's grave,\* he bade him measure out the space of a third grave for my brother, immediately beyond.

"When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave," he exclaimed, "he was standing there!" pointing to the spot where my brother had stood on the sorrowful occasion to which he alluded. Then turning to the sexton, he said, "Keep the ground for us,—we are old people, and it cannot be for long."

In the grave thus marked out, my brother's remains were laid on the following Thursday, and in little more than a twelvemonth his venerable and venerated friend was brought to occupy his own. They lie in the south-east angle of the church-yard, not far from a group of trees, with the little beck, that feeds the lake with its clear waters, murmuring by their side. Around them are the quiet mountains.

The entrance to the churchyard from the north is by a lych-gate, under which you pass to the village school. Possibly this thought may have been in my brother's mind, and an image of this quiet resting-place in his mind's eye, when he penned the following characteristic observations on the choice of a grave. In an odd number of the "London Magazine," I find the following remarks written in the margin:—

"I have no particular choice of a churchyard, but I would repose, if possible, where there were no proud monuments, no new-fangled obelisks or mausoleums, heathen in everything but taste, and not Christian in that. Nothing that betokened aristocracy, unless it were the venerable memorial of some old family long extinct. If the village school adjoined the churchyard, so much the better. But all this must be as He will. I am greatly pleased with the fancy of Anaxagoras, whose sole request of the people of Lampsacus was that the children might have a holiday on the anniversary of his death. But I would have the holiday on the day of my funeral. I would connect the happiness of childhood with the peace of the dead, not with the struggles of the dying."

It was a winter's day when my brother was carried to his last earthly home, cold, but fine, as I noted at the time, with a few slight scuds of sleet and gleams of sunshine, one of which greeted us as we entered Grasmere, and another smiled brightly through the church window. May it rest upon his memory!

With all our heart, we add, Amen. And hundreds who knew and loved him will echo this his brother's affectionate farewell. We feel half ashamed at having set down anything of a light nature in juxtaposition with

the solemn passages just quoted; yet by so doing we best represent the image of Hartley as it remains impressed on our own mind—a strange compound of sad and glad; like one of the fitful summer days so frequent among his own mountains, when the blinding rack and mist gave place to brief sunshine, which by its own subtle alchemy turns the rain-drops on the church-yard grass into jewels. Now for him the rack and the mist have passed away for ever—may a like unbroken sunshine "rest upon his memory!"

For the brief sketch we have thus attempted to give, we have drawn materials partly from our own recollection, partly from hearsay, and partly from the Memoir before us. In this last, Mr. Derwent Coleridge has performed a difficult and delicate task, honestly, manfully, and well. On the one hand, there was the risk that natural affection might lead him to gloss over his brother's failings as a man, and exaggerate his merits as an author; on the other hand, to have assumed the air of an impartial unconcerned critic would have marred the whole work with affectation. Between these opposite dangers he has steered his course safely; need we say that in all future ventures, as in this, we heartily bid him God-speed? In one respect only he labors under disqualification as his brother's biographer. For the last thirty years of Hartley's life the two brothers had seldom, if ever, met, and had no confidential communication. When at last they did meet, it was at the summons, and in presence, of Death. Hence the details of Hartley's latter life are few and meager. Why did not the writer associate in his task some one who had known him and loved him in recent days,—Mr. Thomas Blackburne, for instance, whose Boswell-like letters are about the most lively and graphic passages in the book, and who, if the stanzas in page 183, signed T. B., are indeed his, is one in every way worthy to be the heart's brother to a poet?

Of the editor's judgment in selection, we cannot speak, seeing that we have not the pieces rejected to compare with the pieces published; but we have all confidence in the critical taste of a Coleridge.

The pieces now before us are to be regarded rather as disjointed tokens of undeveloped powers, than combining portions of an accomplished whole,—glittering fragments of Venice Crystal, showing what the vase might have been ere it was burst and shattered by the poison.

With the exception of "Leonard and Su-

\* This arrangement was, afterwards, slightly modified.

san," a pretty simple tale, and "Prometheus"—a dramatic fragment, whose unfinished state we cannot regret, the theme demanding an Æschylus not a Theocritus,—all the poems here published come under the head of "occasional." And few indeed were the occasions which Hartley did not seize to hang his rhymes upon. A stuffed humming-bird, a painted parrot, an old arm-chair, a cat, a cuckoo, and even a red herring, are each and all celebrated in song or sonnet. He was the laureate of the lake-country, ready to commemorate in verse the domestic joys or sorrows of every family in the neighborhood; whether it were the poet Wordsworth's seventy-fifth birthday, or "the death of Thomas Jackson, late of Low-Wood Inn, who died by a fall from an apple-tree." But chiefly he affects the sonnet, and sings of and to himself. Indeed, all his poems are intensely subjective. No matter what the original theme, when he had once taken and turned it in his own unique brain, it reappears in a manufactured state, with the impress of unmistakeable individuality. *H. C. fecit.* Be the occasion what it may, sad or cheerful, Hartley's song is always pitched in much the same key. His laments are interrupted by embryo jests, and his gratulations dashed with forebodings of evil. So the resulting poem is like the expression on Hartley's dear old face, something between a laugh and a cry. For he was a perverse condensation of Democritus and Heraclitus, inclined, on the whole, to be sad at a christening and merry at a funeral.

Yet there are exceptions to the rule. Not a few of the poems before us preserve throughout a tone uniform and consistent with their epigraph. And this we are glad to say is especially the case in the poems of a religious cast. Hartley's step was never uneven nor his course wayward when he trod on holy ground. Take for instance the following sonnet, addressed to "Martha H——."

Martha, thy maiden foot is still so light,  
It leaves no legible trace on virgin snows,  
And yet I ween that busily it goes  
In duty's path from happy morn to night.  
Thy dimpled cheek is gay, and softly bright  
As the first beauty of the mossy rose;  
Yet will it change its hue for others' woes,  
And native red contend with piteous white.  
Thou bear'st a name by Jesus known and loved,  
And Jesus did the maid reprove  
For too much haste to show her eager love.  
But blest is she that may be so reprov'd.  
Be Martha still in deed and good endeavor,  
In faith like Mary, at His feet for ever.

And this, which, written in the last year of his life, worthily closes the book:—

"MULTUM DILEXIT."

She sat and wept beside His feet; the weight  
Of sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame,  
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,  
To her was past, extinct, and out of date,  
Only the sin remain'd—the leprous state;  
She would be melted by the heat of love,  
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove  
And purge the silver ore adulterate.  
She sat and wept, and with her untress'd hair  
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch;  
And He wiped off the soiling of despair  
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.  
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,  
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

In turning over these volumes for the second time, we find that we have marked some thirty sonnets for unqualified praise and entire quotation, but such an abuse of the reviewer's privilege the laws of *Fraser* forbid. We therefore perforce forbear, and refer our readers to the volumes themselves. It appears to us that the following are of conspicuous excellence: In vol. i., the sonnets numbered 1, 4, 7, 9, 12, 16, (though this last is too purely descriptive to square with our ideal of a "sonnet,") 18, 22, 23, 33. And in vol. ii., those numbered 2, 3, 8, (marred, however by an Alexandrine in the middle), 10, 12, 13, 19, 26, 28, 37, 38, 51, 54. The sonnets on the Seasons in the same volume are one and all quaintly pretty. Of the rest, that yclept the "Cuckoo," and that addressed "To a deaf and dumb little girl," are conceived in his happiest vein.

We are indebted to an old friend for a sonnet by Hartley, never before published, which, if not in his very best manner, illustrates the facility with which this disciple of Wordsworth put in practice the master's principle, that *quicquid agunt homines* affords theme for poetry. The occasion was this. In the summer of '46, there was a ball at the Salutation Inn on the banks of Windermere. Hartley was invited and came, but preferred spending the evening in an adjoining room, where his light fantastic muse tripped off in the following sonnet:—

Sounds have I heard, "by distance made more sweet,"  
And whispering sounds more sweet that they are near,  
But those glad sounds so close upon mine ear,  
How had they made my younger heart to beat!  
The bounding strain that rules the silken feet,  
Like warbling nymph of old Winandermere  
Who bubbles music through the crystal clear,  
Comes softened to my solitary seat.

Yet, though I see it not, I more than dream  
Of the blithe Beauty that is tripping nigh—  
Mine ear usurps the function of the eye,  
As, coolly shaded from the maddening beam  
Of present loveliness, I love the stream  
Unseen of happiness that gurgles by.

On the whole, the sonnets are more perfect works of art than the other poems, because the sonnet form is that adapted by nature, and confined by custom to the self-development of single thoughts—Hartley's habit and forte. In lyrics, on the contrary, the poet should be projected out of himself, in order to express the objectivity of passion (we cannot give our meaning briefly without these cant-phrases of pedantry); and this, Hartley seldom attempts, or, at least, accomplishes.

Of the other poems, we will give but one specimen. It is called "a Song;" it is, in all but form, a sonnet.

Say—what is worse than blank despair?  
'Tis that sick hope too weak for flying,  
That plays at fast and loose with care,  
And wastes a weary life in dying.

Though promise be a welcome guest,  
Yet may it be too late a comer,  
'Tis but a cuckoo voice at best,  
The joy of spring, scarce heard in summer.

Then now consent, this very hour,  
Let the kind word of peace be spoken;  
Like dew upon a withered flower,  
Is comfort to the heart that's broken.

The heart, whose will is from above,  
Shall yet its mortal taint discover,  
For time, that cannot alter love,  
Has power to slay the wretched lover.

A reader who knew not the author in person, will gather from these volumes the impression that he was an egotist. And, excluded as he was by nature and circumstance, first, from the sports of other boys, and next, from the pursuits of other men, he could not but be an egotist. Yet his was not the egotism of vanity, but the egotism of self-humiliation. He fed on his own heart. And we see how earnest was his admiration, how prodigal his praise of others. Wordsworth is lauded again and again in all varieties of complimentary phrase, evidently sincere; unconscious of natural partiality, he hails his father as a "mighty bard;" no little jealousy prevents his welcoming Tennyson, a younger and greater brother in the Muses; even Joanna Baillie is saluted as

Lady revered, our island's Tragic Queen!

The language in which these poems are written is pure, clear English, yet with touches of antique quaintness, and now and then some stiffness of phrase, like the English of one who had more converse with books than men. His words are not always to be found in the current vocabularies of the nineteenth century. For example, it is only by the context that we can guess at the meaning of "*syke*." We are not quite sure at what state of existence a tree becomes "*doddered*." Nor have we a very definite idea of the operations described, respectively, by the verbs "*crankle*," "*nuzzle*," and "*grus*." We also object to the frequent use of the Scotch diminutives, "*birdie*, weedie," &c., which, to the unfamiliar southern ear, only lisp recollections of the nursery. Here and there we have to complain of obscurity, of metaphors which trip each other up, of antitheses which do not quite balance, of conceits trebly involved in parentheses; but, in general, the stream of thought flows clear and smooth, mirroring on its way the quick succession of rock, wood, and meadow, and the blue sky that bends unchangeably over all.

That these poems will attain a wide celebrity, we do not anticipate. Fit audience will they find, though few. Indeed, no poet of the present day is *popular*, in the large sense of the word, except it be the Rev. Robert Montgomery. He has found fit audience and many, perhaps owing his celebrity to the happy selection of an attractive subject. That "poetry is a drug in the market," is the stereotyped consolation of the bookseller to the hard. And we should suppose that essays are a drug, too, considering the multitude thereof poured forth upon society daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, under the name of leaders or articles. Yet what a relief it is to turn away from the smart, pert, over-peppered essays of the day, to the genial, generous, and racy feast of Elia! In bidding the public to taste Hartley Coleridge's dishes, we promise them a treat of the same kind; and it is hard if every one does not find something to his liking. One man's hobby is "church sectarianism," another's, "the fine arts;" he who cares not for "heathen mythology," may have a penchant for "black cats;" the man who cannot comprehend "the poetry of love," may yet have head enough for "pins;"—and on all these subjects, and many more, doth Hartley dissertate according to his humor; now wise and right, now wilfully wrong; now pacing steadily along the beaten road of legitimate deduction, now starting away into the common land of fancy to hunt after a dis-



tant allusion, or pick up a tempting pun. And in all these vagaries he keeps ever clear of the Slough of Dulness. Metaphor apart, we have not read so pleasant a volume for many a long day.

Hartley has caught the trick of Elia's mock gravity, and at times we could almost fancy that it was Elia's self beguiling us so pleasantly. Yet the resemblance is in manner only; the two men are widely different *au fond*. Charles knew more of men and less of nature than Hartley; and if he had read fewer books (which we half doubt, though Hartley is certainly the more learned), he had received more oral instruction.

On the whole, we like best those essays in which, consciously or not, Hartley has assumed Elia's mask; as, for instance, the "Brief Observations on Brevity," and the apostrophe to his sable Selima.

His discussions on Shakspeare pretend not to philosophic profundity; but they have the merit of being free from the extravagant idolatry which warped the judgment of the first Coleridge, and has betrayed German critics into such incredible absurdities.

His knowledge of the fine arts was necessarily limited; for he had seldom even seen a foreign picture, and the works of English artists he knew, for the most part, only through the medium of engravings. This deficiency is pleasantly acknowledged in the title—"Ignoramus on the Fine Arts;" and the three essays so called prove that Ignoramus, with his shrewd observation, wanted only opportunity to be Cognoscentissimo.

The second volume is composed of what the editor calls *Marginalia*; being brief notes on Shakspeare, sundry poets, Hogarth, and the Bible, which, condensed as they are, contain the fruit of much thought, and the germ of much more, if they only have the luck to fall on a kindly soil. But there is much more *fun* in the first volume, for the notes were written for himself, not for the public, and no man is droll alone.

Our readers, we are sure, will thank us for the following fragments on "Brevity:"—

"Brevity," says Polonius, "is the soul of wit," and twenty men as wise as he have said so after him. "Truth," says Mr. Stephen Jones, the worthy compiler of various Biographical, Geographical, and Lexicographical duodecimos, "is the soul of my work, and brevity is its body." Strange quality, that can at once be body and soul! Rare coincidence, that the soul of wit should be the body of a pocket dictionary!

Many excellent things, good reader of six feet high, partake of the property which thou dost look

down upon, or else overlook, so scornfully. To take a few casual instances, such as life, pleasure, a good style, and good resolutions, all which are notoriously, nay, proverbially *brief*, would scantily raise the matter to the altitude of the apprehension. Go then, and learn by experience; read lawyers' briefs without a fee; study the Statutes at Large; regale thyself with Viner's Abridgment: if thou beest a tradesman, give long credit; if thou dost set a value on the moments, bind thine ears to seven hours' apprenticeship to the British Senate, or the British Forum: or, if thou canst, recall the days of Auld Lang Syne, of long sermons, and the Long Parliament; when the long-winded preachers were accustomed to hold forth over their glasses, to the long-eared and long-suffering multitude; over their glasses, I say, but not such glasses as were wont to inspire the tragic sublimity of *Æschylus*, the blistering humor of *Aristophanes*, and the blustering humor of Old Ben; not such glasses as whetted the legal acumen of Blackstone, and assisted the incomparable Brinsley to weep for the calamities of India. No, my jovial friends, the gospel trumpeters were as dry as they were lengthy. Their glasses were such as that which old Time is represented as running away with, though in sober truth they run, or rather creep, away with him; such glasses as we naturally associate with a death's head, a college fag, or a lawyer's office. Should a modern pulpit orator undertake to preach by the hour-glass, I am inclined to think he would be building his hopes of preferment on a sandy foundation, and would most probably see his congregation run out before his sand. At all events, he would make the world (meaning thereby the parish clerk, and charity children, who were compelled to a final perseverance) as much in love with brevity, as if they had each inherited a chancery suit, or had their several properties charged with long annuities.

I am brief myself; brief in stature, brief in discourse, short of memory and money, and far short of my wishes. In most things, too, I am an admirer of brevity; I cannot endure long dinners.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am partial to short ladies. Here I shall be told, perhaps, that the Greeks include size in their ideal of beauty; that all Homer's fair ones are 'large and comely,' and that Lord Byron has expressed his detestation of 'dumpy women.' All this is very true, but what is it all to me? Women are not ideals, nor do we love or admire them as such; Homer makes his heroes tall as well as his heroines; there cannot, as Falstaff says, be better sympathy. And as for his lordship, when I am the Grand Turk, he shall choose for me. I revere the sex as much as any man, but I do not like to look up to them. I had rather be consorted 'with the youngest wren of nine,' than with any daughter of Eve whose morning stature was taller than my evening shadow. Whatever such an Amazon might condescend to say to me, it would sound of 'nothing but low and little.' Those pretty diminutives, which in all languages are the terms of affection, from her lips would seem like personalities; she could have but one set of

phrases for fondness and for scorn. If I would 'whisper soft nonsense in her ear,' I must get on my legs, as if I were going to move a resolution; if in walking I would keep step with her, I must stride as if I were measuring the ground for two duelists, one of whom was my very good friend, and the other a very good shot. Should I dance with her, (alas, I am past my dancing days,) I should seem like a cock-boat tossing in a storm, at the stern of a three-decker. And should I wed her, (proh dolor; I am declared by signs infallible an old bachelor elect; cats, the coyest of the breed, leap on my knees; that saucy knave,\* called the old bachelor, falls eternally to my share, and no soft look of contradiction averts the omen; candles shrink self-extinguished when I would snuff them, and no sweet voice will chide my awkwardness): but should I wed her, I must 'stand the push of every beardless vain comparative.' The young Etolian jackanapes would call us Elegiacs, (carmen lugubre!) the Cantab pedants would talk of their duplicate ratios; yea, unbreeched urchins, old ale-wives, and cobblers in their stalls, would cry out after us—There goes eighteen pence; and prudential punsters would wish the match might prove happy, but it was certainly very unequal.

Again, how characteristically, apropos of cats, he speculates on time—"which is so friendly to wine, and so hostile to small beer; which turns abuse to right, and usurpation

\* It is needless to mention that this alludes to a Christmas gambol, wherein a particular knave in the pack is called the old bachelor, and the person drawing it is set down as a confirmed Colebe.

to legitimacy; which improves pictures, while it mars their originals; and raises a coin no longer current to a hundred times the value it ever went for," &c.

We might cull hundreds of such *morceaux*, always pleasant, if not always profound; but we can find no portion which does not require its context, to be fully appreciated. A few detached links will never fall into the graceful folds of the entire chain.

Hartley's most serious literary effort, the *Biographia Borealis*, consisting of lives of thirteen famous north countrymen, is preparing for republication. We read it with much pleasure once on a time, but so long since, that we dare not trust our recollections sufficiently to base any criticism thereon.

We now close what has been to us a labor of love. We trust that our old liking for the man has not unduly biassed our estimate of the author. From what we have said, our readers will conclude that though we do not rank Hartley Coleridge with the greatest poets, the most profound thinkers, or the most brilliant essayists, yet we know of no single man who has left, as his legacy to the world, at once poems so graceful, thoughts so just, and essays so delectable. And we believe that, while his personal memory will long linger among the hills of Westmoreland, his literary fame will have a wider range and a more lasting existence.

THE LOST TRAVELER.—Among the numerous victims, distinguished travelers, whose lives have been sacrificed to the perils of African discovery, the world has almost forgotten that of the unfortunate Jacques Compagnon, who, under the auspices of the Duke de Choiseul, left Senegal in 1758 to explore the country to the north and east of Senegambia, penetrating as far as the wooded desert of Simboni, where he was heard from in 1760, and then disappeared, never, it was supposed, to be heard from again. After ninety years of mystery and oblivion, however, the veil has been removed, and the secret of his fate has been disclosed by M. de Gayss, a Hungarian explorer in Africa, from whom a letter has been received by the Imperial Society of Vienna, disclosing the discoveries which seem to place the fact beyond question, besides giving it a very interesting aspect. M. de Gayss writes from the country of the Kommenis, a semi-civilized tribe, who have some religious notions "possessing a certain analogy with

the Christian tradition, a regular language an alphabet, and a mode of writing," all or most of which they appear, from their own account, to have derived from a stranger, a European, who died among them in 1775, and whose memory was revered as that of a sage or good genius. That this stranger was Jacques Compagnon was proved by a number of circumstances, not the least conclusive of which were several personal relics, regarded by the people as sacred, one being a quadrant with his name engraved upon it in full. It would seem, from such accounts and traditions as M. de Gayss was able to gather, that Compagnon was detained by the Kommenis, and, being reconciled at last to his captivity, devoted himself to instructing them in the useful arts. His tomb, consisting of "a little stone monument of a conical form, covered with an inscription in hieroglyphical characters," was pointed out to the Hungarian visitor in one of their principal villages.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## HORACE WALPOLE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.\*

ANOTHER book on the interminable and never wearying theme of Horace Walpole, the acknowledged Emperor of Gossips, and King of Letter-writers. "Age cannot wither, nor custom state the infinite variety" of reminiscences connected with this name. Unlike to Newton, whose mighty faculties achieved their great discoveries in science at a comparatively early period of life, and then reposed, as if worn out or wearied, the lord of Strawberry Hill (though in a much inferior grade) continued to lead in his peculiar walk with undiminished spirit, until the full term allotted by the Psalmist; as lively in old age as in vigorous manhood, with imagination as fresh and green in the winter of seventy, as in the budding spring of seventeen. Not even the "arthritic tyranny"† of gout, so remorselessly exercised over him in his latter years, could totally subdue his patience, or extinguish his love of elegant society, until just before the curtain was ready to drop, when, as the present writer informs us, "he became a fretful valetudinarian, verging on imbecility, complaining of those who were kindest, and blaming those who had never been in fault." The querulous helplessness of this "last scene of all," with the neglect that too often accompanies existence, protracted to the extreme period when strength becomes labor and sorrow, verify the saying of the ancient Greek, as echoed again by our modern poet, "whom the gods love die young."‡

When we first glanced at the title-page, from constant familiarity with the subject, we took this for a new or enlarged edition of

\* Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries; including numerous original letters, chiefly from Strawberry Hill. Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq., Author of "the Crescent and the Cross," &c., &c. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13 Gt. Marlborough street. 1851.

† "Unhappy whom to beds of pain  
Arthritic tyranny confines."—

Dr. Johnson's Poems.

‡ Herodotus, as quoted by Lord Byron; but the line belongs to Menander—

"Οὐ γὰρ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκειν νεός."

some preceding book, rather than an original one, and were a little startled when assured by the editor in his preface, that with the exception of a few meager sketches prefixed to his works by Pinkerton, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Dover, the biography of Horace Walpole is now for the first time presented to the public.

The life of a wealthy, fashionable man of letters, such as the Earl of Orford, indulging in perfect idleness (the *dolce far niente*), when not choosing to canter a little on a favorite hobby-horse—a "voluptuous virtuoso" as he has been called, more disposed to sedentary than to active pursuits,—is not likely to abound in stirring incidents by flood and field; although he once captured a housebreaker, and another time was nearly run over by a coach-and-six while attempting the chivalrous feat of carrying a young lady over a wet style. The latter catastrophe was superseded by rather an equivocal tableau, not very delicately described in his own letters. But want of delicacy, even among the highest classes, was one of the smaller vices of the last age. Twice, also, Walpole was in danger of being drowned while acting "Squire O'Dames," a character he was partial to, although not formed by nature for a hero. The drawing-room of a predominant duchess, or the snuggerly of a select literary circle, were his more legitimate fields of distinction. The character of his mind will be traced, not in deeds, but in words. His genius displays itself in his conversation, writings, and epistolary correspondence.—From these sources, and many similar ones, emanating from his chosen companions, we feel ourselves as intimately acquainted with Horace Walpole, as familiar with his costume, slight effeminate figure, style of talk, turn of humor, and other personal peculiarities, as if we had known and associated with him all our lives. We accompany him from Arlington-street to White's, where we meet George Selwyn and "the wits" of the day; back again to Arlington-street, and the next morning in his well-appointed coach to Strawberry

Hill, where we are sure to meet our merry old acquaintance, Kitty Clive, before whose resolute independence of spirit Garrick trembled in the plenitude of his autocracy. The Clive who informed Roscius that she was richer than he, as she knew when she had enough, which he never would ; who, when he played the crocodile at parting, told him to his teeth, he hated and was glad to get rid of her, and would light up candles for joy, only it would cost him sixpence ; who never was absent from the Strawberry Hill parties, loved and honored by the lord of the castle ; who enlivened the whole circle of her acquaintance by her exhaustless fun and anecdote, while she kept retired countesses in order, and frightened them from cheating at whist.

Without much stretch of imagination, we can embody Horace Walpole in the flesh, seated on the sofa before us, opposite to the table at which we are writing. We fancy nothing new can be told us of one whom we already know so much. He wants no smirking obsequious Boswell, with busy, diurnal notebook to perpetuate the memory of a cough or a sneeze which otherwise would be lost. On closing these two very agreeable volumes, the impression left on the mind scarcely does justice to the author. We feel as if we had been refreshing memory on matters we knew before, rather than adding to our stock of information. But all to be found previously in many places, is here for the first time collected together and brought again before us at one view, in a condensed, perspicuous, and animated narrative. The introduction of other characters and incidents blending with the individual biography, is skillfully managed, rendering the picture more complete, and greatly adding to its interest and variety. When we consider the number of the *dramatis personæ* introduced, and the many subjects discussed, the book appears unusually short, and in no degree deteriorated by the leaven of dullness. This is saying a great deal in favor of two portly octavo volumes in these abbreviating days, when anything beyond an ordinary pamphlet terrifies the reading public into a bibliophobia. But we must take leave, before we proceed further, to enter a gentle protest against a mysterious practice becoming frequent and fashionable ; namely, that of ushering new publications into the world with the name of the author hidden under the ægis of an editor of established reputation. The “stat nominis umbra” of Junius is preferable to this demi-anonymous substantiality. It reminds us of Teucer

sending forth his arrows from behind the seven-fold shield of Ajax Telamon, while he watches their effect and prepares himself for another discharge. A temporary blind, to be withdrawn as it suits the inclination or convenience of the parties concerned, and which, when lifted, has in more cases than one disclosed the imaginary co-partnership represented by the same individual.

In the present instance we are puzzled to draw the line of demarkation. We are unable to separate, to our own satisfaction, the concealed author from the avowed editor, and probably bestow praise or censure on the one which may with more propriety belong to the other. We cannot divest ourselves of the idea that the glowing, pointed sentences of the author of “The Crescent and the Cross” are scattered more liberally through this work than he acknowledges ; and we fancy, although perhaps erroneously, that he has had a greater share in its composition than he modestly admits in his preface, wherein he assures us he has “furnished nothing towards it except such doubtful advantage as his name could give, and such corrections as were freely offered and as freely accepted.”

Notwithstanding the spirit and gracefulness which breathe in these volumes, and the varying interest of the subjects touched upon, when we had finished their perusal we felt jaded and unrefreshed. Why was this ? Because they exhibit in the mass such an unfavorable view of human nature ; such a predominance of evil over good ; such overwhelming portraiture of animal depravity ; of utter sensualism in the highest classes of society, in the most influential sections of civilized life.

The nation drove out the elder branch of the Stuarts, and gained something in civil and religious liberty—valuable acquisitions, certain to take root and fructify with time when solidly planted in a nourishing soil. But neither morals nor manners appear to have changed for the better during the reigns of the two first kings of the substituted family. Vice under the Stuarts was high in the ascendant ; intrigue held “sovereign sway and masterdom ;” but it was at least gay, social, and well-bred. So, perhaps, the more dangerous and seductive. Under the first and second George, the quantity of the commodity still went on increasing, but the texture become gloomy, coarse, and avaricious. There was even more of vice, but now well-seasoned with vulgarity. The elegant voluptuousness of Circe and Armida trans-



formed into the low debauchery of Silenus and Trimalchio.\*

George the First kept his wife far away from England, immured in a continental dungeon, while the two Hanoverian ogresses of his harem, the "Schulenberg," and the "Kielmanseck," the "May Pole," and the "Elephant and Castle," as they were nicknamed, openly disposed of place and pension, selling rank and honor to the highest bidder. He hated his son and successor, who returned the compliment with interest, and destroyed his father's will as a last act of filial reverence.†

George the Second selected his wife as the special confidant of his various connubial peccadilloes, all his *liaisons* being by kind permission of his better half; an agreeable and respectable domestic arrangement. As he and his father detested each other mortally, so did he and his queen continue this family affection in the direct line, by a cordial abhorrence of their own eldest son, which occasioned many scenes, and much expenditure of passion; to the scandal of the few who thought correctly, and the amusement of the many who preferred mischief above everything.

The King inquired of his wife, as the safest authority, whether "the beast," meaning the Prince of Wales, was really his son. Her Majesty assured him he was; and then expressed her maternal feelings as follows:—"My dear first-born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest *canaille* in the whole world; and I most heartily wish he was out of it."‡ There was at least no mystification in these little family dissensions. The edifying examples were not thrown away on the public, who look to the high authorities set over them for guidance and instruction, as the traveler is directed by his road-book, and the subordinate members of an orchestra take from the leader the key-note by which to tune their own instruments. Frederick, Prince of Wales (the father of George III.), who died in 1741, was undoubtedly a very objectionable person, and his demise a public benefit, as it made way for the succession of a much better man. The following Elegy, which appeared at the

time among many others, is quoted by our author, and interprets, as he says, "the common opinion of the day as to the general merits of the family; and while it places him rather above the rest, rates him still at an extremely moderate valuation:"—

"Here lies Fred,  
Who was alive, and is dead.  
Had it been his father,  
I had much rather;  
Had it been his brother,  
Much better than another;  
Had it been his sister,  
No one would have missed her;  
Had it been the whole generation,  
Still better for the nation;  
But since 'tis only Fred,  
Who was alive, and is dead,  
There is no more to be said."

In speaking of William, Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Fontenoy and Culloden, as he has been called (why do they omit Closter-Seven?), but better known as "the Butcher," this author denies his claim to the latter enviable title; and with reference to his cruelties in Scotland, says:—"Those who look carefully into the authorities for these atrocities will not find them deserving of faith." This opinion is more easily delivered than proved. There is no fact in history better established than the frightful and unnecessary barbarities committed after Culloden, by the army under the Duke of Cumberland; a full and very interesting detail may be found in the Pictorial History of England, where the authorities are named, and the concurrent testimony of friends and enemies produced in evidence. The campaign was inglorious, although decisive; and the battle itself a paltry affair, in which there was no display of military skill on either side. The wretched Highlanders were disunited, badly officered, and exhausted by a ridiculous and harassing night march, in a still more absurd attempt to surprise the British army, which amounted to nearly 8,000 well-appointed, experienced troops. The rebels hardly mustered 4000, ill-disciplined, half-armed, and more than half-starved. It was a case of bad generalship succeeding against worse: "*les bornes qui battaient les aveugles*," as Frederick the Great said of a battle between the Russians and the Turks. We agree with our author when he says, the rebellion was a formidable one, and that the Duke put it down completely, thereby rendering good service; but we leave him when he argues that the severity resorted to after success, was either good policy or mercy in disguise. It may to

\* For the suppers of Trimalchio, see Petronii Arb. Satiricon.

† This has been disputed, but no will was forthcoming, after Archbishop Wake handed it over to the new king, who put it in his pocket, and thus the royal goods and chattels fell to the last person to whom the owner would have left them.

‡ Quoted in the book we are reviewing, from Lord Harvey's Memoirs.

some extent have been *expedient*; but that has little to do with either wisdom or justice. Heading and hanging men taken in open rebellion seems like legitimate retribution. It is precisely what the vanquished would have done to the victors, had the fortune of war reversed their positions. Attainder of title and forfeiture of property are also natural consequences. All this applies to ringleaders, fomenters, and warriors with arms in their hands; but nothing can extenuate brutal outrage against helpless women and children, burning villages and cottages, in the mere wontonness of power, and general plunder without measure or distinction. That all these excesses were perpetrated systematically throughout the Highlands, is undeniable. North of the Tweed, they have been too long familiar with such eulogistic couplets as the following, to change their opinions on the merits of the party celebrated:—

“Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;  
Ken ye the news I hae to tell?  
Cumberland's awa to h——,  
Charon grim came out to him,  
Ye're welcome here, ye deevil's limb!  
He tow'd him o'er wi' curse and ban,  
Whiles he sank and whiles he swam;  
They took him neest to Satan's ha',  
There to lilt wi' his grandpapa;  
The deil sat girnin in the neuk,  
Riving sticks to roast the Duke;  
They put him then upon a spect,  
And roasted him baith head and feet;  
They ate him up baith stoop and roop,  
And that's the gate they serv'd the Duke!  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie!”\*

When we find the “humors” of William, Duke of Cumberland, justified, we shall expect next an apology for the massacre of Glencoe. As this same author says in a subsequent portion of his book, on Walpole's attempt to purify Richard the Third:—“It is but attempting to wash the black-a-moor white.” Posterity will never be brought to think Richard was a “much-injured individual,” or that Cumberland had “butcher” added to his titles, without good claim to the distinction. Hear Horace Walpole himself, in a letter to Sir H. Mann, at Florence:—“The King is inclined to some mercy; but the Duke, who has not so much of Cæsar after a victory as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the city to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud—

‘Then let it be of the Butchers.’” Cumberland and Cæsar!—Culloden and Pharsalia! Flattery will scale Olympus at last. As Hamlet says, “Oh, shame, where is thy blush?” When Walpole drew his parallel, he should have joined to it another; Alexander and Hawley. Each fired a royal palace: the one Bersæpolis, in the pride of victory; the other, Linlithgow, in the shame of defeat. General Hawley rested his laureled head in the Palace of Linlithgow, on the night when he fled, hatless, from the glories Falkirk. On the following morning, as he hurried off to Edinburgh, his dragoons wantonly set fire to the straw that had littered their horses, and burned down that ancient dwelling place of kings.

A favorite object in the present day appears to be, to uproot all preconceived opinions on matters of history, and supply the vacancies with new ones. A sturdy paradox never fails to excite curiosity. There have been already several justifications of Shylock, an elaborate essay on the daring courage of Falstaff, an apology for the character and conduct of Iago, with profound metaphysical inquiries tending to prove that Marat, Danton, and Robespierre were philanthropists on a grand scale. We have in our own possession, in manuscript, a very convincing and unanswerable “Exculpation of Regan and Goneril,” which will be given to the world whenever the author and his publisher agree upon terms.

At page 182, vol. i., an amusing anecdote is told, which shows the extreme unpopularity of George II. in 1736. He had stayed rather longer than usual in Hanover, detained by the charms of Madame Walmoden. A placard was posted on the gate of St. James's Palace, with the following announcement:—“Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish. Whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James's parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive *four shillings and sixpence reward*. N. B. This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a crown.”

While the Hanoverian Kings, with their immediate courtiers, satellites, and dependents, regulated their lives after the fashion described, the bulk of their subjects fell naturally into a similar course. There was everywhere much laxity of principle, whether social or political; an increasing disregard for all forms of religion, derived chiefly from France, that flourishing hotbed of infidelity, where the improving sophistries of Voltaire

\* See “Hogg's Jacobite Relics,” &c., for other similar canticles.

and Rousseau were beginning to enchant all circles; with a coarse, and even obscene freedom in conversation, not unrestrained in the presence of accomplished women, which had never before been indulged in to the same extent, and is now very difficult to be believed. If the stage be taken as a reflex of the prevailing manners, the comedies of this era exceeded in licentiousness and irreligion those which flourished previously, under the congenial patronage of the Merry Monarch. The court of the Sovereign, the private apartments of the reigning Sultana, the drawing-rooms of the nobility, the boudoir of the fashionable demirep, the boards of the theatre, the clubs and gambling-houses, with the temples of the midnight symposium, all, with few exceptions, present the same features of the same repulsive picture, viewed only in a different light, and occasionally with a slight change in the coloring. The scene may shift from England to France, from the grosser wickedness of London to the more refined iniquity of Paris, and so on, backwards and forwards; the moving panorama varies in nothing but the place, retaining all the essential attributes of one uniform character.

In France, this cauldron of abomination went on bubbling and foaming, scorching and consuming, until at last it boiled over furiously, in the madness and misery of the first revolution; all which (by the way) Horace Walpole foresaw and foretold; but, as usual, nobody heeded the voice of the warner, before the explosion took place.\*

Many were the mistakes as to the causes of this astounding event, and wide and wild were the speculations in regard to its immediate influence and remote consequences. An acute modern author says, "It is the fashion to ascribe everything to the French Revolution, and the French Revolution to everything but the real cause. That cause is obvious. The government exacted more than the people could bear, and the people neither could nor would bear any longer." Here is a true and simple answer to a very complicated question. For some time every established government in Europe was shaken to its centre. How England escaped is

still a subject of wonder, and ought ever to be one of lasting gratitude to the pervading Providence which saved us from the engulfing vortex, and, as we hope, for better purposes. Disparaging and cynical writers of the present day occasionally insinuate that we are not one jot better than our great-grand-fathers, except in outward observance of the proprieties, and that beneath that convenient cloak the pliant folds of hypocrisy lie snugly coiled. Also that in the highest and best-informed classes all is hollow, empty, and deceptive. A comfortless view of things, which we trust is a mistaken one. But should it be correct, we have far less excuse than our progenitors. Utilitarianism and centralization, *Agapemone* communities, Chartist and Socialist debating clubs, are not likely to prove sound pedestals on which to erect the structure of moral or religious advancement; but all these evil tendencies are counterbalanced by the rapid spread of education, the removal of taxes on knowledge, the untiring eloquence of zealous teachers, and, above all, by the bright example of our present gracious Sovereign and her consort, whose public and private lives elevate humanity, and give an added grace to royalty itself.

Among the contemporaneous portraits sketched in the work we are considering, stands out in bold relief the imposing figure of the great minister, Sir Robert Walpole, father of Horace, much villified during his life, and for nearly a century after misrepresented and misunderstood. To him, as in the case of greater men, including one among the greatest of all, Cromwell, posterity is at length rendering tardy justice. Sir Robert was a true Englishman, who loved his country, and served two monarchs faithfully for many years. His opponent, the plain-spoken Shippen, said of him,—“Robert and I are honest men; he is for King George and I for King James; but as for those fellows with long cravats (Sandys, Sir John Rushout, and others) they only desire places under one king or the other.” (Vol. i. p. 305). Often suspected as a corruptionist and time-server, an embezzler of public money and self-aggrandizer, it now appears that all these accusations were the mere overflowing of party gall, which fell to the ground when brought to the test of inquiry. Time, the purifier, exhibits his character freed from the dross and alloy which has been unjustly mixed up with it. A strenuous advocate of peace and opposer of expensive wars, he held his steady course, relying

\* These lines from Dr. Johnson's *Irene*, on the fall of Constantinople, apply strongly to the destruction of the French monarchy:—

“A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it;  
A feeble government, eluded laws,  
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,  
And all the maladies of sinking states.”—Act. i. s. 1.

on his own resources, and surrounded generally by colleagues of third-rate talent and less than fourth-rate integrity; men ready to be bought or sold according to the amount of the purchase-money. As minister of two weak, capricious, self-willed monarchs, who knew nothing of England, could scarcely speak her language, and neither understood nor valued her institutions, he maintained his post, and upheld the national honor, despite the efforts of parliamentary opposition and *camarilla* conspiracies. When at length uprooted by the force of a long-organizing cabal, he gave way before the storm, and presented himself to tender his resignation to his sovereign, that aged master, instead of holding out his hand to be kissed in the cold ceremonial of etiquette, for once gave way to natural feeling, and flung himself upon the neck of his faithful servant, embracing him in an agony of tears.\*

One of the vulgar arguments against Sir Robert Walpole's integrity has been constantly repeated, and rests on words put into his mouth which he never used. "All men have their price," including of course himself, is said to have been his publicly declared opinion of public virtue. But he never said anything so universally comprehensive. His sentence was, "All *those* men have their price.† The insertion or omission of a single word makes all the difference. By *those men* (many of whom in the sequel justified his observation), he meant the loud-tongued orators, who were as numerous in his day as ours, raving of their country's wrongs, threatening hourly impeachment of every measure and every ministry, opposing everything they did not suggest themselves, until they bullied their way by sheer dint of mouth into some comfortable sinecure, and then suddenly became as quiescent as the ocean after a tempest. Your demagogue of 1840-50, is lineally descended from his ancestor of 1730-40, with all the family features clearly identified, each being a true type of the genus which Pope characterizes in the line,

"He foams a patriot to subdue a peer."

Recent ministers have rejoiced in inefficient condjutors, but we know no modern premier with such a Secretary of State to help him as Sir Robert Walpole was blessed with in the sapient Duke of Newcastle, of whom it is recorded in responsible print, that when

informed Cape Breton was an island, he stood aghast at the amazing discovery, and said he must run and tell the King directly, who, he was quite sure, would be as much astonished as himself. Of this illustrious pundit, Lord Campbell says, in his "Lives of the Chancellors" (the passage is quoted by our author):—

"Hardly gifted with common understanding, and not possessing the knowledge of geography and history now acquired at a parish school; from the rotten borough system, then in prime vigor, the Duke was in high office as a minister longer than Burleigh, and had much more power and patronage than that paragon of statesmen."

How often do these instances of official nothingness occur in the history of nations, and yet we wonder that enlightened governments commit gigantic blunders and meet with terrible reverses. Profound was the saying of Chancellor Oxenstiern to his son, but which is usually cited for its pithiness without applying its wisdom: "*Vides, mi fili, quam læve sapientia homines gubernantur.*" Of this we crave privilege to offer the following free translation—*A small quantity of brains will suffice for a large salary.*

The public character of Sir Robert Walpole is ably summed up by the author of these Memoirs in the following passage:—

"Unfortunately for the reputation of this great man, contemporary chroniclers were too deeply prejudiced against the name of Walpole to do justice to the very superior talents he possessed as a statesman; and, influenced by their party-colored views, succeeding writers have satisfied themselves with echoing the cry against him. It is only within the last few years that due inquiry has been instituted into the measures of Walpole, and the more carefully it has been prosecuted the stronger has the impression become, that he was one of the most intelligent rulers this country ever possessed. Of the accusations that were lavished upon him, there seems to have been no proof produced; and as he died not only poor but very much in debt, the insinuations confidently thrown out of his having accumulated immense riches at the expense of the public, and the more daring charges of corruption on the most comprehensive scale, circulated by his enemies, of course fall to the ground."

Of his domestic and social attributes he says:

"He never put forth any pretensions to wit, but his conversation abounded in humor; and though this sometimes was too free, it was at least free from ill-feeling. . . His cordiality of manner and the charms of his conversation few found it

\* Vol. i. p. 328.

† Coxe's Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole.



possible to resist. Whether as host or guest, his countenance beamed with a cheerful sunshine that warmed every heart around him. The King and Queen experienced the influence of his good-humored pleasantry quite as much as the humblest acquaintance who was honored with a place at his table; and in his own peculiar circle of intimates it is not easy to do justice to that enthusiastic affection of which he was so long the object. . . . He was easy of access, affable to strangers, indulgent to his dependents, and generous in all his habits; affronts that were put upon him when out of power, in power he never cared to remember, and though embarrassed by the treachery of those who deserted him when they fancied him growing weak, as soon as he re-established his strength, the traitors generally escaped the punishment it was then in his power to inflict."

This is an agreeable portrait, a little highly colored on the side of partiality, but at all times praise is preferable to abuse, and by no means as easy. Sir R. Walpole's "table talk" in promiscuous company, by his own avowal, bordered a little on the gross and licentious, which he defended by saying that it suited every intellect and understanding. If he took a cynical view of human nature, and, with our friend Malvil in the play, pronounced "mankind a villain," he did it good-humoredly, and more as a joke than as a sarcasm or a practical fact. He proved the contrary conviction by his forgiving temper and slowness to suspect. He thought, perhaps, with Corporal Nym, "things must be as they are," in spite of philosophers or reformers. He was not ambitious of acting Diogenes with his lantern, well knowing, from long experience, that the chance of profitable discovery was much outbalanced by the labor of the search. He took the world as he found it,—and so he died, having played a conspicuous part, and left it for a future generation to find out that he was a much better and abler man than the majority of his contemporaries.

Horace Walpole, the leading subject of these memoirs, figured conspicuously in society during a long life, and in many characters. As author, wit, virtuoso, fine gentleman, man of letters, and brilliant correspondent. He possessed an ample income, which gave him means to gratify his prevailing tastes, and indulge his love of indolent enjoyment. He had no ambition to figure in public life, for which his habits unfitted him; but he showed no objection to finger public money, having possessed for many years, through the interest of his father, and without scruple of conscience, two snug offices,

with merely a nominal duty attached to them.\* From the funds supplied by these sources arose the mansion and museum of Strawberry Hill, originally built by the suspicious overflowings of a retired coachman, and christened by the neighbors, with sly insinuation, "Chopped-straw-hall;" afterwards occupied by Mrs. Chevenix, of toy-shop celebrity.† Although Walpole long held a seat in parliament, he made no figure there; when he spoke, it was ineffectively; his party considered him one of the "light weights," useful on a division, but with little personal importance. His best effort at public oratory was perhaps his first, in defence of his father, when threatened with impeachment soon after he was driven from office. As this author tells us, "he allowed the greatness of the occasion to overpower his natural timidity."‡ William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, at the time, and Lord Holland since, have bestowed commendation on this maiden effort. His constitution was too feeble to endure the recurring drudgery of long sessions, which requires the strength of an elephant. A series of campaigns in the Peninsula, on the Sutlej, or in Kaffirland, are child's play in comparison. How any human fabric can endure it, as Joseph Hume's, for an instance, has done, is an anatomical miracle, which can only be solved (when he dies in the middle of the next century,) by a *post-mortem* examination.

As an author, Horace Walpole is entitled to a respectable rank, while as a letter-writer he is unrivaled. His correspondence will live while the English language lasts, and beats that of the Grimms and Sevignés out of the field. His conversation died with him, or survives only in traditionary anecdotes; his printing press is broken to pieces, his *collectanea* dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, and his Gothic castle of lath and plaster is tottering to its foundation. Ere long it will share the fate of Pope's grotto and subterranean avenue.

It has often been charged against Walpole, and apparently with justice, that, considering his influence and position, with his ample fortune—his patronage of struggling literary merit was trifling and disproportionate. Although mild and sociable, bland in manner and gentle in speech, he was also cold and

\* Usher of the Exchequer, £2,000 per annum; Comptroller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Foreign Estreats, £500 ditto. Total, £2,500! They were as nearly sinecures as possible.

† Vol. ii. p. 4-6.

‡ Vol. i. p. 343.

somewhat selfish. All virtuosos and collectors become so more or less. They bestow on dumb curiosities or living lap-dogs the affections which warmer natures occupy with love or active friendship. The passion of accumulating anything, money, books, statues, paintings, old china, suits of armor, antiquated furniture, relics of celebrated individuals, no matter what,—all springs from a longing for exclusive possession; and when the proprietor exhibits his wonders, he says or feels, "See how many fine things I have which nobody else can obtain," rather than, "How much pleasure I convey to you all by showing these rarities." There are exceptions, of course, but we apprehend this to be the general rule, and that the rage of collecting contracts rather than expands the sympathies. The celebrated Grolier used to write on the first leaf of his books, *Johannis Grolieri et amicorum*; an extent of liberality which has found few imitators. We have no doubt his library soon had many vacant shelves. The ardor of lending is much checked by the frequency of not returning the borrowed article at all, or sending it home remorselessly dilapidated.\* The favorite practice of reading at the breakfast table, or over the fire, will produce the latter effect very effectually. Garrick was reproached for not giving Dr. Johnson free access to his valuable quartos while employed on his edition of Shakspeare; but he defended himself by saying he had great trouble in getting them back, and when recovered, their state was grievous to the eye and heart of the owner. In Steevens's copy of the first folio Shakspeare, there is a note signifying that it had been lent to the great lexicographer, who by no means improved its condition.

The best of Walpole's original writings, and on which his claims as author rest, are "The Castle of Otranto," "Royal and Noble Authors," "Historic Doubts," and the tragedy of "The Mysterious Mother." His other productions are numerous and varied, but they are little known to the existing generation. His letters have retained their charm, but even the works we have named above, once so popular, are now seldom looked at. They are to be found reposing on the shelves of the curious, among the desiderata of the Strawberry Hill press, generally bound in old-fashioned red morocco,

\* This applies generally in the case of *umbrellas*, on the restitution of which very important articles, many people of otherwise respectable conscience entertain vague ideas.

but with few tokens of active service. The following eulogium in Lord Byron's preface to "Marino Faliero," appears to us considerably exaggerated:—"It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman, and secondly, because he was a gentleman; but to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters, and 'The Castle of Otranto,' he is the 'Ultimus Romanorum,' the author of 'The Mysterious Mother,' a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living writer, be he who he may." A high panegyric from such authority; but we cannot find that Horace Walpole was ever underrated, and assuredly an aristocratic parentage on the title-page is no detriment to a new-born publication. Lords (and ladies, too,) of late have become as numerous in the fields of literature as commoners, and this could scarcely happen if they were held cheap, or neglected. Perhaps the noble poet, when he recorded the opinion, was still writhing under remembrance of the unsparing severity with which the tomahawk of the *Edinburgh* mangled his first juvenile "Poems by Lord Byron, a minor."

The "Castle of Otranto" came upon the public as a perfect novelty; an experiment in a ground which had not yet been trodden on, though destined to find so many followers,—and the success was commensurate. Our present author rates its pretensions at too low a mark. He says:—

"The public taste has very much improved since 1765, and Walpole's 'Gothic Story' has fallen into neglect. In the composition of the narrative the author has not studied the characteristics of time and place. The characters are not Italian, and a striking deficiency in natural interest pervades the entire work."

Contrast this with the criticism of Bishop Warburton, (no friend of Walpole's,) which the author of these memoirs has quoted in a note, and the difference of opinion will be found a very wide one:—

"Amidst all this nonsense, when things were at the worst, we had been entertained with what I will venture to call a masterpiece in the Fable; and of a new species, likewise. The piece I mean is 'The Castle of Otranto.' The scene is laid in Gothic chivalry; where a beautiful imagination, supported by strength of judgment, has enabled the author to go beyond his subject and effect the full purpose of the ancient tragedy

that is, to purge the passions by pity and terror, in coloring as great and harmonious as any of the best dramatic writers."—(Vol. ii. p. 213 *Mc-moira*.)

That a work, both original and clever, should now be neglected, is less an evidence of improved taste than an instance of the ingratitude with which the labors of the engineer are passed over by the multitudes who walk pleasantly on the road he has smoothed for them. The world assuredly can do without romances or works of fiction, and there are better things in it, and better ways of employing time. But they have their charms and their utility. The mind cannot always employ itself in serious contemplation or abstruse science. Gray declared that he could conceive nothing more exquisite than lying on a sofa and reading perpetual new tales by Marivaux and Crébillon. A higher authority, and a grave philosopher, says,\* "there are good reasons for reading romances; the fertility of invention, the beauty of style and expression. We, and thousands with us, have watched sedulously, in our young days, the announcement of a new novel by the author of *Waverley*, and counted the hours till it was published. Many romances have been written since "*The Castle of Otranto*," of superior interest, and a much higher order of merit; but the tribute of praise is not the less due to the founder of a school which has had so many imitators, and has given so much pleasure to society. The master who invents ought not to be depreciated because he has enabled a pupil to exceed him. The improver should not be placed above the originator, from whom he derives his excellence. If some adventurous spirit had not first braved the ocean in a boat, and ventured out of sight of land, Columbus would never have crossed the Atlantic and discovered the New World. The rude hand which sketched the original outline of a shadow on a wall,† led to the perfection of the art with which Zeuxis and Apelles, Correggio, Titian, Michael Angelo, and Raphael have astonished and delighted the world.

The "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors" will always be interesting to the inquiring few, from the general accuracy with which it is compiled, and the evidence it affords of the very small talent exhibited by the illustrious brotherhood. We think it is

Sir Walter Scott who says, it would be difficult to select from the ranks of authorship an equal number of commoners, with the same slender amount of capability.

The "*Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third*," we have always considered the best of Walpole's original efforts, and cannot agree with the present author, that the question is decided against him. He has not cleared his client, certainly, but he has shaken the hostile evidence, and shown that, in more instances than one, it was against his interest to commit the crimes imputed to him, and much more probable that they were perpetrated by others. The murder of Henry VI. is the least likely of all to have fallen to his share. The death of the two young princes will continue to lie at his door, although his successor was quite as much interested in having them out of the way. The mystery of Perkin Warbeck will never be entirely unraveled. If he was an impostor, there was more perfect coherence in his case than in any other we know of. His reputed confession is not more admissible in rational evidence than that of a criminal on the rack. Perhaps he was a natural son of Edward the Fourth, which would account for his extraordinary resemblance to the Plantagenets, and his accurate knowledge of early transactions in the family. We are not so sure that Richard will never be relieved from his hump, although Shakspeare intended him always to wear it. So did he mean Othello to be black, who has, nevertheless, become brown, in spite of the clearness of the text. The crooked back may dwindle into the high shoulder, as the more accurate measure of deformity. It is impossible that an able man-at-arms could have been so utterly misshapen as Richard is represented. Such an object could never have killed Sir William Brandon, and unhorsed Sir John Cheyney, in single conflict. Our author, when enumerating the advocates of Richard, forgets Sir George Buck, who put forth his life in folio, with a portrait, in 1647, and deserves mention, as having been the first to draw a pen in his favor, and that within fifty years after the death of the great Tudor lioness, Elizabeth.

The "*Mysterious Mother*" is, altogether, a composition of great power and merit, and shows more vigor in the mind that produced it, than anything else proceeding from the same source. As Lord Byron says, and we have quoted above, it is certainly not a puling love-play, but still a love-play, and on a very

\* Dr. Johnson.

† "Perhaps the shadow taken on a wall

Gave outline to the rude original."—*DAVID.*

unnatural and disgusting subject. Another instance of talent unprofitably wasted. That a morbid imagination, such as that of Alfieri or Shelley, should light on these revolting subjects is comprehensible;\* but that the courtly, well-regulated temperament of Horace Walpole should do so, is bewildering.

This author says, the play owed its origin to one of the Queen of Navarre's tales; but Walpole, in his preface, tells us, he took it directly from a story he had heard in early youth of a lady, who, in the agony of remorse, disclosed to Archbishop Tillotson the incestuous passion, with its consequences, which forms the plot of his tragedy. It was not until he had finished it he found the same story in the novels of the Queen of Navarre.† But it may be traced higher still, and comes down lineally from the respectable family of (Edipus and Jocasta. The subject seems to have been a popular one. Before Walpole handled it, there were four English versions, two of them being in a dramatic form. It is to be met with in the works of Perkins, a Puritan divine of the seventeenth century, and thence transcribed into the *Spectator*. In 1698 it appeared as a tragedy, called "The Fatal Discovery, or Love in Ruins," which was acted at Drury-lane, and afterwards printed anonymously; the author is not known, and the work is utterly contemptible. In 1737 came forth "Innocence Distressed, or the Royal Penitents," by Mr. Robert Gould, a country schoolmaster—another worthless tragedy on the same subject, with a few variations; but this time the infliction was confined to printing only. It was published by subscription for the benefit of the author's daughter, and dedicated to the Duchess of Beaufort.

Walpole's tragedy will repay the reader. The author we are reviewing says:—

"As an imaginative work, the 'Mysterious Mother' may be regarded as the greatest of Walpole's productions. It indicates the possession of higher powers than were required for the composition of the 'Castle of Otranto;' and, though neither sufficiently dramatic nor characteristic for the theatre, reads better than many plays that have kept possession of the stage."

The objections to representation do not

\* See the "Mirra" of the first, and the "Cenci" of the last of these two poets. We have seen the "Mirra" of Alfieri acted in Italy. The subject is a little softened by being classical, and there is no actual crime, only the desire of committing one.

† It is to be found also in the original edition of "Luther's Table-Talk."

lie where they are here pointed out. It would be by no means difficult to show, that of character or dramatic essence there is enough; the chief obstacle is, the revolting nature of the subject, which no excellence, either in writing or acting, could render palatable to English spectators. Walpole himself admits that his play is fit for the closet only. "The subject," says he, in his preface, "is so horrid, that it would shock rather than give satisfaction to an audience." But, in a subsequent letter, he evidently varies in his opinion, and wishes to risk the experiment. He writes thus:

"I am not yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted; but, as Mrs. Pritchard leaves the stage next month, I know nobody who could play the Countess; nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinence of that jackanapes, Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases. I have written an epilogue in character for the Clive, which she would speak admirably; but I am not so sure that she would like to speak it."

When Lord Byron decreed that Walpole's tragedy entitled him to rank above all living dramatists, the genius of Knowles had not burst into effulgence, and the able writers who have followed him, formed on the same model, were as yet "unknown to fame."

In 1757, Walpole established a private press at Strawberry Hill, and commenced his labors in this new walk with the publication of "Gray's Odes." On the whole, the contributions to literature from this celebrated source were much inferior to what might have been expected, and many quite unworthy the pains and expense bestowed on them. But this new hobby-horse added much to his notoriety, amused him for several years, and occasioned no small vexation in the controversy with Chatterton, wherein he was more censured than he deserved, although not perfectly clear on two or three points. He was, at first, a profound believer in the genuineness of the Rowley poems, and when he, with others, became convinced of the imposture, a little ashamed of having been so thoroughly duped. His vexation was increased by its being the second successful experiment on his credulity, Macpherson's Ossian having equally imposed on him. Walpole at the outset was exceedingly anxious to print the supposed poems of Rowley at Strawberry



Hill, and entered into a patronizing correspondence with Chatterton, but as soon as he became satisfied of the imposition, changed his tone, and dropped him as readily as he had taken him up; yet he required some pressing, with an angry accusation of unfair dealing, before he returned the manuscripts which had been entrusted to his care.

When speaking of the Strawberry Hill press, our author should have mentioned Thomas Kirgate, the last printer employed by Walpole, who remained with him many years, and was, as he said, the only honest one he ever had. This Kirgate was a character in his way, who, in some respects, tried to imitate his master, particularly in collecting on the small scale. He left a very respectable library, which was sold by auction in 1810. The large catalogues have a portrait prefixed. The list contains many of the rarest Strawberry Hill editions; whether or not obtained as free gifts, or perquisites of office, or by surreptitious means, it is useless to inquire. Many of them sold for large sums, particularly a copy of the "Hieroglyphick Tales," of which it was said only twelve were printed, and of which, strange to say, there was not one in the Strawberry Hill catalogue, when that collection was sold in 1842.

Our author is rather severe on Horace Walpole, for certain literary deceptions he practised himself, such as publishing anonymously, under a fictitious name, or with a preface assuming facts which never had occurred. He says:—

"Walpole quite forgot his own offences in the greatness of his anger at the offence of the Bristol apprentice—possibly imagining, that what was the most natural thing in the world when done by a gentleman of family, was altogether unpardonable when attempted by a boy just emancipated from a charity school."

Under submission, the inference is not fair, neither are the cases parallel. The one, to speak mildly, was, at the best, an attempt to live by conscious imposition; a plan to raise money under false pretences. The other, a mere whim, which aimed at nobody's pocket, and has been practised by many without impeachment of character. No one impugned Sir Walter Scott's literary rectitude, because he created an eidolon in the "Author of Waverley," or tried to mislead public curiosity in the poems of "Harold the Dauntless, and the Bridal of Triermain;" neither did Southey lose caste for endeavoring to per-

suade the world that the letters of Don Manuel Espriella were actually written by a Spaniard. The comparison tends to make out a case where none exists, and would implicate more than can be easily enumerated.

The three famous literary impostures of the last age, by Macpherson, Chatterton, and Ireland, are here brought together, and discussed in a lively manner under one head, although they occurred at distinct intervals. This forms one of the most amusing chapters in the book. Of the trio it is remarkable that the two last should have been mere striplings, one of them little more than a boy. Macpherson took the lead, in 1762, with the "Poems of Ossian," and carried many along with him. For aught we know to the contrary, there may be believers still in this Celtic Homer. It has been often said, Ossian was the favorite study of Napoleon, in his few hours of relaxation from active business. It seems strange that a mind so essentially practical could have found pleasure in these imaginative rhapsodies. Macpherson broke down when Dr. Johnson called on him to produce his manuscripts, which he was unable to do. Had he confined himself to the single ground of oral tradition, he might have held out much longer, and would have taken from his most formidable antagonist his strongest argument. He was exactly in the predicament of the Marquis Carraccioli, the editor of the so-called letters of Pope Ganganelli (Clement XIV.), when Voltaire asked him, "Where are the originals?" which question he was unable to answer.

The boy, Chatterton, knew perfectly well that he was the imaginary Rowley, and so, in all probability, did Messrs. Catcott and Barrett, his first patrons and accomplices. They made a step or two in the production of manuscripts of Rowley, but they were scanty, and so badly executed as to be detectable with slight examination. And so their scheme fell to the ground. But both Macpherson and Chatterton were impostors of extraordinary talent, and their productions abounding in genius. Mr. Forster, in his recent life of Goldsmith, pronounces the Rowley poems of Chatterton to be "the most wonderful invention of literature, all things being considered."

The mention of Mr. Forster's very able and entertaining "Life of Goldsmith," reminds us that he has fallen into some inaccuracies, particularly when speaking of Horace Walpole, and his press, which, although of minor importance, should not appear in a standard book. Professed critics, who sometimes catch at a straw, in the exercise of

their vocation, ought to be very careful not to fall into the errors they castigate. Any one may be mistaken in an opinion, but none should err in stating a fact, however insignificant. At page 95, he says, that six years before 1757, Horace Walpole printed, at Strawberry Hill, "Gray's Elegy," and "Eton College Ode;" and that in July, 1757, he selected his two new odes for another pet publication. Whereas the facts are, that the Strawberry Hill press did not commence work before 1758; its first fruits were "The Bard," and "The Progress of Poesy," and the "Eton College Ode" and "Elegy" were never printed there at all. Mr. Forster also says, that Garrick's alterations of *Hamlet*, although disapproved of by the public, kept possession of the stage for eight years. It was produced in 1771, and Garrick retired in 1776. Supposing he continued to thrust down this unpalatable dish, during the whole of that time, of which there may be evidence, here are not quite five years, and it is scarcely probable that his successors in management would persevere in a failure. The author of these memoirs differs from Mr. Forster in his estimate of "Chatterton's Poems;" he says:—

"They may be regarded as extraordinary productions from a boy of Chatterton's age, but their merit is not greater than has been exhibited at a similar period of life by Pope, and other juvenile poets. Their claims on the score of invention will not bear a very close examination; deprived of their antique dress, they lose at least half their effect upon the reader; and they cannot be regarded as a true expression of the poetical feeling which existed at the period to which they profess to belong."

This appears to us as much below, as the other is above, the true mark of their pretensions. The Bristol attorney's clerk, "the inspired boy," as he has been called, had even less advantage from circumstances and education than Pope, or Cowley, and other precocious spirits. His early and tragic end by suicide is too well known to be dwelt on in detail. What a different career might his undoubted talents have opened to him, had they been directed in a better path, or had he fallen into better hands than those of the antiquarian pewterer, and literary surgeon, who treated the whole matter as a speculation, and perhaps connived at the imposture. Chatterton died on the 24th August, 1770, not having completed his eighteenth year. In 1776, Dr. Johnson, and his inseparable shadow, Boswell, being then on an excursion to

Bristol, examined, at the house of Barrett, some of the *originals* of Rowley, and found them to be clumsily executed, and sufficiently indicative of imposture, even without internal evidence.\* Honest Catcot, the pewterer, persuaded them to accompany him to the tower of Redcliffe Church, where he pointed out "Canyng's Cofre," "*the very chest itself*," in which the pretended poems had been discovered by Chatterton, whose father was the sexton. But in spite of this conclusive evidence, the stubborn sage remained incredulous, while he acknowledged the perverted genius. "This is the most extraordinary young man," said he, "that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things."

This legend of St. Mary Redcliff has gained considerably since 1776. *Vires acquirit eundo*. In 1841, we were in Bristol, and visited that venerable edifice, as one of the most interesting sights in the city. A noble pile it is, far superior to the cathedral. The attendant verger led us proudly to the tower, and called our attention to "the chest," as the *genius loci*, the tutelary divinity of the temple, and then added solemnly, pointing to the opposite corner, "and in that corner of this very tower Chatterton starved himself to death." The company looked on the spot with becoming awe, as if they expected to see the skeleton at least, and some began to feel pathetic.

"And where is he buried?" inquired we, after a decent pause.

"Why here, in our churchyard, of course; I don't know the exact place, but my grandfather was at the funeral."

"My good friend," we ventured to remark, hesitating, "that's impossible; Chatterton destroyed himself with a dose of arsenic, to escape from starvation. This occurred in London, not in Bristol, and he was interred in the burial ground of an adjacent work-house."

"A likely story," replied the dogged official; "wasn't he born here? and haven't we a right to know best?"

There was no combating this Socratic mode of argument; the sense of the listeners was evidently in its favor; so we held our peace and submitted. What use was there in depriving the worthy man of the best half of his story, or in disturbing such authentic and profitable traditions? Besides which, there were a score or two of ill-conditioned urchins

\* They are now in the British Museum, and not to be compared to Ireland's subsequent achievements in the same line.

hanging about, ready, on a hint, to pelt the audacious foreigner who dared to throw doubt on the records of their church.

Washington Irving, in his "Sketch Book," says, that when he visited the Church of Stradford-on-Avon, and stood gazing, with deep interest, on the stone, with the memorable anathema against disturbance, which covers the grave of Shakspeare, the aged sexton informed him, that a few years before, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault,\* the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space, almost like an arch (this is not very intelligible), through which one might have reached into the grave. The old man kept watch for two nights, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed up again. He had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. The traveling author evidently contemplated his informer with increased reverence, when he concludes thus: "It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakspeare." To all this, the worthy Mr. Burchell would have responded, by the expressive monosyllable "Fudge!" "Every fool knows," as the grave-digger says to *Hamlet*, the bones being compounded of pure carbonate and phosphate of lime, will not resolve themselves into dust in two hundred years, no, nor in twice two hundred years,† whatever wooden coffins and still more perishable flesh may do; so that if there were no bones, the dust may go to blind the credulous. About ten years after Washington Irving's visit, we went to ponder over the grave of Shakspeare, which we never fail to do when in the neighborhood of Stratford, and found the old sexton had been succeeded by his grandson. On questioning him as to what had been printed, and read by so many thousands, he replied that his grandfather had never been present at the opening of any vault adjoining the grave of Shakspeare, no such thing having occurred during his long period of office; and that when we told him

the reported conversation, he said, "there is no truth in it." Either his memory had failed, or the ingenious author was deceived by a surreptitious sexton, as Sir Walter Scott, and other historians of Waterloo, were mystified by Jean La Coste;\* or yielding to the temptation of a well turned period, he has suffered his imagination to become poetical. We have no doubt, enthusiastic tourists, with the "Sketch Book" in their hands, have often sacrificed an additional half-crown in honor of the man who had looked on the dust of Shakspeare.†

Ireland, and the Shakspeare forgeries, came on at a later date, in 1796, when Walpole had ceased to trouble himself with such subjects, and scarcely a year before his death. They belong not to his epoch, and are merely brought in, in these volumes, to complete the series. Ireland dealt more boldly in original documents than his predecessor; his imitations were executed with great labor and consummate skill. They almost equaled, in fidelity, the curtain which deceived the old Greek painter. Even Ritson, the astute and cynical, although not among the duped, says, in a letter to one of his correspondents:—

"The Shakspeare papers, of which you have heard so much, and which I have carefully examined, are, I can assure you, a parcel of forgeries, studiously and ably calculated to deceive the public; the imposition being, in point of art and foresight, beyond anything of the kind that has been witnessed since the days of Annus Verterbiensis."—Vol. ii. p. 357.

With the exploded precedents of Macpherson and Chatterton before their eyes, the public again swallowed the bait; the believers, for a time, were numerous and respectable, and became proportionately savage when the trick was acknowledged.

Horace Walpole was very fond of visiting Paris. His mind, in many respects, was essentially French. The unrestrained laxity of French society accorded with his tastes. He took great delight in French literature, which he closely studied, adopted French manners, looked keenly and prophetically

\* This is clearly impossible. On each side of Shakspeare lie members of his family, who have occupied their places, without disturbance, for nearly two centuries. There is not, and was not, any interval for an adjoining vault.

† The bones discovered in Kirkdale cave, Yorkshire; Banwell, and Hutlon, Somersetshire; Kent, and Oreston, Devonshire; Goats Hole, and Paviland, Glamorganshire; Gailenruth in Franconia, and many other districts on the continent, are not hundreds, but thousands of years old; and they are not fossilized, but strictly osseous. They are bones of animals, not men (with some exceptions), but the components are identical.

\* This Jean La Coste traded most profitably on his "Buonapartean," until Major Silborne, who lived several months on the spot, and others, since proved to a demonstration, that he was an impostor, and had never been within several miles of the field of Waterloo during the whole day.

† Washington Irving is a smart, lively writer, but he should not borrow without acknowledgment. He has lately plagiarized wholesale from the *Life of an Irish poet*, written by an Irishman (Prior's Goldsmith), and without adequate admission.

into French morals, and formed many French connections. With the celebrated Madame du Deffand he established an intimacy, which lasted till the death of that venerable Aspasia, in 1780, at the age of 84, an extended cycle of existence, moving round in one unvaried course, without an interval of religious reflection, or an hour of profitable employment; continually occupied in intriguing, card-playing, bon mots, gossiping, small talk, dabbings in literature, and indiscriminate scandal. She died as she lived, surrounded by triflers, butterflies, and sycophants, refusing the offices of religion, and passing into the next state of existence with the sound of the *Loto* table tingling in her ears.

These were the circles Horace Walpole frequented when in Paris, and we suspect he must have been too much under their influence when he wrote as follows:—

“I have never seen or heard anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, Philosophers, Politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the Encyclopædists, the Humes, the Littletons, the Grenvilles, the Atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt,\* are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object; and after all this parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanac, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honester than any of them.”

Our author calls this a startling paragraph, evidently written to surprise rather than convince. To us it reads very like elaborate nonsense; an attempt at something smart and original, an effort to keep up the character of a lively correspondent, without regard to reason, or any care for moral or logical truth. Better if the writer had expunged it; and better still if the biographer had not transcribed what he scarcely considers a faithful picture of the mind it springs from. Whether Walpole escaped undefiled from the ordeal of French profligacy to which he voluntarily surrendered himself, may be suspected; but he clearly foresaw what everything in that country was fast tending to, and lived to see his prognostics verified in the pleasantries of the guillotine, and the enthronement of a common prostitute as the Goddess of Reason.

The social depravity of the Parisian world, in every department, from the death of

Louis XIV. to his decapitation of his great-grandson, would be perfectly incredible, were it not proved beyond doubt or question. Religion, loyalty, law, decency, and natural affection, all gave way before the sweeping tide. Sometimes it advanced too quickly for vice itself. Even the “head and front” of all imaginable wickedness, the Regent, Duke of Orleans, was once shocked, and his eyes opened to the absolute dominion of “the evil one” which prevailed, when his favorite minister (public and private), the *atheist* Dubois, insisted on being made a cardinal, and on being inducted into the archbishopric so long and lately graced by Fenelon. The Regent really trembled at the outrageous scandal, and hesitated until coerced into compliance by political gratitude. Dubois had made a good commercial treaty with George I., and this was to be the price for his service. The Regent consented. “Then all is settled,” said Dubois, triumphantly. “Not yet,” observed his master: “where the devil shall we find *even* in France, a *sacré coquin*, who will venture to consecrate a still more *sacré coquin*, such as thou art?” “Leave that to me,” replied Dubois; and we sigh to remember that he actually persuaded or compelled the virtuous Massillon to assist at the disgusting profanation.

At page 276, vol. ii., we have a very characteristic letter from Walpole to his friend Gray, in which he gives an agreeable account, after his peculiar manner, of his new French alliances, and the popularity he had attained in Paris. We fancy we have seen this letter before, but as no reference is given, probably it now appears for the first time. If so, it is among the best original contributions to be found in these volumes, and which, we may as well remark here, we find it difficult to distinguish. If the letter is not original, this should have been distinctly stated.

Walpole, during his visits to Paris, exchanged literary compliments (very hollow ones) with Voltaire, and perpetrated a hoax on Rousseau, and which, as usual, led to some misrepresentations and more quarrelling. This was his forged letter, pretending to be an invitation from Frederick the Great to the mountebank of Geneva, to accept an asylum in his dominions, when bigotry and ignorance had repudiated him from the rest of the civilized world. The enemies of Rousseau thought the joke a delicious one, and lauded Walpole to the skies when he was found to be the real author. On the other hand, the partisans of Rousseau opened

\* The first Lord Chatham, not his son, “The Pilot who weathered the storm.”



their mouths in furious recrimination, and attacked Walpole, who foolishly lost his temper, and waxed angry at the storm he had himself raised. Rousseau was fair game, and there was very little moral delinquency in what Walpole had meant as a mere *jeu d'esprit*; although Warburton, who disliked him, without caring for his antagonist, and was himself not very tender of private feelings, said, "his pleasantry had baseness in its very conception," and added, "I should be well pleased to see so seraphic a madman attack so insufferable a coxcomb as Walpole." The bishop had no objection to sound the charge, although his gown and lawn sleeves restrained him from rushing into the dangers of the fight.

Rousseau was at this time in England, under the patronage of his Pylades and brother philosopher, Hume, who for a long time had reigned "the observed of all observers" in Paris. He suspected his friend of being a party in the conspiracy against him, and a furious war was declared between the quondam allies, which worked up to this climax of compliment—"You are a scoundrel," said Hume; "You are a double traitor," replied Rousseau; and so they dissolved partnership, and fell to mutual abuse. Even philosophy, real or pretended, cannot bridle that unruly member, the tongue. When Dr. Adam Smith and Dr. Johnson met at Glasgow, they disputed on Smith's famous letter on the death of Hume, which Johnson loudly proclaimed his dissent from, and then proceeded to wrangle in foul language. "He called me a liar," said Smith, in his subsequent account of the dialogue, "and I called him a son of a —!" Smith was the worse logician of the two, as he could not possibly prove his premises, which the other might. "On such terms (remarks Sir Walter Scott, who retails the anecdote) did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between the two great teachers of philosophy."

These instances are almost as instructive as the conversation between Partridge and the recruiting sergeant in "Tom Jones." "Craving your pardon," said Partridge, "that's a *non sequitur*." "You're another, if you come to that," retorted the learned sergeant; "I'm no more a *sequitur* than yourself, and I'll fight *any* man for a crown." There is a clear, clinching conviction of being right, in the last sentence, worth all the round-about sophistries of either Hume or Rousseau.

Walpole, like most jokers, preferred hav-

ing all the fun to himself, and writhed under a retort. But he threw the first stone, and ought to have submitted patiently when one or more were hurled at him in return. If you volunteer the blow which commences a battle, you have no right to complain should you find yourself roughly handled in the sequel. Abuse and vituperation augment as insensibly as a rolling snowball. Fox once opened a sharp fire of sarcasm on a political opponent, who replied with a full-mouthed battery of scurrilous invective. The aggressor was obliged to call for quarters. "Stop, stop, sir," cried he, "I was impertinent, but you are brutal."

Towards the end of the second volume of these Memoirs, is a long chapter entirely devoted to original selections from the correspondence of the Rev. William Cole with Horace Walpole. We pass this rapidly over, as the least interesting portion of the whole work. The letters are dull and vapid in themselves, and we think they might have been spared without detriment. Being written to Walpole, and not by him, they are little illustrative of his character, and supply no new information on any topic of value. The publication of correspondence, merely because it exists, and has not been disclosed before, may serve to swell a volume; but if at the same time it wearies the reader, and draws his attention from the more brilliant chapters, it had better have remained in the drawers or on the shelves from whence it is transferred. This Rev. William Cole was one of Walpole's oldest friends, they having been acquainted from boyhood. He was the son of an opulent farmer in Cambridgeshire, a well benefited, well-educated country clergyman; a kind of literary grub, well versed in antiquarian lore, tedious and precise; very anxious to give information on any subject he was acquainted with, when asked, and insufferably prosy in his manner of doing so; mixing all up with a good proportion of himself, his unimportant doings, his terrible escapes from scarcely any dangers, and his sufferings from the gout. He seems to have been, what Dr. Johnson defines a lexicographer to be, "a harmless drudge." A plodding, heavy, zealous individual, burrowing like a mole in the subterranean cells of learning, with, as our author describes him, "an extraordinary facility for writing a great deal about nothing, and a power of filling several sheets of paper without anything to say;" altogether a person more to be used than enjoyed. Consequently Walpole found him very serviceable in the various stages of his collecting mania,

whether as regarded old paintings, old prints, rare manuscripts, or early printed volumes.

Walpole, like all others possessed by the same fantasy, paid dearly for his requisitions, and was sometimes completely taken in. There is no one so readily gulled, or *sold*, in modern classical phraseology, as your professed antiquarian. The character of Cockletope\* is not much exaggerated. Between his Gothic baby-house, and the curiosities amassed within its chambers, an enormous sum had been squandered away. When the latter were sold, although the celebrity of the collector had given them an adventitious value, the sum produced amounted not to a third of the original cost,—a lesson to the existing and future race of virtuosos, which they will neither study nor profit by.

At the well known Dr. Mead's sale, Walpole was nearly let in, by want of caution, to give forty-nine guineas for a book not worth more than one. This escape frightened him not a little, and deterred him from unlimited commissions. This Dr. Mead was equally renowned in his day as a physician and collector. He amassed a large fortune by his practice, and employed it in purchasing statues, pictures, and books. He furnishes one of the rare instances in which the money was well laid out, and produced a remunerative return. He had also wit and courage, two qualities not always combined. Both Rochester and Wharton were suspected of showing the white feather. Dr. Mead fought a duel under the gate of Gresham College, with another celebrated brother Galen, Dr. Woodward. They combated with small swords, and in full dress. "Take your life," said the magnanimous Woodward, when he had disarmed and overthrown his antagonist. "I will take anything from you," replied the prostrate Mead, "except physic."

As Walpole began to grow old, and saw his early friends dying round him, he endeavored to supply their places by forming new connections. His latter years were much so-laced by the correspondence of Miss Hannah More, and the constant society of the two Miss Berrys. These last amiable and accomplished ladies are still alive. Some said he was in love with one or both, and he gave himself little trouble to contradict idle reports which by this time he had ceased to care for. That he entertained a very sincere friendship for the two sisters, is certain. Mr. John

Taylor, author of the tale of Monsieur Tonson, and proprietor of the *Sun* newspaper, who published records of his life in 1832, says, Walpole proposed to marry the elder Miss Berry, that he might leave her a title and fortune. We know not the value of Taylor's authority; he was well received in literary society, and may have heard the story as the gossip of the day, but as the present author makes no allusion to the circumstance, we may suppose he is either unacquainted with, or disbelieves it.

Towards the close of the year 1791, Horace Walpole succeeded, on the death of his nephew, to the title and estates of Earl of Orford, an increase of rank and importance which afforded him little gratification, while it added much to his anxieties, and involved him in accounts, cases for lawyers, disputes upon leases and mortgages, and other usual attendants on an encumbered property. All these occupations he loathed; they broke in on his favorite pursuits, occupied his time, ruffled his temper, and injured his health, already failing under gout and years. So slightly did he value his nobility, that for many months he merely subscribed his letters, "Uncle to the late Earl of Orford." In the midst of increased vexation and infirmity, it is pleasing to discover that he sought to do good, and was active in benevolence. He was never married, nor does he seem ever to have contemplated seriously the life connubial. The cares of a family would have sadly interfered with his long cherished habits, his gossiping and collecting propensities, while they would have drawn heavily on an income he loved to employ in matters much nearer to his heart.

At page 560, vol. ii., there is a mistake which the author would do well to correct with the earliest opportunity. Speaking of the concluding portion of Walpole's life, from about 1793, he says, "He loved to have around him a few of his ancient friends, who still survived; Garrick was of the number." This is impossible. Garrick died in 1779, and could be no visitor at Strawberry Hill, fourteen years after. Neither does it appear that Walpole was ever very intimate with, or partial to him. We have seen before that he called him an impertinent jackanapes, and spoke slightly of his pretensions as a dramatic author. This does not sound much like friendship or esteem, and his close alliance with Kitty Clive would hardly lead to any increased admiration of Garrick.

Our author does but scanty justice to the literary pretensions of Hannah More, whom

\* In O'Keeffe's well known farce of *Modern Antiques*.

he looks upon as overrated, and places below the celebrities in female authorship of the present day—an open question, the discussion of which is scarcely worth the labor. Many of her works are agreeable and instructive, although they may be less brilliant than those of Harriet Martineau. She obtained great popularity during her life, and may still be read with pleasure. Her merit is not lessened although it has been exceeded. We need not love Cæsar less, because we love Rome more. We find inserted, towards the close of this work, an extremely clever letter, sent by her, anonymously, to Horace Walpole, in 1785, ridiculing a practice then in its infancy, but since carried to mature perfection—that of substituting French phrases and idioms for English ones. The letter is dated from Alamode Castle, June 20, 1840, and is called “a specimen of the English language as it will, probably, be written and spoken in the next century; in a letter from a lady to her friend, in the reign of George V.” It is rather too long for insertion, but full of point and humor, and will reward the reader with a hearty laugh at the extraordinary ingenuity of equally avoiding French words or English idioms. The author of these Memoirs says justly:—

“The abuse at which it was aimed was, however, then only beginning; it remained for the nineteenth century to play such tricks with our language, either by making it a medley of all continental phrases, or, by a labored imitation of Teutonic sentences, to render it as unlike as possible to

“The well of purest English undefiled,”

with which our older classics were wont to refresh the intellects of their readers.”

The abuse has now resolved itself into a rooted disease—an ulcer, a gangrene—eating hourly into the constitution of a manly, honest tongue, and sapping all its characteristic energies. The English flower-garden is choked up with French, Italian, and German weeds, until little else can be discovered. The system of engrafting exotics has destroyed the trunk of the original tree. The language in which we clothe our thoughts is no longer a stately raiment of uniform color and texture, but a variegated harlequin's jacket, made up of many shreds and patches. Unless parliament interferes with a legislative enactment, and a heavy penalty, we shall soon have to study what was once English, through the medium of foreign dictionaries.

In a condensed sketchy notice, such as the present, it is impossible to find place for all the characters introduced in the memoirs of a celebrated individual and his contemporaries, which embrace more than half a century of action and notoriety. The chapter, headed “The Wits,” in vol. ii., contains some agreeable anecdotes and reminiscences of George Selwyn, equally renowned for his love of wit and public executions; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, unrivaled at satirico-quizzical verses, an anticipation of Hook and Hood; Charles Townsend, the most elegant beau, and one of the accomplished statesmen of his day; Bubb Doddington, trifling and pompous, with no redeeming quality but money; the Duke of Queensbury, afterwards, and even lately, known as old Q., rich as Dives or Croesus, and more debauched than Heliogabalus; the late Marquis of Hertford, his heir and pupil, nearly as rich and fully as profligate; the last of the line, with one or two still animated exceptions, who linger on the skirts of society and the last verge of existence. As our author, from delicacy or forgetfulness, has abstained from naming them, we have no wish to jog his memory. As a class they can never exist again. Even wealth will not give them currency. In this chapter the author has introduced some specimens of Selwyn's recorded jokes, which he, apparently, considers the best he can find, and of these he expresses no very high opinion. We subjoin two or three, which are not quite so well known, and, perhaps, may be considered better. Bubb Doddington was the constant butt against which the remorseless wit was continually directing his keenest shafts. Whether at White's Club, or in private society, he seldom spared him; yet, his victim clung to him, as Falstaff did to Poins; he was bewitched with the rogue's company. But once he thought an occasion offered to have his turn. Being asked by Selwyn to introduce him to the Duchess of Gordon, he did so in these terms:—

“Will your Grace permit me to present to you my friend, George Selwyn, who is not so great a fool as he looks?”

“I feel much obliged, your Grace,” retorted Selwyn, “by my friend Bubb's flattering observation, and I wish I could say as much for him!”

One day he rushed triumphantly into the club-room, and, seizing Selwyn by the button, exclaimed, “George, congratulate me, it is all settled, I am to be made a lord; what will you say to that?”

"Say?" replied Selwyn, "Why, I shall say, Oh, Lord!"

When only Mr. Bubb, and before he had succeeded to the more important patronymic of Doddington, he expected to be sent as envoy to the court of Spain. Speaking with his tormentor on the matter, he regretted the shortness of his name:—

"The Spanish grandes, I understand," said he, "have a great number of names, and usually very long ones. They think little of such short names as mine—Bubb! Bubb! I wish I could lengthen it in any natural way; George, can you suggest anything?"

"Certainly," replied Selwyn; "call yourself Silly Bubb" (Sillabub).

When Bubb succeeded at last, through his money and its reflected influence, in getting himself pitchforked into the peerage, he assumed the euphonious title of Baron of Melcombe Regis. He thought differently from Shakspeare, who says, "What's in a name?" Though not learned, he, perhaps, had read Camden's *Annals of Elizabeth*, in which an insignificant name renders ludicrous a well merited eulogium. In the great sea-fight against the Spanish Armada, the only Englishman of note who fell was a certain Captain Cock, whose memory is thus preserved: "*In suâ, inter hostes, naviculâ, cum laude periit solus Cockus, Anglus.*"

A joke in 1740–50 went much farther than it does now. Perhaps our modern Hooks and Hoods are not more brilliant than the Selwyns and the Hanburys of the last age, but they are quicker, their practice is more rapid, and they fire three rounds where their predecessors could only discharge one. In the present altered state of social habits, mere conversational wits have not the same chance they had formerly. Not half the time is occupied at table. The long hours of drinking and talking are exchanged for three courses of heavy, rapid eating, with slight potations. Digestion has become slower, and imagination torpid. Music and dancing have supplanted anecdote. Euterpe and Terpsichore have driven Bacchus from the field. Your professed diner-out will still obtain his dinner, but he finds it very hard to get time for his stories, while the social supper has faded into a tradition. Mere brilliant parts, as they were called, will seldom now help a man into place or prominence. To be thought anything of, he must be noisy, uneasy, prying, above all, useful; or, what will often do as well, he must assume the appearance of utility, in the

shape of bustling officiousness. A good way to begin in public life is to pretend that you are the trusted organ of an influential party; by continually asserting this, you will get at last listened to, and listening is the first step to conviction. The very party you have adopted will, at last, adopt you in return, out of common gratitude, saying, "hang him, he has worked hard for us, we must acknowledge and provide for him." An experienced trimmer once imparted to us this plan of tactics, and declared that, though sometimes slow, he invariably found it, in the long run, sure and profitable.

Horace Walpole died on the 2nd of March, 1797, having nearly completed his eightieth year. With him expired the race of "fine gentlemen scholars," which we are never likely to see revived. We are become too essentially mercantile, even in literary and scientific pursuits, to breed again a similar species. We are, perhaps, less witty and accomplished than our forefathers, less formally polite, and less particular in the minutiae of social intercourse; but let us hope that we are more solidly useful, and a trifle less insincere, whether in morals or religion. We do not bow as low or gracefully, neither do we write as many pleasant letters about nothing, in spite of the penny postage. The present generation do not drink five bottles at a sitting, fight a duel once a week, or "swear prodigiously," as our armies did in Flanders. They still do a little in the gambling line, and smoke to an excess that would have sickened Sir Walter Raleigh himself. But, then, they think, and calculate, and make money, and sometimes lose it. They bend to public opinion, which they dare not brave; they "assume a virtue if they have it not;" they talk decency if they do not love it; and tremble before virtue, which controls, if it does not convince them. We ought to be far in advance of preceding races, and if we are not, heavy will be the responsibility when the final reckoning must be made. We have glided insensibly into a moralizing strain, and have entirely lost sight of our book, but must now draw bridle, and take our leave. Its great and leading merit consists in connecting in one link, within small compass, and in a telling, lively style, the history of many persons, and numerous incidents, which we could not otherwise make ourselves familiar with, except by wading through innumerable volumes, and occupying more time than most of us can afford to bestow on light or ornamental literature.



From Fraser's Magazine.

## MONTROSE AND HIS TIMES.\*

MR. NAPIER is already known as the author of two works on the civil troubles of Scotland. In the first, entitled *Montrose and the Covenanters*, he laid open the secret machinery employed by the revolutionary leaders, who masked their astute designs with the specious appearance of pious or patriotic impulses. In the second, under the name of *Life and Times of Montrose*, he re-cast his previous volumes in a more popular shape, making the disquisition subordinate to the narrative, and interweaving some new materials of curiosity or argument which had been imparted to him in the interval. A minuter investigation of private repositories subsequently disclosed additional sources of information, and Mr. Napier, undismayed by the monotony of the familiar task, undertook to incorporate in the most authentic and systematic form the whole series of his discoveries, which are now submitted to us by the "Maitland Club," in two vols. 4to, with the designation of *Memorials of Montrose and his Times*.

The first volume of this elaborate compilation is devoted to documents illustrative of Scottish councils and statesmen before the Great Rebellion, to the particulars of Montrose's youth and education, and to the correspondence explanatory of his accession to the first "Covenant" and subsequent alienation from the fanatical party. The second volume exhibits a collection of original papers, which elucidate the principles on which Montrose and his confederates raised the standard of the king, the romantic successes of the royal arms, the cause of the hero's retreat abroad, his intercourse there with the exiled family, his last invasion of Scotland, his defeat and execution.

Mr. Napier has not only printed many contemporary authorities for the first time, and assembled many more which were dispersed in obscure or voluminous publications, but he has prefixed to the several sections under

which his materials are digested, introductions full of amusing citations or desultory controversy; and he has accompanied the whole with annotations which manifest his extensive researches and powers of satirical analysis. Few writers have embraced the defence of Charles with deeper or less discriminating fervor. It seems probable, indeed, that the cavalier predominates in our author above the churchman, and that the prerogative lies nearer his soul than liturgy or surplice. His loyalty is rather of the secular than the ecclesiastical dye, and his zeal for the episcopal order is chastened, if not by liberality, at least by calculation; but he repudiates the ungracious task of enforcing the venial errors committed in a sacred cause,—errors, in his mind, more than redeemed by prompt revocation and generous concessions. The guilt of the Covenanting party is, on the contrary, aggravated by every art consistent with honesty, and sometimes denounced in terms repugnant to the courtesy and refinement of history. Their public professions are traced to sordid motives, their personal vices are explored with scandalous success, the cruelty of their triumphs is proved with indignation and heightened by contrast, and even the misery of their merited fall is commemorated with exultation. Such a lively animosity, however well founded, rarely commands the hearty concurrence of the reader, who rapidly peruses, in a spirit of indulgent skepticism, the narrative impregnated with all the laborious intensity of the author's convictions. Mr. Napier cannot expect that we should extemporize affections and resentments with a vivacity equal to his own, yet we may admit that his assertions are founded upon a commensurate production of facts, and the accuracy of the impassioned "malignant" may appear to be confirmed by the reluctant silence of the kirk.

Among the most amusing revelations of private history will be reckoned the recovery of the household accounts and diaries of personal expenditure belonging to the fourth Earl of Montrose, and to the minority of his son, the future Marquis. The former, after

\* *Memorials of Montrose and his Times*, edited by Mark Napier, Esq. Two vols. 4to. Edinburgh, 1848, 1850. Printed for the Maitland Club.

a youth spent in the broils of the period, retired to his houses of Mugdock and Kincardine, where he enjoyed the idleness and practised the economy of a country life. Ten entries in his domestic register attest his attachment to tobacco; a solitary item infers his indifference to books. The same chronicle records his thrift in life and his posthumous hospitality. His lordship expires on the 14th of November, 1626. The burial is not "accompleisit" till the 3rd of January. During the interval, the castle is held open by the heir, and is occupied by a company of his lordship's "honorabill friends." The unusual protraction and abundance of the funeral festivities induce us to believe that they may have been enlarged by the grateful coincidence of Christmas cheer. Mr. Napier has supplied us with the disbursements of the "pantry," the "wyne sellar," and the "aill sellar." Two puncheons of "claret wyne" and one puncheon of "guhyt wyne" are incompetent to "steep" the "thirsty grieve" of this mourning revel. The consumption of "aill" is at least proportionate. Our author, judiciously suppressing "a minute account of the beef, mutton, lamb, veal, hams, capons, geese, and other poultry, cheese, butter, eggs, candles, herrings, spices, and confectionary," confines his extracts to the provision of "wylde meats," among which the highland sportsmen will gladly enumerate "12 termaignis, at 5s. the peic," "black cokis," "ethe-henis," and muirfowl in abundance, "of capercailzeis, twa at 3l. 4s." Scots, and a goodly succession of "partridges, plovers, woodcocks, and wylde geese." The laird of Lawers bestows the quarter of a deer, and "ane grit hynde" is contributed by the ancestor of the Marquis of Breadalbane to the obsequies of the Earl of Montrose. When, after the lapse of seven weeks, the rites of sepulture are at length reluctantly fulfilled, the "haill friends" are still reported to have remained four days "sattling his lordship's affairs." Those plentiful solemnities, so revolting to the delicate gust of modern grief, have long given place to the frivolity of empty parade; but we shall beg our readers to compare the *ménu* of the mortuary banquet with a singular statement of the imaginative historian of British manners,\* who remarks, with his usual audacity in prosecuting a parallel or arranging an antithesis, that the dwelling and the food of Buchanan, the pensioner and pedagogue of the Scottish crown, and of the inventor of logarithms, an opulent cotemporary baron, were as wretched

as those of the Icelanders of the present century.

Montrose was fifteen years of age at the time of his father's death. He was immediately removed from Glasgow, where we find the first notices of his education, to the University of St. Andrews, at which he matriculated on the 26th of January, 1627. From this period to the month of November, 1629, when he contracted his early marriage with "Mistress Magdalen Carnegie," the minutest particulars of his daily existence are reflected in the accounts kept by his domestic tutor, Mr. John Lambye. With the help of this diligent guide, we can follow him to his devotions and pastimes, attend him in term, pursue him in vacation, watch his sickness, count his society, inspect his studies. The picture thus presented to us of the collegiate life of a young man of quality in the beginning of the seventeenth century, is in every respect humane and attractive. It conveys a very different impression from the coarse and repulsive portraiture of social manners sketched by a powerful hand for a later period in a richer country. The private library of the young Montrose was not very copious, but it was pregnant with all the future qualities of his aspiring mind. Worthy Mr. John Lambye may have striven by the acquisition of the *Meditations of Mr. William Struthers*, and the *Meditationes Gerardi*, to subdue his fancy to a contemplative frame; but how must the influence of those mortifying volumes have been disturbed by the chivalrous examples which the pupil had from his childhood sought in the *Historie of Godfrey de Bouloigne*, and the venerated folio of *Sir Walter Ralye*. The ancient languages are acquired in the works of Xenophon, Seneca, and Buchanan. Archery and golf were then, as now, the recreations of the Scottish gentleman. The apartments of the student and his preceptor are engaged in the house of the Rev. George Wishart, minister of St. Andrews, who lived to compose an immortal memorial of his guest. The rooms are frequently adorned with flowers; chess amuses the tedious hours of indisposition; the convalescent marks his gratitude for recovered health by contributing to the cure of a sick person. Almsgiving accompanies every action in life. The "moriser," the "violer," and the "rymer," have, as well as the poor, their share of bounty. "Ane Hungarian poet who made verses to my lord," obtains a gratuity of 58s. But 10l. are bestowed "at my lord's direction on a Frenchman at his lauriation to help his charges." In repeated donations to the wandering Irish

\* MACAULAY'S *History of England*, vol. i. p. 65.

"at the gate of Bracho" and the "gate of Glamis," we observe the early charities exercised by Montrose towards a people of valiant mendicants who made his after life so rich in glory. The vacations are spent in the country houses of guardians and kinsmen, with all the signs of affectionate welcome and mirthful entertainment. In fact, from these accounts we gain many glimpses of the prosperous and pleasant life that was dawning in peaceful Scotland. We perceive that the golden abundance of the reigns of James and Charles, so eloquently described by the exiled and regretful Clarendon, was not all confined to his more favored country; but that a fair promise of industry, civility, and learning in the northern kingdom, was sacrificed by the ensuing explosion of fanaticism and civil war.

When he had attained the age of seventeen, Montrose left the university, and was united to "Mistress Magdalen Carnegie." In the record of his benefactions to the minstrels, the household, and the poor, there occurs an entry which is not insignificant to the history of the arts, and which confers an ornament on Mr. Napier's volumes; 26*l.* 13*s.* Scots are disbursed for "my lord's portrait, drawn in Aberdeen." But the charge is afterwards cancelled; for the picture was a wedding gift of the Laird of Morphie to his chief. The painter was George Jamesone, a pupil of Rubens, whose genius may have been restricted to portrait by the confined taste or religious prejudices of his countrymen, but in whose portraits, as far as they have come under our notice, there is not much to recall the daring and versatile school from which he came. The works of Jamesone, which neglect or restoration has permitted to survive, have too long faded in the isolation of country seats. They deserve for once to be assembled in the Scottish capital for verification and comparison. They are distinguished by smoothness and neatness of handling; the colors have been warm, the impasto is delicate, the manner so gentle as to be almost timid; the attitudes are grave and monotonous. At Taymouth a collection may be seen, but not appreciated. At least, when we had the honor of being admitted to inspect these curious and evidently cherished portraits, they were impanelled at an elevation which eludes the criticism, while it provokes the curiosity of the connoisseur. One full length figure, more favorably placed, of an ancient Lord of Glenorchy, clad in "highland weed," and encompassed by a native landscape, might seem to claim a higher eulogy than our imperfect experience enables us

to bestow on the palette of the "Scottish Vandyke," whose reputation may possibly be wronged by his more labored productions being ascribed to the envied pencil of his Flemish contemporary. The price of Montrose's portrait, a kit-cat on panel, was 2*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.* sterling. The sum appears slender to Mr. Napier, but the work was rapid. It was sketched at two sittings, and finished at the leisure of the painter. In Mr. John Lambye's accounts a leg of mutton costs 1*s.* sterling. Jamesone had, therefore, the value of forty four legs of mutton, equivalent to more than 14*l.* in our days. The remuneration was not so contemptible, if the circumstances of the art and the country be considered. The painter's charges were afterwards advanced in proportion to the increase of his celebrity. He died in 1644, and, if our memory serves us, in his will a full length portrait of the second Earl of Haddington, blown up in the Castle of Dunclas, is valued to his lordship's widow at 300 merks, equal to 100*l.* at the present time. Vandyke received twice as much from King Charles for portraits apparently of the same dimensions. But we cannot be surprised to find his remuneration double that of the provincial though meritorious Jamesone.

Mr. Napier, who mitigates the acrimony of polemics, and the aridity of antiquarian details, with an agreeable enthusiasm for the fine arts, seems to have been satisfied that the person of his hero was as much maligned by the engravers as his moral qualities were traduced by the Whigs. The well known head by Houbraken was executed in Holland from a drawing of the portrait in the possession of the Duke of Montrose, long ascribed to Vandyke, but now restored to Dobson. The plate, however ably executed, is but a remote and imperfect reproduction of the picture, and the picture is mutilated in its shape, and rather ungraceful in its treatment. A comparison of this with the more ancient and rare prints induced Mr. Napier to believe that a worthy and faithful portrait of Montrose was yet to be discovered, and committed to the burin. In prosecuting such researches in Scotland, the amateur is often distracted by the multiplicity of pretended originals. This opulence of imposture is the creation of several painters in the last century, who wandered with their vagrant and venal easels from house to house. The younger Medina and John Alexander are remembered as the most fertile authors of such fabrications. Not contented with perverting the likeness of the living, it was their delight to

supply the hiatus of a careless or obliterated ancestor, and to adorn the wall with the effigy of some famous personage who represented the hereditary affections of the family. The same portfolio contained the traditionary types of the rival deities of the Scottish Pantheon: the same flexible pencil produced, in obedience to the preference of its patron, the martial presence of "the great Montrose," the solemn features of "learned Merchistone," the seductive lineaments of Mary, or the morose and edifying visages of "godly Knoxe," and "Master George Buchanan." In the impartial multiplication of these pictorial Shibboleths, it is apparent that the accommodating artist looked not beyond the lucre of gain—unless, indeed, we may be permitted to trace the malicious strokes of a Jacobite brush in the lamentable countenances of the Covenant and the Kirk. The experience of Mr. Napier prevented his going astray after strange imitations. He has redeemed from oblivion or obscurity two unquestionable portraits of Montrose. The first is the picture executed by Jamesone on the occasion of his marriage. The penetration of Mr. Napier, rejecting a false pretender, detected it in the gallery of Kinnaird Castle, where it had been long preserved under the name of Sir John Carnegie, of the Craig. A minute inspection of the panel recovered the autograph of the artist, the date of the work, and the age of the subject. These particulars tallied precisely with the entries in the diary of expenditure, to which we have adverted above. The authenticity of the portrait is proved beyond dispute; and an exact engraving, forming the frontispiece to the first volume of the *Memorials*, places the image of the young Montrose beyond the reach of forgetfulness or decay. The Maules of Panmure were the possessors of another painting of the "Great Marquis." It had passed into the care of Mrs. Young, of Lincluden, sister to the Right Hon. the Secretary at War, and the name of Vandyke was again conferred on the work of a very different, though scarcely inferior hand. A narrow perusal by a practised eye revealed the cypher of Honthorst; and Mr. Napier is convinced that he has identified the very portrait presented by Montrose to the Queen of Bohemia, which that friendly Princess hung in her cabinet, to "frighten the brethren." This interesting historical piece, now transported to the town residence of Mr. Fox Maule, is ably represented in the second volume of the *Memorials*. The figure appears clad in black armor, significant of the

profound, but menacing grief of the warlike mourner for his martyred king; the right hand grasps the baton of the empire, the left rests on a helmet overshadowed by funeral pumes; and a background of sombre scenery, illuminated by a single gleam, supports the dignity of the composition, and marks the genius of Gherardo.

The name of Montrose is consecrated by the greatness of his deeds, and by the dignity of his sufferings. His fame was diffused in his lifetime by an eloquent panegyric, and revived long after his death by a popular novel. But neither the glory of his arms, nor the elegant latinity of his chaplain, nor the genius of Scott itself, has shielded his character from the specious charge of tergiversation, and the deeper brand of cruelty. These accusations have been propagated in a credulous or hostile spirit by successive historians, on the suspicious testimony of contemporary enemies; and even the eager partisans of Montrose have been contented to defend his fickleness instead of denying it, and to extenuate his severities by alleging the revengeful spirit of the country and the age. Mr. Napier, who accepts no assertion without scrutiny, and who never condescends to palliations, boldly opposes to the detractors of Montrose a counter statement, in which the alleged barbarities shrink to an imperfect and occasional retaliation, reluctantly inflicted, and redeemed by many acts of clemency unknown in the covenanting camp; while his apparent inconsistency assumes the respectable color of a deliberate and disinterested separation from those who had abandoned the letter of their common engagement and the spirit in which he had contracted it.

At the outset of his public career, Montrose was employed, under the "Covenant," to reduce the prelatie province of Aberdeen. His mercy was distasteful even to the moderate Baillie: "The discretion of that noble youth was but too great." "All was forgiven." Shortly before Montrose perished on the scaffold, Clarendon extorted a reluctant admission of his humanity from the mouth of Lauderdale. On being asked "whether Montrose had ever caused any man to die in cold blood, or after the battle was ended," Lauderdale was constrained to confess, "he did not know he was guilty of anything but what was done in the field." In the great clan battle of Inverlochy, 1500 of the name of Campbell fell—a slaughter which Montrose "would have hindered if possible." He adds in his despatch to the



king—"I have saved and taken prisoners several of them that have acknowledged their fault, and lay all the blame on their chief. Some gentlemen of the lowlands fled into the old castle, and, upon their surrender, I have treated them honorably, and taken their parole never to bear arms against your Majesty."

After the defeat of Philiphaugh, the infantry of the royal army surrendered on promise of quarter. They were massacred in cold blood, and the women and children drowned to gratify the eager solicitations of the Presbyterian clergy. The prisoners of higher rank were reserved for a more ceremonious death at Glasgow. On being informed of these atrocities, the followers of Montrose importuned him to bring his prisoners to instant execution; but he refused, in the following memorable terms:—

"Let them set a price upon our heads; let them employ assassins to murder us; let them break their faith, and practise the utmost pitch of wickedness; yet shall that never induce us to forsake the glorious paths of virtue and goodness, or strive to outdo them in the practice of villany and barbarity."

When Montrose set his hand to work the "National Covenant" of 1637, he joined a defensive engagement framed to protect his country against the encroachments of prelatic power. Having embraced the cause, as he believed, of religious freedom and national rights, he prosecuted it with that fiery impatience of opposition and control which formed the leading feature of his mind. After the pacification of Berwick, in 1639, the ostensible objects of the movement were secured. But the abolition of episcopacy and the high court of commission did not satisfy the selfish ambition of Argyle, or appease the tumultuous passions of the clergy and the mob. The abuses of arbitrary government were restrained; they next proceeded to call in question the just and undisputed prerogatives of the Crown. From this period, Montrose was gradually weaned from the policy of his colleagues. He began by raising his voice in parliament against their subversive propositions. He then entered upon a secret correspondence with Charles, and manoeuvred to collect a conservative party within the circle of the Covenant. His legitimate projects were prematurely disclosed, and the presence of the king in Scotland alone delivered him from prison, and perhaps from death. His connection with the revolutionary faction was now honorably served, without apostasy, and almost without conversion. He

retired for some months to the country, and after the Scots, by the "Solemn League and Covenant of 1643," had formed a treasonable alliance with the parliamentary forces in England, he carried his counsels and his sword to Oxford. When Montrose passed into the gallant company of the royal leaguer, his devotion to the person and the cause of his sovereign was refined into a romantic passion, but it never absorbed the native independence of his sentiments, nor his opposition to prelacy and arbitrary power. In circumstances not unsimilar, Strafford became the uncompromising instrument of despotism; but Montrose remained the devoted champion of limited monarchy. Mr. Napier has, by the politeness of a correspondent, been enabled to publish the draft of a "Remonstrance," drawn up during the transitory predominance of the royal forces after the battle of Kilsyth. The manuscript is in the handwriting of the first Lord Napier, and is, no doubt, of his composition. It contains a pointed and detailed apology for the course pursued by Montrose, from the beginning of the troubles, and was designed for publication before the meeting of a convention which he was empowered to call, had the schemes of the loyalists not been crushed on the field of Philiphaugh. In this document, the government of bishops and the imposition of the Liturgy are renounced with vehemence and even qualified in the language of theological acrimony. It may be suggested, that such terms were assumed to court the adherence of the people; but that they convey the substantial opinions of Montrose is rendered certain by his solemn declaration at a moment when all the motives of artifice and policy had passed away. The Presbyterian ministers who were deputed to haunt the solitude and vex the meditations of his prison hours, reproached him with the violation of that "covenant" which they had wrested to such strange and calamitous purpose. To their railing recriminations, Montrose calmly replied—

The covenant which I took, I own it and adhere to it. Bishops, I care not for them. I never intended to advance their interest. But when the king had granted you all your desires, and you were every one sitting under his vine and his fig-tree,—that then you should have taken a party in England by the hand, and entered into a league and covenant with them against the king, was the thing I judged my duty to oppose to the yondmost.

The part which Scotland bore in the civil wars, so imposing and prosperous in the

outset, was blemished at the close with the foulest stains of treachery and defeat. Loudon, Balmerino, Argyle, Leven, and Lauderdale formed the "gloomy consistory," whose counsels issued in the sale of their king and the subjection of their country. Contrasted with those sinister names, the fame of Montrose glows with the unfading hues of chivalry and honor. Yet there were others who strove with inferior powers, but like courage and singleness of mind, on the better side. It is with justifiable pride that our author records the virtues and fidelity of his ancestors, the first and second Lords Napier. Of the former it may be asserted, that in an age of ingratitude and faction, he was a grateful courtier and a constitutional loyalist. The papers which he has left exhibit his ability and learning, though they are infected with the pedantic formality of the reign of James I. We recommend the diplomatic inheritor of his title to imitate his prudence and avoid his prolixity, for there was once a discreet and even a tedious Napier. The son of this nobleman was, on the mother's side, nephew to Montrose. Of him and his uncle it was said, "that, like the pope and the church, they would be inseparable." In vain was he forewarned by a covenanting relative against

the "preposterous love" which would bring his house to ruin. The prediction has remained fulfilled. He sought no higher reward than that his memory should be kindly linked with the memory of his kinsman and commander, as their lives were linked. The aspiration has been granted by the hand of a remote descendant.

We regret that we are not able to bestow on Mr. Napier's volumes an ampler measure of quotation, and a more detailed analysis. Every work which successfully illustrates the century of the Great Rebellion possesses a vital interest for the English people. That memorable period is more to us than the theme of learned curiosity or amusing fiction. It is not merely the region of ideal sympathies and fantastic regrets. There the factions of the present age may still recognise the great types of their political creeds, and the original of questions yet unsolved. Debates which armed our forefathers in mortal strife are, after the lapse of two hundred years, prolonged under the restraints of softer manners and respected laws. The waters flow in a bounded channel and with a gentler stream, but their color reveals the nature and the seat of their distant source.

THE DESCENDANTS OF THE FRENCH COVENANTERS.--The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* has paid a visit to Nismes, near which are the hills of the Cevennes, once the wild abode of the Covenanters of France. The Cevennes and the adjacent plains still form one of the most firmly-established Protestant strongholds in France. There is yet a gulf between the Protestants and the Catholics of Nismes. They keep apart, and count heads, "as if they meditated some day a rush at each other." There is an apparently implacable animosity and mistrust betwixt the two bodies of religionists. On the hill they have their different districts for gardens; and, ludicrous as the thing may seem, in the city they have different places of public entertainment--no true Protestant drinking his beer in a Papist *café*, and no devout Roman

Catholic rattling his dominoes in a heretical *estaminet*. The correspondent had a long walk out of the town in company with an honest Nismes weaver, who soon found an opportunity of hinting that his companion was possibly an Englishman. "I admitted the fact, and he straightway insinuated, '*Et, monsieur, est aussi probablement Protestant!*' I again acquiesced. The man's face brightened up like a sun-burst; he caught my hand in both of his, wrung it with the most enthusiastic fervor, and suddenly burst out--'We're 14,000 here--14,000 strong. The others (strongly accented), the others say only between 12,000 and 13,000, but I say 14,000--I tell you 14,000--all understanding each other, all ready to stick by each other, all good fellows, all *bons enfans!*'"

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## GEORGE BORROW.\*

WHEN Christophero Sly discovered that he was "indeed a lord, and not a tinker," his wonder could hardly have exceeded ours on learning that Mr. Borrow was no gypsy. His intimate acquaintance with the language, ways, means, recondite usages, and extra-mural manners of this mysterious tribe, and his cordial acceptance in their most exclusive of all circles, appeared to leave no room for other inference than that he was, if not a gypsy "by the four sides," at least a scion of the race. All our anticipations have been deceived, as it now appears that George Borrow was the son of an officer in a marching regiment, the descendant of a family long settled in Cornwall, and that his mother was of Huguenot extraction. Thus, it would seem, must the gypsies lose the only names which connected them with literature, those of Borrow and of Bunyan. The former is clearly gone. Their claim to the latter was recognized by so good an inquirer as Sir Walter Scott, but in an able article in this magazine,† on the life of Bunyan, a fellow contributor has shown what, we admit, are good grounds for doubting that this view can be maintained. Still we profess ourselves unconvinced, not liking, it may be, to deprive the outcasts of the only good name which they ever had. Without resting altogether on the mystery of the question which Bunyan asks his father, "Are we of Jewish race?" and on the assumption it implies that they were of foreign origin, which Scott, connecting with the laconism of the answer, "No, we are not," takes to mean gypsy origin; we would suggest a further and more popular ground for our impression. Bunyan was, as is well known, of a tinker tribe, and practised in that line himself. Now it is an admitted fact, and referred to by Mr. Borrow in his "Gypsies in Spain," that the tinker trade in England is, and has been from early times, from a date

long prior to the days of Bunyan, chiefly in the hands of gypsies. We then, on the whole, recur to the persuasion that the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was of a stranger-race, and no less a person than a Rommany chal.

"Lavengro," the title of the book before us, means, in the gypsy tongue, word-master, and was a mark of honor given to our author by a chief of that tribe on his distinguished proficiency in their language. The work was long announced as an autobiography, but is now published with the apocryphal assurance that it is an endeavor "to describe a dream, partly of study, partly of adventure, in which will be found notices of books, and many descriptions of life and manners, some in a very unusual form." This is a provoking mystification, adopted, we presume, because of some touches of the marvelous, which had been better left out, but which the author did not like to spare. As to "notices of books," we can hardly call to mind one, unless it be "Moll Flanders," which was long a hand-book of the thieves, but is now forgotten. Taking "Lavengro" as its author wishes, it would be the most unsatisfactory of all books, neither dream nor drama, fact or fiction, reality or romance. Making, however, allowance for one or two incredible facts, and a few over marvelous scenes, the work is obviously a pretty faithful narrative of certain passages in the writer's life, from his first to, as we calculate, his twenty-second year. Names and dates are given in blank, but the former are often easily recognized, and by comparing the latter with admissions made by the author in his other works, and with public events, they are easily made out. Thus, for example, in the "Bible in Spain," he states that, in 1836, he was thirty years of age. This gives the date of his birth; and again, at the close of the last volume of his present work, he refers to the Roman Catholic Relief Bill as being about to pass. Thus, it appears that the present narrative embraces a period commencing with the year 1806, and closing

\* "Lavengro." By George Borrow. 8 vols. London: Murray. 1861.

† The DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for April, 1851, p. 444.

about 1828 or 1829. We may add, that although the volumes are entitled, "The Scholar," "The Gypsy," "The Priest," they form, in fact, a continuous narrative of fragmentary passages in the life of the author. The separate names appear to have been chosen because he thought that, while the story of his life was continued, these characters formed each the main feature of a volume. "The Scholar" refers to himself, and describes his boyhood, early youth, and strange self-education. "The Gypsy" and "The Priest" are each connected with his after adventures. The work is, in many respects, exceedingly unpleasing. Names, and language, which no right-minded person can look at without reverence, are most unsuitably introduced. The author, too, is a sort of moral Jonathan Wild, who never wronged anybody himself, but who has all his life exhibited a decided liking for the dangerous classes. Some of his early associates have been hanged, and he favors us with their funeral orations. There is, besides, too much of ale-house brawls, and of the vocabulary of the tents. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the work has been and will be eagerly read. There is throughout an under-current of good feeling which gains upon the reader, and the sketches—outlined with the vigor of Retch, or filled in with the master-hand of Fielding or Scott—exhibit a power which, be the subject fact or fiction, at once engages our deepest interest.

George Borrow was born in East Dereham, Norfolk,—where rest the mortal remains of our most loved poet, Cowper,—in the July of 1806. His father was a Cornish man, of a family of gentlemen, or, as some would call them, *gentillâtres*, who, without being wealthy, were entitled to a coat of arms, and lived upon their own small property. He was the youngest of seven sons; became a Guardsman, and was afterwards appointed an officer to superintend the drilling of a militia regiment. While in the Guards, he fought in Hyde Park with Ben Brain, known as "Big Ben," who was at that time the champion of England. We notice the circumstance, because it shows that at least one of our author's tastes was hereditary, and he himself, referring to it, after describing the many excellent qualities of his father, adds, "that to crown all, he was a proper man with his hands."

Mr. Borrow always speaks of his parents with affection; and their characters are the most interesting, and, indeed, we think the only exemplary ones in his books. His mother

was of a Norman family, who bore the name of Petrement, and who, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, came with their Bibles to England and settled in Norfolk. The following is her portrait by her son, and, from amongst the many in his three volumes, we cannot cull a better:—

"I have been told that, in her younger days, my mother was strikingly handsome; this I can easily believe; I never knew her in her youth, for though she was very young when she married my father (who was her senior by many years), she had attained the middle age before I was born, no children having been vouchsafed to my parents in the early stages of their union. Yet, even at the present day, now that years three score and ten have passed over her head, attended with sorrow, and troubles manifold, poorly chequered with scanty joys, can I look on that countenance and doubt that, at one time, beauty decked it with a glorious garment? Hail to thee, my parent! as thou sittest there in thy widow's weeds, in the dusky parlor, in the house overgrown with the lustrous ivy of the sister isle,—the solitary house at the end of the retired court, shaded by lofty poplars. Hail to thee, dame of the oval face, olive complexion, and Grecian forehead; by thy table seated with the mighty volume of the good Bishop Hopkins spread out before thee; there is peace in thy countenance, my mother; it is not worldly peace, however, not the deceitful peace which lulls to bewitching slumbers, and from which let us pray, humbly pray, that every sinner may be roused in time to implore mercy not in vain! Thine is the peace of the righteous, my mother, of those to whom no sin can be imputed, the score of whose misdeeds has been long since washed away by the blood of atonement, which imputeth righteousness to those who trust in it. It was not always thus, my mother; a time was, when the cares, pomps, and vanities of this world agitated thee too much; but that time is gone by, another and a better has succeeded; there is peace now on thy countenance, the true peace; peace around thee, too, in thy solitary dwelling; sounds of peace; the cheerful hum of the kettle, and the purring of the immense angola, which stares up at thee from its settle, with its almost superhuman eyes.

"No more earthly cares and affection now, my mother! Yes, one. Why dost thou suddenly raise thy dark and still brilliant eye from the volume with a somewhat startled glance? What noise is that in the distant street? Merely the noise of a hoof; a sound common enough: it draws nearer, nearer, and now it stops before thy gate. Singular! And, now, there is a pause, a long pause. Ha! thou hearest something—a footstep; a swift but heavy footstep! thou risest, thou tremblest, there is a hand on the pin of the outer door, there is some one in the vestibule, and now the door of thy apartment opens, there is a reflection on the mirror behind thee, a traveling hat, a gray head and sunburnt face.—My dearest son!—My darling mother!



"Yes, mother, thou didst recognize in the distant street the hoof-tramp of the wanderer's horse."—Vol. i. pp. 6-9.

Borrow was a slow child. Many years, he says, elapsed before he knew his letters or could connect them. In this instance the boy was not "father of the man," for never was any one so quick at learning languages. Taylor, of Norwich, who, as we shall see, taught him German, says he never had to tell him a thing a second time. He was a lover of lonely places, and it was early seen that he bore a charmed life. Before he was three years old, attracted by the yellow brightness of the object, he grasped a viper in his hand. He felt a strange sensation of numbing coldness creeping over his arm, but received no injury. On his mother running towards him, he dropped the reptile, which, after standing for a moment erect, and hissing furiously, made away. This incident resembles one in the life of Bunyan, when he struck an adder on the back, and having stunned it, plucked out the sting with his fingers. Both go far to support Mr. Borrow's theory, that some constitutions are serpent-proof.

Again, when sufficiently advanced to engage in a blackberry expedition, he fixed his longing eyes on what seemed delicious grape-like fruit, hanging in clusters on a hedge. He ate of it voraciously, and was carried home in the arms of a dragoon, in strong convulsions; but the deadly nightshade had no permanent effect on him, and after a few hours he recovered. The moving accidents of regimental life tended, no doubt, to confirm his roving tastes. His early years were passed either in a canvass tent, or in some comfortless, white-washed barrack-room, and he never remained long in any one place. Norfolk, however, was his fatherland, and East Dereham his early home. While wandering in the woods, and by the reedy meres in the neighborhood of that town, he made the acquaintance of a viper-hunter, who gathered the reptiles chiefly for their fat, of which he made unguents, which were "good for many sore troubles, especially for the rheumatism." He learned to assist this man in his trade, and, in recompense, received from him a serpent which he had rendered harmless by removing its fangs. We mention this circumstance because it had a remarkable influence on his after life, as it was this which first led to his connection with the gypsies. He was very fond of the serpent, fed it with milk, and often carried it with him in his walks.

One day, wandering in a tangled wood, he came upon an encampment of gypsies, who threatened to kill him for his intrusion, and might possibly have done so but for his bosom-friend, the viper.

"'Yes,' said the woman; 'what was I about?'

"*Myself.*—'How should I know? Making bad money, perhaps!'

"'I'll strangle thee,' said the belle dame, dashing at me. 'Bad money, is it?'

"'Leave him to me, wifelkin,' said the man, interposing, 'you shall now see how I'll baste him down the lane.'

"*Myself.*—'I tell you what, my chap, you had better put down that thing of yours; my father lies concealed within my tepid breast, and if to me you offer any harm or wrong, I'll call him forth to help me with his forked tongue.'

"*Man.*—'What do you mean, ye Bengin's bantling? I never heard such discourse in all my life; playman's speech or Frenchman's talk—which, I wonder? Your father! Tell the mumping villain that if he comes near my fire, I'll serve him out as I will you. Take that . . . What have we here? Oh!'

"I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes.

"The man stood like one transfixed, and the ladle with which he had aimed a blow at me now hung in the air like the hand which held it; his mouth was extended, and his cheeks became of a pale yellow, save alone that place which bore the mark which I have already described, and this shone now portentously, like fire. He stood in this manner for some time; at last the ladle fell from his hand, and its falling appeared to rouse him from his stupor."—Vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

The children of Pharaoh now change their tone, and partly from a superstitious feeling, partly from the hope of making something of so promising a boy, entreated him to stay and live with them. This he was not prepared to do, but he made them many a visit, became established amongst them as a sort of half-brother, under the name of "Sapengro," or snake-master, and made the friendship of a boy of his own age, which, to do the gypsy but justice, appears to have been genuine on his part, and was continued in after life. Fifteen years after this incident, Borrow found himself in a crowd before Newgate, and recognized in the notorious criminal on the scaffold one of this reputable family.

While in quarters with his father in Edinburgh, our author, then some twelve years old, was much in company with a boy a little older than himself, named David Haggart, who was afterwards a noted high-

wayman, and attained the distinction of being hanged. A little later, while in Ireland, he had, what he no doubt counted as the good fortune to fall in with Jim Grant, the Queen's County robber, whose name may be still remembered by such as care for those histories.

In 1815, our hero accompanied his father's regiment to Ireland. They arrived there 800 strong, and were marched into the town of Clonmel. The following faithful sample of the "blarney" of the day, a style which still lingers in the remote districts, will much amuse our readers. The speaker is the owner of the house in which the Borrowes have fixed themselves:—

"You never saw more elegant lodgings than these, captain," said the master of the house, a tall, handsome, and athletic man, who came up whilst our little family were seated at dinner, late in the afternoon of the day of our arrival; "they beat anything in the town of Clonmel. I do not let them for the sake of interest, and to none but gentlemen in the army, in order that myself and my wife, who is from Londonderry, may have the advantage of pleasant company, genteel company, ay, and Protestant company, captain. It did my heart good when I saw your honor ride in at the head of all these fine fellows, real Protestants, I'll engage, not a Papist among them, they are too good-looking and honest-looking for that. So I no sooner saw your honor at the head of your ay, with that handsome young gentleman holding by your stirrup, than I said to my wife, Mrs. Hyne, who is from Londonderry, 'God bless me,' said I, 'what a truly Protestant countenance, what a noble bearing, and what a sweet young gentleman. By the silver hairs of his honor, and sure, I never saw hairs more regally silver than your honor's, by his honor's silver hairs, and by my own soul, which is not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with one of them, it would be no more than decent and civil to run out and welcome such a father and son coming in at the head of such a Protestant military.' And then my wife, who is from Londonderry, Mrs. Hyne, looking me in the face like a fairy, as she is, 'You may say that,' says she, 'it would be but decent and civil, honey.' And your honor knows how I ran out of my own door, and welcomed your honor, riding in company with your son, who was walking; how I welcomed you both at the head of your royal regiment, and how I shook your honor by the hand, saying, I am glad to see your honor, and your honor's son, and your honor's royal military Protestant regiment, and now I have you in the house, and right proud I am to have you, one and all; one, two, three, four, Protestants every one; no Papists here, and I have made bold to bring up a bottle of claret, which is now waiting behind the door; and when your honor, and your family, have dined, I will make bold, too, to bring up Mrs. Hyne, from Londonderry, to introduce to your honor's lady, and

then we'll drink to the health of King George, God bless him; to the 'glorious and immortal,' to Boyne Water, to your honor's speedy promotion to the Lord Lieutenant, and to the speedy downfall of the Pope, and of St. Anthony of Padua." —Vol. i. pp. 126-8.

While our author had the advantage of being at school in Clonmel, he bribed a Tipperary boy to teach him Irish, which acquirement, together with some initiation into the mystery of horse-whispering, were the great results of his stay in this country. The war was now over, and his father, who was placed on half-pay, retired, with his family, to Norwich. George was sent to the free-school there, over which Dr. Valpy then presided, and where many in an adventurous youth had received his education. Nelson was one; and amongst the contemporaries of Borrow there were some who have since shown much of our naval hero's spirit:—Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, the brave and good; and the gallant Stoddard, who was murdered in Bokhara. Another was Thomas King, one of Borrow's early friends, and the son of his father's landlord. Tom King worked with his father, who was a carpenter, until he was sixteen; he then went to Paris, entered as a medical student in one of the hospitals; and by energy, intellect, and application, became internal surgeon of l'Hotel Dieu, and private physician to Prince Talleyrand. During the four years that he was at this school, young Borrow developed his polyglot tastes, and indulged occasionally his liking for the gypsies. French and Italian were added to his acquisitions; but his parents could not guess, nor could he tell, the purpose for which he pursued these labors. Much was his father puzzled as to how his clever son should earn his bread, and he, at length, decided on binding him apprentice to a Mr. Simpson, an attorney in town. Just as our youthful clerk was commencing his noviciate, he made himself master of a dingy Welsh quarto, for which, perhaps, no other person in Norfolk would have given the few pence it cost him. The ruling passion was again on fire, law was neglected, and Welsh was, for some time, in the ascendant. To make matters worse, Ab Gwilym, his new love, was a bard, and verse-making was added to other stolen pleasures. His translation from an author four centuries old, and in a language but little known, was pursued with tenacious industry, while the profession by which he was to live was unattended to. He, indeed, sat at a desk for eight hours

a day, and spoiled the copies he was given to transcribe, but, secluded in that desk, lay his prized Ab Gwilym, and those increasing quires of verse transations, which he fondly persuaded himself were to make his surer fortune. His recreations, at this time, were philology and fishing. One day, while angling near the Earl's Home, in the neighborhood of Norwich, he was accosted by one whom we easily recognize as the Quaker banker, Mr. Gurney, father of the admirable Mrs. Fry. We transcribe the dialogue :

"Canst thou answer to thy conscience for pulling all those fish out of the water, and leaving them to gasp in the sun ?" said a voice, clear and sonorous as a bell.

"I started, and looked round. Close behind me stood the tall figure of a man, dressed in raiment of quaint and singular fashion, but of goodly materials. He was in the prime and vigor of manhood, his features handsome and noble, but full of calmness and benevolence ; at least, I thought so, although they were somewhat shaded by a hat of the finest beaver, with broad, drooping eaves.

"Surely, that is a very cruel diversion in which thou indulgest, my young friend ?" he continued.

"I am sorry for it, if it be, Sir," said I, rising ; 'but I do not think it cruel to fish.'

"What are your reasons for not thinking so ?"

"Fishing is mentioned frequently in Scripture. Simon Peter was a fisherman."

"True, and Andrew, and his brother. But thou forgettest ; they did not follow fishing as a diversion, as I fear thou doest. Thou readest the Scriptures ?"

"Sometimes."

"Sometimes—not daily ?—that is to be regretted. What profession dost thou make ? I mean, to what religious denomination dost thou belong, my young friend ?"

"Church."

"It is a very good profession ; there is much of Scripture contained in its liturgy. Dost thou read aught besides the Scriptures ?"

"Sometimes."

"What dost thou read, besides ?"

"Greek and Dante."

"Indeed ! then thou hast the advantage over myself ; I can only read the former. Well, I am rejoiced to find that thou hast other pursuits besides thy fishing. Dost thou know Hebrew ?"

"No."

"Thou shouldst study it. Why dost thou not undertake the study ?"

"I have no books."

"I will lend thee books, if thou wish to undertake the study. I live yonder, at the Hall, as, perhaps, thou knowest. I have a library there, in which are many curious books, both in Greek and Hebrew, which I will show to thee, whenever thou mayest find it convenient to come and see me. Farewell ! I am glad to find that thou hast

pursuits more satisfactory than thy cruel fishing.'"—Vol. i. pp. 201-3.

The apprentice fished no more ; but he did not accept the invitation to the Hall. After, however, long years had passed, and when, as he adds, he "had seen and suffered much," he visited the man of peace, and was shown his learned books about Tohar and Mishna, Toldoth Jesu, and Abarbenel.

"I am fond of these studies," said he, 'which, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, seeing that our people have been compared to the Jews. In one respect, I confess, we are similar to them ; we are fond of getting money. I do not like this last author, this Abarbenel, the worse for having been a money-changer. I am a banker, myself, as thou knowest.'

"And would there were many like him amidst the money-changers of princes ! The hall of many an earl lacks the bounty ; the palace of many a prelate, the piety and the learning which adorn the quiet Quaker's home !"—Vol. i. pp. 204-5.

No one who, like young Borrow, was fond of languages and of books, could live long in Norwich without making the acquaintance of William Taylor, who was at that time the lion of the town. We have, accordingly, his portrait, un-named, like all the others in "Lavengro," but given with more of actuality and life than in his own ponderous memoirs. Taylor became the Mentor, friend, and frequent host of Borrow, and in no one of the three capacities was he a safe example. His two delights were German and smoking ; and his two defects, or, rather, his two more salient failings, infidelity and drinking. Borrow, happily for himself, never could love tobacco, and Taylor doubted that it was possible to become a good German without it.

"The Germans," said the unsober sage, 'are the most philosophic people in the world, and the greatest smokers : now, I trace their philosophy to their smoking.'

"I have heard say their philosophy is all smoke ; is that your opinion ?"

"Why, no ; but," &c.

Taylor, as is well known, was the first who devoted himself to the introduction of German literature into our language. Translations and essays, with this object, formed the main subjects of his contributions to the Monthly Review, for a period of about thirty years. It is, then, no wonder that he indoctrinated his young friend into the knowledge and love of German. We hope he

did him no other harm; but his misty metaphysics, and his skeptical method of viewing every subject, were, we apprehend, no advantage to him, and no source of comfort in after life. "All is a lie—all a deceitful phantom," he remarks, in a tone which sounds like one of bitter experience, "are old cries; they come naturally from the mouths of those who, casting aside that choicest shield against madness—simplicity—would fain be wise as God, and can only know that they are naked."

Our student was now eighteen, and had, in addition to some acquaintance with the Latin and Greek, acquired a knowledge of the Irish, Welsh, French, Italian, German, Danish, Hebrew, Arabic, and Armenian languages. To these were subsequently added the Spanish and Russian. How many more he mastered we know not, but the revelations of his middle life, which are yet to come, will probably increase the catalogue. About this period his father died, and it became imperative on him to support himself. He could hope for nothing from the profession at which he had been such an idle apprentice; and he accordingly made up his mind to leave his mother on her own slender, but sufficient, means in Norwich, and go to London. It is to the credit of Taylor, that he made a genuine effort to serve him. He applied to Southey to procure for him an appointment in the Foreign Office; but an application from one who, however much regarded, was known to be an infidel, and intemperate, could hardly be influential; and it accordingly proved unavailing. Taylor then gave him a warm introduction to Sir Richard Phillips, who was at that time one of the most eminent publishers in London, and the proprietor of a periodical, the *Monthly Magazine*, to which the Norwich sage had been for many years the most important contributor. Armed with this, and freighted with his translations from the Welsh and Danish, he arrived in the great metropolis; and with the beating heart of one who knew that his bread depended upon his reception, approached the house of the awful bookseller. Phillips was a singular character; and the portrait of him in the second volume is one which, as Sir Joshua has said, a stranger would, from its individuality, know to be a likeness. He was one of those who wish to be regarded as an original thinker; and like the unfortunate juror in Joe Miller, who always met the eleven most obstinate men in the world, he soon found himself differing from all

around him. He was a skeptic in religion, a republican in politics, a Pythagorean in diet; and he published, or rather printed, for nobody, we suppose, either bought or read it, a work of his own, to show that the theories and discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton were all founded in mistake. He was, however, a keen, and, we may add, an unscrupulous man of business. This personage received our young author with some show of kindness; but when he talked of publishing, looked dark and stern. "The Ancient Songs of Denmark," with notes philological, critical, and historical, and to which poor Borrow looked for profit and for fame, were thus disposed of;—"Sir, I assure you that your time and labor have been entirely flung away; nobody would read your ballads, if you were to give them to the world to-morrow." The translations from Ab Gwilym, the Welsh bard, the sheet-anchor of his hopes, were treated with a "Pass on; what else?" The publisher quite understood that the stranger possessed some literary talents, which he desired to draw out, and at the same time engage them on his own terms. He proposed an evangelical novel, but this young Borrow declined. He then intimated that he could afford as much as ten pounds for a well-written tale, in the style of the "Dairyman's Daughter."

"That is the kind of literature, sir, that sells at the present. It is not the 'Miller of the Black Valley;' no, sir; nor Herder either, that will suit the present taste. The evangelical body is becoming very strong, sir; the canting scoundrels. . ."

Mr. Borrow found himself but little qualified for a tale of this description; and, folding up the rejected translations, returned to his lodgings, disappointed, sorrowful, and anxious. It was manifest that employment of some sort must be had; and he therefore sought another interview with Phillips, when they came to terms. On this occasion the publisher showed his knowledge of business and of men. He talked no more of evangelical novels or religious tales, but at once proposed to employ our author in compiling Newgate lives and trials. The terms of the contract were somewhat hard.

"I expect you, sir," said he, "to compile six volumes of Newgate lives and trials, each volume to contain, by no manner of means, less than one thousand pages. The remuneration which you will receive when the work is completed will be fifty pounds, which is likewise intended to cover any expenses you may incur in procuring books



paper, and manuscripts necessary for the compilation."

The agreement was accepted; and Borrow was besides enlisted as an attaché to a new Review, which, however, never reached a second number. In addition to these labors, another, with more of the badge of Egyptian bondage, was enjoined him; that was, to translate into German a work on philosophy, by the skeptical, republican, Pythagorean publisher himself. To this was added the pleasant condition, that if the speculation was profitable, he was to have "some remuneration." How long these occupations engaged him we are not enabled to say. They, at all events, left him, after days and nights of toil, as poor as when he began. The denouement of his connection with Phillips was brought about by the work on philosophy. This was the hardest of all his tasks. Borrow could easily render English into German; but how to make intelligible in any language what was inconceivable in his own, was, as he found, a serious difficulty. He took what appears to have been the only practicable course, that of dashingly translating on, on chance. When the first chapter was submitted to some Germans, and pronounced by them to be unintelligible, the wrath of the city knight waxed so sublime, that no one who was not like Mr. Borrow, six feet three, \* and a good pugilist,

\* For the following lines, as well as for some information relating to the schooldays of *Lavengro*, we are indebted to that ably conducted Journal, the *Britannia* newspaper, for April 26th, 1851. Mr. Borrow, when about four-and-twenty, published "Romantic ballads, translated from the Danish, and Miscellaneous Poems;" among which were the stanzas to "Six Foot Three." These his friends, at the time, thought original, and descriptive of himself. The portrait had some points or resemblance, and six foot three was just his height:—

#### LINES TO SIX FOOT THREE.

"A lad who twenty tongues can talk,  
And sixty miles a day can walk,  
Drink at a draught a pint of rum,  
And then be neither sick nor dumb;  
Can tune a song, and make a verse,  
And deeds of northern kings rehearse;  
Who never will forsake his friend,  
While he his bony fist can bend;  
And, though averse to brawl and strife,  
Will fight a Dutchman with a knife;—  
O, that is just the lad for me—  
And such is honest Six Foot Three.

"A braver being ne'er had birth,  
Since God first kneaded man from earth,  
O, I have cause to know him well,  
As Ferroe's blacken'd rocks can tell.  
Who was it did at Suderöe  
The deed no other dar'd to do!

could abide his presence. Our young author was now as poor, as friendless, but not near so strong, as when he first went up to town. No parts of these volumes have interested us so much as those which describe his struggles in London, the determination with which he toiled for bread, and the integrity which made him instantly reject what, to a person of such peculiar tastes, must have been very pressing temptations; these were offers of immediate provision, in strange modes of life, and on easy though somewhat questionable terms. These traits are incidentally, and certainly unostentatiously, given. There can hardly, we think, be a doubt of their truth; but even if fictitious, they deserve our praise. One evening, soon after his rupture with Phillips, as he was returning to his lonely lodging and spare meal of bread and water, he observed, fixed to a window at a respectable bookseller's, a paper, on which was written,

Who was it when the Boff had burst,  
And whelm'd me in its womb accurst—  
Who was it dash'd amid the wave,  
With frantic zeal my life to save!  
Who was it flung the rope to me!  
O, who but honest Six Foot Three!

"Who was it taught my willing tongue  
The songs that Braga framed and sung!  
Who was it op'd to me the store  
Of dark unearthly Runic lore,  
And taught me to beguile my time  
With Denmark's aged and witching rhyme,  
To rest in thought in Elvir shades,  
And hear the song of fairy maids,  
Or climb the top of Dovrefeld,  
Where magic knights their muster held,  
Who was it did all this for me!  
O, who but honest Six Foot Three!

"Whenever fate shall bid me roam,  
Far, far from social joy and home,  
'Mid burning Afric's desert sands,  
Or wild Kamschatka's frozen lands;  
Bit by the poison-loaded breeze,  
Or blasts which clog with ice the seas;  
In lonely cot or lordly hall,  
In beggars' rags or robes of pall;  
'Mong robber bands or honest men,  
In crowded town or forest den,  
I never will unmindful be  
Of what I owe to Six Foot Three.

"That form which moves with giant grace—  
That wild, though not unhandsome face;  
That voice which sometimes in its tone  
Is softer than the wood dove's moan;  
At others, louder than the storm  
Which beats the side of old Cairn Gorm;  
That hand, as white as falling snow,  
Which yet can fell the stoutest foe;  
And, last of all, that noble heart,  
Which ne'er from honor's path would start,  
Shall never be forgot by me—  
So farewell, honest Six Foot Three."

"A Novel or Tale is much wanted." At that time he had but eighteen pence in the world; and he doubted whether he could maintain himself on this, while he tried to write the tale.

"It was true, there was my lodging to pay for; but up to the present time I owed nothing, and, perhaps, by the time that the people in the house asked me for money, I should have written a tale or a novel, which would bring me in money; I had paper, pens, and ink, and, let me not forget them. I had candles in my closet, all paid for, to light me during my night-work. Enough, I would go doggedly to work upon my tale or novel."—Vol. ii. p. 246.

The next observation which he had occasion to make was, that it is much easier to resolve upon a thing, than to achieve, or even to commence it. After much meditation, and many failures, his views assumed enough of form to enable him to work them out into a narrative, which he entitled, "The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell, the Great Traveler." It is often stated, that Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in a single night, for the purpose of gaining money enough to cover the expenses of his mother's funeral. No one who knows anything of even the mechanical part of the labor of writing, will think this possible. Borrow's *brochure* was, probably, not even so long, and it took him five whole days of incessant and feverish toil. Having left the manuscript with the bookseller for perusal, he was directed to call next day, when he was physiognomist enough to see that the impression was in his favor. Five pounds, however, was the sum offered; Borrow, with desperate firmness, asked five-and-twenty, and the negotiation terminated with his receiving twenty. This was, probably, but a fraction of its value, yet the bookseller, whoever he was, seems entitled to the praise of having perceived the talent which the tale, no doubt, possessed.

Ill in health, and worn with toil, young Borrow yearned for the country, and, with bundle in hand, walked out of London. He had no fixed object, so placing himself and his fortunes on the top of the first mail-coach which overtook him, he was let down in the neighborhood of Salisbury plain. There an incident occurred, which, as it led him into an altogether novel course, we think it right to notice. He came to a road-side inn, with a huge oak before it, "under the shade of which stood a little pony and a cart:"—

"I entered a well-sanded kitchen, and seated

myself on a bench, on one side of a long white table; the other side, which was nearest to the wall, was occupied by a party, or rather family, consisting of a grimy-looking man, somewhat under the middle size, dressed in faded velvetcoats, and wearing a leather apron; a rather pretty-looking woman, but sun-burnt, and meanly dressed, and two ragged children, a boy and girl about four or five years old. The man sat with his eyes fixed upon the table, supporting his chin with both his hands; the woman, who was next him, sat quite still, save that occasionally she turned a glance upon her husband with eyes that appeared to have been lately crying. The children had none of the vivacity so general at their age. A more disconsolate family I had never seen; a mug which, when filled, might contain half-a-pint, stood empty before them; a very disconsolate party indeed."

He orders these poor people to be supplied with ale, which leads to their better acquaintance:—

"Tinker.—"It's a fine thing to be a scholar?"

"Myself.—"Not half so fine as to be a tinker."

"Tinker.—"How you talk?"

"Myself.—"Nothing but the truth; what can be better than to be one's own master; now, a tinker is his own master, a scholar is not. Let us suppose the best of scholars, a schoolmaster for example; for I suppose you will admit, that no one can be higher in scholarship than a schoolmaster; do you call him a pleasant life? I don't; we should call him a school-slave, rather than a schoolmaster. Only conceive him, in blessed weather like this, in his close school, teaching children to write in copy-books, 'Evil communication corrupts good manners,' or 'You cannot touch pitch without defilement,' or to spell out of 'Abecedarius,' or to read out of 'Jack Smith,' or 'Sandford and Merton.' Only conceive him, I say, drudging in such guiso from morning till night, without any rational employment but to beat the children. Would you compare such a dog's life as that with your own, the happiest under heaven, true Eden-life, as the Germans would say, pitching your tent under the pleasant hedge-rows, listening to the song of the feathered tribes, collecting all the leaky kettles in the neighborhood, soldering and joining, earning your honest bread by the wholesome sweat of your brow, making ten holes; hey, what's this? what's the man crying for?"

"Suddenly the tinker had covered his face with his hands, and began to sob and moan like a man in the deepest distress; the breast of his wife was heaved with emotion; even the children were agitated, the youngest began to roar.

"Myself.—"What's the matter with you? What are you all crying about?"

"Tinker.—(uncovering his face)—"Lord, why to hear you talk; isn't that enough to make anybody cry—even the poor babes? Yes, you said right, 'tis life in the garden of Eden—the tinker's; I see so now, that I am about to give it up."

"Myself.—"Give it up! you must not think of such a thing."

"*Tinker.*—'No, I can't bear to think of it; and yet I must. What is to be done? How hard to be frightened to death; to be driven off the roads.'

"*Myself.*—'Who has driven you off the roads.'

"*Tinker.*—'Who! the Flaming Tinman.'

"*Myself.*—'Who is he?'

"*Tinker.*—'The biggest rogue in England, and the cruelest, or he would not have served me as he has done. I'll tell you all about it,' " &c.

This introduces the tinker's tale, which is full of character and interest, but too long to be given here. It appears that no "beat" will support two tinkers, and that the Flaming Tinman—a "Hercules," and a first-rate pugilist—compelled our poor friend to fight him for the "beat," and, on beating him, made him take an oath on his wife's Bible that he would never again practise in these parts. Hence the sympathy evinced in our author's eulogy on the trade; hence the flowing tears. The issue of the conference is, that Borrow, partly from a desire to improve himself in the mending of kettles, partly from a liking for a life not greatly at variance with some of his antecedents, and very much, we are sure, from a wish to assist this troubled family, purchases their pony, cart, and stock in trade, and, providing himself with a waggoner's frock, takes to the roads himself. He subsequently meets with

the dreadful tinman, who recognizing the cart, at once assails him; but after a hard-fought contest, is obliged to yield, and leaves our hero master of the beat. Whoever has seen our author's athletic form, or heard of his skill in pugilism, will regard this as a very credible achievement; and it is highly probable that a longing for the encounter had its influence in inducing him to adopt his new pursuit.

The adventures connected with this *al fresco* life form the subjects of the third volume, which closes about the year 1828-9, leaving Lavengro still a tinker, and in the twenty-third year of his age. The decade which followed between that period and the tour in Spain, was passed in distant travel, hinted at in other works, but never yet described. In that brief interval he paced the snow-clad steppes of Russia and the burning deserts of Morocco, lived in Tatar tents, wandered by the banks of the Danube, and over the hills and through the woods of Hungary; where else, we know not. Let him but give us the incidents of his experience in these journeys, without mixture of the marvelous, or alloy of fiction, and we may well promise one who can make so much of the nothings in these volumes, a celebrity as extensive as that which his "Zincali" and his book on Spain won for him before.

## TO A CHILD SLEEPING.

Nestle, thou little one,  
Fashion'd so fair,  
Fondled so tenderly,  
Watch'd with such care;  
Sleeping so rosily,  
Clasp'd to that breast,  
Breathing sweet lullabies  
Soothing thy rest.

How does that gentle face  
Bend over thine!  
Not the sweet rose that droops  
Hangs more divine.  
Oh! for that holy light,  
Oh! for that tear!  
Why art thy weeping now,  
Sweet mother dear?

Oh, what a sight of love!  
Oh, what a joy!  
Still may that gushing heart  
Watch o'er that boy!  
Sleep on, thou rosy one;  
Nothing is there  
In that sweet soul of thine  
Checker'd with care.

What art thou thinking of,  
Dreaming of now,  
While that soft hand of hers  
Smooths thy young brow?  
Why do those rays of light  
Over thee play!—  
If angels speak to thee,  
What do they say?

Surely, no thoughts of earth  
Bring that sweet smile  
Over that cherub mouth,  
Free from all guile:  
We that have known its strife,  
Shar'd in its pain,  
Ne'er can partake of that  
Joyaunce again:

Nestle thee, nestle thee,  
Cherub of light,  
Making one holy heart  
Throb with delight.  
Still let me look on thee—  
Howe'er they cloy  
This shall not pass away,  
Joy of all joy!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE amount of our self-imposed taxation for charitable objects is unknown. It is impossible to get at the statistics of our voluntary benevolence, it flows through such innumerable unseen channels, to say nothing of the public ways by which contributions are collected—the Dinners, the Charity Sermons, Local Associations, Ladies' Committees, Societies, Subscription Lists. There is no country in the world so heavily taxed; yet there is no country in the world that taxes itself so heavily for the comfort and support of the sick and poor, independently of the compulsory provision which the state enforces for the same purposes. Our public is undoubtedly the most tender-hearted public on earth. Every isolated misfortune brought to light at a police office, produces a shower of donations in the letter-box, like manna in the desert. Infinite are the capabilities of our sympathy, which, like the proboscis of an elephant, can lift a man or pick up a pin. No section of the panorama of life contains half so wide a range of character and action as might be exhibited in a comprehensive view of our voluntary charities, beginning at the top of the scale with Hospitals and Alms Houses, Baths and Soup Kitchens, and running down through inexhaustible Cases of Distress to the minor details of Broken Legs; Widows and Orphans, whose natural protectors have been smashed in railways, or blown up in mines, or precipitated from tops of houses, or otherwise cut off by accident or design; wandering people, who have "known better days," and are found sleeping in dry arches and entries; suicidally disposed females; heroic fishermen; deserted wives; and the tens of thousands of debatable shapes of eccentricity, bordering on crime. The money expended in England in private contributions to such objects, exceeds in amount the voluntary charities of the whole of Europe added together.

In the distribution of this universal benevolence, all classes and conditions are more or less helped and aided. Nor is this all.

VOL. XXIII. NO. III

It diffuses amongst the people a desire to help themselves. A saving principle enters into our social charity, and co-operates with it. Individuals gradually form combinations, not merely for the purpose of giving assistance to others in distress, but of placing themselves beyond the want of it. The effect of our voluntary aid is, happily, not to make its recipients depend less upon their own exertions, but to make them exert themselves the more, that they may attain the proud position of extending similar aid to those who are struggling below them. It is not all a cry to Jupiter: the sturdy English people love independence, and know its value too well not to put their own shoulders lustily to the wheel.

Out of these noble and energetic agencies come Funds and Endowments for all manner of decayed hands and brains. The haberdasher, the victualler, the carpenter—every trade, calling, and profession, has its *refugium* in one way or another, its resource in sickness, its little annuity in old age, or its house of retreat to end its days in. These arrangements arise partly from the general care and benevolence of society, and partly from the provident efforts of the industrial classes to provide against calamities which the most watchful prudence cannot always avert. Almost every occupation—or order—dependent on its own exertions for sustentation and success, has some recognized and established refuge—*except Literature and Art*. The reason is, perhaps, to be traced, on the one hand, to the reluctance which men who confer benefits upon the world feel at receiving as an obligation that which, strictly regarded, is but a trifling installment of the debt which the world owes them; and, on the other hand, to the want of that union and forethought amongst themselves, which is common to the meanest handicrafts, but rarely found in association with intellectual pursuits.

We do not join in the cry that society is to blame exclusively for this extraordinary blank in the catalogue of our provident institutions.



Much responsibility, no doubt, rests upon society in this country for its treatment of its Prophets and Teachers; but the whole blame is not with the public; it lies in no inconsiderable measure at the doors of the authors and artists themselves, who have not hitherto made sufficiently strenuous and persevering efforts to achieve their own independence.

The chief claim which the new proposal for founding a "Guild of Literature and Art" appears to possess on the support and confidence of the public at large, is this,—that it is based upon a principle which makes provident habits a condition of admission to its advantages, and that the means by which it proposes to work out its results, are such as to insure internal coherence and co-operation, to the utmost practicable extent. These are important elements in a scheme that has for its object the union of men whom, by the very nature of their studies, and the peculiarity of their way of life, it has always been found difficult to bring to act effectively together. The discovery of a common interest on the neutral ground of a life insurance office, is the one admirable feature of this project upon which we rely for its ultimate accomplishment.

The details of the plan have been already so extensively published, that we shall here allude only to its leading features. The Guild is to be an Institute for the reception of literary men and artists—to consist of a certain number of free residences, of members with a salary of two hundred pounds a year each, without a house, or one hundred and seventy pounds with a house, a Warden with a salary of two hundred pounds, and Associates with a salary of one hundred pounds. To these emoluments certain duties are attached, which, though apparently slight, are quite enough to elevate the character of the Institution and its members. These duties are to consist of lectures, which each member will be required to deliver; so that, while he receives a permanent benefit from the Guild, he will be permitted to feel that he renders some help, and discharges some responsibility, in return for it. But no man can be a candidate for admission to the Institution, who does not come with an insurance of some sort in his hand. As a good deal of misconception has gone abroad upon this point, it is right to observe, that the required insurance may be entered into at any office, or in any form required by the convenience, or adapted to the circumstances, of the insurer. Arrangements have been made with one particular office, which offers the temptation of a deduction of

five per cent. to the members of the Guild—an advantage which individuals could not obtain, and which would be conceded only to a body. But no candidate for admission to the Guild is required to insure in that office. It is at his own option to pay five per cent. more, at any other office, if he prefer it.

Such are the broad features of the plan. New considerations may arise in the working out of the design, and some modifications may be adopted in the details. We presume it is open to any alterations in the machinery, which closer and more matured observation may suggest; but we trust that the principle on which it is founded will be preserved in its integrity. It was not to be hoped that a project of this kind, dealing with elements which are said, proverbially, to be incapable of fusion, should have been launched without being assailed with doubts and objections, or that the first outline of it should have been perfect.

The adverse criticisms, however, which have appeared on the Guild are highly encouraging, and exhibit in the fullest light the absolute want of such an institution. The doubt is whether it can be carried into execution. To confine its advantages only to such literary men and artists as insure their lives, is considered in one quarter to be destructive to the very object at which it aims, seeing that of all classes these are the last amongst whom insurances are cultivated. The objection is a curious one, and is worth noticing, as it really involves the strongest imaginable argument in favor of the design. The classes by whom insurances are least cultivated, are exactly the classes most in want—not of that sort of eleemosynary help which merely checks the ravages of waste and imprudence, and bequeathes no permanent good—but of a self-protecting institute, which shall introduce amongst them those habits of economy and foresight in which they are confessedly deficient, and by which they may be lifted above the necessity of seeking for occasional assistance. The fact that artists and literary men—as a body—do not insure, is the very reason why insurance is adopted as a qualification of admission to the Guild. The first object of the Guild is to make them insure—to induce them to be provident—to tempt or allure them into the adoption of those domestic safeguards by which more worldly men fence round their hearths during their own lives, and amass something to leave behind them to their children. It is, in short, this feature which distinguishes the project from all others that have gone before it, and

which, we think, entitles it to the most earnest support of all classes of the people.

All classes are indebted to Art and Letters. The subscription to this Guild is not an offering of alms—it is an acknowledgment, very short of what we all owe, to the civilizers who, from our youth upwards, have nurtured in us whatever we have of good, have directed our intelligence, elevated, refined, and purified our tastes, and bestowed upon us those possessions which adversity cannot diminish, and which alone of all our acquisitions can be said to be absolutely our own and inalienable. They may strip me of my worldly goods, said Tasso, deprive me of my friends, and deny me air and light, but they cannot rob me of my knowledge! In a country like England, that has so much reason to be proud of her superiority in every department of intellectual labor, it is an anomaly and a stigma, that no institution exists which offers permanent and effective succor to writers and artists. An effort is now being made in the right direction, and from the brilliant auspices under which it has been inaugurated, and the success by which it has been attended, we hope that the reproach which we have suffered to cling to us so long is about to be removed at last.

The first step taken towards the accomplishment of the desiderated object was a grant of land for the erection of the buildings, given by Sir Bulwer Lytton, on his estate at Knebworth, and a comedy written by him expressly for the purpose, and presented to the distinguished amateurs whose performances are already known to the public. With this double act of munificence, as a hopeful beginning, the promoters of the Guild put out their prospectus.

If the history of this project should ever come to be written, it will present some memorabilia of more than ordinary interest. Not the least curious incident among the preliminary arrangements for bringing out the comedy, and putting the machinery for further operations in motion, was that of building a portable theatre, which could be set up anywhere, like a house of cards, taken down in a few hours, and packed up again to be sent off to its next destination. The advantage of this portable theatre is obvious. It can be set up anywhere, and it saves the expense—a serious item—of hiring a play-house to act the comedy in. But these are not the only considerations that invest the little movable stage with an amount of interest which, probably, never before clustered about an undertaking of this kind. The

scenes are voluntary offerings from some of our most distinguished artists, and as the scale is small, and the audience necessarily closer to the stage than at the large houses, these paintings approach almost to the finish of cabinet pictures, in the delicacy and carefulness of their details. The act drop, by Roberts; a scene in Old London on the Thames, by Stanfield; a street, by Grieve; interior, by Pitt; a "Murillo," by Absolon, and a tapestry chamber by Haghe, present an ensemble of the highest attraction. It would be difficult, within the same compass, to imagine a more complete or exquisite structure than this theatre, as it appears in the Picture Gallery of Devonshire House, its rich proscenium being made to blend and harmonize most skillfully with the gorgeous embellishments of that magnificent apartment, while all the accessories in the way of light and color contribute in various ways to enhance the beauty and splendor of the *coup d'œil*.

In this theatre, on the 16th of last month, the new comedy was acted before the highest audience that could be collected in this country. A box had been raised on one side, communicating with one of the drawing-rooms, for the Queen and Prince Albert, and the seats to the back of the gallery were filled by an assemblage, the character of which was happily anticipated in a passage of the play, which Mr. Dickens delivered with significant point and emphasis. It is in a scene where a fashionable lord, touched by the integrity of a poor author, apostrophizes the sufferings of Genius, and predicts the coming of a happier time and a juster age—of which that memorable night might be fairly regarded as the threshold.

"Ah, trust me, the day shall come, when men will feel that it is not charity we owe to the ennoblers of life—it is tribute. When your order shall rise with the civilization it called into being, and, amidst some assemblage of all that is lofty and fair in the chivalry of birth, it shall refer its claim to just rank amongst freemen, to some Queen whom even a Milton might have sung, or a Hampden have died for."

The comedy, written with a view to the illustration of the objects it was intended to serve, contains other passages and allusions equally calculated to awaken attention to the position and the rights of men of genius, and which must be always sure to take effect in the acting. The character of a rising member of parliament, who begins as a writer, and works his own way to political influence, appears to have been designed to exhibit the

rewards that wait upon self-reliance and honorable perseverance, although the force of the moral is slightly diminished by the discovery that he owes much of his successes to the secret helps by which (unknown to himself) his career has been sustained. Ruminating upon the condition of a starving author, he, too, prophesies a happier destiny for letters.

"I've been a writer myself. But the remedy? A state may but humble by alms; a minister corrupt by a bribe; what patron then for letters? The public?—yes, for the prosperous. And for those who with toils as severe, but with genius less shaped to the taste of the many, can win not the ear of the day, why perhaps in some far distant age, when end of the strong have dropped to death broken-hearted, and end of the weak (bowed down by the tyrant necessity), have veiled in shame and despair the eyes that once looked to the stars; then rival children of light may learn at last, that the tie they now rend should be the bond to unite them, and help one another."

It is in expressions like these that the motive and spirit of the comedy come out; and, although the story only incidentally bears upon the fortunes of Literature, there is enough of occasional reference in it to the toils and disappointments of genius, to link it with a telling effect to the interest of the occasion.

The plot is not striking. It is in characterization the comedy excels. There is a great variety of individuals, all strongly contrasted, from the city popinjay to the best bruiser of the day. Every character has its own costume, and every member of the company is accordingly fitted with a part which, whether it be large or small, whether it develop an original nature or merely carries a label, is distinguished by some attribute which enables him to stand upon his speciality. This method of composing a dramatic work is excellently adapted to the end for which this comedy was written. It diffuses the individual interest over a large surface, and enables the cast to embrace a list of names that may be fairly said to reflect almost every form of art and authorship.

The picture which the comedy gives us of the forlorn condition of *David Fellen*, an author of the days when Sir Robert Walpole was minister, belongs to a past age, and a state of manners and social relations totally different from our own. It was the time when a Duke desired an author to stay and feed with his lacqueys, and when Dr. Johnson was treated like a menial by an Earl. We have already outlived that degradation.

Literature and art are no longer neglected and despised; and, as this very occasion shows, may proudly lift up their heads amongst the noblest and the highest in the land. The salutary change that has taken place in this respect, could not be more remarkably evinced than in the princely hospitalities of the Duke of Devonshire to this Company of Amateurs, and the earnest interest he took in their proceedings, from the commencement of the rehearsals to their last performance. The debt which the Guild owes to his Grace cannot be overrated. In throwing open his mansion to their representations, he surrendered nearly the whole of the grand suite of rooms to the uses of the actors. The risk and trouble which the necessary alterations occasioned, and the unavoidable occupation of the library, and several other costly apartments, during a period of several weeks, involved an amount of inconvenience which even the most zealous patron of letters might be excused for declining to incur. But the Duke of Devonshire showed by the spirit of kindness and urbanity with which he made these sacrifices, how lightly he estimated them in comparison with the amount of service which, by his hospitable and courteous example, he hoped to render to the cause.

If he had rendered no greater service than in showing us that the days of the *David Fellen*s are over, he would have done enough to entitle him to the highest distinction that can be conferred upon him, in the records of the Institution which his munificence has mainly helped to endow. Here is *David Fellen's* autobiography; where shall we now look for the Grub-street it depicts?

"I entered the world, devoted heart and soul to two causes—the throne of the Stuart, and the glory of letters. I saw them both as a poet. My father left me no heritage but loyalty and learning when he fell at Marston Moor. Charles the Second praised my verse, and I starved; James the Second praised my prose, and I starved; the reign of King William—I passed that in prison. The Ministers of Anne offered me a pension to belie my past life, and write odes on a Queen who had dethroned her own father. I was not then disenchanted—I refused. That's years ago. If I starved, I had fame. Now came my worst foes, my own fellow writers. What is fame but a fashion? A jest upon Grub-street, a rhyme from young Pope, could jeer a score of grey laborers like me out of this last consolation. Time and hunger tame all. I could still starve myself; I have six children at home—they must live."

We have made an unquestionable advance

since that day. There is want enough, and calamity and struggle enough amongst all classes of writers,—but they hold a higher status than they did. The distance between them and the upper ranks of society is abridged. The two aristocracies have come nearer, and know each other better, and the intercourse has improved both. They have discovered in each other qualities for which they never gave each other credit before; they have found out their common humanity, and have learned to appreciate more truly than they did that moral and intellectual superiority, which lifts up the humblest man, and to which the loftiest must bow. This is much, but it is not all; much more yet remains to be done. Literary and artistical people have been too much scattered. They have had no common centre, no bond of union, no concentration of any kind from which they could acquire internal strength to fortify their position. This is what is wanted, and what the “Guild of Literature and Art” proposes to attempt. The time is auspicious for it; and the result of the opening experiment abundantly justifies the expectation that the attempt will be crowned with success.

The first performance at Devonshire House produced a sum of 1250*l.*, which, with the amount secured by the sale of the reversionary interest in the comedy to the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, amounted to nearly 1800*l.* This sum included a donation from the Queen of 150*l.*, and the rest was made up of single tickets at 5*l.* each. The receipts on this occasion are, we believe, without precedent, and must have exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the originators of the project; and the more especially, as only two days before upwards of 700*l.* had been subscribed at the annual dinner of the Literary Fund Society, for purposes of nearly an analogous character. That noble institution, which administers with such delicacy and discretion to the urgent wants of literary men, averting by a little timely aid the most fatal consequences, occupies ground wholly distinct from the Guild. The operation of the Guild—if it operate effectively—will be to decrease the number of claims upon the Literary Fund, and to enable that Society to bestow larger grants upon the applicants it relieves. And as the object which the Guild finally proposes, of supplying a refuge to its members in old age and the decline of the powers, cannot, we believe, be embraced by the Literary Fund, whose responsibility is already heavy enough, the two institutions

may be regarded as exercising a beneficial action on each other, in sustaining at different periods and under different circumstances the class to whose interests they are both dedicated.

After the splendid hospitalities of the Duke of Devonshire, it ought not to be forgotten that the largest contributions which have been, or are likely to be, made to the new institution are those which are made by the amateurs themselves. Nothing could be done without them. They embody and enforce the principle. They give it shape and utterance, and have rallied round it the beauty and the chivalry of the kingdom. Nor is this all. To them the sacrifice of time is a serious consideration. The rehearsals and other contingencies that wait upon the production of the play, and the contemplated performances of it in the principal towns of the kingdom, involve an outlay of time which, upon the whole, will be equivalent to a very magnificent donation from each individual. Nor can the design be carried out without much private expenditure and personal inconvenience, in addition to the time taken from profitable pursuits and devoted to this noble purpose. It is right that this should be known, and that higher motives than the pleasure of indulging a fancy for acting should be recognized in the exertions of the authors and artists who have taken the lead in this project, and upon whose combined efforts its ultimate fate depends.

A second performance took place at Devonshire House, on Tuesday, the 27th ult., and on that occasion the attractions were enhanced by a new farce, called “Mr. Nightingale’s Diary,” and a ball and supper. The appearance of the theatre at this reception presented little difference from that which it exhibited on the former; except, perhaps, that the excitement of a ball in prospect diffused a livelier feeling amongst the audience.

On the second representation, the comedy appeared to greater advantage than on the first. It went more glibly, to use a theatrical phrase, the actors were more easy in their parts, and the striking points and situations were thrown out into stronger relief. It is one of those plays that rest solely on the strength and weight of character and dialogue, and which cannot fail to improve upon its audiences with each repetition.

But we must say a word about “Mr. Nightingale’s Diary.” The plot and treatment of this piece have been evidently assigned with a view to the capabilities of Mr.



Dickens and Mr. Lemon, for a variety of highly contrasted impersonations; and a more successful effort, both in design and execution, has seldom been made. The action turns on the plans of an impostor to deceive a hypochondrical gentleman and their frustration by the lover of the gentleman's niece, who hopes by this means to reconcile the uncle to his marriage. All this goes for nothing. The niece and the lover are shadows in their affectionate relations to each other, and the tender passion out of which the embroglio is supposed to issue, may be dismissed as a myth. The real interest consists in a series of assumptions not only excellently conceived in the dialogue, but inimitably rendered in the acting. The vivacity of this smart farce told with remarkable effect after the stately and comparatively sombre tone of the comedy.

We cannot convey any correct notion of the eccentricities embodied in "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," but the flavor of its rich humor may be inferred from the following sample which, delivered by Mr. Dickens, in the living manner of *Mrs. Gamp*, drew down bursts of applause. The speaker is supposed to be claiming the mothership of a son who is claimed by her antagonist. "Who," exclaims the pretender on the other side, "who saw your first tooth drawn, gave you medicine when you were sick, and made you so when you was n't?" To which her irritated opponent replies,—

"Me, ma'am, as is well bekown to all the country round, which the name of this sweetest of babbies as was giv' to his own joyful self when blest in best Whitchapel mixed upon a pincushen, and mother saved likewise, was Absalom. Arter his own parential father, as never (otherwise than through being bad in liquor) lost a day's work in the wheelwright business, while it was but limited, Mr. Nightingale, being wheels of donkey shays and goats, and one was even drawn by geese for a wager, and went right into the centre aisle of the parish church on a Sunday morning, on account of the obstinacy of the animals, as can be certified by Mr. Wigs the beadle afore he died of drawing on his Wellington boots, to which he was not accustomed, arter a hearty meal of beef and walnuts, to which he was too parshal, and in the marble fountain of that church, this precious-est of infants was made Absalom, which never can be unmade no more, I am proud to say, to please or give offence to no one nowhere and no-hows."

Isolated from the context, this passage loses much of its effect; but even thus isolated, the richness of the humor is unmistakable. It is *Mrs. Gamp* returned in the flesh,

with her long involved sentences, and her perpetual recurrence to self and personal experiences, and her odd jumble of things, all tending, however, to an end of some sort, but hopelessly entangled and incoherent in form and sequence.

With the Comedy and Farce, the broad mirth of the latter coming with its welcome sunshine after the graver and more sententious dialogue of the former, the success of the amateurs in their labors to raise funds for the Guild, may be looked forward to with hopefulness. A large sum has been already collected—altogether, perhaps, something close upon 2500*l.*; and there are expectations of another kind beyond this, from which equally beneficial results may be anticipated. Mr. Martin is understood to have promised to paint a picture which shall embrace portraits of every person engaged in the comedy, including also the author's portrait, each in the costume of his part. The profits of this picture, and the engraving which will be made from it, will form a considerable accession to the Fund.

Authors and artists are doing their part, it only remains for the public to imitate their example. In the catalogue of names engaged in these amateur theatricals, we find that the company is composed of twelve authors and three artists, that seven artists have painted the scenes, and that further help has been placed at the command of the company in any way in which it can be made available, by the most distinguished members of the Royal Academy. Under auspices such as these, the design ought to prosper. But nothing of this kind can prosper in England, unless the public take a direct and immediate interest in its success. To them, therefore, we look for the means by which the plan is to be practically accomplished. It is not merely by attending amateur plays the requisite funds are to be collected, but by donations and annual subscriptions. In no country on the face of the globe is this necessity of descending into the pocket and opening the purse-strings better understood than in England; and, therefore, we say with confidence to the universal public, "See what literary men and artists are endeavoring to do, at a great sacrifice to themselves, for the purpose of establishing the new Guild. Sustain them in their exertions by losing no time in coming forward and subscribing. First, satisfy yourselves that the project is sound, and that it is entrusted to safe hands, and then—send in your subscriptions."

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal

## MARY KINGSFORD.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1836, I was hurriedly despatched to Liverpool for the purpose of securing the person of one Charles James Marshall, a collecting clerk, who, it was suddenly discovered, had absconded with a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. I was too late—Charles James Marshall having sailed in one of the American liners the day before my arrival in the northern commercial capital. This fact well ascertained, I immediately set out on my return to London. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold; and a piercing wind caused the snow, which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate in fierce, blinding eddies, and heaped it up here and there into large and dangerous drifts. The obstruction offered by the rapidly-congealing snow, greatly delayed our progress between Liverpool and Birmingham; and at a few miles only distant from the latter city, the leading engine ran off the line. Fortunately the rate at which we were traveling was a very slow one, and no accident of moment occurred. Having no luggage to care for, I walked on to Birmingham, where I found the parliamentary train just on the point of starting, and with some hesitation, on account of the severity of the weather, I took my seat in one of the then very much exposed and uncomfortable carriages. We traveled steadily and safely, though slowly along, and reached Rugby Station in the afternoon, where we were to remain, the guard told us, till a fast down train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where blazing fires and other appliances soon thawed the half-frozen bodies, and loosened the tongues of the numerous and motley passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs and faculties, I had leisure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage about me.

Two persons had traveled in the same

compartment with me from Birmingham, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise that such finely-attired, fashionable gentlemen should stoop to journey by the plebeian penny-a-mile train. I could now observe them in a clearer light, and surprise at their apparent condescension vanished at once. To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class of "swells," they might, perhaps, have passed muster for what they assumed to be, especially amidst the varied crowd of a "parliamentary;" but their copper finery could not for a moment impose upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, mosaic; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses the same; the coats, fur-collared and cuffed, were ill-fitting and second-hand; ditto of the varnished boots and renovated velvet waistcoats; while the luxuriant moustaches and whiskers, and flowing wigs, were unmistakably mere *pièces d'occasion*—assumed and diversified at pleasure. They were both apparently about fifty years of age; one of them perhaps one or two years less than that. I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attractive to a young woman—girl rather she seemed—of a remarkably graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made boisterous way for her to the fire, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshment—all of which, I observed, were peremptorily declined. She was dressed in deep, unexpensive mourning; and from her timid gestures and averted head, whenever either of the fellows addressed her, was, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent notice. I quietly drew near to the side of the fire-place at which she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features. I was struck with extreme surprise—not so much at her singular beauty, as from an instantaneous convic-

tion that she was known to me, or at least that I had seen her frequently before, but where or when, I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At this moment the elder of the two men I have partially described, placed his hand, with a rude familiarity, upon the girl's shoulder, proffering at the same time a glass of hot brandy and water for her acceptance. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow, and looking round as if for protection, caught my eagerly-fixed gaze.

"Mr. Waters!" she impulsively ejaculated. "Oh I am so glad!"

"Yes," I answered, "that is certainly my name; but I scarcely remember——Stand back, fellow!" I angrily continued, as her tormentor, emboldened by the spirits he had drank, pressed, with a jeering grin upon his face, towards her, still tendering the brandy and water. "Stand back!" He replied by a curse and a threat. The next moment his flowing wig was whirling across the room, and he standing with his bullet-head bare, but for a few locks of iron-gray, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion, increased by the peals of laughter which greeted his ludicrous, unwigged aspect. He quickly put himself in a fighting attitude, and, backed by his companion, challenged me to battle. This was quite out of the question; and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the instant departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and adjusted his wig, and we all sallied forth to take our places—the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low, nervous voice, begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows take their seats, and then led her to the hindmost carriage, which we had to ourselves as far as the next station.

"Are Mrs. Waters and Emily quite well?" said the young woman, coloring and lowering her eyes beneath my earnest gaze, which she seemed for a moment to misinterpret.

"Quite—entirely so," I almost stammered. "You know us then?"

"Surely I do," she replied, reassured by my manner. "But you, it seems," she presently added, with a winning smile, "have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford."

"Mary Kingsford!" I exclaimed, almost with a shout. "Why, so it is! But what a transformation a few years have effected!"

"Do you think so? Not *pretty* Mary Kingsford now then, I suppose?" she added *with a light, pleasant laugh*.

"You know what I mean, you vain puss you!" I rejoined quite gleefully; for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well-remembered playmate of my own eldest girl. We were old familiar friends—almost father and daughter—in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Yorkshire, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a petted favorite, not only with us, but of every other family in the neighborhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford—a humble, worthy, and much respected couple. The father was gardener to Sir Pyott Dalzell, and her mother eked out his wages to a respectable maintenance by keeping a cheap children's school. The change which a few years had wrought in the beautiful child was quite sufficient to account for my imperfect recognition of her; but the instant her name was mentioned, I at once recognized the rare comeliness which had charmed us all in her childhood. The soft brown eyes were the same, though now revealing profounder depths, and emitting a more pensive expression; the hair, though deepened in color, was still golden; her complexion, lit up as it now was by a sweet blush, was brilliant as ever; whilst her child-person had become matured and developed into womanly symmetry and grace. The brilliancy of color vanished from her cheek as I glanced meaningfully at her mourning dress.

"Yes," she murmured in a sad quivering voice—"yes, father is gone! It will be six months come next Thursday that he died! Mother is well," she continued more cheerfully after a pause, "in health, but poorly off; and I—and I," she added with a faint effort at a smile, "am going to London to seek my fortune!"

"To seek your fortune!"

"Yes; you know my cousin, Sophy Clarke? In one of her letters, she said she often saw you."

I nodded without speaking. I knew little of Sophia Clarke, except that she was the somewhat gay, coquettish shopwoman of a highly respectable confectioner in the Strand, whom I shall call by the name of Morris.

"I am to be Sophy's fellow shop assistant," continued Mary Kingsford; "not of course at first at such good wages as she gets. So lucky for me, is it not, since I must go to service? And so kind, too, of Sophy to interest herself for me!"

"Well, it may be so. But surely I have heard—my wife at least has—that you and

Richard Westlake were engaged?—Excuse me, Mary, I was not aware the subject was a painful or unpleasant one.”

“Richard’s father,” she replied with some spirit, “has higher views for his son. It is all off between us now,” she added; “and perhaps it is for the best that it should be so.”

I could have rightly interpreted these words without the aid of the partially expressed sigh which followed them. The perilous position of so attractive, so inexperienced, so guileless a young creature, amidst the temptations and vanities of London, so painfully impressed and preoccupied me, that I scarcely uttered another word till the rapidly diminishing rate of the train announced that we neared a station, after which it was probable we should have no farther opportunity for private converse.

“Those men—those fellows at Rugby—where did you meet with them?” I inquired.

“About thirty or forty miles below Birmingham, where they entered the carriage in which I was seated. At Birmingham I managed to avoid them.”

Little more passed between us till we reached London. Sophia Clarke received her cousin at the Eastern station, and was profuse of felicitations and compliments upon her arrival and personal appearance. After receiving a promise from Mary Kingsford to call and take tea with my wife and her old playmate on the following Sunday, I handed the two young women into a cab in waiting, and they drove off. I had not moved away from the spot, when a voice a few paces behind me, which I thought I recognized, called out: “Quick, coachee, or you’ll lose sight of them!” As I turned quickly round, another cab drove smartly off, which I followed at a run. I found, on reaching Lower Seymour Street, that I was not mistaken as to the owner of the voice, nor of his purpose. The fellow I had unrigged at Rugby thrust his body half out of the cab window, and pointing to the vehicle which contained the two girls, called out to the driver “to mind and make no mistake.” The man nodded intelligence, and lashed his horses into a faster pace. Nothing that I might do could prevent the fellows from ascertaining Mary Kingsford’s place of abode; and as that was all that, for the present at least, need be apprehended, I desisted from pursuit, and bent my steps homewards.

Mary Kingsford kept her appointment on the Sunday, and in reply to our questioning, said she liked her situation very well. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were exceedingly kind to

her; so was Sophia. “Her cousin,” she added, in reply to a look which I could not repress, “was perhaps a little gay and free of manner, but the best-hearted creature in the world.” The two fellows who had followed them had, I found, already twice visited the shop; but their attentions appeared now to be exclusively directed towards Sophia Clarke, whose vanity they not a little gratified. The names they gave were Hartley and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden, that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made me a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty or perplexity overtake her.

I often called in at the confectioner’s, and was gratified to find that Mary’s modest propriety of behavior, in a somewhat difficult position, had gained her the good will of her employers, who invariably spoke of her with kindness and respect. Nevertheless, the cark and care of a London life, with its incessant employment and late hours, soon, I perceived, began to tell upon her health and spirits; and it was consequently with a strong emotion of pleasure I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary’s mother, to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expostulations of his only son, relative to the enforced breaking off of his engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter was, I was told, very eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris’s shop, I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing custards and other confectionary with much gusto; and, from their new and costly habiliments, seemed to be in surprisingly good case. They were smirking and smiling at the cousins with rude confidence; and Sophia Clarke, I was grieved to see, repaid their insulting impertinence by her most elaborate smiles and graces. I passed on; and presently meeting with a brother-detective, who, it struck me, might know something of the two gentlemen, I turned back with him, and pointed them out. A glance sufficed him.

“Hartley and Simpson you say?” he remarked, after we had walked away to some distance: “those are only two of their numerous *aliases*. I cannot, however, say that I am as yet on very familiar terms with them; but as I am especially directed to cultivate their acquaintance, there is no doubt we shall be more intimate with each other before long.



Gamblers, blacklegs, swindlers, I already know them to be; and I would take odds they are not unfrequently something more, especially when fortune and the bones run cross with them."

"They appear to be in high feather just now," I remarked.

"Yes: they are connected, I suspect, with the gang who cleaned out young Garslade last week in Jermyn Street. I'd lay a trifle," added my friend, as I turned to leave him, "that one or both of them will wear the Queen's livery, gray turned up with yellow, before many weeks are past. Good-bye."

About a fortnight after this conversation, I and my wife paid a visit to Astley's, for the gratification of our youngsters, who had long been promised a sight of the equestrian marvels exhibited at the celebrated amphitheatre. It was the latter end of February; and when we came out of the theatre, we found the weather had changed to dark and sleety, with a sharp nipping wind. I had to call at Scotland-Yard; my wife and children consequently proceeded home in a cab without me: and after assisting to quell a slight disturbance originating in a gin-palace close by, I went on my way over Westminster Bridge. The inclement weather had cleared the streets and thoroughfares in a surprisingly short time; so that, excepting myself, no foot-passenger was visible on the bridge till I had about half crossed it, when a female figure, closely muffled up about the head, and sobbing bitterly, passed rapidly by on the opposite side. I turned and gazed after the retreating figure: it was a youthful, symmetrical one; and after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to follow at a distance, and as unobservedly as I could. On the woman sped, without pause or hesitation, till she reached Astley's, where I observed her stop suddenly, and toss her arms in the air with a gesture of desperation. I quickened my steps, which she observing, uttered a slight scream, and darted swiftly off again, moaning and sobbing as she ran. The slight momentary glimpse I had obtained of her features beneath the gas-lamp opposite Astley's, suggested a frightful apprehension, and I followed at my utmost speed. She turned at the first cross-street, and I should soon have overtaken her, but that in darting round the corner where she disappeared, I ran full butt against a stout, elderly gentleman, who was hurrying smartly along out of the weather. What with the suddenness of the shock and the slipperiness of the pavement,

down we both reeled; and by the time we had regained our feet, and growled savagely at each other, the young woman, whoever she was, had disappeared, and more than half an hour's search after her proved fruitless. At last I bethought me of hiding at one corner of Westminster Bridge. I had watched impatiently for about twenty minutes, when I observed the object of my pursuit stealing timidly and furtively towards the bridge on the opposite side of the way. As she came nearly abreast of where I stood, I darted forward; she saw, without recognizing me, and uttering an exclamation of terror, flew down towards the river, where a number of pieces of balk and other timber were fastened together, forming a kind of loose raft. I followed with desperate haste, for I saw that it was indeed Mary Kingsford, and loudly calling to her by name to stop. She did not appear to hear me, and in a few moments the unhappy girl had gained the end of the timber-raft. One instant she paused with clasped hands upon the brink, and in another had thrown herself into the dark and moaning river. On reaching the spot where she had disappeared, I could not at first see her, in consequence of the dark mourning dress she had on. Presently I caught sight of her, still upborne by her spread clothes, but already carried by the swift current beyond my reach. The only chance was to crawl along a piece of round timber which projected farther into the river, and by the end of which she must pass. This I effected with some difficulty; and laying myself out at full length, vainly endeavored, with outstretched, straining arms, to grasp her dress. There was nothing left for it but to plunge in after her. I will confess that I hesitated to do so. I was encumbered with a heavy dress, which there was no time to put off, and moreover, like most inland men, I was but an indifferent swimmer. My indecision quickly vanished. The wretched girl, though gradually sinking, had not yet uttered a cry, or appeared to struggle; but when the chilling waters reached her lips, she seemed to suddenly revive to a consciousness of the horror of her fate: she fought wildly with the engulfing tide, and shrieked piteously for help. Before one could count ten, I had grasped her by the arm, and lifted her head above the surface of the river. As I did so, I felt as if suddenly encased and weighed down by leaden garments, so quickly had my thick clothing and high boots sucked in the water. Vainly, thus burdened and impeded,

did I endeavor to regain the raft; the strong tide bore us outwards, and I glared round, in inexpressible dismay, for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself involved. Happily, right in the direction the tide was drifting us, a large barge lay moored by a chain cable. Eagerly I seized and twined one arm firmly round it, and thus partially secure, hallooed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came: a passer-by had witnessed the flight of the girl and my pursuit, and was already hastening, with others, to our assistance. A wherry was unmoored: guided by my voice, they soon reached us; and but a brief interval elapsed before we were safely housed in an adjoining tavern.

A change of dress, with which the landlord kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot brandy and water, soon restored warmth and vigor to my chilled and partially benumbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a cab, when two police officers, well known to me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered towards me, and clinging to my arm, besought me with frantic earnestness to save her.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, addressing one of the police officers.

"Merely," said he, "that the young woman that's clinging so tight to you has been committing an audacious robbery"——

"No—no—no!" broke in the terrified girl.

"Oh! of course you'll say so," continued the officer. "All I know is, that the diamond brooch was snugly hid away in her own box. But come, we have been after you for the last three hours; so you had better come along at once."

"Save me!—save me!" sobbed poor Mary, as she tightened her grasp upon my arm and looked with beseeching agony in my face.

"Be comforted," I whispered; "you shall go home with me. Calm yourself, Miss Kingsford," I added in a louder tone; "I no more believe you have stolen a diamond brooch than that I have."

"Bless you!—bless you!" she gasped in the intervals of her convulsive sobs.

"There is some wretched misapprehension in this business, I am quite sure," I continued; "but at all events I shall bail her—for this night at least."

"Bail her! That is hardly regular."

"No; but you will tell the superintendent that Mary Kingsford is in my custody, and that I answer for her appearance to-morrow."

The men hesitated, but I stood too well at head-quarters for them to do more than hesitate; and the cab I had ordered being just then announced, I passed with Mary out of the room as quietly as I could, for I feared her senses were again leaving her. The air revived her somewhat, and I lifted her into the cab, placing myself beside her. She appeared to listen in fearful doubt whether I should be allowed to take her with me; and it was not till the wheels had made a score of revolutions that her fears vanished; then throwing herself upon my neck in an ecstasy of gratitude, she burst into a flood of tears, and continued till we reached home sobbing on my bosom like a broken-hearted child. She had, I found, been there about ten o'clock to seek me, and being told that I was gone to Astley's, had started off to find me there.

Mary still slept, or at least she had not risen, when I left home the following morning to endeavor to get at the bottom of the strange accusation preferred against her. I first saw the superintendent, who, after hearing what I had to say, quite approved of all that I had done, and entrusted the case entirely to my care. I next saw Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Sophia Clarke, and then waited upon the prosecutor, a youngish gentleman of the name of Saville, lodging in Essex Street, Strand. One or two things I heard necessitated a visit to other officers of police, incidentally, as I found, mixed up with the affair. By the time all this was done, and an effectual watch had been placed upon Mr. Augustus Saville's movements, evening had fallen, and I wended my way homewards, both to obtain a little rest, and hear Mary Kingsford's version of the strange story.

The result of my inquiries may be thus briefly summed up. Ten days before, Sophia Clarke told her cousin that she had orders for Covent Garden Theatre; and as it was not one of their busy nights, she thought they might obtain leave to go. Mary expressed her doubt of this, as both Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who were strict, and somewhat fanatical Dissenters, disapproved of play-going, especially for young women. Nevertheless Sophia asked, informed Mary that the required permission had been readily accorded, and off they went in high spirits; Mary especially, who had never been to a

theatre in her life before. When there, they were joined by Hartley and Simpson, much to Mary's annoyance and vexation, especially as she saw that her cousin expected them. At the conclusion of the entertainments, they all four came out together, when suddenly there arose a hustling and confusion, accompanied with loud outcries, and a violent swaying to and fro of the crowd. The disturbance was, however, soon quelled; and Mary and her cousin had reached the outer door, when two police officers seized Hartley and his friend, and insisted upon their going with them. A scuffle ensued; but other officers being at hand, the two men were secured, and carried off. The cousins, terribly frightened, called a coach, and were very glad to find themselves safe at home again. And now it came out that Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been told that they were going to spend the evening at my house, and had no idea they were going to the play! Vexed as Mary was at the deception, she was too kindly tempered to refuse to keep her cousin's secret; especially knowing as she did that the discovery of the deceit Sophia had practised would in all probability be followed by her immediate discharge. Hartley and his friend swaggered on the following afternoon into the shop, and whispered Sophia that their arrest by the police had arisen from a strange mistake, for which the most ample apologies had been offered and accepted. After this matters went on as usual, except that Mary perceived a growing insolence and familiarity in Hartley's manner towards her. His language was frequently quite unintelligible, and once he asked her plainly "if she did not mean that he should go shares in the prize she had lately found?" Upon Mary replying that she did not comprehend him, his look became absolutely ferocious, and he exclaimed: "Oh, that's your game, is it? But don't try it on with me, my good girl, I advise you." So violent did he become, that Mr. Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately bundled him, neck and heels, out of the shop. She had not seen either him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day, a gentleman whom she never remembered to have seen before, entered the shop, took a seat, and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after a while he looked at her very earnestly, and at length, approaching quite close, said: "You were at Covent Garden Theatre last Tuesday evening week?" Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr. and Mrs. Morris were in the shop, and *heard the question.*

"Oh no, no! you mistake," she said hurriedly, and feeling at the same time her cheeks kindle into flame.

"Nay, but you were though," rejoined the gentleman. And then lowering his voice to a whisper, he said, "And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and condign punishment, to restore me the diamond brooch you robbed me of on that evening."

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess she had told a falsehood in denying she was at the theatre on the night in question, and Mr. Morris after that seemed inclined to believe anything of her. The gentleman persisted in his charge; but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property; and it was ultimately decided that Mary's boxes, as well as her person, should be searched. This was done; and to her utter consternation the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black silk reticule. Denials, asseverations, were vain. Mr. Saville identified the brooch, but once more offered to be content with its restoration. This Mr. Morris, a just, stern man, would not consent to, and he went out to summon a police officer. Before he returned, Mary, by the advice of both her cousin and Mrs. Morris, had fled the house, and hurried in a state of distraction to find me with what result the reader already knows.

"It is a wretched business," I observed to my wife, as soon as Mary Kingsford had retired to rest, at about nine o'clock in the evening. "Like you, I have no doubt of the poor girl's perfect innocence; but how to establish it by satisfactory evidence is another matter. I must take her to Bow street the day after to-morrow."

"Good God, how dreadful! Can nothing be done? What does the prosecutor say the brooch is worth?"

"His uncle," he says, "gave a hundred and twenty guineas for it. But that signifies little; for were its worth only a hundred and twenty farthings, compromise is, you know, out of the question."

"I did not mean that. Can you show it me? I am a pretty good judge of the value of jewels."

"Yes, you can see it." I took it out of the desk in which I had locked it up, and placed it before her. It was a splendid emerald, encircled by large brilliants.

My wife twisted and turned it about, holding it in all sorts of lights, and at last said—"I do not believe that either the emerald or the brilliants are real—that the brooch is, in fact, worth twenty shillings intrinsically."

"Do you say so?" I exclaimed as I jumped up from my chair, for my wife's words gave color and consistence to a dim and faint suspicion which had crossed my mind. "Then this Saville is a manifest liar; and perhaps confederate with —. But give me my hat; I will ascertain this point at once.

I hurried to a jeweller's shop, and found that my wife's opinion was correct: apart from the workmanship, which was very fine, the brooch was valueless. Conjectures, suspicions, hopes, fears, chased each other with bewildering rapidity through my brain; and in order to collect and arrange my thoughts, I stepped out of the whirl of the streets into Dolly's Chop-house, and decided, over a quiet glass of negus, upon my plan of operations.

The next morning there appeared at the top of the second column of the "Times" an earnest appeal, worded with careful obscurity, so that only the person to whom it was addressed should easily understand it, to the individual who had lost or been robbed of a false stone and brilliants at the theatre, to communicate with a certain person—whose address I gave—without delay, in order to save the reputation, perhaps the life, of an innocent person.

I was at the address I had given by nine o'clock. Several hours passed without bringing any one, and I was beginning to despair, when a gentleman of the name of Bagshawe was announced: I fairly leaped for joy, for this was beyond my hopes.

A gentleman presently entered, of about thirty years of age, of a distinguished, though somewhat dissipated aspect.

"This brooch is yours?" said I, exhibiting it without delay or preface.

"It is; and I am here to know what your singular advertisement means?"

I briefly explained the situation of affairs.

"The rascals!" he broke in almost before I had finished: "I will briefly explain it all. A fellow of the name of Hartley, at least that was the name he gave, robbed me, I was pretty sure, of this brooch. I pointed him out to the police, and he was taken into custody; but nothing being found on him, he was discharged."

"Not entirely, Mr. Bagshawe, on that account. You refused, when arrived at the station-house, to state what you had been robbed of; and you, moreover, said, in presence of the culprit, that you were to embark with your regiment for India the next day. That regiment, I have ascertained, did embark, as you said it would."

"True; but I had leave of absence, and shall take the Overland route. The truth is, that during the walk to the station-house, I had leisure to reflect that if I made a formal charge, it would lead to awkward disclosures. This brooch is an imitation of one presented me by a valued relative. Losses at play—since, for this unfortunate young woman's sake, I *must* out with it—obliged me to part with the original; and I wore this, in order to conceal the fact from my relative's knowledge."

"This will, sir," I replied, "prove, with a little management, quite sufficient for all purposes. You have no objection to accompany me to the superintendent?"

"Not in the least: only I wish the devil had the brooch as well as the fellow that stole it."

About half-past five o'clock on the same evening, the street door was quietly opened by the landlord of the house in which Mr. Saville lodged, and I walked into the front room on the first floor, where I found the gentleman I sought languidly reclining on a sofa. He gathered himself smartly up at my appearance, and looked keenly in my face. He did not appear to like what he read there.

"I did not expect to see you to-day," he said at last.

"No, perhaps not: but I have news for you. Mr. Bagshawe, the owner of the hundred-and-twenty guinea brooch your deceased uncle gave you, did *not* sail for India, and"—

The wretched cur, before I could conclude, was on his knees begging for mercy with disgusting abjectness. I could have spurned the scoundrel where he crawled.

"Come, sir!" I cried, "let us have no snivelling or humbug: mercy is not in my power, as you ought to know. Strive to deserve it. We want Hartley and Simpson, and cannot find them: you must aid us."

"Oh yes; to be sure I will!" eagerly rejoined the rascal. "I will go for them at once," he added with a kind of hesitating assurance.

"Nonsense! Send for them, you mean. Do so, and I will wait their arrival."

His note was despatched by a sure hand; and meanwhile I arranged the details of the expected meeting. I, and a friend, whom I momentarily expected, would ensconce ourselves behind a large screen in the room, whilst Mr. Augustus Saville would run playfully over the charming plot with his two friends, so that we might be able to fully appreciate



its merits. Mr. Saville agreed. I rang the bell, an officer appeared, and we took our posts in readiness. We had scarcely done so, when the street-bell rang, and Saville announced the arrival of his confederates. There was a twinkle in the fellow's green eyes which I thought I understood. "Do not try that on, Mr. Augustus Saville," I quietly remarked: "we are but two here certainly, but there are half-a-dozen in waiting below."

No more was said, and in another minute the friends met. It was a boisterously-jolly meeting, as far as shaking hands and mutual felicitations on each other's good looks and health went. Saville was, I thought, the most obstreperously gay of all three.

"And yet now I look at you, Saville, closely," said Hartley, "you don't look quite the thing. Have you seen a ghost?"

"No; but this cursed brooch affair worries me."

"Nonsense!—humbug!—it's all right: we are all embarked in the same boat. It's a regular three-handed game. I priggled it; Simmy here whipped it into pretty Mary's reticule, which she, I suppose, never looked into till the row came; and *you* claimed it—a regular merry-go-round, aint it, eh? Ha! ha! ha!—Ha!"

"Quite so, Mr. Hartley," said I, suddenly

facing him, and at the same time stamping on the floor; "as you say, a delightful merry-go-round; and here, you perceive, I added, as the officers crowded into the room, "are more gentlemen to join in it."

I must not stain the paper with the curses, imprecations, blasphemies, which for a brief space resounded through the apartment. The rascals were safely and separately locked up a quarter of an hour afterwards; and before a month had passed away, all three were transported. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that they believed the brooch to be genuine, and of great value.

Mary Kingsford did not need to return to her employ. Westlake the elder withdrew his veto upon his son's choice, and the wedding was celebrated in the following May with great rejoicing; Mary's old playmate officiating as bridesmaid, and I as bride's-father. The still young couple have now a rather numerous family, and a home blessed with affection, peace, and competence. It was some time, however, before Mary recovered from the shock of her London adventure; and I am pretty sure that the disagreeable reminiscences inseparably connected in her mind with the metropolis will prevent at least *one* person from being present at the World's Great Fair.

## THE ARGOSY OF LIFE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF EICHENDORFF.)

Stately ship, with silken sails,  
Bearing down my humble boat,  
Sound of song and lute ne'er fails  
Thy gay crew, as on they float!  
I must sing my song alone,  
While stormy winds around me moan.

Stately ship! when night's dark realm  
Closes round thee, grey and pale,  
Stands a stranger at the helm,  
While the loud blasts rend thy sail.  
Angry waves are rolling high,  
But they daunt not his fix'd eye.

Equal wind and equal wave,  
Stately ship and humble boat,  
On the same sea round ye rave,  
Rich and poor alike afloat.  
On the same dark reef ye bread,  
For DEATH the pilotage doth take!

From the Athenæum.

## MRS. BROWNING'S NEW POEM.\*

FROM the windows of her abode—the Casa Guidi, in Florence—Mrs. Browning witnessed several of those demonstrations, both popular and despotic, which commenced in Italy, as in Europe generally, during the eventful “’48.” The theme of her poem—as its title, thus explained, suggests—is, the late struggle for Italian freedom, with especial reference to its development in Tuscany.

It is not only as regards its local and historical interest that Italy is presented in the pages before us. Though fraught with the spirit of English strength and insight, they are Italian in their style. Fervid, unrestrained, and imaginative, they might have been delivered by an *improvisatore* in a Florentine thoroughfare to an audience of his countrymen. Nor are they, it must be said, free from those defects which belong to such *impromptu* inspirations. Diffuseness, ruggedness, *concetti*, and at times colloquialisms, impair and disfigure much that is noble in this poem, both as regards its conception and its forms. We are aware that this loose mode of poetic utterance has its disciples,—and that Mrs. Browning’s errors are likely to be commended by those who can emulate them more easily than they can her genius. For ourselves, we are of those who believe that the patience which knows how to reject, to shape and to perfect, is not, as sneerers suppose, a *substitute* for true creative impulse, but a *proof* of it:—and it is precisely because Mrs. Browning so often exhibits what Hazlitt termed the “fortitude” of genius, that we regret she should ever lose sight of it. Completeness and severity are not artifice—as witness the great Florentine to whom this very poem makes such eloquent appeal.

Premising that there are many beauties in the work, which by reason of their diffuse and fantastic context we are precluded from quoting, we have almost done with censure. Of the generous impulse, the fine imagination, the social and political wisdom, to be found

in it, we shall offer such examples as will suggest their own comment.

Italy’s ancient glory, Mrs. Browning thinks, has been, like that of many an ancestral house, corrupted from a stimulant into an opiate. The heirs of such great renown, she implies, are more willing to dream over their bequest than to put it to use. On this point she finely and truly exclaims:—

We do not serve the dead—the past is past !  
 God lives, and lifts his glorious mornings up  
 Before the eyes of men, who wake at last,  
 And put away the meats they used to sup,  
 And on the dry dust of the ground outcast  
 The dregs remaining of the ancient cup,  
 And turn to wakeful prayer and worthy act.  
 The dead, upon their awful ’vantage ground—  
 The sun not in their faces—shall abstract  
 No more our strength : we will not be discrown’d  
 Through treasuring their crowns, nor deign  
 transact  
 A barter of the present, in a sound,  
 For what was counted good in foregone days.  
 O, Dead, ye shall no longer cling to us  
 With your stiff hands of desiccating praise.  
 And hold us backward by the garment thus,  
 To stay and laud you in long virelays !  
 Still, no ! we will not be oblivious  
 Of our own lives, because ye lived before,  
 Nor of our acts, because ye acted well,—  
 We thank you that we first unlatched the door,  
 We will not make it inaccessible  
 By thankings in the doorway any more,  
 But we will go onward to extinguish hell  
 With our fresh souls, our younger hope, and  
 God’s  
 Maturity of purpose. Soon shall we  
 Be the dead too ! and, that our periods  
 Of life may round themselves to memory,  
 As smoothly as on our graves the funeral sods,  
 We must look to it to excel as ye,  
 And bear our age as far, unlimited  
 By the last sea-mark ! so, to be invoked  
 By future generations, as the Dead.

She were no poetess, however, who did not revere the Past in its legitimate influence. The present writer has her tribute to that also:—

It shall be testified  
 That living men who throb in heart and brain,

\* *Casa Guidi Windows : a Poem.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Chapman & Hall.

Without the dead, were colder If we tried  
To sink the past beneath our feet, be sure  
The future would not stand. Precipitate  
This old roof from the shrine—and, insecure.  
The nesting swallows fly off, mate from mate.  
Scant were the gardens, if the graves were fewer!  
And the green poplars grew no longer straight  
Whose tops not looked to Troy. Why, who would  
fight

For Athens, and not swear by Marathon?  
Who would build temples, without tombs in sight?  
Who live, without some dead man's benison?  
Who seek truth, hope for good, or strive for right,  
If, looking up, he saw not in the sun  
Some angel of the martyrs, all day long  
Standing and waiting! your last rhythms will  
need

The earliest key-note. Could I sing this song,  
If my dead masters had not taken heed  
To help the heavens and earth to make me strong,  
As the wind will ever find out some reed,  
And touch it to such issues as belong  
To such a frail thing? Who denies the dead,  
Libations from full cups? Unless we choose  
To look back to the hills behind us spread,  
The plains before us sadden and confuse;  
If orphaned, we are disinherited.

The poem is divided into two parts:—and  
in the first is described a procession of the  
Florentines in honor of the right conceded  
to them by the Duke to form a civic guard.  
This description itself is a singular instance  
of the diffuse, over-fanciful, and unmusical  
style which we have objected to:—but the  
following lines towards the close have dra-  
matic character:—

Ever in the crowd,  
Rude men, unconscious of the tears that kept  
Their beards moist, shouted; and some laughed  
aloud,  
And none asked any why they laughed and wept;  
Friends kissed each other's cheeks, and foes long  
vowed  
Did it more warmly; two-months' babies leapt  
Right upward in their mothers' arms, whose  
black,  
Wide, glittering eyes looked elsewhere; lovers  
pressed  
Each before either, neither glancing back;  
And peasant maidens, smoothly 'tired and tressed,  
Forgot to finger on their throats the slack  
Great pearl-strings; while old blind men would  
not rest,  
But pattered with their staves and with their  
shoes  
Still on the stones, and smiled as if they saw.  
O Heaven! I think that day had noble use  
Among God's days.

We should say, that the first division of  
the poem was written in 1848, when the au-  
guries that Pius the Ninth would prove a  
friend to Italian liberty were yet welcomed

and trusted. Mrs. Browning, however, has,  
even at this period, motives for withholding  
unlimited participation in the popular confi-  
dence. With a "learned spirit in human  
dealings," she sees that the future of a man  
must in a great measure be determined by  
his past; and not without charity, yet with  
rational doubt, she takes leave concerning the  
Pope—

To ponder what he *must* be, ere we are bold  
For what he *may* be, with our heavy hope  
To trust upon his soul. So, fold by fold,  
Explore this mummy in the priestly cope  
Transmitted through the darks of time, to catch  
The man within the wrappage, and discern  
How he, an honest man, upon the watch  
Full fifty years, for what a man may learn,  
Contrived to get just there; with what a snatch  
Of old world oboli he had to earn

The passage through; with what a drowsy sop  
To drench the busy barkings of his brain;  
What ghosts of pale tradition, wreathed with  
hop

'Gainst wakeful thought, he had to entertain  
For heavenly visions; and consent to stop  
The clock at noon, and let the hour remain

(Without vain windings up) inviolate,  
Against all chimings from the belfry. Lo!

From every given Pope, you must abate,  
Albeit you love him, some things—good, you  
know—

Which every given heretic you hate  
Claims for his own, as being plainly so.

A Pope must hold by Popes a little,—yes,  
By councils,—from Nicæa up to Trent,—

By hierocratic empire, more or less  
Irresponsible to men,—he must resent

Each man's particular conscience, and repress  
Inquiry, meditation, argument,

As tyrants faction. Also, he must not  
Love truth too dangerously, but prefer

"The interests of the Church," because a blot  
Is better than a rent in miniver,—

Submit to see the people swallow hot  
Husk-porridge which his chartered churchmen  
stir

Quoting the only true God's epigraph,  
"Feed my lambs, Peter!"—must consent to sit

Attesting with his pastoral ring and staff,  
Tis such a picture of our Lady, hit

Off well by artist angels, though not half  
As fair as Giotto would have painted it;

To such a vial, where a dead man's blood  
Runs yearly warm beneath a churchman's finger;

To such a holy house of stone and wood,  
Whereof a cloud of angels was the bringer

From Beth'chem to Loreto!—Were it good  
For any Pope on earth to be a flinger

Of stones against these high-niched counter-  
feits?

Apostates only are iconoclasts.

He dares not say, while this false thing abets  
The true thing, "This is false!" he keepeth fasts  
And prayers, as prayers and fasts were silver  
frets

To change a note upon a string that lasts,  
And make a lie a virtue. Now, if he  
Did more than this,—higher hoped and braver  
dared—

I think he were a Pope in jeopardy,  
Or no Pope rather! for his soul had barred  
The vaulting of his life. And certainly,  
If he do only this, mankind's regard

Moves on from him at once, to seek some new  
Teacher and leader! He is good and great  
According to the deeds a Pope can do;  
Most liberal, save those bonds; affectionate,  
As princes may be; and, as priests are, true—  
But only the ninth Pius after eight,  
When all's praised most.

Our readers will agree with us that poetry like this is somewhat too loose and colloquial in its manner:—and we think they will see also in it, that Mrs. Browning has, consciously or unconsciously, caught the tone of her husband. Ere this grows on her, we desire to warn her that her own poetical mantle was of too good stuff and pattern for her not to be a loser by borrowing any other.

The second part of the poem resumes the tale of Florence, after the Duke has broken his pledge and fled from his subjects. The mad enthusiasm of the people revolting rather from impulse than from principle—substituting sound for action and the hollow pageants of nominal freedom for the calm purpose and self-sacrificing energy by which only freedom can be insured—are vividly brought before us. Admirable is the graphic detail and smiting is the sad irony which illustrate this portion of the story. Nor less excellent is this comment on the follies which had such disastrous results.—

Men who might  
Do greatly in a universe that breaks  
And burns, must ever *know* before they do.  
Courage and patience are but sacrifice;  
And sacrifice is offered for and to  
Something conceived of. Each man pays a price  
For what himself counts precious, whether  
true

Or false the appreciation it implies.

Here, was no knowledge, no conception, nought!  
Desire was absent, that provides great deeds  
From out the greatness of prevenient thought;  
And action, action, like a flame that needs  
A steady breath and fuel, being caught  
Up, like a burning reed from other reeds,  
Flashed in the empty and uncertain air,  
Then wavered, then went out.

The Duke is brought back to subjugated Florence by the aid of Austria. His return is told in words which are as defined and glowing as the forms and colors by which painting appeals to the eye. In dealing with

these "modern instances," Mrs. Browning has invested them with a tone of ideal grandeur which gives them in point of poetic effect all the remoteness of antiquity. We could cite no better example of the truth that the distance between the common and the ideal is not that between the past and the present, but that between objects as perceived by the senses and objects as interpreted by the mind.

Deeply as Mrs. Browning venerates peace, she is no party to that one-sided tranquillity which is built on the sacrifice of the weak. True peace she holds to be the recognition of mutual rights by the component classes of a State. The apathy of a nation prostrate beneath tyranny she thinks to be a worse evil than the horrors of popular insurrection. We know few things in modern poetry more passionate, vigorous, or true, than her protest against that hushing of human claims which means not the silence of a people contented, but that of a people stifled. Her protest, it is almost needless to say, is not directed against those noble teachers who, abhorring recourse to the sword, would base national peace upon national justice,—but against the despotic, who in the lust of power would crush the soul, and the sordid who would postpone its demands to the convenience of traffic.

I, too, have loved peace, and from bole to bole  
Of immemorial, undeciduous trees,  
Would write, as lovers use, upon a scroll  
The holy name of Peace, and set it high  
Where none should pluck it down. On trees, I  
say,—

Not upon gibbets!—With the greenery  
Of dewy branches and the flowery May,  
Sweet mediation 'twixt the earth and sky  
Providing for the shepherd's holiday!

Not upon gibbets!—though the vulture leaves  
Some quiet to the bones he first picked bare.

Not upon dungeons!—though the wretch who  
grieves

And groans within, stirs not the outer air  
As much as little field-mice stir the sheaves.

Not upon chain-holts!—though the slave's despair  
Has dulled his helpless, miserable brain,  
And left him blank beneath the freeman's whip,  
To sing and laugh out idiocies of pain.

Nor yet on starving homes!—where many a lip  
Has sobbed itself asleep through curses vain!  
I love no peace which is not fellowship,

And which includes not mercy. I would have  
Rather, the raking of the guns across

The world, and shrieks against Heaven's architrave.

Rather, the struggle in the slippery fosse,  
Of dying man, and horses, and the wave

Blood-bubbling. . . Enough said!—By Christ's  
own cross,



And by the faint heart of my womanhood,  
Such things are better than a Peace which sits  
Beside the heart in self-commended mood,  
And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits  
Are howling out of doors against the good  
Of the poor wanderer. What ! your peace ad-  
mits

Of outside anguish while it sits at home ?  
I loathe to take its name upon my tongue—  
It is no peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom,—  
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,  
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,  
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the thong,  
And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf  
On her brute surehead, while her hoofs outpress  
The life from these Italian souls, in brief.

Notwithstanding the ostensible failure of  
the Italian struggle, Mrs. Browning believes  
that it has already subserved the interests of  
freedom. It has shattered the last link that  
knit the affections of the people to Papal do-  
mination. It has prepared the mind of Italy  
for the reception of religious freedom. It  
has emancipated human hearts from those  
superstitions which make intolerance easy.  
In expressing these hopes, the poetess ren-  
ders a worthy and judicious tribute to Maz-  
zini,—and makes touching reference to the  
patriotic impulse of Charles Albert, to his  
interval of weakness, and to its final expia-  
tion. For one fine passage of prophecy,  
speaking by the mouth of Mrs. Browning's  
Muse out of the graves of the patriots, we  
must, despite its length, make room.—

In the name of Italy,  
Meantime, her patriot dead have benizon !  
They only have done well ; and what they did  
Being perfect, it shall triumph. Let them slum-  
ber.

No king of Egypt in a pyramid  
Is safer from oblivion, though he number  
Full seventy cerements for a coverlid.  
These Dead be seeds of life, and shall encumber  
The sad heart of the land until it loose  
The clammy clods and let out the spring-growth  
In beatific green through every bruise.  
The tyrant should take heed to what he doth,  
Since every victim-carrion turns to use,  
And drives a chariot, like a god made wroth,  
Against each piled injustice. Ay, the least  
Dead for Italia, not in vain has died,  
However vainly, ere life's struggle ceased,  
To mad dissimilar ends they swerved aside.  
Each grave her nationality has pieced  
By its own noble breath, and fortified,  
And pinned it deeper to the soil. Forlorn  
Of thanks be, therefore, no one of these graves !  
Not hers,—who, at her husband's side, in  
scorn,  
Outfaced the whistling shot and hissing waves,  
Until she felt her little babe unborn  
Recoil, within her, from the violent staves

And bloodhounds of the world ; at which, her  
life  
Dropt inwards from her eyes, and followed it  
Beyond the hunter. Garibaldi's wife  
And child died so. And now, the sea-weeds fit  
Her body like a proper shroud and coif,  
And murmurously the ebbing waters grit  
The little pebbles, while she lies interred  
In the sea-sand. Perhaps, ere dying thus,  
She looked up in his face which never stirred  
From its clenched anguish, as to make excuse  
For leaving him for his, if so she erred.  
Well he remembers that she could not choose.  
A memorable grave ! Another is  
At Genoa, where a king may fitly lie,—  
Who bursting that heroic heart of his  
At lost Novara, that he could not die,  
Though thrice into the cannon's eyes for this  
He plunged his shuddering steed, and felt the sky  
Reel back between the fire-shocks:—stripped  
away

The ancestral ermine ere the smoke had cleared,  
And naked to the soul, that none might say  
His kingship covered what was base and bleared  
With treason, he went out an exile, yea,  
An exiled patriot ! Let him be revered.

Yea, verily, Charles Albert has died well ;  
And if he lived not all so, as one spoke,  
The sin pass softly with the passing bell.  
For he was shriven, I think, in cannon smoke,  
And taking off his crown, made visible  
A hero's forehead. Shaking Austria's yoke  
He shattered his own hand and heart. " So  
best,"  
His last words were upon his lonely bed,—  
" I do not end like popes and dukes at least—  
Thank God for it."

\* \* \* \*

The sun strikes, through the window up the  
floor :  
Stand out in it, my own young Florentine,  
Not two years old, and let me see thee more !  
It grows along thy amber curls, to shine  
Brighter than elsewhere. Now, look straight  
before,  
And fix thy brave blue English eyes on mine,  
And from thy soul, which fronts the future so,  
With unabashed and unabated gaze,  
Teach me to hope for, what the Angels know,  
When they smile clear as thou dost. Down God's  
ways,  
With just alighted feet between the snow  
And snowdrops, where a little lamb may graze,  
Thou hast no fear, my lamb, about the road,  
Albeit in our vain-glory we assume  
That, less than we have, thou hast learnt of  
God.  
Stand out, my blue-eyed prophet !—thou, to whom  
The earliest world-day light that ever flowed  
Through Casa Guidi windows chanced to come !  
Now shake the glittering nimbus of thy hair,  
And be God's witness:—that the elemental  
New springs of life are gushing everywhere,  
To cleanse the water courses, and prevent all  
Concrete obstructions which infest the air !

—That earth's alive, and gentle or ungente  
 Motions within her, signify but growth:  
 The ground swells greenest o'er the laboring  
 moles.

Howe'er the uneasy world is vexed and wroth,  
 Young children, lifted high on parent souls,  
 Look round them with a smile upon the mouth,  
 And take for music every bell that tolls.

Who said we should be better if like these?  
 And *we* . . . despond we for the future, though  
 Posterity is smiling at our knees,  
 Convicting us of folly? Let us go—

We will trust God. The blank interstices  
 Men take for ruins, He will build into

With pillared marbles rare, or knit across  
 With generous arches, till the fane's complete.  
 This world has no perdition, if some loss.

From such brief analysis of this poem as we have been able to give, and from the foregoing extracts, our readers will see that we have been dealing with no ordinary work. Such exceptions as we have taken gain their chief emphasis from the genius to which they act as a foil. In whatever degree they may detract from the completeness of what is here written, they nothing abate our high estimate of the writer. Not the least interesting feature of these pages is, the development which they supply of the author's mental history. Mrs. Browning's poetical course, tinged at its commencement with something

of sentimental melancholy, has gradually acquired the brighter influences of faith and sympathy,—and the present volume shows their application to practical uses. Her record of personal feelings has given way to the morals which they suggest,—and the interests of the single heart have expanded into those of mankind. This, we take it, is the progress of every nature in which the poetic element is deeply rooted. The mind which at first sadly contrasts the actual with its ideal, learns in time to find the ideal in the actual. Such is the highest office of the poet,—and one which, to our thinking, Mrs. Browning has here fulfilled. Her generous sympathies with a wronged nation have not blinded her to the errors which wrecked its struggles,—nor have the familiarities of the present hid from her the spiritual truth which underlies them. Her book is at once courageous and wise. Amidst the many who hold failure as disgrace, she has apprehended the right that *should* have triumphed. Through the obloquy of defeats she has recognized as heroes *now*, men who will be so chronicled in the future. She has perceived by foresight what Posterity discovers through retrospect,—that greatness unreveiled lacks its credentials—that martyrdom is the path to canonization.

## LINES ON A DEAD BUTTERFLY IN SUMMER.

BY HELEN ELLIS.

What hath crush'd thee, thou bright and beauteous  
 thing!

Thou "child of the sun," with the rainbow wing!  
 Wert thou tired of winging thy joyous way  
 On the glorious beam of a summer day?  
 Or weary of kissing the thousand flowers  
 That woo'd thee to squander thy sportive hours,  
 Sate with pleasure, each flower-cup thy home,  
 While from each to each thou wert free to roam?  
 It may be, I've look'd on thy bright career,  
 Till slow to mine eye has gather'd the tear,  
 To think how delicious thy life must be,  
 Untrammell'd by earth, rejoicing and free.  
 But, faded and cold as thou liest now—  
 Oh! radiant insect! can it be thou?

*I see thou art dead*, and cannot tell why  
 It seems strange that a thing so bright *could* die.  
 Must not *all* pay the debt, from great to small?  
 The answer comes solemnly—*All, & on all.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou hast paid it, poor insect! the spark has fled,  
 And thy bright wings are folded—*thou art dead!*

From the People's Journal.

## JOANNA BAILLIE.

BY PARSON FRANK.

———Miss BAILLIE succeeded ;  
 No queen could have come with such pages as she did ;  
 For who, do you think, held her train up ?—The Passions :  
 They did indeed ; all too in elegant fashions.  
 The god in his arms with gay reverence lock'd her,  
 For two sakes,—her own, and her brother's, the doctor.  
 LEIGH HUNT: *Blue Stocking Revels*.

FOREMOST chronologically, if not in other senses also, among the ranks of our modern female genius, stands the poetess of the Passions. Since Joanna Baillie, in the prime of life, appeared before the public as a dramatist, and made good her ambitious yet modest claims, our literature has been enriched by not a few fair writers whose celebrity lives not only in the *Feast of the Violets*, but on the bookshelves and in the hearts of thousands of grateful readers. In 1798, having then well-nigh accomplished the first half of life's ordinary three-score-and-ten, Miss Baillie published the first instalment of her genius. Since then the ever progressive cyclopædia of native literature has been honored with the entry of many a gentle name, greeted by criticism itself with an *Esto perpetua*!—the names of Barrett and Bowles (both merged in married titles of equal significance), of Howitt and Shelley, of Hemans and Landon, of Austen and Edgeworth. The masculine style of Miss Baillie's dramatic works distinguishes her from her bright sisterhood. Not that she is ever coarse or unfeminine ; few excel her, in fact, in passages of tender emotion, or the delineation of those subtle feelings which live and move and have their being only in woman's heart of hearts. There are lyrics among her plays and "Fugitive Verses," the subduing charms of which consist in the melting tenderness that inspires them—delicate sensibility of thought expressed in diction of smoothest melody. But certainly a singular exercise of "power" was at her command—power of a kind attributed only to the lords of creation by popular tradition—power of invention, sustained har-

mony, comprehensive unity, searching of dark bosoms, tragical breadth as well as intensity, power of keeping on the wing as well as soaring, and of writing not merely a fine fifth act, but, what is more difficult, a first and a third act in keeping with the fifth. She could trace a passion in its course from small beginnings, as well as paint its tumultuous cataract-descent when that course was run. She could treat chronic as well as acute diseases of the mind—retaining her self-possession and energy of will at every stage of the treatment, foreseeing results and controlling their necessary development. With this unstrained vigor she combines a befitting clearness and directness of expression ; her verse flows pellucid, "with a soft inland murmur ;" unobscured by the fogs of mysticism, unruffled by the breaks and locks of interjectional melo-drama. Add to this, her freedom from mannerism. She does not make all her creatures talk in one dialect, breathe one philosophy, sing one song, never-ending, still-beginning. You cannot say of them individually, as you can of Mrs. Browning's graceful creations, or Mrs. Hemans' languid embodiments, this or that *must* be one of Joanna Baillie's characters. She occupies an honorable interspace between the insipidities of the Minerva press and the affectations of a school now basking in popular favor.\* There is "no nonsense" about this clear-headed Scotchwoman. If she has to treat of a mystery, she goes at once to the heart of it, according to established rules

\*We refer rather to imitating poetasters than to the gifted founders of their schools.

of art, and not after the manner of empirics of the Dulcamara and "Poughkeepsie Seer" order—not after the manner of those who can only see in a mist, and hear mid confusion worse confounded. In this respect she belongs to a class of authors that are getting sadly out of fashion—the simple in manner, the direct in utterance, the easy, the unaffected, the natural.

The first volume of the series entitled *Plays on the Passions*, appeared in 1798—a series the design of which was to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, each passion being the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. This design was certainly extensive enough—and one which, said Miss Baillie, "as far as my information goes, has nothing exactly similar to it in any language; and which a whole life's time will be limited enough to accomplish." Her Introductory Discourse enunciated the principles by which she proposed to construct her elaborate system; and it is especially worthy of note, that the theory of poetry afterwards propounded and enforced by Wordsworth, and identified almost exclusively with him and his works, was broached and illustrated in this Discourse with clear and graceful eloquence. The poetess stood forth in the cause of simplicity against tawdry decoration. She saw that human sympathy is deeper and better than artificial taste—one touch of nature more potent than all the dogmas of the schools. She saw and said that the highest pleasures that we receive from poetry, as well as from the real objects which surround us in the world, are derived from the sympathetic interest we all take in beings like ourselves; and that amidst all the decoration and ornament, all the loftiness and refinement which contemporary authors were in the habit of expending on their theme, "let one simple trait of the human heart, one expression of passion, genuine and true to nature, be introduced, and it will stand forth alone in the boldness of reality, whilst the false and unnatural around it fade away upon every side, like the rising exhalations of the morning. Neither the descriptions of war, the sound of the trumpet, the clanging of arms, the combat of heroes, nor the death of the mighty, will interest our minds like the fall of the feeble stranger, who simply expresses the anguish of his soul at the thoughts of that far distant home which he must never return to again, and closes his eyes among the ignoble and forgotten."\*

\* Introductory Discourse to *Plays on the Passions*.

This doctrine was practically opposed by the current literature of that day. A mawkish sentimentalism was allowed to strut and fret its hour upon the stage—dealing wholesale in affectations and tinsel moralities and passions that smelt of the foot-lights and were colored by the rouge-pot. Joanna Baillie—so let us call her, for who, as Scott asked, would speak of "Miss Sappho?"—arose like a mother in Israel, to wage war with the Philistine rabble, and to head the reaction which tended to rout them out of the land.

Whether her plan of confining a five-act drama to the development of one individual passion, and following out this system on a large scale, was judicious, is open doubt. Thomas Campbell contends, that if she had known the stage practically, she would never have attached the importance which she does to the representation of single passions in single tragedies; and that she would have invented more stirring incidents to justify the passion of her characters, and to give them that air of fatality which, though peculiarly prominent in the Greek drama, will also be found, to a certain extent, in all successful tragedies.\*

The philosophical objection—"This will never do!" as applied to the idea of "Plays on the Passions," is met, however, by Professor Wilson with the rejoinder, But it has done perfectly. "All that Joanna intended—and it was a great intention greatly effected—was in her series of dramas to steady her purposes by ever keeping one mighty end in view, of which the perpetual perception could not fail to make all the means harmonious, and therefore majestic. One passion was, therefore, constituted sovereign of the soul in each glorious tragedy—sovereign sometimes by divine right—sometimes an usurper—generally a tyrant."† The first of the dynasty, *Basil*, represents the master-passion, Love. Hate is developed in the tragedy of *De Montfort*; Ambition in *Ethwald*; Fear in *Orra*, and in *The Dream*; Hope in *The Beacon*; Jealousy in *Romero*; and Remorse in *Henriquez*. The comedies by means of which our authoress exhibits these passions in another phase—but which are comparatively unknown and slightly re-

\* "Instead of this," says Mr. Campbell, "she contrives to make all the passions of her main characters proceed from the willful natures of the beings themselves. Their feelings are not precipitated by circumstances, like a stream down a declivity, that leaps from rock to rock; but for want of incident, they seem often like water on a level, without a propelling impulse."—*Life of Mrs. Siddons*.

† *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxx. p. 486.



garded—are *The Trial*, *The Election*, *The Second Marriage*, *The Siege*, and *The Alienated Manor*. Such are the “Plays on the Passions,” as distinguished from the “Miscellaneous Plays”—The former being fourteen, the latter thirteen in number. *Count Basil* is a noble embodiment of love—though in the form of tragedy. His devotion to Victoria, sudden in its origin, all-absorbing in its power, all disastrous in its end, is admirably realized; painfully relieved as it is by the subtle, serpentine machinations of Victoria’s father, the Duke of Mantua, who presses into his service this bright, generous passion as though it were a mercenary tool for intrigue and state-craft. Basil, the triumphant general, the stern military disciplinarian, the magnanimous, self-possessed, open-hearted hero, bends to the sway of love, and in bending is crushed. His new passion supplants his old honors; it implicates him in shame and agony, and the horrors of self-destruction.

Ah, what an end is this! thus lost! thus fall’n!  
To be thus taken in his middle course,  
Where he so nobly strove; till cursed passion  
Came like a sun-stroke on his mid-day toil,  
And cut the strong man down.

The opposite passion is perhaps still more finely depicted in *De Montfort*—the best-known tragedy of the series, from its having been brought into prominent notice on the stage by the acting of John Kemble, and subsequently of Edmund Kean, in the principal character. To interest the mind and its sympathies in the impersonation of such a passion as hatred—to create a being in whom it should have plenary authority, without at the same time making us revolt from and entirely abhor him—this was delicate ground, and delicately yet firmly has the poetess trodden it. De Montfort is proud, suspicious, and envious to a miserable degree; he hates with a fierce intolerance and insane rancor a man of lofty and amiable character; yet we are sufficiently interested in the peculiar temperament of the murderer to love his exquisitely drawn sister for loving him, and to require (as Miss Baillie foresaw), a warning in sober prose, that it is sisterly prejudice which declares that “but for one dark passion, one dire deed,” this midnight assassin—for such he literally is—had claimed for his tombstone a record of as noble worth as e’er enriched the sculptured pedestal. It is assuredly a masterly portrait—conceived and finished in a style compounded of minute detailed accuracy and masculine breadth.

What a fascinating creature is Jane De Montfort!—so queenly, so commanding, and so noble; on whom Time himself has laid his hand so gently, as though he too had been awed\*—the earnestly devoted sister, who never has upbraided, never will upbraid, her doomed and desperate brother. The ten acts allowed to *Ethwald* are less attractive—though abounding with passages of refined and vigorous poetry; this tragedy in two parts, belonging to the days of the heptarchy, and tracing the destinies of ambition, bears on the grave face of it a forbidding expression to all but adventurous readers; nor is the difficulty overcome by Miss Baillie’s explanation,† that to give a full view of ambition, it was necessary to show the subject of it in many different situations, and passing through a considerable course of events—which had she attempted to accomplish within the ordinary limits of one play, that play must have been so entirely devoted to this single object, as to have been left bare of every other interest or attraction. The next on the list, *Orra*, is a truly beautiful composition. The heroine is the victim of superstitious fear, “and that particular species of it which is so universal and inherent in our nature, that it can never be eradicated from the mind, let the progress of reason or philosophy be what it may; a passion, moreover, by which persons of strong imagination, quick fancy, and keen feeling, are most easily affected; on which account *Orra* is represented as a “lively, cheerful, buoyant character, when not immediately under its influence; and even extracting from her superstitious propensity a kind of wild enjoyment, which tempts her to nourish and to cultivate the enemy that destroys her.”‡ A romantic hue suffuses this very striking drama. We are transported to the middle ages, and find ourselves overshadowed by the glooms of the Black-forest in Swabia. We see the ruined castle through the trees, by moonlight, and hear the wassail song of the outlaws:

The chough and crow to roost are gone, the owl  
sits on the tree,  
The hush’d wind wails with feeble moan, like infant charity;

\* The striking description of Jane’s *physique* in the first scene of the second act, is said to apply perfectly to the late Mrs. Siddons; to whose incomparable talent exhibited in the part itself on the boards of Drury Lane, Miss Baillie pays grateful acknowledgments.

† See her Preface to vol. ii. of “Plays of the Passions.”

‡ Preface to vol. iii.

The wildfire dances on the fen, the red-star sheds  
its ray,  
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men! it is our open-  
ing day.\*

We wander with Orra among the dark  
arches and gothic passages of the haunted  
castle, and listen with her to the midnight  
blast of horns, and bellowing of hounds, and  
all

The fiend-like din of their infernal chase,

until we cease to marvel when her bewildered reason topples from its throne, and the noble maiden becomes a raving maniac, whose sole speech is of the newly dead swathed in grave-clothes, and wickered ribs through which the darkness scowls, and the void of hollow unballed sockets staring grimly, and lifeless jaws that move and clatter in mockery of language, and the trooping of unearthly steps, and the yelling of the hounds in the centre gulf below. "The whole character of Orra," said Sir Walter, "is exquisitely supported as well as imagined, and the language distinguished by a rich variety of fancy, which I know no instance of except in Shakespeare. After I had read Orra twice to myself, Terry§ read it over to us a third time aloud, and I have seldom seen a little circle so much affected as during the whole fifth act. I doubt if we have now an actress that could carry through the mad scene, which is certainly one of the most sublime that ever were written." The same kindly partial critic—who so early as 1801 confessed to Ellis that the "Plays on the Passions" had put him entirely out of conceit with his "Germanized brat," *The House of Aspen*—considered

\* Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Miss Baillie (1811), observes;—"I have a great quarrel with this beautiful drama ["Orra,"] for you must know you have utterly destroyed a song of mine, precisely in the turn of your outlaw's ditty, and sung by persons in somewhat the same situation. I took out my unfortunate MS. to look at it, but alas! it was the encounter of the iron and earthen pitchers in the fable. I was clearly sunk, and the potsherds not worth gathering up. But only conceive that the chorus should have run thus *verbatim*—

'Tis mirk midnight with peaceful men; with us 'tis  
dawn of day;

See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chap. xxiii. As a writer in the *Athenæum* says, It is something to have anticipated Scott in the "Chough and Crow."

§ Daniel Terry, the well-known actor and personal friend of Scott, the Ballantynes, Theodore Hook (in company with whom he started *The Arcadian*, a short-lived precursor of the more prosperous *John Bull*), &c.—P. F.

fear the most dramatic passion hitherto touched by Miss Baillie, because capable of being drawn to the most extreme paroxysm on the stage, all graduations of which are developed in Orra, from a timidity excited by an irritable imagination, to the extremity which altogether unhinges the understanding. If it *were* possible to provide efficient performers for this tragedy, there are parts of it which must needs tell with harrowing effect on the stage. In the closet, however, it is tolerably secure of an enduring reputation; and such appears to be the limit attached to all Joanna Baillie's plays,\* written though they were with a view to the playhouse. If the day ever arrive when "legitimacy" shall pace the boards unfettered and undepressed, it is possible that some of these productions of genius may be brought forward under benignant managerial auspices, and receive the cordial plaudits of renovated public taste; but that day is hitherto undelightfully distant. Ethiopian serenaders and ballet nymphs can command British theatres with the spell, *vos plaudite!* but Orra and Jane de Montfort can *not*. Let us wish for posterity the ability to say, *sed dis* (of the galleries) *aliter visum!*

Not unworthy of their predecessors are the two tragedies which conclude the series—namely, *Romero* and *Henriquez*. Of these the former illustrates "jealousy," the cause of a deed of blood; the latter, "remorse," the effect of a similar act.† The character of Henriquez, the noble Castilian general, is grandly delineated, under circumstances the most affecting:

The brave with tears of admiration grace  
His hapless end, and rescue him from shame.

From first to last he is invested with surpassing dignity, and commands our mournful admiration. We know no finer male portrait in Miss Baillie's richly furnished gallery—hardly a finer out of it, except in the studio of Shakspeare himself.

Of her miscellaneous plays, the most mark-worthy is *The Family Legend*, "her high-land play," as she called it, which met with

\* *De Montfort*, perhaps the best acting drama of the series, was revived for Kean in 1821; but that tragedian remarked that though a fine poem, it would never be an acting play.—Campbell's *Life of Siddons*.

† Miss Baillie's habit of murdering some one for the sake of interest, is perhaps a little open to objection. Thus in *Henriquez*, *Rayner*, *The Homicide*, *De Montfort*, &c., we find ourselves—thanks to her potent spell—fascinated more or less by blood-stained heroes.

a warm reception when performed at Edinburgh in 1810, Mrs. Siddons acting the beautiful part of Helen, and Terry the Earl of Agyle. The character of Maclean—who sacrifices his darling wife in the fear of being deserted by his clan, or of bringing some terrible calamity upon them—is a failure; at least he does not personally realize the author's ideal. But there are admirably defined subordinates, and many situations and groupings of the most effective kind. Whoever reads this tragedy will find his memory haunted by visions of those stern chieftains conferring by torchlight in the cavern, and of Helen exposed on the sea-girt rock\* awaiting death with the advancing tide, and of the banquet in Argyle's castle, when the guilty husband beholds a vacant chair filled by her whom he supposed safely entombed in ocean sands. The legend is familiar to all who have "raised the sail by Mull's dark coast"—

The plaided boatman, resting on his oar,  
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar  
Of whitening waves †—

and tells the tradition developed by Joanna Baillie with such sterling pathos.

Others of her serious dramas we can but allude to. *The Beacon* (classed with the "Plays on the Passions," its theme being Hope), a two act musical piece, is almost unique of its kind—a lovely gem, exquisitely set. *The Stripling*—written with an eye to Master Betty—is a "domestic" tragedy, of the Lillo and Kotzebue school, containing some impassioned scenes, but repulsive and unequal as a whole. *Rayner* represents with great skill a well-principled mind tempted to join bad men in crime; a Germanized melodramatic tone by no means elevates this play. *The Martyr* is a story of the persecutions under Nero—Cordenius impersonates an imperial officer in whose character the iron of ancient Rome and the gold of Christianity in its virgin freshness are blended with refined art. *The Phantom* is a lively though touching tale, from the "night-side of nature," containing several Scottish lyrics of the true setting. With a distressing plot, *The Separation* excites by passages and situations of singular power, that must have taxed even the inventive faculty of Joanna Baillie. *Witchcraft* is a prose tragedy, suggested by

\* "The scene on the rock," writes Sir Walter, referring to the Edinburgh performance, "struck the utmost possible effect into the audience, and you heard nothing but sobs on all sides.—*Letter to Miss Baillie*, 1810.

† Sir Walter Scott,

the famous funeral scene in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, its design being to represent the accused as themselves acknowledging the crime of commerce with dark powers, induced to this curious psychological condition by their own peculiar temperament and the force of actual circumstances combined. But we must terminate this lengthened dramatic catalogue, refusing to be witness at *The Trial*, or to be concerned in *The Match*, or vanquished by *The Siege*, or to put up at *The Country Inn*, or be otherwise implicated in the lady's comedies. We willingly allow her a respectable fund of wit and humor; the man who cannot extract risible matter out of her copious array of stage dandies, hoyden misses, pert grisettes, and quack adventurers, must be desperately billious, or otherwise suffering from severe functional or even organic derangement. Yet comedy was not quite the *forte* of the dramatist of the Passions; and if a future age reads her efforts in this department, it will be more than her own age does or has done. Thousands of persons to whom the comedies of Knowles and Douglas Jerrold, of Sullivan and Bourcicault, are well known, live and die in ignorance of the mere fact that Joanna Baillie invoked a comic as well as tragic muse. Considering the number of her essays, and the genius she undoubtedly possessed, this fate furnishes one more illustration of the "vanity," though not the "glory," of literature.

Of the *Metrical Legends* our ignorance will prove its wisdom by saying—nothing. The *Fugitive Verses* are known to all who read verses, known to include many a graceful song and simple ballad. There are fine lines too of a more serious cast, among which we especially honor those on the death of Sir Walter Scott, that

Pleasant noble bard of fame far-spread;  
and the sweet address to her sister Agnes, beginning:—

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with  
tears,

O'er us have glided almost sixty years  
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen,  
By those whose eyes long closed in death have  
been,

Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather  
The slender harebell on the purple heather.

Then there are her capital Scottish songs, *Woo'd and married and a', O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly, Saw ye Jonny comin? quo' she, Poverty parts good company, &c.* Though for so many years a denizen of England—and that suburb of the metropolis which the Edinburgh wits ridiculed

as the nucleus of cockneyism, Hampstead—she retained her national predilections and characteristics, and held her “Highland tragedy” dearer than the rest. As to her personal character, it has been justly said that “never has woman more honorably adorned womanhood by the unobtrusive privacy of her life. The household virtues and unobtrusive benevolence which endeared Joanna Baillie to all who knew her—the absence of all desire to add to her high poetical reputation the false brilliancy of drawing-room success,”\* distinguished her from the

\* *Athenæum*.

many who affect to play *die berühmte frau*. She alone ought almost to have redeemed Hampstead in the eyes of the “Clan North,” and secured for its “heathy height” some approximation to respect. In fact, Hampstead should stand well in the literature of topography or the topography of literature—boasting, as it can, of the home it has given to such classics as Steele, Arbuthnot, and Akenside—to say nothing of its vituperated connection with Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Leigh Hunt. But with none of the company had it ties so exclusive and lasting as with Joanna Baillie.

AGES OF NEWSPAPERS.—The oldest existing paper in Great Britain is the *Edinburgh Gazette*, which was established in the year 1600. The oldest existing paper in England is the *Stamford Mercury*, which was established in 1695. The first paper now in existence, in the United Kingdom, which appeared in the last century, was *Berrows' Worcester Journal*, first published in 1709. Two years afterwards, in 1711, the *Newcastle Courant* was first issued, and in the same year appeared the first number of the *Dublin Gazette*. In 1717, the *Kentish Gazette*, and 1718 the *Leeds Mercury* first commenced their career of information. Between 1720 and 1730 inclusive, the following papers were first ushered into existence:—The *Northampton Mercury* and *Salisbury Journal* in 1720; the *Gloucester Journal* in 1722; the *Reading Mercury* in 1723; the *Norwich Mercury* and the *Dublin Evening Post* in 1725; and the *Chelmsford Chronicle* in 1730. Between 1730 and 1740 the following papers appeared—*St. James's Chronicle* and the *Chester Courant* in 1731; the *Derby Mercury* in 1731; the *Sherborne Mercury* in 1736; the *Belfast News Letter* in 1737; and the *Hereford Journal* in 1739. Between 1740 and 1750, the journals added to the stock were the following;—The *Birmingham Gazette* and *Nottingham Journal* in 1741; the *Bath Journal* in 1742; the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* in 1744; the *Bristol Journal* (Felix Farley's), the *Sussex Advertiser* and the *Sligo Journal*, in 1745; *Saunders' News Letter* in 1746; the *Aberdeen Journal*, in 1747; and the *Cambridge Chronicle*, in 1748.

Between 1750 and 1760, only 4 of the papers now published made their appearance. These were, the *Oxford Journal* 1753; the *Leeds Intelligencer* 1757; the *Liverpool*

*Times* 1756; and the *Bath Chronicle* 1756. Between 1760 and 1770, the following appeared:—The *Norfolk Chronicle* 1761; the *Exeter Flying Post* and the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* 1763; *Lloyd's List*, the *Sherburne Journal*, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and *Edinburgh Advertiser* in 1764; *Gore's Liverpool Advertiser* in 1765; the *Limerick Chronicle* in 1766; and the *Bristol Gazette*, and *Kilkenny Journal* in 1767. Between 1770 and 1780, the following new candidates came into the field:—The *Morning Chronicle* in 1770; the *Morning Post*, and *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, the *Hampshire Chronicle*, and the *Londonderry* in 1772; the *Racing Calendar*, the *Chester Chronicle*, and the *Bristol Mirror* 1773; the *Cumberland Pacquet* and the *Kerry Evening Post* in 1774; and *Prince's London Price Current*, and the *Clare Journal* in 1779. Between 1780 and 1790 the following journals were born:—The *Morning Herald* 1781; the *Bury and Norwich Post* 1782; the *Maidstone Journal* 1786; the *Exeter and Plymouth Gazette*, the *Evening Mail* (London), and the *Gazette de Guernsey* 1789; and the *Kent Herald*, the *York Herald*, and the *Bristol Mercury* 1790. The following appeared between 1790 and 1800:—The *Glasgow Courier* 1791; *The Sun*, the *County Herald* (London), the *County Chronicle* (London), and the *Bath Herald* 1792; the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Commercial Daily List*, the *Hull Advertiser*, the *Worcester Herald*, and the *Doncaster Gazette* 1794; the *Kelso Mail* 1797; the *Times*, the *Observer*, the *Daily Packet List*, and the *Carlisle Journal* 1798; the *Hampshire Telegraph*, and the *Greenock Advertiser* 1799; and the *Essex Herald* and *Oxford Herald* in 1800. We have only brought our statement down to the close of the last century. *Lon. Pa.*



From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE LATE DR. ABERCROMBIE.

Nothing is more forcibly calculated to exhibit the progress of Scotland in science than a glance at the medical profession during one hundred years. In 1682 the town council of Edinburgh passed an act recommending the incorporation of surgeons and apothecaries to supply and maintain the city with a sufficient number of persons "qualified to shave and cut hair." In 1782, and till this day, the city of Edinburgh stands proudly pre-eminent amongst university cities for her schools of medicine and surgery. History is not altogether composed of tragedy and melodrama; comedy takes her place, too, amongst the *dramatis personæ* of society; and certainly there are few more comical associations, according to the common idealism of the present times, than that of surgeon and barber. The ludicrousness does not, we apprehend, arise from any disparity in the dignity of the professions—for all labor is dignified—but from the superficial character of the one, and the intricate and studential nature of the other. There seems to be something so facile and slight-of-hand in the denuding of a hirsute face of its covering, compared with the science, skill, and nerve requisite for amputating a limb or counteracting an unseen disease, that an idea of the two operations being performed by one hand and regulated by one mind surprises and amazes us. We may form some idea, however, of the height to which physiology had attained in Scotland one hundred and fifty years ago, by this unity of two professions now so dissimilar in every respect. To trim chins and repair or counteract the effects of bodily fractures and contusions—to curl a moustache and expurgate a fever, occupied then a like importance in the public mind. Human life, during the warlike ages of our ancestors, was one of the least regarded of human affairs. Human comfort or social health claimed no notice from science while Scot and Southron fought with each other. The speculative and reflective intellect were then devoted to the construction of arquebuses and culverins, and the physical force of

the two nations led in destructive array against the constructive or conservative powers of each other. Surgical, medical, architectural, sanitary, and social science, all languished in neglect, and suffered a common disparagement with all that was truly respectable and useful, during those centuries of active antagonism existent between Scotland and England. Union and peace, however, gave a new and nobler tendency and position to the conservative sciences; and so the physicians and surgeons of Edinburgh assumed their true status as savants, and soon separated in their curriculum from her barbers and peruke-makers.

If the medical schools of Edinburgh are justly famed throughout the world for all those high attributes of skill and practice which are dependent upon devotion to study and great intellectual capacity, there attaches to them the still nobler and more admirable character of benevolent and charitable heroism. Their attachment to physiological science has rendered it and themselves illustrious in every nation where mind can truly appreciate and is appreciated. But their gratuitous and spontaneous labors in the cause of the poor, who are sick and ready to perish, few have known beyond the sphere of their labors, and few can estimate. Edinburgh, like all old cities, is composed of a city of the past and the present—of a new town and an old. The old was built in times when economy in the area of building was demanded, in order that the dwellings of men might be circumscribed by embattled walls. Homes were erected, not with regard to health and comfort, but with regard to space; and so grim old lofty fabrics were piled up and huddled together in dense disorder. Times of security, however, at last saw the rich migrating to open airs and healthful squares, and leaving the poor to darkle in the fever-breeding alleys which were built in days of feudal ascendancy; and thus has the war-spirit of centuries past reacted upon the present generation. Disease in its most malignant forms is always crawling up the dark closes of old Edinburgh,

and sapping the life from hundreds of its denizens annually; and in these pestiferous abodes of wretchedness and crime are to be seen, at all hours and in all seasons, the most eminent and celebrated physicians of the world, moving to and fro, like ministering angels. It is in the homes and haunts of the poor that the most skillful physicians of Edinburgh have made their practical probation, and it is with the richest and most wretched that they have divided the health-restoring blessings of their experience.

One of the most celebrated, in every respect, of Scottish physicians was the late Dr. John Abercrombie. In his professional capacity, and in his various relations of a man and a citizen, he sustained a most exalted and consistent position. To the physician was conjoined the philanthropist, and to the philanthropist was added the Christian; and all these aspects of his character were blended in a beautiful harmony. Dr. Abercrombie was born in Aberdeen, on the 11th of October, 1781. His father was a pious and indefatigable minister, in connection with the Established Church of Scotland: and the son did not dishonor his father's house nor suffer his monitions to be forgotten. Under the inspection of his parent, he grew in wisdom and knowledge, evincing rare amiability and talents of a high order. After having completed a course of literary studies, he was sent to prosecute his professional education at Edinburgh. Every great man has been constant and diligent in the prosecution of the purpose on which he has founded his greatness. Greatness is something real and intrinsic—something that a man has acquired by his own unaided and individual power. It is won by originality and singularity of capacity, and diligence; all other greatness is merely nominal and factitious. Assiduity, and a rare combination of mental excellencies, rapidly conduced to render Dr. Abercrombie a distinguished student. He passed through the university with considerable *éclat*, and at twenty-two years of age he began to practise. The prestige of his probation was not destroyed in the subsequent career. He soon became known to his professional brethren through the medium of the "Medical and Surgical Journal," and was regarded as a practitioner of high standing and of higher promise. On the death of the celebrated Dr. Gregory, Dr. Abercrombie was at once conceded that high position as Consulting Physician which his success and abilities entitled him to occupy. He was also named Physician to the King for Scotland—a mere-

ly honorary and nominal appointment, but one which was indicative, nevertheless, of the high estimation in which his talents were universally held.

Subsequent to these marks of honorable distinction appeared the two works which establish and maintain Dr. Abercrombie's fame as a profound and careful physiologist, and which rank high in the biblotheque department of *materia medica*. The treatise on diseases of the "Brain and Nervous System" is remarkable for its precise and careful analyses of the causes and symptoms of affections of those delicate organs; and his essay on the "Diseases of the Abdominal Region" does equal honor to his sagacity, and his powers of observation and analogy. In 1830 and 1833, this eminent physician appeared in the arena of literature, upon a subject more speculative and consequently less practical than that which had ostensibly occupied his genius. He demonstrated by his works on the "Intellectual Powers," and on the "Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," that the paths of metaphysical speculation were familiar to him, and that subjects less tangible than those presented in the catalogue of the physical sciences had occupied his acute and searching mind. Shortly after the publication of the last of these works, appeared his "Treatise on the Moral Condition of the Lower Classes in Edinburgh," and at various irregular periods subsequently he issued a series of essays on the "Elements of Sacred Truth," together with many essays and tracts, which have since been combined into a single small volume. His writings on moral and religious subjects are characterized by a simple and earnest eloquence, eminently calculated to reach the heart and instruct the understanding, while, in his allusions to the poor and destitute, there glow all the tender emotions of one who has seen much wo and want in his vocation, and who has felt and can still abundantly feel. In 1834, the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of M. D.—a title which he had long previously obtained, however, from our Scottish metropolitan *alma mater*; and in the year immediately succeeding, he was chosen Lord-Rector of the Marischal College of Aberdeen, an honorary office conferred by the students upon men distinguished in science, politics, or literature.

If a splendid reputation, and ample success in his profession, had been the twofold purpose of his life, Dr. Abercrombie had attained these distinctions at a comparatively

early period, and had ample cause for satisfaction. Fame is not sufficient to satisfy a soul, however; it is a gratification, not a principle; when and while you remember that you possess it, you may wear it with some pride; but it is transitive as sunlight, and can be forgotten with honor. Dr. Abercrombie's high position and extensive celebrity did not make him forget his feelings as a man, nor relax his obligations as a Christian. He never rose above his sympathies for the poor, nor relaxed his charitable ministrations in their behalf. The inborn piety and benevolence, which had been touched with finer tones, during the experiences of his early days among the suffering poor, became principles of action when his influence and examples were sufficient to effect for them much good. In every scheme that conduced to elevate the moral and physical condition of the suffering and the needy, he led the van. He was as indefatigable in urging others to deeds of well-doing as he was practical. He sought the charities of his friends for the objects that crowded his daily path; but he taught them also, by personal and bounteous liberality, how to bestow. He partook, in this respect, very much of the character of his distinguished friend Dr. Chalmers. He rarely allowed his voice to suggest what his hand was not ready to execute. In his general bearing Dr. Abercrombie might appear distant and reserved to strangers; but this was less the result of his natural dispositions than an appearance produced by the habits of his mind. Years of study and reflection invariably produce an individuality of manners, which appear to be less frank and spontaneous than those of the spacious conventionalist. In the family circle, or that of private friendship, however, all the generous emotions of nature, and all the freedom of his fine conversational powers, were exhibited. He beautified and dignified home with

generous affection and manly simplicity; and endeared men to him more by the candor and constancy of his own heart, than by the plausibility of his tongue. Dr. Abercrombie was of too active and too earnest a nature not to be affected by the great questions which lately agitated Scotland in relation to Church Government; but his antipathy to controversy, and the spirit of controversy, made him shrink from all participation in the activities of the discussion. His sentiments in religion were strong and decided, and his opinion, in regard to its visible position, were also distinct and firm; but he did not believe that the heat of controversial wrath conduced to God's glory nor advanced his kingdom on earth, and for these reasons he preferred to act like a philosopher rather than a zealot or dogmatist, and to maintain the character of a Christian rather than purchase that of a partisan. Like all thoughtful men, Dr. Abercrombie had experienced those difficulties and mental questionings which have assailed all inquiring minds, and he had realized the value and beauty of truth. He was not a religious devotee, but a child of God from conversion and conviction. He felt religion to be a necessity of his nature; he knew that Christianity was the true religion; necessity and an assured faith were the bases of his religious character; and upon these he established the most comprehensive and simple charity.

After a life fruitful of good works and good thoughts, Dr. Abercrombie died suddenly on the 14th of December, 1844, from the rupture of a small blood-vessel in the region of the heart. We shall never forget the consternation and sorrow which affected all who heard for the first time of his loss to his relatives and to society. The rich mourned for a monitor and friend, and the poor for a benefactor and father.

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## THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

There is an epoch in the life of man,  
Compelling thought, if power he has to think.  
It is not in the palsied hours which brink  
Eternity, that he perforce must scan  
His bygone ways. As one light tinge of gold  
On grain foretells a reaping-time to be,  
So doth the first grey hair, which mortals see,  
The coming of their day of doom unfold.

That sign announces, that a novel thread  
Hath been inwoven with their web of life,  
And that yet more, so long as they have breath,  
And more, must follow. Then with thoughts of  
dread,  
Doubtings and questionings, the mind grows rife.  
'Who casts that shuttle?' The reply is, 'Death!'

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

*English Books on America.*—Two or three important works on this country, by British travelers, have lately made their appearance. "A Glimpse at the Great Western Republic," is the title of, it would seem, a very candid, and even laudatory work, by Col. Arthur Cunynghame, of the British Army. The *Spectator* speaks of it as follows:

"He is well fitted to travel with advantage, through the training of varied military service, the experience which it gives, and his own native qualities. A good deal of experience enables him to look upon mere modes with indifference, and to take things as he finds them. He displays a turn for economical matters; the wonderfully rapid growth of the towns along the Western line of civilization being broadly and distinctly impressed upon the reader, while detailed information is at the same time furnished that will be useful to emigrants. The social peculiarities of the country also attracted his attention, whether small, as manners, or large, as the probable prospects of the great Republic. And none of these things are done by dry generalization, but illustrated by the incidents or circumstances that induce the conclusion. Like Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, and some other travelers, Colonel Cunynghame has formed a better opinion of the Americans than common visitors have promulgated: unlike Lady Emmeline, Mr. Abdy, and others, his conclusions have not been drawn from select society, but such company as he fell in with in steamers, railways, coaches, and hotels, or wayside houses in the far West."

"An Excursion to California over the Prairie, Rocky Mountains, &c., by William Kelly," is the title of another work of the kind. The *Literary Gazette* characterizes it as—

"Rattling, picturesque and self-sustained;—the narrative bounds along at a regular and rapid pace; the incidents of the tale seem to fall into their proper places in the most natural manner; and the hero and author undergoes adventures and overcomes difficulties, just as the hero and author of a book intended to amuse as well as instruct—to while away a few hours in an agreeable state of excitement, and to fill the mind with a series of permanent pictures—ought to do. In these pages the wild beauty of the prairie, the terrific loneliness of the rocky mountains, the gulches and gorges of the gold country, the curious and painful aspects of the gold cities, are brought before the eye with the minute truth of the daguerreotype. With equal power and effect are the gold-worshippers produced and portrayed. Mr. Kelly had, for us, the immense advantage of studying the new fever from a certain height. Unlike former narrators of the wonders of California, he appears to have been comparatively, if not entirely, free from the contagion:—to his eye, therefore, the resulting moral phenomena presented an aspect more revolting, and in all probability

more accurate, than to the eyes of those who have hitherto been our guides. Yet he is by no means a jaundiced observer. He fairly paints the better side of the picture when a better side is to be found. The impression left on the reader's mind is, that Mr. Kelly has had to tell a story always picturesque and often painful—and that he has told it in a candid and agreeable way."

Dr. Andrew's erudite and invaluable Latin Lexicon, founded on the Lexicon of Dr. Freund, has been republished by Low. The following notice of the *Literary Gazette* is a specimen of the general remarks concerning it:

We have examined this book with considerable attention, and have no hesitation in saying, that it is the best dictionary of the Latin language that has yet appeared. It is a closely-printed royal 8vo. volume, in three columns, and contains upwards of 1600 pages. Although it bears on the title-page the name of a London publisher, it is printed in New York, and is edited by Dr. Andrews of New Britain. Dr. Freund's Latin-German Lexicon, upon which the present work is founded, bears a high character in Germany.

*Caleb Field, a Tale of the Puritans*, by the author of *Margaret Maitland*, neatly reprinted by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, is thus spoken of by the *Athenæum*:—

"The manifestations of power in this tale are unmistakable, and that power of a more truly tragic character than we are wont to meet with in these days. The depth of feeling displayed accords singularly well with the holy enthusiasm of the two spirits—'finely touched' and to 'fine issues'—of Caleb Field and his lovely daughter Edith, who are the subjects of the story. By some the work will be said to be sombre, and they who delight in love passages, or who are only charmed by romantic situations, will cast it from them in disappointment, for neither one nor the other will be found within its pages. Instead of these, the work is over-spread by an exalted tone of morality, like that bright cloud so beautifully described by the author as hanging over pestilence-stricken London, which was mistaken by the fanatics for an angel."

*Discovery of the Ruins of Memphis.*—At last, not only the precise situation, but some of the ruins of this renowned city of ancient Egypt have been discovered. At the last sitting of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of Paris, a paper was read from M. Mariette, a gentleman charged with a literary and scientific mission of the French government in Egypt, in which he stated that having caused excavations to be made in the spot on which Memphis stood, he found, at a depth of from two to twelve yards, several monuments of Egyptian and Grecian architecture; and amongst them the



Serapeum mentioned by Strabo. Having had the avenue leading to the latter cleared, M. Mariette discovered a considerable number of statues ranged in a semicircle, and representing the sphynx, and all sorts of Grecian and Egyptian figures. Accompanying the communication of M. Mariette were drawings of his discoveries. The statues are described as of great beauty; and will, it is expected, throw great light, not only on Egyptian art, but on Egyptian history also.

It is needless to say that the important announcement of M. Mariette caused the liveliest interest; and the Academy at once resolved that M. Guizot, as its president, and M. Walekenae, the perpetual secretary, should in its name be deputed to request the Minister of Public Instruction and Foreign Affairs to award to M. Mariette pecuniary means for continuing his excavations. The Ministers unhesitatingly made the promise that the French Government would find all needful funds, and afford the enterprising and intelligent discoverer every assistance in its power.—*Literary Gazette*.

*Death of the Sculptor Tieck*.—From Berlin, we learn the death of the well-known sculptor, Christian Frederick Tieck—aged 74. Herr Tieck was a pupil of the illustrious Schadow,—and Germany owes to him some of the best of her modern works. Among these are mentioned, the monument of the late Queen Louise of Prussia,—the statues of Marshal Saxe, of Lessing, of Erasmus, of Grotius, of Herder, of Burger, of Walestein, and of William and Maurice of Orange—all at Munich; the sculptures of the pediment and friezes of the Theatre Royal at Berlin; the full-length statues of Necker, of the Duke de Bronghe, of Augustus William Schlegel, and of M. de Rocca, made for Madame de Staël; the front gate of the Cathedral of Berlin; and the bronze equestrian statue of Frederick William, at Ruppen. The deceased sculptor was brother to the celebrated poet of the same name.

*Death of a Danish Scholar*.—From Stockholm we hear of the death of Dr. André Carlsson, Bishop of Calmar, and author of numerous and important works on philology, theology and jurisprudence. He occupied at one time the chair of Greek language and literature at the University of Lund, and was, say the Swedish papers, in his place in the Diet, a champion of religious liberty and parliamentary reform. He has died at the age of 84.

*The French Press*.—At no time since the Revolution have our publishers displayed so much enterprising activity as at present. Not only do they bring out week after week a fair collection of works, but they have embarked in publications which will require months or even years to complete, and necessitate the outlay of a considerable capital; such, for example, are reprints of the "Encyclopédie Moderne," and the "Dictionnaire de la Conversation," both in fifty volumes; a new "Universal Biographical Dictionary" in thirty volumes; a "Theological Encyclopedia," in fifty-two volumes, and so on.—*Correspondent Literary Gazette*.

*Grandson of Condorcet*.—M. Daniel O'Connor, the last surviving son of General Arthur O'Connor, and grandson of the celebrated Condorcet, died on the 26th ult., at his estate in the Loiret.

*Monument to Frederick the Great*.—The manu-

ment so long in preparation to illustrate the memory of the Prussian monarch whom history has been pleased to call the Great Frederick, has been, at length, on the anniversary of his accession to the throne, inaugurated with royal ceremonials at Berlin. This monument is the work of the famous sculptor, Rauch, and forms a real historical work, which, independently of its artistic merit, may be consulted as an authentic record of the warriors and statesmen who helped to found a great kingdom. On a granite pedestal 25 feet in height, presenting on each face bronze groups of the great military commanders of the Seven Years' War, on foot and on horseback, all the size of life, and all portraits, in high relief—rises the statue of the monarch himself, "in his habit as he lived," and 17 feet 3 inches in height. Other sculptures also adorn the monument; and two tablets are inscribed with the names of eighty distinguished soldiers of the age of Frederick, for whose portraits there was not room. A third bears the names of sixteen statesmen, artists, and men of science of the epoch. The number of portrait-figures the size of life on the four faces of the pedestal, is thirty-one. In fact, here is the "great" king once more surrounded by the chiefs of the sword and of the intellect who helped to build up what is called his greatness.

*Reveries of a Bachelor*, the popular work published by Mr. SCRIMMAGE, of New York, from the pen of "Ik Marvel," re-printed in London by John Chapman, is thus lauded by the *Literary Gazette*:—

This is an American book, and a good one. It is marked by the characteristics of the opening literature of the New World, images and reflections derived from scenes and people very different from those we see around us in Europe, mingled with recollections and sympathies that may be traced to the Old World and its authors. There is an abruptness in the style, and, at times, a harshness—we had almost said a nasal twang—in the sentiments, that grate occasionally, though for a moment only, on our antiquated tastes. Here and there "affectations" are obtrusive and unwelcome. But these defects are small and few compared with the merits, the freshness, heartiness, and earnestness that are manifest in every page—qualities that have sold 10,000 copies of these "Reveries" within a year, and attracted ten times as many readers. When Americans pause in the midst of their dollar-hunting to think and dream over fanciful essays such as these, there must be much good in them, capable of charming the head and interesting the heart.

*Hawthorne's House of Seven Gables*, published in Boston by TICKNOR, REED & FIELD, and reprinted in London, by JOHN CHAPMAN, meets with distinguished favor. The *Athenæum*, in the course of a long and laudatory review, speaks of it as follows:

"The invention of 'The Scarlet Letter' involved so much crime and remorse, that—though never as tragedy on a similar theme more clear of morbid incitements,—we felt that in a journal like ours, the tale could be characterized only, not illustrated by extracts. So powerful, however, was the effect of that novel—even on those who, like ourselves, were prepared to receive good things from Mr. Hawthorne's hands—as to justify no ordinary solicitude concerning his next effort in fiction. This is before us—in 'The House of the Seven Gables': a story

widely differing from its predecessor,—exceeding it, perhaps, in artistic ingenuity—if less powerful, less painful also—rich in humors and characters—and from first to last individual. It is thus made evident that Mr. Hawthorne possesses the fertility as well as the ambition of *Genius*; and in right of these two tales, few will dispute his claim to rank amongst the most original and complete novelists that have appeared in modern times. \* \* \*

The romance is in it, as he should always be, a *romancer*; and his spirits, quietly as they are invoked, are spirits of no ordinary power. We surely find so much strength of grasp and so much self-restraint united as in the entire tale—to which the reader is referred for the solution of the mystery so powerfully indicated in the above."

*Yeast, a Problem*, by Mr. KINGSLEY, author of *Alton Locke*, republished by the HARVARD, is thus noticed by the *Athenæum*—

"*Yeast*, though written in a narrative form, scarcely pretends to be a novel:—and notwithstanding some strongly-drawn scenes and fine passages of description, they who take it up for amusement are likely to be disappointed. It is a book of social pathology; and the characters introduced are vigorously sketched and vividly colored, diagrams illustrating the different phases of the disease and disorganization that are going on in the inner condition of England. They who are in earnest themselves about such matters, will readily see that earnestness is at the root of the author's fault. In '*Yeast*,' as in '*Alton Locke*,' he is honestly engrossed with his subject. There are throughout a singleness of purpose and an absence of self-seeking, which we take to be the first things needful in those who do any kind of work, and without which genius itself carries no weight and inspires small reverence."

*Death of Richard Lalor Sheil.*—One of the most brilliant rhetoricians of the age in which he lived has prematurely closed his remarkable career in a foreign land, and in a manner so sudden that the surprise which the event must occasion will be only exceeded by the deep affliction of his friends and the regret of the public. The Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil was a native of Dublin, born in the year 1793. His father, imitating the example of many Irish Roman Catholics of good family, sought in other countries that independence and those means of advancement which the penal laws, then in force, denied them in the land of their nativity. He resided for many years at Cadix, and engaged in mercantile pursuits with more than ordinary success. Having amassed a competence, he returned to the county of Waterford, purchased an estate, and built a mansion. Unfortunately he was again led into commercial speculation, which proved of a dimstrous character, and he eventually died, unable to bequeath to his son more than the means of acquiring a liberal education. That education commenced at Stonyhurst, was continued at Trinity College, Dublin, where the young Mr. Sheil, then remarkable for the precocity of his talents, graduated with much distinction, and at the age of 21. In the year 1814, he was called to the Irish bar. In the profession of the law, though he attained the rank of Queen's counsel, he never enjoyed a lucrative practice. On remarkable occasions he held briefs and made showy speeches, but the attorneys

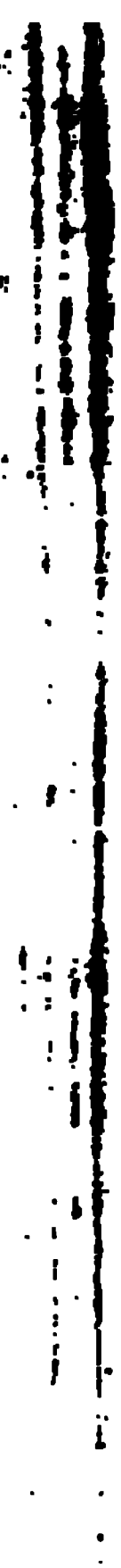
had no confidence in his legal acquirements, and though the judges regarded affectionately his personal character, and greatly admired his genius, yet his arguments were listened to with comparatively little attention. It was said, however, that he determined if possible to get on in the more arduous walks of the profession, and hoped for especial favor in the Rolls Court, having married at an early age Miss O'Halloran, niece to Sir William MacMahon, (who then presided in that court), and niece also to Sir John MacMahon, who at that time was private secretary to the Prince Regent. But all this gossip of the "Four Courts" ended in nothing. Mr. Sheil, instead of an eminent lawyer, became a political agitator, and in the Roman Catholic Association reached a position second only to that of Mr. O'Connell. His speeches at public meetings in Dublin, the first of which was delivered by him at the early age of 18, attracted the admiration of all classes; his passionate tone delighted the vulgar, his wit and exquisite fancy charmed the most cultivated minds, while his perfect amability of character, his high and generous nature, secured the friendship of every one who enjoyed the advantage of his acquaintance. With all this celebrity, however, he was not making a fortune, and when literature offered to him some of its rewards, he gladly contributed to the monthly periodicals of that day, producing at the same time the tragedy of "*Evelina*," and many other dramatic works. The Roman Catholic Relief Bill of 1829, when it became law, opened to Mr. Sheil a new and more extended sphere of action; he was returned to Parliament for Lord Anglesey's borough of Millbourne Port, and soon became one of the favorite orators of the House. At first there was some disposition to laugh at his shrill tones and vehement gesticulation, but Parliament soon recognized him as one of its ornaments. His great earnestness and apparent sincerity, his unrivalled felicity of illustration, his extraordinary power of pushing the meaning of words to the utmost extent, and wringing from them a force beyond the range of ordinary expression, much more than the force of his reasoning or the range of his political knowledge, obtained for him in Parliament marked attention and, for the most, unqualified applause. When he rose to speak, members took their places, and the hum of private conversation was hushed, in order that the House might enjoy the performances of an accomplished artist—not that they should receive the lessons of a statesmanlike adviser, or follow the lead of a commanding politician. Still, for twenty years, he held a prominent place in the House of Commons, though throughout a great portion of that period he represented very insignificant constituencies. Mr. Sheil was returned for Millbourne Port in 1830, having been an unsuccessful candidate for the county of Louth. In 1831, however, he got in for Louth; in 1832 was returned for Tipperary, without contest, and again in 1835; but in 1837 there was an opposition, against which he prevailed. His principal influence in that county, exclusive of the weight of his public character, is understood to have been derived from his second marriage with the widow of Mr. Edmund Power, of Gurteen, which took place in 1830. It will be remembered that the eldest son of that gentleman fell very recently by his own hand; and during his minority whatever influence he might possess as a landlord was in a great degree at the command of Mr. Sheil, who continued to sit for Tipperary till 1841, though he encountered some

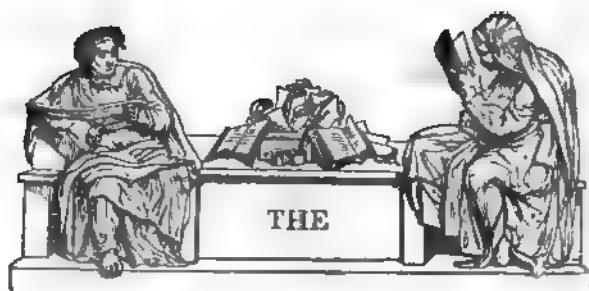
opposition on accepting office in 1838. From the general election in 1841 till the time of his departure for Florence in 1850, he represented, through the influence of the Duke of Devonshire, the small borough of Dungarvon, always of course supporting the most liberal section of the Whigs. Amongst his first appointments was that of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, in the last Melbourne Ministry, and then he became Judge-Advocate General, which office he held only from June to September, 1841. On the return of the present Ministers to office, in 1846, he was appointed to the office of Master of the Mint, and in November, 1850, went out as British Minister to Florence. For many years past his health had been declining, his fits of gout grew more frequent and severe, his speeches in Parliament, never very numerous, came at length to be few and far between: though his political friends regarded him with infinite favor, they began to think he might be just as useful to them at Florence as in London, especially as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was soon to be brought in; and although that appointment amounted to shelving for life a man not yet 60 years of age, though it was nothing less than an expatriation of the individual and an extinction of what might have been a growing fame, yet he submitted

not merely with a philosophical indifference, but almost in a joyous spirit, feeling, or seeming to feel, that it was great promotion and a dignified retirement. He was old in constitution, if not in years, with powers better suited to the development of general principles, than to that successful administration of details which a practical age demands. With Grattan, Flood, and Curran he would have well co-operated from 1782 to 1800, but amongst the public men of England, in the middle of this century, he appeared grievously out of place, and he therefore was perhaps quite sincere in the expressions of delight with which he escaped from Downing street to enjoy the fine vintages and bright sunshine of the south. He is stated to have expired at Florence on the 25th ult., owing to an attack of gout in the stomach.—'Times' We find in the 'Daily News,' the following paragraph, descriptive of the last moments of Mr. Sheil:—Mr. Shiel was in his bedroom, and had just finished dressing for church, when he told Mrs. Sheil he felt a spasm in his stomach, fainted, and lay upon the bed. He recovered and took some colchicum, which he had generally at hand, fainted again, recovered, and took a little brandy and opium. He fainted a third time, and expired in the arms of Mrs. Sheil.—*Examiner*.









# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1851.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## JEREMY TAYLOR.

Of the numerous divines who in distant or more recent times have enriched the theological literature of England, there is none to whom we can assign a more distinguished position, than to the preacher-poet, Bishop Jeremy Taylor. He has been called—and not improperly—the Chrysostom of the English Church. In richness of expression, fertility of invention, and copiousness of illustration, he is confessedly unrivalled by any sacred orator of any age or country. His mellifluous periods charm the ear and please the taste, whilst they minister to the purposes of piety. Above all, it is upon record that he adorned the faith he preached, by the practice of his life, no less than by the persuasive eloquence of his lips. He passed unscathed through many trials, and whilst drinking deep of the bitter waters of affliction, he afforded his weaker brethren an encouraging example of humility and patience. In the darkest hours of his earthly pilgrimage, his sweetness of disposition never forsook him. Though his bark was tossed upon a troubled sea, he waited with confidence and resignation for the issue of the voyage. In the shade of adversity, as well as in the sunshine of prosperity, he found ample opportunities for the display of the

gentlest and most attractive graces of the Christian character, and his name is inseparably associated with our most exalted ideas of moral purity and self-denying piety.

It is much to be regretted that the memorials which remain to us of a life so full of interesting and remarkable incidents as that of Taylor, should be so extremely scanty. In recent years he has not wanted indeed for able biographers, but their sources of information appear to have been very limited. "The life of a student," observes Bishop Heber, "is passed within a narrow circle, and of the men whose writings are most widely read and admired, the personal history is often enveloped in the deepest obscurity." And thus in the absence of authenticated information, the biographers of Taylor, like those of Shakspeare, are frequently compelled to resort to conjecture or surmise, and to fill up with invention and suggestions the imperfect outline which has been transmitted to posterity by his contemporaries. Although this course is not the most satisfactory one, it will be necessary for us to adopt it whilst sketching, as we propose as briefly as possible to do, the career of the most accomplished of English pulpit orators.

At the beginning of the 17th century,

Nathaniel, the father of Jeremy Taylor, was settled in the town of Cambridge, where he carried on the business of a barber. He had eleven children, of whom Jeremy, baptized in the year 1613, (for there is no certain record of the time of his birth), was the third. Though engaged in a comparatively humble occupation, he was a man of reasonable learning, being able, as we are informed, to instruct his children in grammar and the mathematics. That he occupied a position of some respectability in the town of Cambridge, is also shown by his having been churchwarden of the parish of the Holy Trinity, in the year 1621. It must also be borne in mind that the trade of a barber-surgeon was, in those days, one of considerable importance, as, in addition to shaving and hair-dressing, he was expected to perform all the ordinary surgical operations. It should be likewise mentioned that on the score of family, Nathaniel Taylor had some claim to consideration from his fellow-townsmen. He was the lineal descendant of an illustrious victim of the Marian persecution,—the revered and learned Rowland Taylor, chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer. His ancestors had also long possessed a small estate in Gloucestershire, and it is reasonable to suppose that these circumstances must have added to his consequence, and raised him rather above the sphere of a provincial tradesman.

His son Jeremy seems to have been sent to school at a very early age, for he attended a free-school in Cambridge in the year 1616, at which time, if he were baptized in the year of his birth, he could have been only three years old. His aptness for learning, quickness, and docility soon attracted attention, and at the age of fifteen, (or according to another authority thirteen,) he was removed to the university, and his name was entered as a "poor scholar," or sizar of Caius College. Tradition has preserved no anecdote of his boyhood, nor is anything definitely known of his college career. But it is worthy of remark, that only one year before he entered the university, a stripling of still greater promise, and destined to accomplish even higher things, had become an inmate of a neighboring college. This was no other than John Milton; and it is fair to imagine that the two youths must have been occasionally thrown into each other's society, and that they found, in common sympathies and congenial studies, a bond of intimacy. Although the paths which they were destined to tread in after life were

widely different, and the parts they were called on to play in the politics of the period completely opposite, it is impossible not to see that in genius and disposition there were many points of resemblance between them. Both of them, also, were distinguished at this period for their personal beauty. The greatest intellects of the age were enshrined in temples of corresponding comeliness. Of Milton's youthful appearance, in his days of studentship, a characteristic sketch has been drawn by our greatest modern poet, which is worthy of quotation:—

"Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,  
Stood almost single; uttering odious truth—  
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,  
Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged  
An awful soul—I seem'd to see him here  
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress  
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—  
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks,  
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,  
And conscious step of purity and pride."<sup>a</sup>

And in like manner it is said that Taylor's florid and youthful beauty,—his sweet and pleasant air,—his grave and graceful presence—entranced the beholder, and seemed to give an outward indication of intellectual pre-eminence. It may also be inferred that Taylor, like Milton, frequently sighed over the scholastic jargon then taught in the universities, and longed to inhale a freer and healthier atmosphere. For "the asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles," the future author of the *Doctor Dubitantium* must have had as profound a contempt as the author of *Paradise Lost*. And it requires no great effort of the imagination to picture these two illustrious members of the intellectual aristocracy of the nation comparing together, at such a time and place, their notions of the beautiful and true, and stimulating each other to more heroic exertions.

Having taken his degree of Master of Arts, Taylor was ordained before he had reached the age of twenty-one, and it was not his lot to remain long in obscurity. By a happy accident he was solicited to take the place of a college friend, who had been appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cathedral, and was either unable or unwilling to attend. The opportunity for distinction was not lost upon the young divine. His eloquent sermons and graceful elocution won the enthusiastic admiration of his auditors, and procured him an introduction to Archbishop Laud. His friend Bishop Rust, (his suc-

<sup>a</sup> Wordsworth, "The Prelude."

cessor in the diocese of Dromore), who preached his funeral sermon, and introduced therein a brief sketch of his career, observes that his personal beauty and sublime and raised discourses caused his hearers "to take him for some young angel, newly descended from the visions of glory!" Soon after his first sermon at St. Paul's, he was summoned to Lambeth, to preach before the Archbishop. His discourse, upon that occasion, according to Rust, "was beyond exception, and beyond imitation: yet the wise prelate thought him too young; but the great youth humbly begged his grace to pardon that fault, and promised, *if he lived, he would mend it.*" It was, however, prudently resolved by Laud that "such mighty parts should be afforded better opportunities of study and improvement, than a course of constant preaching would allow of." He foresaw the perils to which the excitement and applause of crowded congregations might expose the youthful orator; and he accordingly thought it better to send him to Oxford, where he might pursue his studies in undisturbed seclusion. With characteristic liberality, he placed him in his own college of All Souls, where he soon obtained a fellowship: and, after the lapse of about two years, presented him to the rectory of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire.

The liberality of "my lord of Canterbury" to Taylor did not stop here. Soon after promoting him to the rectory of Uppingham, "he preferred him," says Rust, "to be chaplain to King Charles the Martyr, of blessed and immortal memory." Being now comfortably settled in the world, with every prospect of future honors and happiness, the prosperous divine resolved on matrimony. Of the lady of his choice, nothing is known, except that she bore the musical maiden name of Phœbe Langdale. On the 27th of May, 1639, the marriage was celebrated in the parish-church of Uppingham, the gifted bridegroom being then in the 26th year of his age. But however cheering his prospects at this moment, Taylor's domestic felicity was not of long duration. Within three years his wife bore him three children, the youngest of whom died in May, 1642, and the mother soon followed her darling to the tomb.

The desolation of the pastor's home was but the beginning of his afflictions. The storm of political contention, which was destined to end in civil war, and to mar the fortunes of so many distinguished men, had begun its

furious career. The impeachment of Laud, in 1640, had excited Taylor's eloquent indignation; and when the royal standard was raised at Nottingham, on the 22d of August, 1642,\* it is supposed that he almost immediately left his parsonage, and joined the army in his capacity of a royal chaplain. Very shortly afterwards his living was sequestered, under the authority of a parliamentary resolution which decreed the forfeiture of the livings of the loyal clergy. A puritan preacher was placed at Uppingham in his stead, who, if the "*Mercurius Aulicus*" (a royalist news-letter) can be relied on, was a curious specimen of the round-head divines of that period. The following is one of the anecdotes of this *meek* successor of the accomplished Taylor, contained in the above-mentioned newspaper;—

"Monday, May 6.—Now, if you would see what heavenly men these lecturers are, be pleased to take notice, that at Uppingham in Rutlandshire, the members have placed one Isaac Massey to teach the people, (for the true pastor, Dr. Jeremy Taylor, for his learning and loyalty is driven thence, his house plundered, his estate seized, and his family driven out of doors.) . . . This Massey, coming lately into a house of the town, used these words, '*This town of Uppingham loves Popery, and we would reform it, but they will not,*' (and without any further coherence, said;) '*but I say, whosoever says there is any king in England besides the Parliament at Westminster, I'll make him for ever speaking more.*' The master of the house replied, '*I say there is a king in England besides the Parliament in Westminster;*' whereupon Massey with his cudgel, broke the gentleman's head. Whoever doubts that Mr. Massey is injured by these relations, may satisfy themselves by inquiring of the inhabitants of Uppingham parish."†

During the hottest period of the civil war, Taylor is supposed to have followed the royal army in all its perilous marches. He is said to have been a spectator of the decisive battle of Newbury, and to have accompanied the discomfited cavaliers in their retreat from that memorable field. In 1644 he was with the royal forces in Wales, and was taken prisoner by the parliamentary army during the siege of Cardigan Castle. It is impossible, however, to follow his movements accurately at this period of his life. After his release

† Or, according to Clarendon, on August 25th.

\* "*Bishop Jeremy Taylor: a Biography.*" By the Rev. A. Willmott, 1847.



from imprisonment, he left the army, and thenceforth took up his residence in Wales, where he was fortunate enough to find a quiet retreat amid the turmoils of civil strife.

At this period of his life, under the pressures of poverty and adversity, he embraced the profession of a schoolmaster. Tradition states that he instructed his scholars sometimes in one, and sometimes in another cottage, in the village of Llanfihangel, in which he had taken up his abode. But it has been ascertained that he had two assistants, (who were compelled like himself to labor in this way for their subsistence), namely, William Nicholson, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, and William Wyatt, who became a prebendary of Lincoln;—a circumstance which would seem to imply that the work of instruction, whatever might be the station or degree of the scholars, was carried on in a systematic manner, and on an extensive scale. In conjunction with Wyatt, he published in 1647 a Grammar of the Latin language; and the biographer is thus enabled to trace another point of resemblance in the lives of Milton and Taylor, since both of these great men not only adopted for a short period the profession of the schoolmaster, but also both endeavored by the compilation of grammars to smooth the way for the youthful learner, and to leave behind them permanent memorials of the task to which they had temporarily dedicated their lofty intellects.

During his residence in Wales, Taylor contracted a second marriage. The name of the lady with whom, in this darker period of his life, he was induced to enter into the bonds of wedlock, was Joanna Bridges, who is reputed to have been a natural child of King Charles I. It would appear that this was a very advantageous match for the impoverished divine. In addition to the endowments of a handsome person and agreeable manners, the lady is said to have been possessed of a good estate in the north-eastern part of Carmarthenshire. But, like most of the royalists' possessions, it is probable that the property had become much reduced and encumbered by fines and other exactions, and was, therefore, insufficient in amount to relieve Taylor at once from the duties of school-keeping. Of his engagements and way of life, however, at this epoch, nothing again is precisely known; but it is certain that his pen was not idle in his retirement, for in the same year in which his Grammar was given to the world, he published his great work on the Liberty of

Prophecy.\* In this treatise he vindicated the principles of religious freedom upon their broadest basis; so much so that it has been characterized as the "first distinct and avowed defence of toleration which had been ventured on in England, perhaps in Christendom." Its spirit is beautifully represented in the noble apologue with which it concludes, and which its author professes to have taken from the "Jews' books," wherein the patriarch Abraham is rebuked by the Lord of Hosts for denying to an unbelieving wayfarer the rites of hospitality.† Although written "in poverty and tribulation, without books, or leisure to consult them," in style and matter it is unsurpassed by any other production of its author. By Coleridge, the greatest critic of modern times, this treatise was regarded with almost extravagant admiration. "He saw in it all the confluent powers of the author, swelling the majestic stream of genius, as it rolled onward in its diversified and winding course."‡ No one, we believe, can read this great work, or any considerable portion of it, without feeling that the writer was far in advance of his age; and that the object which he had in view, and which is declared upon the title-page to be the demonstration of "the Unreasonableness of prescribing to other Men's Faith, and the Iniquity of Persecuting Differing Opinions," as far as argument is concerned, was most satisfactorily attained.

In the dedication to this celebrated production, a brief but beautiful allusion is made by Taylor to his personal history, which the biographer cannot pass over without notice, although some of the circumstances to which

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\* By "Prophecy," Taylor meant, in the language of the period, preaching or expounding.

† "When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him most kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him, that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer, Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, 'I thrust him away because he did not worship thee.' God answered him, 'I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst not thou endure him one night?'"

‡ Willmott's Biography.

it alludes are involved in obscurity, nor has any clue been obtained to the name of the "noble enemy," whose mercy and gentleness it commemorates. "In the great storm," says Taylor, "which dashed the vessel of the Church all in pieces, I had been cast on the coast of Wales, and, in a little boat, thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness, which in England, in a greater, I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so much impetuous violence, that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor; and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons. And but that He who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of the waves, and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study. But I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy."

The shipwrecked divine was not cast, indeed, upon an altogether inhospitable shore. On the contrary, it is gratifying to perceive that the misfortunes by which he had been overtaken, proved, as temporal misfortunes often do, the sources of some unexpected benefits. The clouds which had overshadowed him were big with blessings. In his forced seclusion, surrounded by untoward circumstances, he was visited with unlooked-for gleams of comfort. In the village in which he had fixed his temporary abode, rose the charming towers of Golden Grove, the residence of Lord Carbery, an amiable and accomplished nobleman, who was delighted to extend to Taylor his friendship and protection. The introduction to Lord and Lady Carbery, whenever it took place, was an important epoch in the life of the persecuted royalist. In the neighborhood of Golden Grove he passed some of the happiest hours of his life, cheered by the attentions and solitudes of affectionate friends, and partaking of the pleasures and advantages of highly cultivated society. The situation of the place was most delightful. It was surrounded by a landscape of surpassing loveliness, and by objects peculiarly calculated to influence and interest the poetical mind. The neighboring fields were clothed in the most attractive garb of pastoral beauty; the river Towey flowed through the grounds,\* and lofty trees flung their shadows over its stream. A glorious

avenue of elms was long remembered as Taylor's Walk, where he meditated some of the sublimest strains of his well-nigh superhuman eloquence. Amidst such scenes, the harassed mind might well find rest. Past annoyances and misfortunes were forgotten, and a spirit of calm contentedness and sober joy supervened. The heart of the pious divine overflowed with gratitude and thankfulness. Instead of brooding over what he had lost, he delighted to indulge in the enumeration of the privileges he possessed, and the pure pleasures he enjoyed. Thus in his great work on Holy Living, he exclaims with reference to this period of his life:—"I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me; what now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse, and unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have still left me the Providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate, I can walk in my neighbor's pleasant fields, and see the variety of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights,—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns. Such a person were fit to bear Nero company in his funeral sorrow for the loss of one of Poppæa's hairs, or help to mourn for Lesbia's sparrow: and because he loves it, he deserves to starve in the midst of plenty, and to want comfort while he is enriched with blessings."

Of the charms of outward nature, Taylor was in the highest degree susceptible. His happiest illustrations are drawn from familiar sights and sounds, and from the most frequently recurring objects in the rural landscape. He had an eye for all the beauties of English scenery, and a full appreciation of the poetry of country life. Looking through nature up to nature's God, a close observer of the beauties and mysteries of the visible universe, Jeremy Taylor has been properly designated the Shakspeare of English theologians; casting the hue of poetry over every theme he touched, and relieving with graceful similitudes and gorgeous imagery the

\* Willmott's Biography.

weightiest and most solemn disquisitions. To his lengthened residence near Golden Grove, and to the circumstances which attended his sojourn there, we are probably indebted for the most beautiful and picturesque passages in his works. As those passages rise before our memory, we naturally picture to ourselves the peaceful pleasures and cheerful life of the pious pastor; his morning walks, his mid-day musings, his evening reveries; now tracing the upward flight of the lark, now watching the bursting rosebud, and now the waving foliage of the forest, with the rapt attention of the poet and philosopher. Listen for a moment to the musical cadence of one of those charming similes for which he is so famous. "Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hoping to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of its wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministry here below. So is the prayer of a good man," &c.

We cannot read such a sentence as this, without feeling it to be the language of genuine inspiration—the utterance of an earnest lover of nature, who had often beheld with no common attention what he describes. There can be no question, that Taylor was an experienced observer, as well as a poet of the highest order. As he walked abroad into the fields, he found everything around him suggestive of features and incidents of human life. We know not, for instance, where to turn for a grander or more appropriate array of images, than is presented to us in his beautiful parallel between the life of a man and the brief glory of a summer's day. "Some are called of age at fourteen, some at one-and-twenty, some never; but all men, late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But, as when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up

the lark to matins, and by-and-by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brow of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher and higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly. So is a man's reason and his life."

Although utterly free from the charge of habitually indulging in gloomy or desponding views, it is not surprising that Taylor's musings should at this period have frequently worn a melancholy aspect. His genius was inclined to pathos. He had espoused an unprosperous cause, and his life had been tinged with many sorrows. In such a frame of mind, it was natural that the loveliest of earthly objects should suggest to him some sorrowful reflections. Whilst walking, for instance, in the gardens of Golden Grove, and musing upon by-gone days, the sight of the summer rose in its progress from maturity to decay, might well suggest to him that exquisite illustration of the frail tenure of earthly beauty, presented in the pages of his *Holy Dying*. "It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood; from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose, newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness, and cold dishonor, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly knew us not."\*

Independently of their warmth of coloring



and poetical embellishments, the productions of Taylor at this period are usually considered the most valuable that have proceeded from his pen. His treatises of Holy Living and Holy Dying belong to this epoch. He also compiled a practical manual of devotions, to which he gave the name of the *Golden Grove*, as an appropriate acknowledgment of the many privileges he had enjoyed under his patron's roof. In a chaster and different style, as befitted perhaps the solemn theme, he composed the Great Exemplar,—a life of Christ, which has attained great popularity. Some of his most exquisite sermons were also written and preached in the sequestered village where he had found such a congenial retreat. Among the most interesting of them, is the discourse which he delivered in the month of October, 1650, on the death of his patron's lady—the amiable and accomplished Countess of Carbery. It is easy to believe that every phrase of this inimitable funeral sermon came from the preacher's heart. To the illustrious deceased, Taylor was deeply indebted: he had long known and esteemed her as a friend, and the recollection of past kindness weighed upon his spirit. With a heavy heart, but “with a faithful hand,” he presented her portrait to the weeping hearers, and a holier or more attractive picture was never delineated from any pulpit. “I have seen a female religion,” he said, “that wholly dwelt upon the face and tongue; that like a wanton and undressed tree, spends all its juices in suckers and irregular branches, in leaves and gum, and after all such goodly outsides, you should never eat an apple, or be delighted with the beauties, or the perfumes of a hopeful blossom. But the religion of this excellent lady was of another constitution; it took root downward in humility, and brought forth fruits upward in substantial graces of a Christian, in charity and justice, in chastity and modesty, in fair friendships and sweetness of society: she had not very much of the forms and outsides of godliness, but she was largely careful for the power of it, for the moral, essential, and useful parts; such which would make her to be, not seem to be, religious.” And again:—“The other appendage of her religion, which also was a great ornament to all the parts of her life, was a rare modesty and humility of spirit, a confident despising and undervaluing of herself. For though she had the greatest judgment, and the greatest experience of things and persons, that I ever yet knew in a person of her youth, and sex, and circumstances, yet, as if she knew nothing of it, she

had the meanest opinion of herself; and like a fair taper, when she shined to all the room, yet round about her own station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, and she shined to every body but herself.” . . . . “In all her religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had as strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding towards her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion.”

It must be here observed, that the publication of the *Golden Grove* ruffled for a brief period the quiet stream of Taylor's life, and subjected him to legal persecution. Some passages in the preface to this manual were considered to reflect upon the ruling powers, and to mark the writer out as an obstinate malignant. An order for his arrest was accordingly transmitted to the local authorities, and he was imprisoned for a short time in Chepstow Castle(?). When we say “for a short period,” we are, however, merely following the conjectures of other biographers, whose industry has been unable to discover the length of time he remained in durance, or even to declare with certainty the place of his confinement.

Although there is no record of the commencement of their intimacy, it is supposed that about this time Taylor became an object of interest to an Englishman distinguished in these troublesome days for his attachment to the Church of England,—the celebrated John Evelyn. It would appear from Evelyn's diary, that Taylor preached several times in London in the spring of 1654, and on the 12th of April, 1656, he dined at Say's Court, (Evelyn's residence), with Berkeley, Boyle, and Wilkins. On his return to Wales, he was visited by a severe domestic affliction, in “the death of a little child, that lately, he said, when communicating to his friend Evelyn the sad event, “made us very glad, but now he rejoices in his little orb, while we think, and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is.” In the course of a few months his dwelling was again invaded by the destroying pestilence, and “two sweet, hopeful boys” were taken from him, and buried side by side. Although piously submitting himself to the will of heaven, Taylor was deeply afflicted by these visitations. How fondly he loved his wife and little ones may be conjectured from the warmth and passion with which he has described in one of his sermons the happiness of domestic life. “No man can tell,” he says, “but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart:



dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges: their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society; but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows; and blessing itself cannot make him happy."

It seems to be agreed upon all hands, that it was the loss of his children which drove Taylor permanently from Wales, and induced him to bend his footsteps to the metropolis, whither he had been frequently invited by Evelyn. "When he had spent some years," says Bishop Rust, "in this retirement, it pleased God to visit his family with sickness, and to take to himself the dear pledges of his favor, three sons of great hopes and expectations, within the space of two or three months; and though he had learned a quiet submission to the Divine will, yet the affliction touched him so sensibly, that it made him desirous to leave the country." In London he is supposed to have occasionally lectured to a private congregation of Episcopalians. It is also on record, that he endured about this period a short imprisonment in the Tower, on account of the publication of a collection of Offices, to which the printer had prefixed a picture of our Saviour, and thus rendered himself and the author liable to the penalties of an act against idolatry, which had been recently passed by the Puritan parliament. He had not, however, resided long in the metropolis, when an introduction to Edward Lord Conway once more changed the scene of his life and labors. This nobleman, whom Bishop Rust describes as "a person of great honor and generosity," was possessed of large estates in the north-eastern part of Ireland, and entertaining a high esteem for Taylor's personal character, as well as considerable confidence in his zeal and ability, he tendered him the lectureship of Lisburn, then an inconsiderable town, in the province of Ulster. The stipend paid to the lecturer was, however, so small, that Taylor at first declined it; but other inducements being subsequently held out to him, he departed for Ireland in the summer of 1658, and fixed his residence at Portmore, near the mansion of Lord Conway.

In very many respects, Portmore proved to Taylor a most desirable retreat. The surrounding landscape scarcely yielded in beauty to the Golden Grove. The delightful greensward of Lord Conway's park

was washed by the limpid waters of two beautiful lakes, "each studded with romantic islets." Bishop Rust speaks of it as "a place made for study and contemplation;" and it was described to Heber, as a spot in which "the painter, poet, or devout contemplatist might delight to linger."\* In such a place, a mind like Taylor's found many sources of happiness. Though he continued poor and dependent, he was grateful to the Providence who had placed him in so delightful an asylum. From Lord Conway he received many kindnesses, and Evelyn remained his staunch friend, supplying him regularly with sums of money by way of pension. Such assistance, the philosopher of Say's Court was happy out of his abundance to dispense to the poor and pious scholar, and Taylor felt no degradation in accepting it.

The two years which he passed at Portmore afforded our great divine the requisite leisure for the completion of his most elaborate production, the *Ductor Dubitantium*; or *Cases of Conscience*. In the spring of 1660 he quitted Ireland, and proceeded to London with the manuscript of this work, which he caused to be published in the June following. He found, however, that he had arrived in England at an important crisis. During his absence, the great Protector had died, and from the moment of his decease, it was obvious that the days of the Commonwealth were numbered. The feeble mind of Richard Cromwell was unequal to the task of government, and the majority of the nation, disgusted with Puritan excesses, anxiously waited for the restoration of royalty. Affairs had reached a climax, when, on the 24th of April, Jeremy Taylor placed his hand to the memorable declaration of the royalists of London, to which the exiled monarch promptly responded. On the 29th of May, Charles II. made his triumphant entry into the metropolis, surrounded by his devoted adherents, who had suffered severely in his cause, and who hailed with extravagant joy his restoration to the throne of his ancestors. Many of these, alas! were doomed to encounter disappointment and neglect, but Taylor was among the fortunate few whose services were thought worthy of acknowledgment, and whose unwavering loyalty was remembered in the day of triumph. On the 6th of August following, he was nominated to the see of Down and Connor; a preferment below his merit, but which more

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\* Willmott's Biography.

than satisfied his ambition. That such a man should have been appointed an *Irish* Bishop naturally excites surprise. Among the clergy of the period there were few, or perhaps scarcely any, who had so high a claim to the distinction of the mitre, and it would have been but just and reasonable to have nominated to one of the vacant *English* sees, so bright an ornament of the English Church. To banish to a distance the greatest of pulpit orators, whose seductive eloquence might have captivated the careless ear of royalty itself, appears to us an act only to be accounted for on the supposition of Heber, that it was suspected the known fervor of his religious zeal, and the circumstance of his relationship by marriage with the royal family, might have led him to speak more plainly, and to rebuke the vices and follies of the great with more asperity than would have been at all times agreeable to courtly ears.

Having thus traced the career of Taylor through the dismal straits of obscurity and poverty, to dignity and opulence, we find but little more remaining to be told of him. In January, 1661, the ceremony of his consecration as Bishop of Down and Connor, took place in the Cathedral of St. Patrick, and he was very shortly afterwards sworn in a member of the Irish privy council, and elected vice-chancellor of the university of Dublin. In the discharge of his episcopal duties, he soon displayed such unwearied zeal, activity, and prudence, that the diocese of Dromore was, in April 1661, annexed to that of Down and Connor, "on account," as it was expressed, "of his virtue, wisdom, and industry." In the midst of dissensions and oppositions, peculiar to the country and the period, he displayed a meek and tolerant spirit, which disarmed the fury of his bitterest antagonists, together with a zeal which was, on all occasions, tempered alike by charity and discretion. The sturdy champions of the Covenant, who professed, "in the wildest and most gloomy sense," (to quote the words of Bishop Heber,) "the austere principles of their party," abounded in Taylor's diocese, and were in possession of many of the church livings. With these men it was difficult at all times to deal with gentleness: a more powerful argument than episcopal censure or exhortation was often necessary to enforce conformity; but there is abundant evidence that Taylor never resorted without reluctance to measures of extremity, and that he regarded his mission in Ireland as peculiarly one of conciliation. But, above all, the amiability of his personal

character was, on all sides, the subject of observation. He had preserved, through each vicissitude of fortune, the sweetness of disposition for which he had been in his youth remarkable, and as soon as Providence thought fit to endow him with large possessions, he was especially distinguished for the graceful and unostentatious benevolence with which he distributed to others out of his great abundance. His extensive charity was regarded by many of his contemporaries as the crowning virtue of his life. "But he was not only a good man Godward," says his friend, Bishop Rust, "but he was come to the top of St. Peter's gradation, and to his other virtues added a large and diffusive charity; and whoever compares his plentiful incomes with the inconsiderable estate he left at his death, will be easily convinced that charity was steward for a great proportion of his revenue. But the hungry that he fed, and the naked that he clothed, and the distressed that he supplied, and the fatherless that he provided for; the poor children that he put to apprentice, and brought up at school, and maintained at the university, will now sound a trumpet to that charity which he dispensed with his right hand, but would not suffer his left hand to have any knowledge of it."

In the influential position to which he had been so properly elevated, Taylor labored for six years, and during the whole of this period his activity and energy were on all occasions conspicuously displayed. At length, on the 3d of August, 1677, he was attacked with fever, and on the 13th of the same month he breathed his last at Lisburn, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. In the mellow autumn of his life, with all its matured experience, and in the full possession of his faculties, he was summoned from the scene of his usefulness by the inscrutable decree of an all-wise Creator. "He passed," says his eloquent biographer, Mr. Willmott, "through the dark gate into the Garden, when the eye of fancy had not grown dim, nor the arm of intellect become feeble. Having borne the heat and burden of the day, he received his wages before the sun was set and the dews of night began to descend. Called home in the rich autumn of his life, he was busy in the field and in the harvest; the sheaves lay piled around him when he fell asleep,

'And from his slack hand dropp'd the gather'd rose.'"

We are unwilling to weaken our estimate of Taylor's character by any further pane-

gyric; but it would at the same time be scarcely proper for us to conclude this sketch without drawing attention to his varied acquirements, and extensive acquaintance with every department of human knowledge. As a scholar, no less than as a divine, he is entitled to our high consideration. With indefatigable industry, as all his writings prove, he ransacked every storehouse of ancient and modern learning. Not content with the beaten path of scholarship, he deviated often into unfrequented by-roads, presenting his readers with the result of his researches, in the shape of some apt allusion or appropriate anecdote. Among the divines of the period, he was as conspicuous for sound learning as for the superior grace and eloquence of his discourses; and in the disposal of his time, he seems to have kept steadily in view that great saying of his illustrious predecessor, Richard Hooker—“*There is in this world no kind of knowledge whereby any part of Truth is seen, but we justly account it precious; yea, that principal Truth, in comparison with which all other knowledge is vile, may receive from it some kind of light.*”

As a Theologian, it is well known that Taylor entertained some peculiar views. His ardent imagination, and speculative temperament, withdrew him, upon certain topics, from what was thought to be the strict line of orthodoxy. Upon these subjects, however, it is neither our province nor our wish to enter. Of one thing we may rest assured—for it is corroborated by the whole tenor of his life—that his opinions were the result of sincere conviction; and it can also be mentioned to his honor, that when precipitated into the stormy arena of controversy, whilst he displayed the natural warmth and sensitiveness of an earnest and truth-seeking man, he was at all times distinguished for that spirit of meekness and forbearance which formed, both in the hour of adversity and prosperity, so engaging a feature in his character.

We have elsewhere spoken of Taylor as a poet; and a great one we believe him to be. He possessed, in an almost equal degree with his great contemporary Milton, that divine gift of imagination, which, when allied to moral purity, and controlled by reason and experience, may be regarded as the highest faculty of the human mind. But whilst his numerous prose works are filled with passages which are in themselves true poems, and only require the aid of metrical arrangement to make them so in the common acceptance of the term, yet he attempted versi-

fication with but little success. When it is recollected, however, that true ease in writing is the result of practice and labor, as well as of natural aptitude, it ought not to occasion surprise that Taylor should have found himself so little at home in the task of poetical composition. His genius was cramped by the unaccustomed fetters of rhyme and metre; and in writing verse, as it has been well observed, he had but the use of his left hand. But his failure, after all, was only comparative. Many examples of gorgeous diction and musical expression might be selected from his verses, which would do no discredit to his reputation; and we subjoin a brief specimen from a hymn, in which his biographer, Mr. Willmott, professes to discover “the fervor of Crashaw, with some of the fancy of Cowley:”

“O beauteous God, uncircumscribed treasure  
Of an eternal pleasure,  
Thy throne is settled far  
Above the highest star.  
Where thou prepar’st a glorious place  
Within the brightness of thy face,  
For every spirit  
To inherit,  
That builds his hope upon thy merit,  
And loves thee with a holy charity.  
What ravish’d heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes,  
Clear as the morning’s rise,  
Can speak, or think, or see,  
That bright eternity?  
Where the great King’s transparent throne  
Is of an entire jasper stone,” &c.

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Having made these remarks on the life and character of Jeremy Taylor, our pleasantest but perhaps most difficult task remains behind. It is that of presenting to our readers a few extracts from his works, which, whilst of necessity brief and unconnected, may at the same time forcibly illustrate the character of his genius. We will commence with one or two quotations from his beautiful sermon of “The Marriage Ring.”

“They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she has no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and



the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she has no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbors, he remembers the objection that is in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man, when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

"The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsman took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valley of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness.

"As the Indian women enter into folly for the price of an elephant, and think their crime warrantable, so do men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, (like Eriphile, the Argive; she preferred gold before a good man,) and show themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives; and when they have counted their money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of all that money, modesty, or sweet nature to their relative!"

In the following directions for the conduct of the newly married (from the same sermon), the wisdom of the same preacher is no less apparent than the fancy of the poet:—

"Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation: *every little thing can blast an infant blossom*; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl, like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north; and the loud noises of the tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of

the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces."

Before we take leave of this admirable discourse, we may observe that we know of nothing more beautiful, even in Taylor's prose works, than the following description of the duties and character of a good wife:—"But she that hath a wise husband must entice him to an eternal dearness, by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies."

We will select from another sermon a remarkable illustration of the dignified and graceful march of Taylor's eloquence. The extract appears to us so perfect an example of the highest style of sacred oratory, that we earnestly commend it to the reader's attention. The subject is the triumph of Christianity:—

"Jesus entered into the world with all the circumstances of poverty. He had a star to illustrate his birth; but a stable for his bed-chamber, and a manger for his cradle. The angels sang hymns when he was born; but he was cold, and cried, uneasy and unprovided . . . . All that Christ came for was, or was mingled with, sufferings: for all those little joys which God sent, either to recreate his person, or to illustrate his office, were abated or attended with afflictions; God being more careful to establish in him the covenant of sufferings, than to refresh his sorrows. Presently, after the angels had finished their hallelujahs, he was forced to fly to save his life, and the air became full of shrieks of the desolate mothers of Bethlehem for their dying babes. God had no sooner made him illustrious with a voice from heaven, and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon him in the waters of Baptism, but he was delivered over to be tempted and assaulted by the devil in the wilderness. His transfiguration was a bright ray of glory; but then also he entered into a cloud, and was told a sad story of what he was to suffer at Jerusalem. And upon Palm Sunday, when he rode triumphantly into Jerusalem, and was adorned with the acclamations of a king and god, he wet the palms with his tears, sweeter than the drops of manna, or the little pearls



of heaven that descended upon Mount Hermon; weeping in the midst of this triumph over obstinate, perishing, and malicious Jerusalem. . . . .

“They that had overcome the world could not strangle Christianity. But so have I seen the sun with a little ray of distant light challenge all the power of darkness, and without violence and noise climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire, that its memory was lost in the joys and sprightfulness of the morning: and Christianity, without violence or armies, without resistance and self-preservation, without strength or human eloquence, without challenging of privileges or fighting against tyranny, without alteration of government and scandal of princes, with its humility and meekness, with toleration and patience, with obedience and charity, with praying and dying, did insensibly turn the world into Christianity, and persecution into victory.”—

The following sentences, on the duty of comforting the afflicted, are equally worthy of quotation:—

“Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together—than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease, and, when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows, at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little, melt into showers of refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of *the grave*, and the fetters and chains of sor-

row; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.”

The sermon on the Day of Judgment is usually acknowledged to be the sublimest effort of Taylor's oratory, and proves that he was equally at home in the solemn and terrible, as in dealing with gentler emotions and softer themes. A brief extract from this celebrated discourse will sufficiently illustrate its graphic power and awful grandeur:—

“Consider what infinite multitudes of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear! It is a huge assembly, when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province, are gathered together in heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all the world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates; all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude!

“In that great multitude, we shall meet all those who, by their example and their holy precepts, have, like tapers enkindled with a beam of the Sun of righteousness, enlightened us, and taught us to walk in the paths of justice. . . . Here men shall meet the partners of their sins, and them that drank the round when they crowned their heads with folly and forgetfulness, and their cups with wines and noises. There shall ye see that poor perishing soul, whom thou didst tempt to adultery and wantonness, to drunkenness or perjury, to rebellion or an evil interest, by power or craft, by witty discourses or deep dissembling, by scandal or a snare, by evil example or a pernicious counsel, by malice or unwariness. That soul that cries to those rocks to cover her, if it had not been for thy perpetual temptation, might have followed the Lamb in a white robe; and that poor man, that is clothed with shame and flames of fire, would have shined in glory,

but that thou didst force him to be partner of thy baseness."

Little as we may be doing justice by these quotations to Taylor's powers, the temptation to proceed with them is very powerful. But having regard to the patience of our readers, and our own limited space, we feel that our best course will be to conclude this paper with a few short extracts, which we shall leave, without further comment, to the consideration of those who have followed us thus far in our imperfect sketch of Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

#### SIN—ITS INSIDIOUS PROGRESS.

"I have seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighboring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin, stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the age of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon: but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils; they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger."

#### HOPE.

"Hope is like the wing of an angel soaring up to heaven, and bears our prayers to the throne of God."

#### HUMILITY.

"All the world, all that we are, and all that we have, our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins, and our seldom virtues, are as so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the deep valley of humility."

#### CHEERFULNESS.

"But cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony—it composes music for churches and hearts—it makes and publishes glorification of God—it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity: and,

when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about; and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatever can innocently minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys concentrated in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbor's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love, we cannot have any joy at all. It is this that makes children to be a pleasure, and friendship to be so noble and divine a thing: and upon this account it is certain that all that which innocently makes a man cheerful, does also make him charitable; for grief, and age, and sickness, and weariness, these are peevish and troublesome; but mirth and cheerfulness is content, and civil, and compliant, and communicative, and loves to do good, and swells up to felicity only upon the wings of charity."

#### "THE COMMON LOT."

"I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friend's desire, by giving way, that after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death into the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait on us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?"

#### SYMPATHY.

"If you do but see a maiden carried to her grave a little before her intended marriage, or an infant die before the birth of reason, nature hath taught us to pay a tributary tear. Alas! your eyes will behold the ruin of many families, which though they sadly have deserved, yet mercy is not delighted at the spectacle; and therefore God places a watery cloud in the eye, that when the light of heaven shines upon it, it may produce a rain-

bow to be a sacrament and a memorial that God and the sons of God do not love to see a man perish."\*

#### GENERAL BENEVOLENCE AND FRIENDSHIP.

"A good man is a friend to all the world; and he is not truly charitable that does not wish well, and do good, to all mankind in what he can. But though we must pray for all men, yet we say special litanies for brave kings and holy prelates, and the wise guides of our souls, for our brethren and relations, our wives and children."

#### SUPERSTITION.

"I have seen a harmless dove made dark with an artificial night, and her eyes sealed and locked up with a little quill, soaring upwards, and flying with amazement, fear, and undiscerning wing; she made towards heaven, but knew not that she was made a train and an instrument, to teach her enemy to prevail upon her and all her defenceless kindred. So is a superstitious man, jealous and blind, forward and mistaken; he runs towards heaven as he thinks, but he chooses foolish paths, and, out of fear, takes anything that he is told; or fancies and guesses concerning

\* Sermon at the Opening of Parliament.

God, by measures taken from his own diseases and imperfections."

#### CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

"All the successions of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in this world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton Time throws up the earth and digs a grave, where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or intolerable eternity."

#### ADVERSITY.

"All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency, and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride in a storm; let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyelids loosed with sickness; let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music brought low; let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortune, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes."

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE ESCAPE OF MADAME KOSSUTH.

### AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

DURING the month of August, 1848, the President-Governor of Hungary, Louis Kossuth, with the principal officers of his provisional government, were in the fortified town of Arad, on the river Marosch. Between that place and the town of Zegadin, on the Tisch, in the vicinity of Arad, Georgey, with the Hungarian troops under his command, lay encamped; while behind him, towards the Tisch, was the Russian army of reserve, under Paskiewitch. Dembinski, with his men, besieged Temeswar, and he had already carried its third wall. Between him and the Tisch lay the united Austro-Russian forces. The army of Bem had been defeated at Her-

manstadt by the Russian General Lüders, and he had fled with a small band of faithful followers toward Temeswar.

With this position of the combatants, the plan of Dembinski was to unite with Georgey near Arad, and then to attack the Russian forces. Before this was effected, news reached him of the capitulation of Georgey, and that the Governor, M. Kossuth, had been compelled to forsake Arad, and retire to the town of Vilagos. Before leaving Arad, the Governor separated from his wife and children, and their parting scene is said to have been one of the most touching nature. Under the circumstances of the mo-

ment, it was a subject of more even than doubt whether they would ever again meet on earth. It was only when a young Hungarian nobleman, named Ashbot, now in exile in Kutayieh with M. Kossuth, solemnly swore to his wife that he would never leave her husband, that Madame Kossuth consented to be separated from him, and seek safety in flight. The children were confided to the care of a private secretary of the Governor, and this individual subsequently delivered them up to the tender mercies of Haynau, for the purpose of securing his own pardon and safety. The children set out before their mother, and the latter, in her flight, endeavored to keep at least so near to them as to hear now and then of their safety.

Madame Kossuth sought out a brother of hers residing in the town of Vilagos, and he is now imprisoned in the fortress of Comorn, with many others of the unfortunate Hungarian patriots, for eighteen years, on account of the succor which he then gave to his sister. Leaving him, she next went in search of her children, and wandered to a *pesta*, or farm-house, of Boeksak, belonging to a relative. There she fell ill of a typhus fever, which nearly ended her life; and when so far recovered as to be able again to travel, she continued her journey in search of her children. She soon learned that they had been given up by their protector to the Austrian General Haynau, and taken to Pesth. Her own safety depended wholly upon the fidelity of the Hungarian peasants, and on their attachment to her husband.

Now, having no other object in view than her own safety, without friends better off than herself, she soon became reduced to a state of complete destitution. In disguise, she wandered over the most miserable part of Hungary. She even, as a means of safety, as well as support, sought for service as a servant, and by telling that she was a poor woman who had just been discharged from a public hospital—which, indeed, she very much resembled—was so fortunate as to find employment in the family of a humble carpenter, in the town of Orash Haya, who little thought he was served by the lady of Louis Kossuth, the late Governor of Hungary. Everywhere notices were exposed in the streets offering forty thousand florins for her capture, and proclaiming death as the punishment of the person who should dare to harbor or conceal her from the authorities.

Among the persons who fled with M. Kossuth before the overwhelming number of

his enemies, was an elderly lady, whom it is necessary to designate as Madame L——, and who, from being unable to ride as fast and as long as those who were stronger and younger than herself, soon became exhausted, and was left behind. She had a son, a major in the Hungarian army, near the person of the Governor, and both the son and mother were warmly attached to his interests. Madame L——, when unable to proceed longer with the fugitives, in order to reach a place of safety in the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey, determined to remain in Hungary, and devote herself to the finding of Madame Kossuth, and restoring her to her husband.

For this benevolent purpose Madame L—— disguised herself as a beggar; and after a long and weary journey, oftener on foot than in any conveyance, she crossed the vast sandy plains of southern Hungary, and at length reached the place in which Kossuth's children were, but could hear nothing of their mother.

She learned that the children had been sent, soon after their mother had lost sight of them, to the house of General G——, now in the service of the Sultan in Syria, to be kept with his own three children, hoping that they would thus be screened from those who sought after them. The eldest, named Louis, after his father, was seven years of age; and all were told that if they acknowledged they were the children of the Governor, they would be imprisoned by the Austrians, and never see their parents again. So that when an Austrian officer traced them to the house of General G——, he was at a loss to know which of the children were those of General G——, and which those of M. Kossuth; and approaching the eldest of the latter, he said,—“So, my little man, you are the son of the Governor?” To which the youth replied, “I am not, sir.” His firmness surprised and vexed the officer, who was certain, from the statement of their betrayer, that those before him were the long-lost treasure of his ambitious search. He now endeavored to frighten the children, and drawing a pistol, directed it to the breast of the boy, and said that if he did not at once acknowledge that he was the son of Kossuth, he would put a ball through his heart. Young Louis—who, it is said, shows himself, now in exile at Kutayieh, much of the character of his father—replied in a tone equally firm: “I tell you, sir, I am not the son of Kossuth.” The officer, baffled by the child's simplicity of manner and apparent



sincerity, was divested of his convictions, and led to believe that he had been imposed upon.

But before Madame L—— could get near them, other agents of the Austrian Government had been more successful, and the three children had been carried off in secret to Pesth, near the clutches of the butcher Haynau. The mother and sister of M. Kossuth had also been captured, and placed in strict confinement. It may be here mentioned, in this little narrative of the sufferings and deliverance of the relatives of Louis Kossuth, that Madame L——, on finding where and how his children were situated, found out her own maid-servant, and so succeeded as to have her engaged at Pesth as their nurse. This person never left them until the moment of their final deliverance from their Austrian jailers was arrived. After thus having provided for the welfare of the children of M. Kossuth, Madame L—— renewed her search for their destitute, suffering mother.

Finding no trace of her, Madame L—— determined to follow the fugitives, and if she reached Widdin, to ascertain from M. Kossuth himself where his poor wife had gone, and then return in search of her. Continuing in the disguise of a beggar, sometimes on foot, at others in a farmer's cart, this heroic woman reached the frontiers of Hungary, and crossing them, entered the fortified and walled town of Widdin, where the late Governor of Hungary and his brave unfortunate companions then were, enjoying the protection and hospitality of the Sultan of Turkey. Madame L—— applied to M. Kossuth, but not being known to him personally, and the Austrian General having set so high a price on the capture of his wife, he at first regarded her in the light of an Austrian spy. Having, however, soon found her son, who had followed the Governor into Turkey, he readily convinced M. Kossuth of the identity of his mother. All the information which M. Kossuth could give her was, that there was a lady in Hungary in whose house he believed his wife would seek a refuge; and if she was not still there, this lady would most probably know where she was.

The Governor now furnished Madame L—— with a letter to this lady, and another with his own signet-ring for his wife, which would be evidence of her fidelity. It is not here necessary to follow Madame L—— on her toilsome journey. Devoted to the philanthropic work which she had undertaken, she wandered over the sandy steppes of Hun-

gary, until she succeeded in reaching the little town in which the lady resided, and delivered to her M. Kossuth's letter. This she read and immediately burned it, not daring even to allow it to exist in her possession. This lady informed Madame L—— that the wife of Governor Kossuth had left her residence in the guise of a mendicant, and intended assuming the name of Maria F——n; that she was to feign herself to be the widow of a soldier who had fallen in battle, and that, if possible, she would go to the very centre of Hungary, in those vast pasturelands, where she hoped no one would seek after her.

With this information, Madame L—— again resumed her journey. She feigned to be an aged grandmother, whose grandson was missing, and that she was in search of him. She made many narrow escapes while passing guards, soldiers, and spies; until at length she reached the plains before mentioned. She went from house to house, as if in search of her grandson, but in reality to find one who would answer the description given her of poor Maria F——n. At length in a cabin she heard that name mentioned, and on inquiry who and what that person was, learned that she was the widow of a Hungarian soldier who had fallen in battle, and that she had a child who was with its grandparents. They then described her person, but added that she had suffered so much from illness and grief, that she was greatly changed. "Before she came here," said the speaker, "she worked for her bread, even when ill; but after her arrival, she became too much indisposed to labor, on account of which they sent to the Sisters of Charity for a physician, who came, bled, and blistered her; and when she was able to go, she had been conveyed to the institution of the Sisters, where she then was." Madame L——, feeling convinced that the poor sufferer must be none other than the object of her search, expressed a desire to visit her.

At the Sisters of Charity, Madame L—— had much difficulty in procuring access to Maria, and the latter was as much opposed to receiving her. At length Madame L—— told the Sisters to inform her that she had a message for her from her husband, who was not dead as she had supposed, and that she would soon convince her, if she would permit her to enter. Poor Maria, between fear and hope, gave her consent, and Madame L—— was allowed to see her. Madame L—— handed her the letter of Governor Kossuth. She recognised, at once, the writing; kissed

it; pressed it to her heart; devoured its contents, and then destroyed it immediately. Soon, a story was made up between the two females: they told the Sisters of Charity that Maria's husband "still lived," and that she would rejoin him. A little wagon was procured; as many comforts were put in it as could be had without suspicion; and these two interesting women set out on their escape from the enemies of their country.\*

Madame L—— had a relative in Hungary who had not been compromised in the war; so this person arranged to meet the ladies at a given place, and in the character of a merchant, travel with them. After they had left the pasture-grounds, he passed as the husband of "Maria," and the elder female as his aunt. At night they stopped at a village, and were suspected, on account of the females occupying the bed, while he slept at the door. They started early in the morning, and the "husband" remained behind to learn something more of the suspicions to which their conduct had given rise. He again overtook them, as they stopped to feed their horse, and bade them to be greatly on their guard.

In the evening, while the two ladies were sitting together in a miserably cold room, the face of poor Maria so muffled up as to conceal her features, and induce the belief that she was suffering from her teeth, both appearing much as persons in great poverty, overcome by her afflictions, Maria had a nervous attack, and talked and laughed so loud that her voice was recognized by an Austrian

\* It is not known by what route the ladies reached the capital of Hungary; but it is certain that, supposing their presence would not be suspected at Pesth, they heroically proceeded to that city, then in the possession of General Haynau. It has since then become a source of pride to both of them, that they, safe in their disguise, passed that celebrated military "butcher" in the streets of Pesth. Among the letters with which this lady was charged by the exiles of Widdin, was one for the lamented martyr of Hungary, Count Casimir Bathiany, then confined in a prison of the city, waiting the cruel fate to which the "butcher" subjected him. When it was decided that he should be ignominiously put to death by the hangman's rope, that excellent and mild Hungarian patriot endeavored to put an end to his own existence with a razor; but unfortunately not succeeding, Haynau dragged his mutilated and bleeding body from the prison, and ended his life on the gallows. The letter which Madame L—— had for him was from his brother, who had escaped into Turkey with M. Kossuth; and she had the satisfaction of causing it, through the venality of his jailers, to be placed in the hands of the sufferer, to whom it was no little source of consolation to know that his brother lived in safety.

officer who happened to be in the house. This person sent a servant to ask them to come into his room, where there was a fire. Madame L—— inquired the name of the "good gentleman" who had the kindness to invite them to his room, and when she heard it, Maria recognized in him a deadly enemy of her husband. While they were planning a means of evading him, the officer himself came into their apartment. Immediately arising, they made an humble courtesy, in so awkward a manner as to divest him of all suspicion. Madame L—— spoke, and thanked him again and again for his kindness, but added that such poor creatures as they were not fit to go into his room. So soon as the officer retired, Maria had another attack, which would certainly have betrayed them, had he been present. Madame L—— implored her to be composed, or they would be lost.

Starting again, they were not molested until in the evening, when they were apprehended and conducted by two policemen before a magistrate. There the former spoke of them as suspicious characters; but they were not told of what they were suspected. While the examination was going on, Madame L—— slipped a bank-note into the hand of the superior of the two policemen. This bribe quite changed the affair; the two men became their friends, excited the pity of the magistrate in their favor, and they were allowed to depart. Thus they went on from station to station, until they reached the frontiers of Hungary near the Danube. They entered the little town of Saubin, and asked permission of the head of the police to pass over the river to Belgrade. This was refused, until they said they wished to go there for a certain medicine for a daughter who was ill, and that they would leave their passports as a security. He then gave his consent, and they crossed the Danube, and entered the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey.

It was night when they entered Belgrade. They knocked at the door of the Sardinian Consul, who had recently been stationed in that frontier town by his king, whose whole heart sympathized in the Hungarian cause, and who had formed a friendly alliance with M. Kossuth for the freedom of Italy and Hungary. The Consul had been advised by M. Kossuth that two females would probably seek his protection, but not knowing them, he inquired what they wished of him. Madame L—— replied, "Lodging and bread." He invited them in, and Madame L—— introduced him to Madame Kossuth, the lady of the late Governor of Hungary.

It will readily be conceived that the Consul could scarcely believe that these two miserable beings were the persons they represented themselves to be. Madame Kossuth convinced him by showing him the signet-ring of her husband. In his house Madame Kossuth fell ill, but received every possible kindness from her host. They learned that all the Hungarians and Poles had been removed from Widdin to Shumla; and notwithstanding that it was in the midst of a severe winter, they decided upon proceeding at once to the latter place. The Sardinian Consul applied to the generous and very liberal Prince of Servia, in whose principality Belgrade is, for his assistance in behalf of the ladies, and in the most hospitable and fearless manner he provided them with his own carriage and four horses, and an escort; and in this way they started through the snow for Shumla. Their journey was without any apprehension of danger, for the British Consul-General at Belgrade, Mr. F——, had provided the party with a passport as British subjects, under the assumed names of Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bloomfield; yet the severity of the weather was such that Madame Kossuth, in the ill state of her health, suffered very much. Often the snow was as deep as the breasts of the horses, and not unfrequently four oxen had to be attached to the carriage in their places. A journey which in summer would have required but a few days, now was made in twenty-eight.

On the twenty-eighth day, a courier was sent in advance of them to apprise Governor Kossuth of their approach. He was ill; and moreover, on account of the many plans of the Austrians to assassinate him, the Sultan's authorities could not allow him to leave Shumla, and go to meet his wife. The news of her deliverance and her approach occasioned the liveliest satisfaction to all the refugees; and the Hungarians and Poles went as far as the gates of the city to meet this heroic martyr of the cause of Hungary. It was night when the carriage neared the city; as it entered the gates, she found the streets lighted up with hundreds of lights, green, white, and red, the colors of the Hungarian flag, and was welcomed with the most friendly shouts from the whole body of the refugees.

When Madame Kossuth descended from her carriage, she found herself in the presence of her husband, who had risen from his bed of illness to receive the poor "Maria F——" of the plains of Hungary. In place of *receiving her in his arms*, M. Kossuth, over-

come by feelings of admiration for the sufferings which his wife had undergone, and by gratitude for her devotion to the cause of her country, threw himself at her feet and kissed them. She endeavored to speak and offer her husband consolation and tranquillity, while her own poor feeble heart was ready to burst with emotion. Her voice failed her, and amid the reiterated shouts of the Hungarians and Poles, this heroic woman was carried to her husband's apartments.

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In March of the past year some seventy persons—the chief of the Hungarian refugees, among whom were also several Poles—were conveyed in one of the steamers of the Sultan of Turkey to the place designated for their future residence in Asia Minor. From Shumla they traveled by land to Varna, on the Black Sea; from thence they were taken in the steamer to Ghemlik, in the Gulf of Madanieh, in the Sea of Marmora, without being allowed to stop at Constantinople. They crossed from that place to Broosa, at the foot of Mount Olympus, and after a short delay there, agitated by hopes and fears, they continued on to Kutayieh, where they all still are. Madame Kossuth is with her husband, and, greatly through the labors of Madame L——, who undertook another journey into Hungary for this purpose, she now also has her children with her. Among the individuals who persist in remaining at Kutayieh with the ex-Governor of Hungary and his lady, are Madame L——, and the relative who during the dangerous wanderings in Hungary figured as her husband. Many of the refugees are but ill provided for. The amount which the Turkish government allows M. Kossuth for his subsistence is insufficient for the support of so many persons. It is a well known fact that the duration of the detention of M. Kossuth depends wholly upon the Sultan, whose protection was so generously and so effectively granted to the refugees. It is also known that the Sultan has refused to detain him for a longer period than one year, and that this period ends with the month of May of the present year. To detain him beyond that period, will be to assume a responsibility in the eyes of the world which will weigh heavily upon the character of the Sultan, who has, thus far, possessed the sympathy and the admiration of all well-thinking men on both sides of the Atlantic. We would invoke that generous prince to carry out what he has so successfully begun; and to permit Kossuth and his unfortunate companions to seek a home in the distant

New World, where they cannot, even should they desire it, which we disbelieve, disturb the tranquillity of Austria, and where assassins can never molest them. In the United States they will all find a hearty welcome; and in the paths of private life each will find that sympathy and assistance to which their patriotism and their sufferings so strongly entitle them.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## MORE GLASGOW CELEBRITIES.

AMONGST the eminent names connected with Glasgow in the last century, is that of Dr. John Moore, author of "Zeluco" and other novels, and the father of Sir John Moore. He practised as a physician in the city, and appears to have lived on easy terms with the eminent merchants, joining them in a convivial association called the Hodge Podge Club. There is still extant a poem written by Dr. Moore on this fraternity, which has not, as far as I am aware, been printed. Indeed, it is scarcely fitted for publication, except as a curiosity of the past for the use of Glasgow alone, the verses being each devoted to the character of a particular member of the club, in such vague terms as, though no doubt most piquant to those who knew the persons, are somewhat vapid to us. It opens thus:—

A club of good fellows each fortnight employ  
An evening in laughter, good humor, and joy;  
In this club there's a mixture of nonsense and sense,  
And the name of "Hodge Podge" they have taken from thence.

Like the national council they often debate,  
And settle the army, the navy, and state;  
But should you wish to know more of this merry class,  
Like the kings of Macbeth they shall one by one pass.

The second figure is that of Mr. Peter Blackburn—

Rough Peter, the next of our group that appears,  
With his weather-beat face, and his heathery hairs;  
His humor is blunt, and his sayings are snell;  
He's a ——— honest heart, but a villanous shell!

There is some humor, as well as descrip-

tive force, in the picture of a banker, Sir James Simpson—

Now forward comes Simpson, so lean and so lank,  
You may know by his face there's a run on the bank;  
Oh why thy bag-wig dost thou shake at me so?  
Thou canst not say I did it, ghostly Banco!

Mr. Orr, of Barrowfield, is sketched metaphorically—

A pair of gold buckles without any carving,  
In figure and workmanship not worth a farthing;  
At home manufactured and plenty of metal—  
An emblem of Orr, and it fits to a tittle.

I remember the subject of the following verse, at a different period of life, a fine specimen of the Scottish gentleman of a former day—

Easy Murdoch comes saunt'ring, as if in a dream;  
He ne'er strives with the current, but follows the stream;  
On your voyage through life, Peter, choose thy friends well,  
'Tis in their power to lead you to heaven or to hell.

Mr. John Cross is invested with a moral dignity not very congruous with the spirit of the poem—

Independence is marked in each feature he bears,  
The opinions of others he nor cares for nor fears;  
To no one he'll cringe for distinction or pelf,  
John boldly steps forth and depends on himself;  
No losses or crosses can e'er him affect,  
Misfortune he bears till he bears our respect.

The description of a member of the Garnkirk family—



With feelings too nice to be ever at ease—

is in fine contrast with Cross and Blackburn; and the concluding couplet would not have looked out of place in Goldsmith's "Retaliation"—

Applaud he's a wit, contradict he's a dunce,  
Retort on Dunlop, and you gag him at once.

Dr. Moore had not, on the whole, much credit from his pupil, Douglas Duke of Hamilton, with whom he had made the tour of Europe. This young nobleman threw away fine talents, and the graces of a not ungenerous character, in vicious amusements and low company. When he visited Glasgow, he was more frequently to be found at the cock-pit than in the Assembly Room. A story is told of a sporting butcher, who, meeting the duke in some of these low scenes, and being irritated by contradiction regarding a bet, exclaimed with a fierce imprecation, "My lord duke—your Grace—you lie!" Yet, as often happens, this careless young nobleman was not without a sense of what was due to his rank. A neighboring proprietor in the county, certainly a very handsome man, who thought he resembled the duke in personal appearance, went up to him one day at a party, and said: "It is very odd, my lord duke, that I am so frequently taken for your Grace." "Very odd indeed," said the duke, "for I am never mistaken for Mr. Stirling!"

Of the natives of Glasgow during the latter part of last century, none were more highly distinguished than Sir John Moore and Sir Thomas Munro. The former left Glasgow at an early period of life, and I do not recollect that he ever revisited it. The latter did revisit Glasgow after many years' absence, and appears to have retained to the last a vivid and agreeable impression of the scenes of his youth. When he first returned from India, Sir Thomas Munro met accidentally in London an old schoolfellow of his, Mr. Buchanan, of Ardoch, then M. P. for Dumbartonshire. Neither had seen the other for very many years. On Mr. Buchanan offering his hand to Sir Thomas, and asking if he recollected an old acquaintance, the latter looked steadfastly at him for a second or two, and then said, "John Buchanan, I would have known you among a thousand."

When he came to Glasgow, Sir Thomas Munro paid a visit to another old schoolfellow, a worthy candle-maker of the name of Harvie, who had a shop in Stockwell

street. "Well, Mr. Harvie," said Sir Thomas on entering the shop, "do you remember me? Harvie gazed for some time at the tall, gaunt figure before him, striving to recall his features. At last he said: "Are ye Millie Munro?" "I am just Millie Munro," said the other, and the quondam schoolfellows had a long chat about the "days o' langsyne." Sir Thomas was represented by his school-companions as having been the "hero of a hundred stone-fights," or battles of any other kind: in short, the bully of his class, in which, from his proficiency in *mill-ing*, he received the above nickname.

In the course of these sketches, I have mentioned one or two of our lord provosts. How these functionaries would be astonished could they look up and see the changes which have taken place in their native city since they left this sublunary scene! Even the very costume which in former days rejoiced the cockles of the heart of many a Bailie Nicol Jarvie, as a mark of distinction from the *ignobile vulgus*, has been discarded by the liberal notions of modern times; and the triangular cocked hat and handsome suit of sables are no longer the badges of civic authority.

Before quitting the subject, let me recall an anecdote of one of our chief magistrates, who held the reins of office in days of yore, "when George the Third was king." But it is necessary to my story that I should first describe his dress.

On public occasions, besides the formidable *chapeau* above alluded to, and gold chain of office, which is still worn, the dress of the lord provost was a black velvet coat and vest, *shorts*, black silk stockings, and handsome knee and shoe buckles. He also wore a bag-wig, which, when boys at school, appeared to myself and companions as being "very grand." A personable man looked particularly well in this dress, which showed off the figure to advantage; but the defects of external appearance were equally conspicuous. The gentleman whom I have in view was one of the most intelligent and patriotic of our citizens, but in his outer man exceedingly thin and slender, and withal having, like Sterne's monk, a "mild, pale, penetrating countenance."

As the story goes, a lady from the country had seen him in "full fig," at some public place, perhaps a dancing assembly, and inquired who he was. On being told that he was the lord provost of Glasgow—"Lord provost!" she said; "dear me, *I thocht it was a corp run awa wi' the mortclait.*"

In the early part of the last century, there

was great strictness of religious observance in Glasgow, particularly regarding the keeping of the Day of Rest. Some families admitted of no domestic work of any kind on that day; a few did not open their shutters, except only as much as was necessary to see to read. A set of officials, styled compurgators, but vulgarly known under the name of *hornies*, walked about in time of service, to take up any person whom they found strolling about. It so happened at length that the *Rough Peter* of Dr. Moore's poem fell into their hands one day, while walking with a friend on the Green; he raised an action against the magistrates, and succeeded in his suit; which put an end to the compurgators. I have heard old people who remembered the circumstances say, that thereafter the green was filled with Sunday promenaders. The bow had been too much bent, and the recoil was proportionate.

The published sermons of at least two of the Glasgow divines of those days show that the authors (Drs. Leechman and M'Laurin) were worthy contemporaries of the great men whom I have already mentioned. These discourses may still be read with edification from their piety, and with pleasure on account of their style. The rusticity which appears to have once belonged to the Scottish church had now, I apprehend, vanished in the principal towns; but it was still to be found in some of the country clergy. In my own younger days, there was a certain minister of Dumbarton, a shrewd observer but who, in addressing a country audience, seems to have judged it necessary to adopt the language and modes of thinking with which they were familiar. Preaching one day in the neighboring parish of Bonhill, on the danger attending a relapse after conversion, he told his hearers "to remember Lot's wife; who, you all know, turned and looked back, though she was strictly warned against it; and she was turned into a pillar of salt, as she remains to this day—for *ony thing I ken to the contrary*." The last part of the sentence was in theatrical phrase an "aside," reminding us of Burns—

"His carnal wit and sense  
Like haffin's ways o'ercomes him  
At times that day."

A dissenting meeting-house in Dumbarton had proved a sore annoyance to the same minister. But we are commanded to forgive our enemies, and Dr. O——, after enumerating the unconverted Jews, and unregene-

rate heathen, prayed fervently "even for that *hobble-schaw* at the Brig-end."

A certain minister of Campsie, whom I recollect very well, might have figured as one of the originals in the satirical work above alluded to. He was a large, strong boned man, the son, as he used to boast, of the miller of Campsie; and certainly in appearance was far better adapted for the labors of the mill, or of the plough, than for those of the church militant. The minister was one day rudely insulted by a parishioner, who, unfortunately for himself, alluded to the black coat of the clergyman as preventing him from going farther. "That shall be no objection," said the divine; and stripping off his coat, which he laid on a hedge: "Minister," he added, "lie thou there! James L——, stand thou here!" and gave his antagonist a thrashing to his heart's satisfaction.

From the following anecdote it would appear that the Glasgow ministers had stock sermons in those days, as well as in later times. A young man on the eve of going out to America, heard his father preach a sermon from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" On his return, after an absence of many years, he went on the first Sunday, as was meet, to his father's church, when the good old gentleman read out the same text, "Adam, where art thou?" "Mother," said the son, who was a noted wag, "has my father not found Adam yet?"

The English public is aware that instrumental music is not used in the Scotch church. There have been many who desired to see it introduced; but the general spirit of the nation is against it. Early in the present century, an amiable Glasgow divine went so far as positively and unauthorizedly to break this rule. Being a member of his congregation at the time, I was present when one Sunday, on the psalm being read out as usual by the minister, a small organ commenced playing to the tune to which it was to be sung. It was one of those fine old melodies, which at one period formed exclusively the psalmody of Scotland. At the first line, scarcely any of the congregation joined; at the second line, a few more were emboldened to add their voices; still more at the third line; and, before the conclusion of the verse, almost every one who had been accustomed to follow the precentor sang as usual. The congregation was pleased, but not so the presbytery. Dr. Ritchie was immediately interdicted from this "daring innovation," and the question was appointed to be tried at the next meeting of presbytery.

The novelty of the case excited a great deal of public interest, and the Tron Church, where the discussion was held, was generally crowded. I had an opportunity of hearing a great part of the debates, and am sorry to say that they did not reflect much credit on the charity of the reverend disputants. One of the learned doctors gave a very intelligible hint to the bystanders, that "had such an attempt been made in the days of their fathers, some of them" (meaning Dr. Ritchie) "would have had a bad chance of escaping summary justice that evening." But the most amusing part of the meeting was, in hearing the arguments made use of against the organ by some of the country clergy. "I have a *leetle* boy at home," said one of these speakers, "who once took a fancy to a whistle, and nothing would please him but the whistle, and the whistle he would have; and," continued the eloquent divine, rising with his subject, "suppose you indulge the *tasty* congregation of St. Andrews with their *organ*, what is to prevent others from apply-

ing—one for a *flute*, another for a *fiddle*—or, perhaps, a Highland congregation demanding a *BAGPIPE*?" The rejection of the organ was carried in the presbytery by a triumphant majority. Fortunately for Dr. Ritchie, he soon afterwards received a call to Edinburgh, which he accepted. On his leaving Glasgow, there appeared a caricature which would not have disgraced H.B., representing the reverend doctor as a sturdy strolling musician, bearing an organ on his back, on which he was grinding, "We'll gang nae mair to yon town."

The prejudice against an organ amongst the lower classes in Glasgow appears to have been much stronger at one time than it probably would be at present. Two *viragoes* are said to have had a regular "fit of flyting" one day, when, after having nearly exhausted their rhetoric, one of them concluded, "Eb, woman, what hae ye to say—ye keep the keys o' the *whushin kirk*" (the Episcopal Chapel.)

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## ECKERMANN AND GOETHE.\*

THIS is by no means a book to be disregarded. Eckermann was not quite the person to understand the greatest poet of his time,—still his was an honest, faithful, affectionate nature, and, for the last ten years of Goethe's life, he was constantly about his person,—was engaged in the details of preparing for the press the final edition, revised by the author, of Goethe's Works,—was in more intimate confidence with him than could have been likely to have existed between minds more nearly on the same level. We have here his recollections,—a pleasant, gossiping, good-natured book. The first part of it was published a few years after Goethe's death, and since translated in America by Mrs. Fuller. Her translation, as also the original of Eckermann's first publication, we have seen. The translation was, we thought, better than translations in general. Since then, Ecker-

mann added another volume, and both are now, for the first time, brought before the English reader by Mr. Oxenford, whose translation of "Goethe's Autobiography" leaves little to be desired that can be learned without a knowledge of the original language.

Of Eckermann himself our readers may desire to know something.

He was born at Winsen-on-the-Luke, a little town between Hamburg and Luneberg. It is scarcely possible to imagine a state of poverty greater than that of his family. His father's house was a mere hut. It had but one room capable of being heated. There was a hayloft above this room, to which they mounted by a ladder from outside. There were no stairs. All round were desolate heath and marsh lands, which seemed interminable. John Peter Eckermann, our hero, was the youngest child of his father's second marriage. His parents were advanced in years when he was born, and the accidents of life made him grow up very much alone

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\* "Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret. Translated by John Oxenford." 2 vols. London, 1850.

with them. The elder children were scattered about in their search for means of life. One brother was a sailor; one a trader, engaged in the business of the whale fisheries. Sisters were either married or in service; and the child of his father's old age was thus without natural companionship of brothers and sisters. A cow supplied the family with milk, some of which they were able to sell for a few pence. A small piece of land, rescued from the adjoining waste, gave some coarse vegetables. Corn, however, it did not produce, and they were obliged to buy flour. His mother had some skill in spinning wool, and she made caps for the women of the village, and thus something was earned. His father was what Wordsworth calls a "wanderer," surely, not a very happy name for a pedlar, moving with the regularity of Phœbus Apollo himself through all the signs of the Zodiac.

"My father's business consisted of a small traffic, which varied according to the seasons, and obliged him to be often absent from home, and to travel on foot about the country. In summer, he was seen with a light wooden box on his back, going in the heath country from village to village, hawking ribbons, thread, and silk. At the same time he purchased here woollen stockings and *Beyderwand* (a cloth woven out of the wool of the sheep on the heaths, and linen yarn), which he again disposed of in the *Vierlande* on the other side the Elbe, where he likewise went hawking. In the winter, he carried on a trade in rough quills and unbleached linen, which he bought up in the villages of the hut and marsh country, and took to Hamburg when a ship offered. But in all cases his gains must have been very small, as we always lived in some degree of poverty."—p. 14.

Our little Peterkin's own employment also varied with the season. When spring commenced, and the waters of the Elbe had receded after their customary overflow, he collected the sedge which had been thrown into the dykes, and heaped them up as a litter for the cow. Then came the lengthening days, and they were past watching the cow in the green spring meadows. Then came summer, and he had to bring dry wood from the thickets, distant about a German mile, for their firing through the year. When the harvest came, he was seen as a gleaner in the fields of more fortunate men, or he was gathering acorns to sell for the purpose of feeding geese. The child of the old soldier longs to be old enough himself to shoulder a firelock.

"Armour rustling in his halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls;

'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance,  
Bear me to the heart of France  
Is the longing of the shield.  
Tell thy name thou trembling field—  
Field of death, where'er thou be,  
Groan thou with our victory!  
Happy day and mighty hour  
When our shepherd in his power,  
Mail'd and horn'd with lance and sword,  
To his ancestors restored,  
Like a re-appearing star,  
Like the glory from afar,  
First shall lead the flock of war."

Like the Clifford of the poet's imagination, young Eckermann, too, had had his dream of ambition; and even in early youth it was not altogether disappointed. "When I was old enough, I went with my father from hamlet, to hamlet, and helped to carry his bundle."

At fourteen, Peterkin had learned to read and write. That he was born for anything better than the drudgery of some humble employment by which he might earn his bread, never passed through his mind. Of poetry or of the fine arts he had heard nothing. There was not even that blind longing and striving which give evidence of the existence of something that may hereafter exhibit itself as power. Accident reveals to him the fact, that there was a world of beauty which he had not yet seen; a world, the creation of the mind itself, exercising faculties of its own, called, no doubt, into action by occasions presented from without. His father had returned one evening from Hamburg, and his conversation was about his business there. The old man smoked, an accomplishment which Peterkin had not yet learned to indulge in, and he was particular as to his tobacco. The wrapper in which the tobacconist made up his wares exhibited his name and the device of a gallant horse, in full trot. Years after, our young friend would have, on the sight of such a symbol, conjured up the demon that assumed the shape of the dead man who fell at Prague, and the lady that rode behind him till they came to the churchyard where she was to sleep for ever; but he had not yet heard of Burger or of Leonore; and the horse was not to him much better or worse than a real horse of flesh, and blood, and bone. He had learned to write by copying matter set before him—why not draw? So, with pen, ink, and paper, he set to work, and drew a right good horse. He remained awake half the night with excitement and wonder at his success; and he rose early to look at his picture and satisfy himself that it was not all a dream. His parents also admired. And then he copied five



models which a potter gave him; these passed from hand to hand till they fell into the hands of the town bailiff—a sort of sovereign of the place, who proposed to send him to Hamburg, for instruction. When this was mentioned to his parents, they, thinking the business of a painter was painting doors and houses, set themselves against it. The houses in Hamburg were, many of them, seventy feet high, and to fall from a ladder, at such a distance from the ground, was not to be regarded; thus this branch of the fine arts ceased to be thought of.

The attention of respectable persons, however, having been once directed to young Eckermann, opportunities arose of improvement. He was allowed to receive lessons in French, and Latin, and music, with children of superior rank; and he found means of support in being employed in copying law papers in a public office, and for a year or two, passed from one situation of the kind to another. In 1813 some hope arose of the country freeing itself from the French yoke, and he joined a jager corps; and with them, in the course of his service, marched a good deal about Flanders and Brabant.

The pictures in the Netherlands now gave him the first notion of what it was to be a painter. He made some attempts at pictures, but soon found it was too late for him to think of distinction in this way, and he could have wept for vexation. He, however, studied oratory, with reference to art; lived some time with Ramberg of Hanover, in whom he found a kind friend and competent instructor. Health, however, broke down. He felt the unreasonableness of being an expensive burthen to Ramberg. Some contractor for supplying regimental clothing thought his services worth engaging, and, entering on this new line of life, he abandoned his artistic studies for ever.

His new occupation was in Hanover, and he still had the opportunity of conversing about art with Ramberg and his pupils. One of them made him acquainted with the works of Winkelman and Mengs. He read the books, but not having the opportunities of comparing the criticisms with the works of art discussed, he tells us that he derived little benefit from discussions which thus left on his mind only vague generalities.

At this period he met Korner's "Lyre and Sword." Korner's poems gave him back his own experience; and their military fervor seemed but the echo of his own feelings. The poems of Korner fed his enthusiasm, and, while they possess little other

merit, it is impossible to deny to them a sort of drum-and-trumpet power of stirring sound, if there be nothing in them that is properly music. The "Iron Bride" is a fine thing in its way. The "Five oaks of Dullwitz" is a poem of great beauty, far superior to all else that he has written, but his tragedies are good for nothing. Still, there is in his works something suggestive. One campaign is not unlike another; and Korner's brought back his own to Eckermann; and then he recollected that he too had, now and then, made rhymes, as occasions arose, and he tried to remember them. If Korner could write verses, why not he? This he was determined to test, and straightway he wrote a poem on the hardships and fatigues of war, and printed it, and distributed it through the town. The war was at an end, but there was in the poem something to delight the soldier returning to the duties of ordinary life; and Eckermann found that he had succeeded. Not a week now passed without a poem. He now began to study Schiller and Klopstock. He admired them, but they seemed to move in a region too high for his sympathies. He next met a volume of Goethe, and it influenced him as we imagine Burns influencing and exciting the genius of a young man who had before been only acquainted with more formal poets. Here were songs direct from the heart, not mere repetitions of natural emotions, but the language of a man who had watched all those emotions, who meditated on, and thus was enabled to reproduce in other minds, the feelings which had once agitated his own. The young poet found his own inmost soul and its secrets, as yet scarcely known to himself, revealed in these poems. There was also here the absence of all that could intercept the effect. It seemed to be mind directly communing with mind, and not, as in the case of Klopstock and Schiller, clouded by the intervention of symbols and figures, angels and demons, remote allegories, of which he could make nothing, and relics of paganism which, to an uneducated soldier, were even less than nothing. The differences between the books he had before read and Goethe's, were as if Burns had been put into the hands of a Scotch boy whom his masters had been before endeavoring to indoctrinate in all that was good, and great, and glorious, through the medium of Wilkie's Epigoniad, or Glover's Leonidas. In Goethe's songs he found nature and reality, and honest, truth-speaking, German feeling. Of Goethe's greater works, images more or less perfect

have been produced in translation, both in England and in France. Of the songs it is impossible to give anything approaching a representation.

Through Goethe's essays and smaller poems Eckermann first became acquainted with the great poet who was destined to produce such powerful effects on his after life and fortunes. He first read "Wilhelm Meister;" then the earlier parts of the "Dichtung und Wahrheit," and then "Faust." Faust he appears to have at first read with that strange attraction and recoil of spirit which we remember as our own sensation when in our boyhood we first met that marvelous book; but though he recoiled and shuddered, he was again and again drawn to it, even perhaps the more powerfully that it suggests much which the understanding feels it impossible adequately to represent to itself. Eckermann lived absolutely in these works. Goethe became to him the object not alone of admiration but of idolatry. In him and in his works—and in them alone—were involved Eckermann's life and his whole conscious being.

The kind of admiration which we describe is one which can only exist in an early period of life. No man can thus surrender his own proper individuality, nor, if it were possible for him to do so, could the sacrifice be accepted by a benevolent demon. As yet, however, Eckermann knew Goethe but in his works; and the chief advantage he derived from them was that he was forced out of himself; that, though his internal nature was reflected back to him, as from the surface of a mirror, in these poems, yet they forced upon his notice that varied and external world of which the young and enthusiastic have scarcely a notion, and prevented early life from being that vague dream which, when the inevitable contrast of severe realities comes, is sure to end in the morbid humors, in despondency and sadness. The poets do us most service in creating for us a world without; and to this world of theirs Goethe led the young aspirant. The Germans are more fortunate than we are in these countries. Their translations, though praised far more than we think they deserve, if we may speak from an examination of some of the far-famed ones that have fallen into our hands, are infinitely better than most of ours. It has occurred to us to wish to look at a passage of Sophocles when the original was not at hand. Through the clouds of Franklin no guess whatever could we make as to what the meaning of the poet was, while an intelli-

gible meaning was at least presented by Stolberg, whose translation was also on our shelves. Eckermann was enabled to lay hands on some German versions of Horace, and Sophocles, and Shakspeare. He even found that while he met much to sympathize with and to admire, there was no enjoying what was peculiar in poetry without a knowledge of details, and he honestly labored to learn the languages of the originals. Old as he was for a schoolboy, he placed himself under the instruction of a good language-master; worked hard at Greek; placed himself at a gymnasium; rose at five each morning; and worked through the day in such hours as he could spare from his office at his books. He read dramas, too—Müller's "Guilt," and Grillparzer's "Ancestress"—built on doctrines of inevitable fate, and he straightway set to answer them by dramas asserting the freedom of the will. Eckermann's earnestness was appreciated by the persons in authority at the war office, where he was employed, and when he determined on going to the University, he was given by them a pension of 150 dollars yearly for two years, to assist him in the prosecution of his studies. He printed a volume of poems by subscription, and thus got 150 dollars more; and in May, 1821, made his way to Göttingen.

He commenced with the study of Jurisprudence, but poetry was strong at his heart, and during the lectures on the Institutes and Pandects he was busy disposing some story into dramatic form. For the purpose of obtaining a higher range of education than was otherwise attainable, he had gone to the University. To succeed in this was only possible on the condition of his describing himself as a student of one of the Faculties, and with this view alone did he call himself a law student. Heeren was at this time lecturing on history, and Dissen on languages, in the same University, and to their lectures, more than to anything else, our young student attended.

Meanwhile his pecuniary means were nearly exhausted, and he sought to relieve himself from anxiety on this score by authorship. A drama was to be produced; then an essay on the principles of poetry. He took lodgings in the country, and began with his essay. He had, when he had begun to publish poetry, sent a copy of his verses to Goethe, which was good-naturedly received, and he got a few words of kindly encouragement from the benevolent old man. When his essay was completed, he sent the manuscript

to Goethe, and towards the end of May, 1823, he set out on foot for Weimar.

The volumes which Mr. Oxenford has translated give a few notices of Goethe, referring to a period before Eckermann's first visit. They are from the notes of M. Soret.

Goethe was at the time to which Soret's notes refer (Sept. 1822), somewhat more than seventy. He was still vigorous, and years had but added dignity to his graceful figure. The forehead was, as every bust and every picture of him exhibit, majestic. He spoke, however, more than was quite intelligible, considering his appearance and the lively interest he took in everything, of the infirmities of years. He was too old, he said, for society, and he had ceased to go to court. His own levees and drawing-rooms were often crowded; and this, after all, was the better and happier arrangement. Here he was best seen, and here every movement was natural.

We have an entry from Soret's journal of the 24th of September, 1822, in which he gives an account of an evening spent at Goethe's. The old man's zeal with regard to all scientific discoveries is dwelt on. The advances made in chemistry were a subject of great interest with him. Of iodine and chlorine he spoke as if the new discoveries had taken him quite by surprise. He had iodine brought in, and volatilized it in the flame of a taper. He pointed out the violet vapor as confirmatory of a law in his "Theory of Colors." A few days afterwards we find Blumenbach at one of his parties, and then the next entry introduces us to Kolbe the painter and Hummel the musician. We have an account then of a winter's evening in which Goethe, after the party had been looking at copperplates and books for awhile, read aloud one of his poems. This is rather a dangerous step for a man of whatever genius; and parties on earth have, like that which Byron describes in another world, been dispersed by a laureate's volunteering to recite epic, or ode, or even sonnet. Burke's throwing a dagger on the table of the House of Commons could not have produced half the terror which thrills every breast, whatever complacency the features may be tutored into expressing, when "man or woman, but far more when man," and, above all, when man in his own house, where the genius of hospitality would seem to promise safety, produces some fatal manuscript—an elegy, perhaps, which has added to the grief of an afflicted household—an epithalamium congratulating some poor people on sufferings which they are trying to forget. Let no

man be idiot enough to read his verses aloud. From every account we have of the matter, the habit rendered Wordsworth and Southey intolerable even to their blindest idolators. Well, having indulged this fit of spleen, and taken vengeance on a cruel poet who lately wounded us with a broken stump of an ode, we must say that Goethe's friends seem to have been pleased with his "recital" or "reading" of "Charon." His manner was clear, distinct, energetic; the fire of his eye is described as a part of the charm. And then his voice—"What a voice! alternately like thunder, and then soft and mild." The old man must have exerted himself overmuch, for his voice and emphasis are described as too great for the small room in which he received his friends on this evening. A few nights afterwards we have an actual opera at his house.

From an album which was exhibited at Goethe's, containing the handwriting of Luther, Erasmus, and others, Soret has transcribed a sentence which is worth recording, which exists there in Mosheim's handwriting:—"Renown is a source of toil and sorrow—obscurity a source of happiness."

The exertions of the winter of 1822 seem to have been too much for Goethe, and in the February of the next year he had a dangerous fever. When he recovered, he began collecting all his scattered poems, published in a hundred different forms; dispersed everywhere; many forgotten, many irrecoverably lost. He was led to speak of Byron, and he thought Byron had, in his latter tragedies, made decided progress, as being in them less gloomy and misanthropical. Moore, if we remember rightly, also claims for them the praise of higher power than anything else of Byron's. They perhaps deserve this praise. We did not think so at the time of their appearance, and we have not renewed our acquaintance with them of late years.

"The chancellor, Riemer, and Meyer were with Goethe. We discussed Béranger's poems; and Goethe commented upon, and paraphrased some of them, with great originality and good humor.

"The conversation then turned on natural science (*physik*) and meteorology. Goethe is on the point of working out a theory of the weather, in which he will ascribe the rise and fall of the barometer entirely to the action of the earth, and to her attraction and repulsion of the atmosphere.

"The scientific men, and especially the mathematicians,' continued Goethe, 'will not fail to consider my ideas perfectly ridiculous; or else they will do still better: they will totally ignore them in a most stately manner. But do you know why? Because they say that I am not one of the craft.'



"The caste spirit of the learned by profession," I replied, 'is very pardonable. When errors have crept into their theories, and have been borne along with them, we must seek for the cause in this: that such errors were handed down to them as dogmas, at a time when they themselves were still seated on their school-benches.'

"That is true," exclaimed Goethe; 'your learned men act like the book-binders of Weimar. The masterpiece that is required of them to be admitted into the corporation is not a pretty binding, in the newest style. No; far from that. There must always be supplied a thick folio Bible, just in the fashion of two or three hundred years ago, with clumsy covers, and in strong leather. The task is an absurdity. But it would go hard with the poor workman if he were to affirm that his examiners were blockheads.'—pp. 52, 53.

On the 10th of June, 1823, Eckermann saw Goethe for the first time. Twelve o'clock had been appointed for the visit. Eckermann, when he entered the house, found a servant waiting to conduct him to the presence.

The interior of the house impressed Eckermann favorably. Everything was simple, and, to his imagination, everything was august. Casts of antique statues were placed along the stairs. As he passed along he met ladies and children. He ascended the stairs, accompanied by the servant, who was talkative, but who hardly disturbed his reverie. The servant opened a room door, and as Eckermann passed over the threshold he observed the motto *Salve*, and his noticing the word struck him as of good omen. This apartment led to one more spacious, where the servant requested him to wait while he announced his arrival to his master. He now looked round him, and had time to examine part of the magician's abode.

"The air here was most cool and refreshing; on the floor was spread a carpet: the room was furnished with a crimson sofa and chairs, which gave a cheerful aspect; on one side stood a piano; and the walls were adorned with many pictures and drawings, of various sorts and sizes.

"Through an open door opposite, one looked into a farther room, also hung with pictures, through which the servant had gone to announce me.

"It was not long before Goethe came in, dressed in a blue frock-coat, and with shoes. What a sublime form! The impression upon me was surprising. But he soon dispelled all uneasiness by the kindest words. We sat down on the sofa. I felt in a happy perplexity, through his look and his presence, and could say little or nothing.

"He began by speaking of my manuscript. 'I have just come from you,' said he; 'I have been reading your writing all the morning; it needs no recommendation—it recommends itself.' He praised the clearness of the style, the flow of the

thought, and the peculiarity, that all rested on a solid basis, and had been thoroughly considered. 'I will soon forward it,' said he; 'to-day I shall write to Cotta by post, and send him the parcel to-morrow.' I thanked him with words and looks.

"We then talked of my proposed excursion. I told him that my design was to go into the Rhineland, where I intended to stay at a suitable place, and write something new. First, however, I would go to Jena, and there await Herr von Cotta's answer.

"Goethe asked whether I had acquaintance in Jena. I replied that I hoped to come in contact with Herr von Knebel; on which he promised me a letter which would insure me a more favorable reception. 'And, indeed,' said he, 'while you are in Jena, we shall be near neighbors, and can see or write to one another as often as we please.'

"We sat a long while together, in a tranquil, affectionate mood. I was close to him; I forgot to speak for looking at him—I could not look enough. His face is so powerful and brown! full of wrinkles, and each wrinkle full of expression! And everywhere there is such nobleness and firmness, such repose and greatness! He spoke in a slow, composed manner, such as you would expect from an aged monarch. You perceive by his hair that he reposes upon himself, and is elevated far above both praise and blame. I was extremely happy near him; I felt becalmed like one who, after many toils and tedious expectations, finally sees his dearest wishes gratified."—pp. 54, 55.

On the next day Eckermann received a summons from Goethe, and went and stayed an hour with him. He was now quite a different man from what he had seemed the day before, and exhibited the impetuosity and tone of decision of an ardent youth. Such is Eckermann's account, yet there seems nothing in their communication of the day to render such a change of manner natural. It would appear, though not distinctly stated by Eckermann, that he immediately formed some connection with Goethe as an assistant in arranging for publication his works, of which an edition was then contemplated. He gives him some volumes of old magazines and reviews, directing him to separate his articles from the heap of matter in which they were imbedded; tells him that he himself is about going to Marienbad, and that he has already made arrangements for Eckermann's residing at Jena till his return.

"You will find there the most various resources and means for further studies, and a very cultivated social circle; besides, the country presents so many aspects, that you may take fifty walks, each different from the others, each pleasant, and almost all suited for undisturbed meditation. You will find there plenty of leisure and opportunity to write many new things for yourself, and also to accomplish my designs."—pp. 57, 58.



At the close of June, Eckermann goes to Jena; is employed in transcribing and indexing parts of Goethe's works; receives a letter from Cotta, which secures him in the means of life for a year; plots and plans poems innumerable; gets tired of Jena. A city with a theatre, and life on a large scale, is what he is now dying for; it is not vanity that creates this wish—no, not vanity; at least he thinks not; no, it is, as he expresses it, as many Germans would express it, and as none but Germans would, that he may "seize upon important elements of life, and advance his own mental culture as rapidly as possible." "In such a town, too, I hoped to live quite unobserved and to be free, always to isolate myself for completely undisturbed production." A letter from Goethe, who was now at Marienbad, cured him. It was written kindly, and it calmed the young man's aspirations. Goethe recommended tranquil employment for the present, and said that on his return he would consider Eckermann's entire circumstances, and decide as far as he could on what would be his best course.

We are delighted at finding everywhere evidence of Goethe's kindness of heart in his intercourse with others, as we think that in some way or other there have been mistakes on the subject, as suggesting the thought that the great Pagan, as he was called, was without natural affection, and as if his whole life was one long act of self-idolatry. As far as we are able to judge of Goethe, he never seems to have lost an opportunity of serving a friend, who was capable of being in any way served, and all men good for anything with whom he came in contact were his friends. In Eckermann's case, there was nothing which could render it possible to ascribe Goethe's attentions to anything but his good nature. He must have found it easy to get a thousand amanuenses just as good. Consider the case: an unfriended young man, burthened with sacks of home-made verses, addresses a letter to a man having the highest reputation of any person in Europe; he sends him a manuscript of no great merit, which the old poet gets his own publisher to usher into the world; a personal acquaintance is formed between them, and the old man, through the rest of his life, is engaged in one office of friendship or another for the young man; whom, surely, it would not have been strange if he had, in the first instance, with the thousand occupations and engagements pressing on his time, repelled altogether.

In September, 1828, they met at Jena,

and Goethe arranged that Eckermann should pass the winter at Weimar. There he could have every advantage of society. "Many eminent men are personally connected with me. You will gradually become acquainted with them, and you will find their conversation, in the highest degree, useful and instructive."

"Goethe then mentioned many distinguished men, indicating, in a few words, the peculiar merits of each.

"Where else," he continued, "would you find so much good in such a narrow space. We also possess an excellent library, and a theatre which, in the chief requisites, does not yield to the best in other German towns. Therefore—I repeat it—stay with us, and not only this winter, but make Weimar your home. From thence proceed highways to all quarters of the globe. In summer you can travel, and see, by degrees, what you wish. I have lived there fifty years; and where have I not been? But I was always glad to return to Weimar."

"I was very happy in being again with Goethe, and hearing him talk, and I felt that my whole soul was devoted to him. If I could only have *thee*, thought I, all else will go well with me. So I repeated to him the assurance that I was ready to do whatever he, after weighing the circumstance, of my peculiar situation, should think right."—p. 63.

Goethe appears to have estimated too highly Eckermann's talents for poetry, if the courtesy with which a man is compelled to speak has not led Eckermann to deceive himself on this point. He asked Eckermann had he been writing poems? the reply was, that he had written something, but wanted the ease and peace of mind requisite for any great work. The old poet spoke dissuadingly from any great work. "Beware," said he, "of attempting a large work; I have suffered from this cause, and know how much it injured me." His theory was, that the thoughts and feelings of the present hour were what a poet should endeavor to express; that if you have a great work in your head, nothing can thrive near it; that it requires an undisturbed situation in life to accomplish it, and that what a man could, almost with certainty, effect, is left unaccomplished for the sake of an object that never is effected. He then spoke of some German poems, in which there were striking situations, and passages of admirable description, but which were never read as a whole, and so the parts which, as detached poems, might have given great pleasure, fell utterly dead. All his own smaller poems arose from actual occasions of life; they thus, he said, had a

firm foundation in reality. "I attach," said he, "no value to poems snatched out of the air." His argument is continued against large poems, but in its further development, it seems to apply only to large poems written in youth; in youth no subject is seen in its completeness. "Youth is one-sided, a great work requires many-sidedness, and on that rock the young author splits." Eckermann told him of some poem he had planned on the Seasons, in which he proposed to interweave the employments and amusements of all classes. "Here is the very case in point," said Goethe; "you may succeed in parts, but fail in others which refer to what you are not so entirely master of. You would, perhaps, do the Fisherman well, and the Huntsman ill; if you fail, the whole is a failure, however good the single parts may be. Give separately the single parts for which you are equal, and you are thus sure of something good."

"I especially warn you against great inventions of your own; for then you would try to give a view of things, and for that purpose youth is seldom ripe. Further, character and views detach themselves as sides from the poet's mind, and deprive him of the fulness requisite for future productions. And, finally, how much time is lost in invention, internal arrangement, and combination, for which nobody thanks us, even supposing our work is happily accomplished."

"With a *given* material, on the other hand, all goes easier and better. Facts and characters being provided, the poet has only the task of animating the whole. He preserves his own fulness, for he needs to part with but little of himself, and there is much less loss of time and power, since he has only the trouble of execution. Indeed, I would advise the choice of subjects which have been worked before. How many Iphigenias have been written! yet they are all different, for each writer considers and arranges the subject differently; namely, after his own fashion."

"But, for the present, you had better lay aside all great undertakings. You have striven long enough; it is time that you should enter into the cheerful period of life, and for the attainment of this, the working out of small subjects is the best expedient."

Eckermann is not without some of the qualifications for biography that Boswell possessed. He was an attentive and idolizing listener, but the great Pagan was not as good a talker as Johnson, wrapped up in dogmatic orthodoxy, and coming down crushingly on all pretence of every kind. Goethe was, in his way, a true man, and sought to understand, and sought to interpret everything that came before him; but still, as if every-

thing, however sacred, was to be ranked in the same category with the fine arts. In some aspect or other he thought he found a truth in everything, and if he could not be described as refusing belief to revealed religion, he might seem to have offered similar credence to the marble gods of Greece. The fine arts seem to have commanded from him a truer and more intimate worship. There was much that he seemed to worship; there was nothing which he did not tolerate; the limits of his toleration even extended to not falling out with flute-players learning their art; the bark of a dog, or of a professor of ontology, or any other of the ologies, he could not abide; and the dog in Faust, bursting asunder and splitting his sides to reveal the vagabond scholar, who soon shows himself to be a limb of the devil, make up a scene to which a knowledge of Goethe's antipathies gives new humor. Dogs he detested; and we can forgive Goethe anything but this. The vagabond scholar was also in all its forms an abomination with him. Poet, or physician, or professor, to be anything with Goethe, should have some fixed occupation, some permanent footing. To live in a dream was to him an unendurable thing; everything should be bounded, everything defined; even knowledge, when not subordinate to some immediate purpose of his own, when not falling in with something that sustained a system, or illustrated it, was as nothing. For all persons whom he could in any way assist, every exertion he could make was generously, actively, earnestly, and continuously made; but he was too apt to regard as incapable of receiving effectual assistance any person whose plans were not definitely fixed, and whose hopes had not from the first some positive basis of reality; and thus he gave up men too easily. In Boswell's account of Johnson's conversations, or rather monologues, fool and coxcomb as he was, always equal to the occasion, his faculties seem to have been enlarged and distended in straining to reach the heights of the sublime colloquy. Johnson never descended to the level of his companion's intellect, and thus it was kept always on the stretch, and the earnestness of attention required, even quite to understand him, fixed the memory. In Goethe, on the contrary, we have always the amiable old man recollecting the weakness of his associate, and tempering his communications to what could be received; and the effect is, that we often have little other record of a delightful day passed with him, than a statement of the

biographer that he quite forgot everything said. In our literature we have something like this; all that poor Byron uttered over his gin and water—all that was least worthy of him, and that could only have been uttered when neither he nor his companions were in the possession of their ordinary powers—all that was said in a key lower than that to which his mind was ordinarily tuned, and which we must suppose, as far as it was the flow of anything like conscious thought, to have been accommodated to the intellect of inferiors—has been brought before the public; and it is really astonishing how little of anything he has said was recollected. The fact is, that no attention was given to it at the time it was uttered, and without attention memory cannot exist. Eckermann's was, however, honest idolatry, and he would have regarded it as sacrilege to have uttered in the name of his daimon anything that he had not heard. Sometimes, when in the oracular presence, he seems to have heard but voices and words—voices and words which, we have no doubt, would have been suggestive to others, but which he did not quite understand—nor could he, nor could any man, till prepared by longer communication with Goethe than Eckermann had when he first began to make notes of his conversations. Sometimes communications, which Goethe was beginning to make, are broken off because Goethe felt that he was addressing a young and imperfectly educated man, but more often, as we have before intimated, while the tone of Goethe's conversation is lowered to the level of the young man's mind with whom he is talking, this very circumstance leads him to enunciate in the clearest language what he regards as elementary principles. Eckermann's Conversations of Goethe may, we think, be regarded as a perfectly truthful book, as far as it goes. It is not like the miserable rubbish which Byron's friends have preserved, or invented, a thing to be utterly disregarded and ignored, which, where it has some foundation in fact, does little more than show how like one drunken man is to another. The Byron anecdotes are, every one of them, rather representations of how Byron spoke, than of what he actually said. The form of dialogue gives him speaking, but it is Byron when he is least himself, and in these conversations of Eckermann it is pleasant to see how much better Goethe understood the English poet, than that poet's every-day companions did.

Eckermann gives an account of his first dinner with Goethe:—

"To-day, I dined for the first time with Goethe. No one was present except Frau von Goethe, Fraülien Ulrica, and little Walter, and thus we were all very comfortable. Goethe appeared now solely as father of a family, helping to all the dishes, carving the roast fowls with great dexterity, and not forgetting between whiles to fill the glasses. We had much lively chat about the theatre, young English people, and other topics of the day; Fraülein Ulrica was especially lively and entertaining. Goethe was generally silent, coming out only now and then with some pertinent remark. From time to time he glanced at the newspaper, now and then reading us some passages, especially about the progress of the Greeks.

"They then talked about the necessity of my learning English, and Goethe earnestly advised me to do so, particularly on account of Lord Byron: saying, that a character of such eminence had never existed before, and probably would never come again. They discussed the merits of the different teachers here, but found none with a thoroughly good pronunciation; on which account they deemed it better to go to some young Englishman.

"After dinner, Goethe showed me some experiments relating to his theory of colors. The subject was, however, new to me; I neither understood the phenomena, nor what he said about them. Nevertheless, I hoped that the future would afford me leisure and opportunity to initiate myself a little into this science."—pp. 73, 74.

The poets of 1823 are most of them dead and gone, and their works have gone before them, so that we fear our readers will find little interest in the kind of details about their productions which these volumes contain—but what Goethe says of them is true of others, and is applicable, not alone to the period in which it was spoken, but to our own. "Intellect," he says, "and some poetry cannot be denied to them, but their representations are out of life. They strive after something beyond their powers; and therefore I might call them *forced* talents." He assented to Eckermann's observation, that to write a piece in prose would be the true touchstone of their talent, and he added, that "versification enhanced and even called forth poetic feelings."

We have an entry of October the 27th, 1823.—Eckermann was invited to a concert at Goethe's. Eckermann, every now and then, shows a will of his own; and he had, like other people, his troubles, and his fits of the sulks, and the dumps. His landlady having seen him out of sorts all the morning, recommended him to go to the play in the evening, and talked him into tolerable temper by praising the piece that was to be performed, "The Chess-Machine." While he was preparing to go to the theatre, Goethe's invitation arrived. Well, this was, in its way,



a disappointment. He was, he thought, in no proper humor for Goethe's grand folk, and an hour at a lively comedy was just the thing for him. Still there was a fitness in showing himself at Goethe's.

"In the evening, an hour before the theatre opened, I went to Goethe. All was already in movement throughout the house. As I passed, I heard them tuning the piano in the great room, as preparation for the musical entertainment.

"I found Goethe alone in his chamber; he was already dressed, and I seemed to him to have arrived at the right moment. 'You shall stay with me here,' he said, 'and we will entertain one another till the arrival of the others.' I thought, 'Now I shall not be able to get away: stop, I must; and, though it is very pleasant to be with Goethe alone, yet, when a quantity of strange gentlemen and ladies come, I shall feel quite out of my element.'

"I walked up and down the room with Goethe. Soon the theatre became the subject of our discourse, and I had an opportunity of repeating that it was to me a source of new delight, especially as I had seen scarce anything in early years, and now almost every piece made quite a fresh impression upon me. 'Indeed,' added I, 'I feel so much about it, that I have had a severe contest with myself, notwithstanding the great attractions of your evening party.'

"'Well,' said Goethe, stopping short, and looking at me with kindness and dignity, 'go then; do not constrain yourself; if the lively play this evening suits you best, is more suitable to your mood, go there. You have music here, and that you will often have again.' 'Then,' said I, 'I will go; it will, perhaps, do me good to laugh.' 'Stay with me, however,' said Goethe, 'till six o'clock: we shall have time to say a word or two.'

"Stadelman brought in two wax lights, which he set on the table. Goethe desired me to sit down, and he would give me something to read. And what should this be, but his newest, dearest poem, his 'Elegy from Marienbad!'

"I must here go back a little for a circumstance connected with this poem. Immediately after Goethe's return from Marienbad, the report had been spread that he had there made the acquaintance of a young lady equally charming in mind and person, and had been inspired with a passion for her. When her voice was heard in the Brunnen-Allee, he had always seized his hat, and hastened down to join her. He had missed no opportunity of being in her society, and had passed happy days: the parting had been very painful, and he had, in this excited state, written a most beautiful poem, which, however, he looked upon as a sort of consecrated thing, and kept hid from every eye.

"I believed this story, because it not only perfectly accorded with his bodily vigor, but also with the productive force of his mind, and the healthy freshness of his heart. I had long had a great desire to see the poem itself, but naturally felt unwilling to ask Goethe. I had, therefore, to congratulate myself on the fortunate moment which brought it before me.

"He had, with his own hand, written these verses, in Roman characters, on fine vellum paper, and fastened them with a silken cord into a red morocco case; so that, from the outside, it was obvious that he prized this manuscript above all the rest.

"I read it with great delight, and found that every line confirmed the common report. The first verse, however, intimated that the acquaintance was not first made, but only renewed, at this time. The poem revolved constantly on its own axis, and seemed always to return to the point whence it began. The close, wonderfully broken off, made quite a deep and singular impression.

"When I had finished, Goethe came to me again. 'Well,' said he, 'there I have shown you something good. But you shall tell me what you think a few days hence.' I was very glad that Goethe, by these words, excused me from passing a judgment at the moment; for the impression was too new, and too hastily received, to allow me to say anything that was appropriate.

"Goethe promised to let me see it again in some tranquil hour. The time for the theatre had now arrived, and we separated with an affectionate pressure of the hand.

"The 'Chess-machine,' was, perhaps, a good piece, well-acted, but I saw it not—my thoughts were with Goethe.

"When the play was over, I passed by his house; it was all lighted up; I heard music from within, and regretted that I had not stayed there." —pp. 78, 81.

In a day or two after, Eckermann sent Goethe a few poems which he had written that summer at Jena, and when they next met (October 29), the following scene occurred:—

"This evening I went to Goethe just as they were lighting the candles. I found him in a very animated state of mind; his eyes sparkled with the reflection of the candle-light; his whole expression was one of cheerfulness, youth, and power.

"As he walked up and down with me, he began immediately to speak of the poems which I sent him yesterday.

"'I understand now,' said he, 'why you talked to me at Jena, of writing a poem on the seasons. I now advise you to do so; begin at once with Winter. You seem to have a special sense and feeling for natural objects.'

"'Only two words would I say about your poems. You stand now at that point where you must necessarily break through to the really high and difficult part of art—the apprehension of what is individual. You must do some degree of violence to yourself to get out of the *Idea*. You have talent, and have got so far; now you *must* do this. You have been lately at Tiefurt; that might now afford a subject for the attempt. You may perhaps go to Tiefurt and look at it three or four times before you win from it the characteristic side, and bring all your means (*motive*) together; but spare not your toil; study it throughout, and then represent it; the subject is well worth this trouble. I should



have used it long ago, but I could not; for I have lived through those circumstances, and my being is so interwoven with them, that details press upon me with too great fullness. But you come as a stranger; you let the Castellan tell you the past, and you will see only what is present, prominent, and significant.'

"I promised to try, but could not deny that this subject seemed to me very far out of my way, and very difficult.

"I know very well," said he, "that it is difficult; but the apprehension and representation of the individual is the very life of art. Besides, while you content yourself with generalities, every one can imitate you; but, in the particular, no one can—and why? because no others have experienced exactly the same thing.

"And you need not fear lest what is peculiar should not meet with sympathy. Each character, however peculiar it may be, and each object which you can represent, from the stone up to man, has generality; for there is repetition everywhere, and there is nothing to be found only once in the world.'"—pp. 81-83.

We do not know the precise relation in which Eckermann stood with Goethe. It seems to have been something of secretary or amanuensis; and his proper business, as far as we can see through the cloud of general terms, which may mean anything or nothing, would appear to have been conducting the correspondence between Goethe and the publishers occupied in the new edition of his works. That he was paid for those services, there can be no doubt, though we do not find this stated in so many words. While he is occasionally—nay, frequently, at Goethe's great parties, we find Goethe, at these times, leaving the general company and receiving Eckermann apart. We give an instance. Everything we know of Goethe illustrates his good nature. Eckermann's book has this, if no greater value, that it will dispossess people of the notion of Goethe being not a man, but a piece of sculpture, which seems to be the popular impression.

"I went to Goethe at five o'clock. I heard them, as I came up stairs, laughing very loud, and talking in the great room. The servant said that the Polish lady dined there to-day, and that the company had not yet left the table. I was going away, but he said he had orders to announce me, and that perhaps his master would be glad of my arrival, as it was now late. I let him have his way, and waited awhile, after which Goethe came out in a very cheerful mood, and took me to the opposite room. My visit seemed to please him. He had a bottle of wine brought at once, and filled for me, and occasionally for himself.

"Before I forget," said he, looking about the table for something, 'let me give you a concert-ticket. Madame Szymanowska gives, to-morrow

evening, a public concert at the Stadthaus, and you must not fail to be there.' I replied that I certainly should not repeat my late folly. 'They say she plays very well,' I added. 'Admirably,' said Goethe. 'As well as Hummel?' asked I. 'You must remember,' said Goethe, 'that she is not only a great performer, but a beautiful woman; and this lends a charm to all she does. Her execution is masterly—astonishing, indeed.' 'And has she also great power?' said I. 'Yes,' said he, 'great power; and that is what is most remarkable in her, because we do not often find it in ladies.' I said that I was delighted with the prospect of hearing her at last.

"Secretary Kräuter came in to consult about the library. Goethe, when he left us, praised his talent and integrity in business.

"I then turned the conversation to the 'Journey through Frankfort and Stuttgart into Switzerland, in 1797,' the manuscript of which he had lately given me, and which I had already diligently studied. I spoke of his and Meyer's reflections on the subjects of plastic art. 'Ay,' said Goethe, 'what can be more important than the subject, and what is all the science of art without it? All talent is wasted if the subject is unsuitable. It is because modern artists have no worthy subjects, that people are so hampered in all the art of modern times. From this cause we all suffer. I myself have not been able to renounce my modernness.

"Very few artists,' he continued, 'are clear on this point, or know what will really be satisfactory. For instance, they paint my 'Fisherman' as the subject of a picture, and do not think that it cannot be painted. In this ballad, nothing is expressed but the charm in water which tempts us to bathe in summer; there is nothing else in it: and how can that be painted?'

"I mentioned how pleased I was to see how, in that journey, he had taken an interest in everything, and apprehended everything; shape and situation of mountains, with their species of stone; soil, rivers, clouds, air, wind, and weather; then cities, with their origin and growth, architecture, painting, theatres, municipal regulations and police, trade, economy, laying out of streets, varieties of human race, manner of living, peculiarities; then again, politics, martial affairs, and a hundred things beside.

"He answered, 'But you find no word upon music, because that was not within my sphere. Each traveler should know what he has to see, and what properly belongs to him, on a journey.'

"The Chancellor came in. He talked a little with Goethe, and then spoke to me very kindly, and with much acuteness, about a little paper which he had lately read. He soon returned to the ladies, among whom I heard the sound of a piano.

"When he had left us, Goethe spoke highly of him, and said, 'All these excellent men, with whom you are now placed in so pleasant a relation, make what I call a home, to which one is always willing to return.'

"I said that I already began to perceive the beneficial effects of my present situation, and the

I found myself gradually leaving my ideal and theoretic tendencies, and more and more able to appreciate the value of the present moment.

"It would be a pity," said Goethe, "if it were not so. Only persist in this, and hold fast by the present. Every situation—nay, every moment—is of infinite worth; for it is the representative of a whole eternity."

"After a short pause, I turned the conversation to Tiefert, and the mode of treating it. 'The subject,' said I, 'is complex, and it will be difficult to give it proper form. It would be most convenient to me to treat it in prose.'

"For that, said Goethe, 'the subject is not sufficiently significant. The so-called didactic, descriptive form would, on the whole, be eligible; but even that is not perfectly appropriate. The best method will be to treat the subject in ten or twelve separate little poems, in rhyme, but in various measures and forms, such as the various sides and views demand, by which means light will be given to the whole.' This advice I at once adopted as judicious. 'Why,' indeed,' continued he, 'should you not for once use dramatic means, and write a conversation or so with the gardener? By this fragmentary method you make your task easy, and can better bring out the various characteristic sides of the subject. A great, comprehensive whole, on the other hand, is always difficult; and he who attempts it seldom produces anything complete.'"—pp. 84-88.

Goethe, a few days after, spoke of one of his own poems. He read the poem aloud, but he had a cold, and Eckermann lost much of it. He tells us, too, that Goethe's "personal presence was unfavorable to entire abstraction." No doubt it was, even to a man's secretary; no man should read a poem of his own aloud. It is what may be called an ungentlemanly thing to do so. People should break themselves of vicious habits of the kind; and it is plain, from this incident, that the old courtier had something yet to learn from the world. Eckermann took the manuscript into his own hands, and the letters then assumed something like meaning to his experienced eye; he read to himself, and the more he read, and the less he looked at the author, the more significant did the words appear; at last, that which at first was little better than mere sound, became instinct with a higher life, and the poem seemed a consummate work of art. At last the scribe looked up from his desk—caught his master's eye—ventured to say what he thought both of the subject and the execution of the poem. The subject was the Paria—"The glorification of the Paria was the subject, and it was treated as a Trilogy." In reply to Eckermann's remark, Goethe said, "the treatment is very terse, and one must go deep into it to seize the meaning. I have borne this

subject about with me for forty years, so that it had time to get clear of anything extraneous."

"It will produce an effect," said I, "when it comes before the public."

"Ah, the public!" sighed Goethe.

"Would it not be well," said I, "to aid the comprehension, and to add an explanation as we do to pictures, when we endeavor to give life to what is actually present, by describing the preceding circumstances?"

"I think not," said he; "with pictures it is another matter; but, as a poem is already expressed in words, one word only cancels another."

"I thought Goethe was here very happy in pointing out the rock on which those who interpret poems are commonly wrecked. Still it may be questioned whether it be not possible to avoid this rock, and affix some explanatory words to a poem, without at all injuring the delicacy of its inner life."—p. 89.

Goethe was an accurate observer of every change of weather, and read the signs in the heavens with unerring accuracy. Here is a curious instance. The entry is otherwise worth preserving:—

"Some days ago, as I was walking one fine afternoon towards Erfurth, I was joined by an elderly man, whom I supposed, from his appearance, to be an opulent citizen. We had not talked together long, before the conversation turned upon Goethe. I asked him, whether he knew Goethe. 'Know him?' said he, with some delight; 'I was his valet almost twenty years.' He then launched into the praises of his former master. I begged to hear something of Goethe's youth, and he gladly consented to gratify me.

"When I first lived with him," said he, "he might have been about twenty-seven years old; he was thin, nimble, and elegant in his person. I could easily have carried him in my arms."

"I asked him whether Goethe, in that early part of his life here, had not been very gay. 'Certainly,' replied he, 'he was always gay with the gay, but never when they passed a certain limit; in that case he usually became grave. Always working and seeking; his mind always bent on art and science; that was generally the way with my master. The duke often visited him in the evening, and then they often talked on learned topics till late at night, so that I got extremely tired and wondered when the duke would go. Even then he was interested in natural science.

"One time he rang in the middle of the night, and when I entered his room I found he had rolled his iron bed to the window, and was lying there, looking out upon the heavens. 'Have you seen nothing in the sky?' asked he; and when I answered in the negative, he bade me run to the guard-house, and ask the man on duty if he had seen nothing. I went there; the guard said he had seen nothing, and I returned with the

answer to my master, who was still in the same position, lying in his bed, and gazing upon the sky. 'Listen,' said he to me; 'this is an important moment; there is now an earthquake, or one is just going to take place; then he made me sit down on the bed, and showed me by what signs he knew this.'

"I asked the good old man what sort of weather it was."

"'It was very cloudy,' he replied; 'no air stirring; very still and sultry.'

"I asked if he at once believed there was an earthquake, on Goethe's word.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I believed it, for things always happened as he said they would. Next day he related his observations at court, when a lady whispered to her neighbor, 'Only listen, Goethe is dreaming.' But the duke, and all the men present, believed Goethe, and the correctness of his observations was soon confirmed; for, in a few weeks, the news came that a part of Messina, on that night, had been destroyed by an earthquake.'"  
—pp. 91, 92.

The day before a performance of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, Eckermann complained to Goethe of the high-wrought scenes in Schiller being often untrue to nature. His philosophy, Eckermann said, injured his poetry. Whatever he could conceive could not, he thought, but be conformable to truth and reality, and thus truth and reality were violated by excess. The feeling was often perfectly just in its elementary condition, or as conceived by the poet, but was refined away into mere film, or was exaggerated into something monstrous. Goethe, in reply, told Eckermann of Schiller's torturing himself by philosophical disquisitions, and described "his letters to Humboldt"—many of which have been since printed—"in these unblest days of speculation," as Goethe calls them:—

"'It was not Schiller's plan,' continued Goethe, 'to go to work with a certain unconsciousness, and as it were instinctively; he was forced, on the contrary, to reflect on all he did. Hence it was that he never could leave off talking about his poetical projects, and thus he discussed with me all his late pieces, scene after scene.'

"'On the other hand, it was contrary to my nature to talk over my poetic plans with anybody—even with Schiller. I carried everything about me in silence, and usually nothing was known to any one till the whole was completed. When I showed Schiller my 'Hermann and Dorothea' finished, he was astonished, for I had said not a syllable to him of any such plan.

"'But I am curious to hear what you will say of "Wallenstein" to-morrow. You will see noble forms, and the piece will make an impression on you such as you probably do not dream of.'"  
pp. 94, 95.

Through the whole of this winter (1823) Goethe was poor in health. His feet swelled,

and there were symptoms of dropsy. This, when a man is at the wrong side of seventy, looks serious. Old age is itself a disease, or something like it, but the Germans would not see old age in their great poet—and life was still strong, as appeared by his having outweathered nine or ten winters more. Eckermann thought he had found out the cause, nay, and the cure—and he thought a visit to Marienbad would probably be restorative.

"His disease," said he, "does not appear to be altogether physical. It seems more likely that the violent affection which he formed for a young lady at Marienbad in the summer, and which he is now trying to overcome, may be regarded as the cause of his present illness."

Goethe, in theorizing on color and on the laws of light, thought he had made some discoveries, and we believe that much of what he has written on the subject is found by artists to be of important practical account. He, however, believed that he had wholly disproved all former theories, and he resented the blind obstinacy, as he thought, of scientific men who would not assent to his claims. The narrow-mindedness of the persons engaged in the study of the natural sciences was often the subject of his discourse, and more especially the temper in which they squabbled about priority in their discoveries:—

"'There is nothing,' said Goethe, 'through which I have learned to know mankind better, than through my philosophical exertions. It has cost me a great deal, and has been attended with annoyance, but I nevertheless rejoice that I have gained the experience.'

"I remarked, that in the sciences, the egotism of men appears to be excited in a peculiar manner; and when this is once called into action, all infirmities of character very soon appear.

"'Scientific questions,' answered Goethe, 'are very often questions of existence. A single discovery may make a man renowned, and lay the foundation of his worldly prosperity. It is for this reason that, in the sciences, there prevails this great severity, this pertinacity, and this jealousy concerning the discovery of another. In the sphere of æsthetics, everything is deemed more venial; the thoughts are, more or less, an innate property of all mankind, with respect to which the only point is the treatment and execution—and naturally enough little envy is excited. A single idea may give foundation for a hundred epigrams; and the question is, merely, which poet has been able to embody this idea in the most effective and most beautiful manner.'

"'But in science the treatment is nothing, and all the effect lies in the discovery. There is here little that is universal and subjective, for the isolated manifestations of the laws of nature lie

without us—all sphynx like, motionless, firm, and dumb. Every new phenomenon that is observed is a discovery—every discovery a property. Now, only let a single person meddle with property, and man will soon be at hand with all his passions.

“‘However,’ continued Goethe, ‘in the sciences, that also is looked upon as property which has been handed down or taught at the universities. And if any one advances anything new which contradicts, perhaps threatens to overturn, the creed which we have for years repeated, and have handed to others, all passions are raised against him, and every effort is made to crush him. People resist with all their might; they act as if they neither heard nor could comprehend; they speak of the new view with contempt, as if it were not worth the trouble of even so much as an investigation or regard, and thus a new truth may wait a long time before it can make its way. A Frenchman said to a friend of mine, concerning my theory of colors,—‘We have worked for fifty years to establish and strengthen the kingdom of Newton, and it will require fifty years more to overthrow it.’ The body of mathematicians has endeavored to make my name so suspected in science that people are afraid of even mentioning it. Some time ago, a pamphlet fell into my hands, in which subjects connected with the theory of colors were treated: the author appeared quite imbued with my theory, and had deduced everything from the same fundamental principles. I read the publication with great delight, but to my no small surprise, found that the author did not once mention my name. The enigma was afterwards solved. A mutual friend called on me, and confessed to me that the clever young author had wished to establish his reputation by the pamphlet, and had justly feared to compromise himself with the learned world, if he ventured to support by my name the views he was expounding. The little pamphlet was successful, and the ingenious young author has since introduced himself to me personally, and made his excuses.’”—pp. 107-109.

Eckermann's journal is much more conveniently arranged in this English translation than in the original. In the original, two volumes were first published, and the curiosity of the public excited by these led to the publication of a third. The order of time is thus broken in the original. The translator has remedied this—inserting whatever is introduced in the third volume according to its chronological order. In America the two first volumes had already been translated, but what is now added from the third has not, we believe, appeared in English, except in these volumes, and the supplemental matter is, we think for the most part, of greater interest than the rest. The first entries which we have in 1824 are well worth studying, though they scarcely admit of abridgement.

They open with an amusing dialogue be-

tween Goethe and a young man, who said he was near falling in love with a charming girl, “although her understanding would not exactly be called brilliant.” “As if,” said Goethe, “love had anything to do with the understanding. The things we love in a young lady are something very different from the understanding. We love in her beauty, playfulness, trustingness, character, faults, caprices; but we do not love her understanding. The understanding is not that which fires the heart, or which awakens passion.” This topic disposed of—which it was during dinner—next came Shakspeare; and during the talk about him, Eckermann and Goethe were alone, so that it was something more of an essay. Goethe thought himself lucky in not having been an Englishman, and in not knowing Shakspeare in his own earlier days. The existence to him of anything so great as Shakspeare, would have dwarfed his creative power, and the development of his own poetic faculty been checked and blighted. His genius would, in such circumstances, have been thwarted, and sought some other outlet of expression. Eckermann said, that if one thought of Shakspeare as transformed into a German, and compared him with anything in German literature, his gigantic greatness would appear miraculous; that thought of in connection with the literature of his country, of his contemporaries, and immediate successors, the miracle ceases, and while he remains a being of the most exalted magnitude, that his works seem of human achievement, and, as such, to be referred not to the man, but to the productive atmosphere of his age and time. “You are right,” replied Goethe; “it is with Shakspeare, as with the mountains of Switzerland. Transplant Mont Blanc at once into the large plain of Luneburg Heath, and we should find no words to express our wonder at its magnitude. Seek it, however, in its gigantic home, go to it over its immense neighbors, the Jungfrau, the Finsterarhorn, the Eiger, the Wetterhorn, St. Gothard, and Monte Rosa; Mont Blanc will, indeed, still remain a giant, but it will no longer produce in us such amazement.”

“‘Besides, let him who will not believe,’ continued Goethe, ‘that much of Shakspeare's greatness appertains to his great vigorous time, only ask himself the question, whether a phenomenon so astounding would be possible in the present England of 1824, in these evil days of criticism and hair-splitting journals?’

“‘That undisturbed, innocent, somnambulatory production, by which alone anything great can thrive, is no longer possible. Our talents at pre-



sent lie before the public. The daily criticisms which appear in fifty different places, and the gossip that is caused by them amongst the public, prevent the appearance of any sound production. In the present day, he who does not keep aloof from all this, and isolate himself by main force, is lost. Through the bad, chiefly negative, æsthetic, and critical tone of the journals, a sort of half culture finds its way into the masses; but to productive talent it is a noxious mist, a dropping poison, which destroys the tree of creative power, from the ornamental green leaves to the deepest pith and the most hidden fibres.

“And then how tame and weak has life itself become during the last two shabby centuries. Where do we now meet an original nature? and where is the man who has the strength to be true, and to show himself as he is? This, however, affects the poet, who must find all within himself, while he is left in the lurch by all without.”—pp. 115, 116.

Parts of this book are of considerable interest to students of German literature, which, however, we should not be justified in producing. Indeed the passages of most value could not easily be rendered quite intelligible to the English reader, as they consist of minute criticism, often of works which never made their way to this country, and often of those which, having had their day of popularity, are almost forgotten in their own. Of our English poets, Goethe most admired, and was best acquainted with, the works of Byron, whose genius he seems to have regarded, in its power, in its violence, in its disregard of conventionalities, as a type or symbol of the revolutionary age in which Byron's lot was cast. There is some inconsistency in what he says of him, as at times he speaks as if he imagined all that Byron could do was already done; that to have produced a greater number of works would be but to continue to exercise an art, but that all which he could do to extend that art had been already accomplished. At times he speaks of him as if he had been taken away before the full development of his power; but over Goethe's mind this great poet exercised an almost magic influence, and several of his latter works exhibit his careful study of Byron. Of Scott he often speaks, always of his novels; and we do not remember any passage from which it would appear that he was acquainted with his poetical works. Of his own writings he often speaks, and always in a manly tone; not as if they were the works of others, or disturbing himself with inculpatory or exculpatory criticism, but as one perfectly remembering the feeling in which they were written, a feeling which, for the most part,

when they were the expression of any strong passion, he had outgrown. He describes himself in Werthier, and in the earlier parts of Faust, getting rid of his own unrest, by allowing the feeling to exhaust itself on expression. The heart thus terminated and forgot what had been preying on it when it was once thoroughly worked out. In his West-eastern Divan, one section is called *Das Buch des Unmuths*, “The Book of Ill-Humor,” in which he pours out his splenetic feeling against his enemies:—

“‘I have, however,’ continued he, ‘been very moderate; if I had uttered all that had vexed me or gave me trouble, the few pages would soon have swelled to a volume.’

“‘People were never thoroughly contented with me, but always wished me otherwise than it has pleased God to make me. They were also seldom contented with my productions. When I had long exerted my whole soul to favor the world with a new work, it still desired that I should thank it into the bargain for considering the work enduring. If any one praised me, I was not allowed, in self-congratulation, to receive it as a well-merited tribute; but people expected from me some modest expression, humbly setting forth the total unworthiness of my person and my work. However, my nature opposed this; and I should have been a miserable hypocrite if I had so tried to lie and dissemble. Since I was strong enough to show myself in my whole truth, just as I felt, I was deemed proud, and am considered so to the present day.

“‘In religious, scientific, and political matters, I generally brought trouble upon myself, because I was no hypocrite, and had the courage to express what I felt.

“‘I believed in God and in Nature, and in the triumph of good over evil; but this was not enough for pious souls; I was also required to believe other points, which were opposed to the feeling of my soul for truth; besides, I did not see that these would be of the slightest service to me. It was also prejudicial to me that I discovered Newton's theory of light and color to be an error, and that I had the courage to contradict the universal creed. I discovered light in its purity and truth, and I considered it my duty to fight for it. The opposite party, however, did their utmost to darken the light; for they maintained that *shade is a part of light*. It sounds absurd when I express it; but so it is; for they said that *colors*, which are shadow and the result of shade, *are light itself*; or, which amounts to the same thing, *are the beams of light, broken now in one way, now in another.*’”—pp. 119, 120.

Speaking of the latter part of his biography, which he was this year engaged in preparing for publication, Goethe says:—

“‘When I look back to the earlier and middle periods of my life, and now in my old age think

how few are left of those who were young with me, I always think of a summer residence at a bathing-place. When you arrive, you make acquaintance and friends of those who have already been there some time, and who leave in a few weeks. The loss is painful. Then you turn to the second generation, with which you live a good while, and become most intimate. But this goes also, and leaves us alone with the third, which comes just as we are going away, and with which we have, properly, nothing to do.

"I have ever been esteemed one of Fortune's chiefest favorites, nor will I complain or find fault with the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and I may say that, in all my seventy-five years, I have never had a month of genuine comfort. It has been the perpetual rolling of a stone, which I have always had to raise anew. My annals will render clear what I now say. The claims upon my

activity, both from within and without, were too numerous.

"My real happiness was my poetic meditation and production. But how was this disturbed, limited, and hindered by my external position! Had I been able to abstain more from public business, and to live more in solitude, I should have been happier, and should have accomplished much more as a poet. But, soon after my "Goetz" and "Werthier," that saying of the sage was verified for me—"If you do anything for the sake of the world, it will take good care that you shall not do it a second time."—pp. 124, 125.

We have left ourselves no room for further extracts. To Mr. Oxenford, the English public are greatly indebted for what seems a faithful translation, and what is certainly a very interesting book.

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[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal]

## THE DESERTED HOUSE.

HAVING been detained by the illness of a relative at the small town of Beziers, when traveling a few years since in the south of France, and finding time hang somewhat heavily on my hands during the slow progress of my companion's convalescence, I took to wandering about the neighborhood within a circle of four or five miles, inspecting the proceedings of the agriculturists, and making acquaintance with the country people. On one of these excursions, seeing a high wall and an iron gate, I turned out of my road to take a peep at the interior through the rails; but I found them so overgrown with creepers of one sort or another, that it was not easy to distinguish anything but a house which stood about a hundred yards from the entrance. Finding, however, that the gate was not quite closed, I gave it a push; and although it moved quite stiffly on its hinges, and grated along the ground as it went, I contrived to force an aperture wide enough to put in my head. What a scene of desolation was there! The house, which was built of dark-colored bricks, looked as if it had not been inhabited for a century. The roof was much decayed, the paint black with age, the stone steps green with moss, and

the windows all concealed by discolored and dilapidated Venetian blinds. The garden was a wilderness of weeds and overgrown rose-bushes; and except one broad one, in a right line with the main-door of the house, the paths were no longer distinguishable. After surveying this dismal scene for some time, I came away with a strange feeling of curiosity. "Why should this place be so entirely deserted and neglected?" thought I. It was not, like a fortress, a castle, or an abbey, allowed to fall into ruins from extreme age, because no longer appropriate to the habits of the period. On the contrary, the building I had seen was comparatively modern, and had fallen to decay merely for want of those timely repairs and defences from the weather that ordinary prudence prescribes. "Perhaps there is some sad history attached to the spot," I thought; "or perhaps the race to whom it belonged have died out; or maybe the cause of its destruction is nothing more tragical than a lawsuit."

As I returned, I inquired of a woman in the nearest village if she could tell me to whom that desolate spot belonged.

"To a Spaniard," she answered, "but he is dead!"

"But to whom does it belong now?" I asked. "Why is it suffered to fall into ruin?"

"I don't know," she said, shaking her head, and re-entering the hovel, at the door of which she had been standing.

During dinner that day, I asked the host of the inn if he knew the place, and could satisfy my curiosity. He knew it well, he answered. The last inhabitant had been a Count Ruy Gonzales, a Spaniard, whose wife had died there under some painful circumstances, of which nobody knew the particulars. He had been passionately fond of her, and immediately after her decease had gone to reside in Paris, where he had also died. As the place formed part of the lady's fortune, it had fallen into the hands of some distant relation of hers, who had left it, at some sacrifice of rent; and other parties who subsequently took it having all speedily vacated under one pretext or another, an evil reputation gathered round and clung to it so tenaciously, that all idea of occupation had been relinquished.

It may be conceived that this information did not diminish my interest in the deserted house; and on the following day I was quite eager to see my invalid settled for her mid-day slumber, in order that I might repeat my visit, and carry my investigations further. I found the gate ajar as before, and by exerting all my strength, I managed to force my way in. I had not gone three steps before a snake crossed my path, and the ground seemed actually alive with lizards; but being determined to obtain a nearer view of this mysterious house, I walked straight on towards it. A close inspection of the front, however, showing me nothing but what I had descried from a distance, I turned to the left, and passed round to the back of the building, where I found the remains of what had been a small flower-garden, with a grass plot; and beyond it, divided by a wall, a court surrounded by mouldy-looking stabling; but, what was much more interesting, I discovered an open door leading into the house. Somebody, therefore, must surely be within; so I knocked with my parasol against the panel, but nobody came; and having repeated my knock with no better success, I ventured in, and found myself in a stone passage, terminating in a door, which, by a feeble light emitted through it, I saw was partly of glass.

"Anybody here?" I said aloud, as I opened it and put in my head; but all was silent: so I went forward, not without some appre-

hension, I confess; but it was that sort of pleasing terror one feels when witnessing a good melodrama. I was now in a tolerably-sized hall, supported by four stone pillars, and on each side of it were two doors. I spoke again, and knocked against them, but nobody answered; then I turned the handles. The first two tried were locked, but the third was not. When I saw it yield to my hand, I confess I felt so startled that I drew back for a moment; but curiosity conquered—I looked in. The dim light admitted by the Venetian blinds showed me a small apartment, scantily furnished, which might have been a *salon* or an ante-room. Two small tables standing against the wall, a few chairs covered with yellow damask, and a pier-glass, were all it contained; but at the opposite end there was another open door: so, half-pleased and half-frightened, I walked forward, and found myself in what had formerly been a prettily-furnished boudoir. Marble slabs, settees covered with blue velvet, chairs and curtains of the same, and three or four round or oval mirrors in elaborately-carved gilt frames, designated this as the lady's apartment. A third door, which was also open, showed me a bed in an alcove, with a blue velvet *vais* and a fringed counterpane of the same material. Here I found a toilet-table, also covered with what had once been white muslin, and on it stood several china boxes and bottles. In one of the former there were some remains of a red powder, which appeared to have been rouge; and on lifting the lid of another I became sensible of the odor of musk. The looking-glass that stood on the table had a drapery of muslin and blue bows round the frame; and the old-fashioned mahogany chest of drawers was richly gilt and ornamented. None of these rooms was papered; all appeared to be plastered or stuccoed, and were elaborately adorned with designs and gilt mouldings, except in one place, which seemed to have formerly been a door—the door of a closet probably; but it was now built up—the plaster, however, being quite coarse and unadorned, and not at all in keeping with anything else in the room. It was also broken, indented, and blackened in several places, as if it had been battered with some heavy weapon. Somehow or other, there was nothing that fixed my attention so much as this door! I examined it—I laid my hand upon it. Why should it have been so hastily built up to the disfigurement of the wall?—for the coarseness of the plaster and the rudeness of the work denoted haste. I was

standing opposite to it, and asking myself this question, when I heard a heavy foot approaching; and before I had time to move, I saw the astonished face of an elderly man in clerical attire standing in the doorway. I believe he thought at first I was the ghost of the former inhabitant of this chamber, for he actually changed color and stepped back.

"Pardon, mon père!" said I, smiling at his amazement: "I found the door open; and I hope you will excuse the curiosity that has led me to intrude?"

"Une Anglaise!" said he bowing; "a traveler, doubtless. You are the first person besides myself that has entered these apartments, madam, for many a long year, I assure you!"

After giving him an explanation of how I came to be there—an explanation which he listened to with much kindness and placidity—I added, that the appearance of the place, together with the little information I had gathered from the host of the inn, had interested me exceedingly. He looked grave as I spoke. I was about to question him regarding the closed door, when he said—"I do not recommend you to remain long here: the house is very damp; and as the windows are never opened, the air is unwholesome." I did not know whether this was an excuse to get rid of me; but the atmosphere was certainly far from refreshing, and at all events I thought it right to accept the intimation; so I accompanied him out, he locking the doors behind him. As we walked along, he told me that he visited the house every day, or nearly so; and that he had never thought of shutting the gate, since nobody in the neighborhood would enter it on any account. This gave me an opportunity of inquiring into the history of the place, which, if it were not impertinent, I should be very glad to learn. He said he could not tell it me then, having a sick parishioner to visit; but that if I would come on the following day, at the same hour, he would satisfy my curiosity. I need not say that I kept the appointment; and as I approached the garden gate, I saw him coming out.

"A walk along the road would be more agreeable than that melancholy garden," he said; "and, if I pleased, he would escort me part of the way back." So we returned, and after a few desultory observations, I claimed his promise.

"The house," he said, "has never been inhabited since I came to live in this neighborhood, though that is now upwards of

forty years since. It belonged to a family of the name of Beaugency, and the last members of it who resided here were a father and daughter. Henriette de Beaugency she was called: a beautiful creature, I have been informed, and the idol of her father, whose affections she amply returned. They led a very retired life, and seldom quitted the place, except to pay an annual visit to the other side of the Pyrenees, where she had an elder brother married to a Spanish lady of considerable fortune; but Mlle. Henriette had two companions who seemed to make her amends for the absence of other society. One was a young girl called Rosina, who had been her foster-sister, and who now lived with her in the capacity of waiting-maid; the other was her cousin, Eugene de Beaugency, an orphan, and dependent on her father; his own having lost everything he possessed, in consequence of some political offence previous to the Revolution. It was even reported that the Beaugency family had been nigh suffering the same fate, and that some heavy fines which had been extracted from them had straitened their means, and obliged them to live in retirement. However this might be, Henriette appeared perfectly contented with her lot. Eugene studied with her, and played with her; and they grew up together with all the affection and familiarity of a brother and sister; whilst old M. de Beaugency never seems to have suspected that any other sentiment could possibly subsist between them; not that they took the slightest pains to disguise their feelings; and it was their very openness that had probably lulled the father's suspicions. Indeed, their lives flowed so smoothly, and their intercourse was so unrestrained, that nothing ever occurred to awaken even themselves to the nature of their sentiments; whilst the affection that united them had grown so gradually under the parent's eyes, that their innocent terms of endearment, and playful caresses, appeared to him but the natural manifestations of the relation in which they stood to each other. The first sorrow Henriette had was when Eugene was sent to Paris to study for the bar; but it was a consolation that her own regret scarcely exceeded that of her father; and when she used to be counting the weeks and days as the period of his return drew nigh, the old man was almost as pleased as she was to see their number diminish.

"All this harmony and happiness continued uninterrupted for several years; but at length an element of discord, at first



slight, seemed to arise from the appearance on the scene of a certain Count Ruy Gonzalez, who came here with the father and daughter after one of their annual excursions into Catalonia. He was an extremely handsome, noble-looking Spaniard, of about thirty years of age, and said to be rich; but there was an air of haughty, inflexible sternness about him, that repelled most people more than his good looks and polished manners attracted them. These unamiable characteristics, however, appeared to be much modified, if not to vanish altogether, in the presence of Mlle. de Beaugency, to whom it soon became evident he was passionately attached; whilst it was equally clear that her father encouraged his addresses. Even the young lady, in spite of her love for her cousin, seems to have been not quite insensible to the glory of subduing this magnificent Catalonian, who walked the earth like an archangel in whom it was a condescension to set his foot on it. She did not, therefore, it is to be feared, repress his attentions in the clear and decided manner that would have relieved her of them—though, indeed, if she had done so, considering the character she had to deal with, the *dénouement* might not have been much less tragical than it was. In the meanwhile, pleased and flattered, and joyfully anticipating her cousin's return, she was happy enough; for the pride of the Spaniard rendering him cautious to avoid the possibility of refusal or even hesitation in accepting him, he forebore to make his proposal till the moment arrived when he should see it eagerly desired by her. All this was very well till Eugene came home; but then the affair assumed another color. Love conquered vanity; and the Spaniard, finding himself neglected for the young advocate, began to exhibit the dark side of his character; whereupon the girl grew frightened, and fearing mischief, she tried to avert it by temporizing—leading the count to believe that the affection betwixt herself and her cousin was merely one of early habit and relationship; whilst she secretly assured Eugene of her unalterable attachment. So great was her alarm, that she tacitly deceived her father as well as the Spaniard; and as the latter seemed resolved not to yield his rival the advantage his own absence would have given him, she was actually rejoiced when the period of her cousin's visit expired.

“The young man gone, Ruy Gonzales resumed his former suavity of manner; and as he possessed many qualities to recommend him in a lady's eyes, he might possibly have

won her heart had it been free; but as the matter stood, she ardently desired to get rid of him, and waited anxiously for the moment when he would give her an opportunity of declining his hand, trusting that would be the signal for his final departure. But whether from caution, or because he had penetrated her feelings, the expected offer was not made, although he assiduously continued his attentions, and spent more of his time at her house than at his own in Catalonia. At length Mlle. de Beaugency began to apprehend that he intended to wait the result of his observations at her cousin's next visit; and feeling quite assured that if the rivals met again, a quarrel would ensue, she persuaded her father to select that season for their own visit to her brother; whilst she wrote to Eugene, excusing their absence, and begging him not to come to see her at present. It is true, all this was but putting off the evil day; but she had a presentiment of mischief, and did not know what to do to avert it; the rather that she was aware both her father and brother wished to see her married to the count, and that neither of them would consent to her union with Eugene, who had no means of supporting her, nor was likely to have for some years to come. It was not to be expected that this arrangement should be agreeable to the young lover; it was now his turn to be jealous; and instead of staying away as he was desired, he set out post-haste with the fixed determination of following them from their residence to Catalonia, and coming to an immediate explanation with the count. But his jealous pangs were appeased and all thoughts of revenge postponed, by finding his uncle at the last extremity, his mistress in great distress, and Ruy Gonzales not with them. Their journey had been prevented by the sudden seizure of M. Beaugency, who, after a few days' suffering, expired in his daughter's arms, quite ignorant of her attachment to her cousin, and with his dying breath beseeching her to marry the count. When his affairs began to be looked into, the motive for this urgency became apparent. He had been living on the principal of what money he had; and nearly all that remained of his dilapidated fortunes was this house and the small piece of ground attached to it. This was a great disappointment to the young couple, who, previous to their discovery, had agreed to be married in six months—the lady believing her fortune would be sufficient to maintain them both. But now marriage was out of the question till Eugene had some means of maintaining

her. At present, he had nothing; he was an advocate without a brief, and had been hitherto living on the small stipend allowed by his uncle; starving himself three quarters of the year, in order that he might have the means of spending the other quarter at the Beaugency mansion. And what a long time might elapse before he could make anything by his profession! It was, as they both greed, *désespérant*.

"These events occurred in the early years of the French Republic, when France was at war with all the world, and soldiering the best trade going. 'I'll enter the army,' said Eugene; 'it is the profession I always preferred, and that for which I have most talent, and the only one in these times by which a man can hope to rise rapidly. At the bar I may wait for years without getting anything to do. Besides, I am intimate with a son of General Duhamel's; and I know he will speak a good word for me, and get his father to push me on.' Of course there were objections to this plan on the part of Henriette, but her lover's arguments overcame them; and after repeated vows of fidelity, they parted, he to fulfill his intentions, and she to remain at home with Rosina and an elderly female relative who came to live with her—a plan she preferred to accepting her brother's invitation to reside with him in Catalonia, where she would have been exposed to the constant visits of the count; whereas, now that her father was dead, he could not with propriety visit her at her own house. It appeared afterwards that he had only been deferring his proposals till what he considered a decorous moment for making them; being meanwhile assured of the brother's support, and having little doubt of being accepted, since the state of M. de Beaugency's affairs was disclosed. But before that moment came, a circumstance occurred to facilitate his views, in a manner he little expected; for, eager to distinguish himself under the eye of his commanding officer, Eugene de Beaugency, with the ardor and inexperience of youth, had rushed into needless danger, and fallen in the very first battle his regiment was engaged in."

By the time my companion had reached this point in his narration, we found ourselves at the entrance of the village, where the church stood, and beside it the small house occupied by the curé. It had a little garden in front, and under the porch sat a very ancient woman, basking in the sun. Her head shook with palsy, her form was bent,

and she had a pair of long knitting-needles in her hands, from her manner of using which I perceived she was blind. The priest invited me to walk in, informing me that that was Rosina; and adding, that if I liked to rest myself for half an hour, he would ask her to tell me the rest of the story. Feeling assured that some strange catastrophe remained to be disclosed, I eagerly accepted the good man's offer; and having been introduced to Henriette's former companion, whose memory, in spite of her great age, I found perfectly clear, I said I feared it might give her pain to recall circumstances that were doubtless of a distressing nature.

"Ah, madam," said she, "it is but putting into words the thoughts that are always in my head! I have never related the sad tale but twice; for I would not, for my dear mistress's sake, speak of such things to the people about her; but each time I slept better afterwards. I seemed to have lightened the heaviness of my burthen by imparting the secret to another."

"You were very much attached to Mlle. de Beaugency?" said I.

"My mother was her nurse, madam, but we grew up like sisters," answered Rosina. "She never concealed a thought from me; and the Virgin knows her thoughts will never keep me an hour out of Paradise, for there was no more sin in them than a butterfly's wing might bear."

"I suppose she suffered a great deal when she heard of her cousin's death?" said I. "How long was it before she married the count? For she did marry him, I conclude, from what I have heard."

"Ay, madam, she did, about a year after the—the news came, worse luck! Not that she was unhappy with him exactly. He did not treat her ill; far from it; for he was passionately fond of her. But he was jealous—heaven knows of whom, for he had nobody to be jealous of. But he loved like a hot-blooded Spaniard, as he was; and I suppose he felt that she did not return his love in the same way. How should she, when she had given her whole heart to her cousin? Still she liked the count, and I could not say they were unhappy together; but she did not like Spain, and the people she lived amongst there. The count's place was dreadfully gloomy certainly. For my part, I used to be afraid to go at night along the vaulted passages, and up those wide dark staircases, to my bed. But the count doted on it because it had belonged to the family

time out of mind ; and it was only to please her that he ever came to her family home at all."

"But surely this place is very dismal too?" said I.

"Dismal!" said she. "Ay, now, I dare say, because there's a curse on it; but not then. Oh, it was a pleasant place in old M. de Beaugency's time! besides, my poor mistress loved it for the sake of the happy days she had seen there; and when the period approached that she was to be confined of her first child, she entreated her husband to bring her here. She wanted to have my mother with her, who had been like a mother to her; and as she told him she was sure she should die if he kept her in Catalonia, he yielded to her wishes, and we came. The doctor was spoken to, and everything arranged; and she was so pleased, poor thing, at the thoughts of having a baby, that as we used to sit together making the clothes for the little creature that was expected, she chatted away so gayly about what she would do with it, and how we should bring it up, that I saw she was now really beginning to forget that she was not married to the husband her young heart had chosen.

"Well, madam," continued Rosina, after wiping her sightless eyes with the corner of her white apron—"we were all, as you will understand, happy enough, and looking forward shortly to the birth of the child, when, one afternoon, whilst my master and mistress were out driving, and I was looking through the rails of the garden gate for the carriage—for they had already been gone longer than usual—I saw a figure coming hastily along the road towards where I stood, a figure which, as it drew near, brought my heart into my mouth, for I thought it was an apparition! I just took a second look, and then, overcome with terror, I turned and ran towards the house; but before I reached it, he had opened the gate, and was in the garden."

"Who was it!" said I.

"M. Eugene, madame—Eugene de Beaugency, my lady's cousin," answered Rosina. "Rosina!" cried he, "Rosina! don't be frightened. I'm no ghost, I assure you. I suppose you heard I was killed? But I was not, you see; I was only taken prisoner, and here I am, alive and well, thank God! How's my cousin? Where is she?"

"I leave you to judge, madam, how I felt on hearing this," continued the old woman. "A black curtain seemed to fall before my eyes, on which I could read *Wo! wo! wo!*

I could not tell what form it would take; I never could have guessed the form it did take; but I saw that behind the dark screen which veiled the future from my eyes there was nothing but *wo* on the face of the earth for those three creatures. The Lord have mercy upon them! thought I; and for the world to come, I hope my prayer may have been heard—but it was of no avail for this

"Well, madam, my first fear was, that the count would return and find him there, for well I knew there would be bloodshed if they met; so without answering his questions, I entreated him to go away instantly to my mother's, promising that I would follow him presently, and tell him everything; but this very request, together with the agitation and terror he saw me in, made him suspect the truth at once; and seizing my arm with such violence that I bore the marks of his poor fingers for many a day afterwards, he asked me if she was married. 'She is,' said I: 'she thought you were dead; she had no money left; and you know it was her father's dying injunction that'—— 'Married to the Spaniard—to Ruy Gonzalez?' said he, with such a face, the Lord deliver me! (and the old woman paused for a moment, as if to recover from the pain of the recollection.) 'Yes,' said I, 'to Ruy Gonzalez; and if he sees you here, he'll kill you!' 'Let him!' said he. 'But it will be her death,' said I; 'and she's—she's'—— I hadn't the heart to go on. 'What?' said he. 'In the family way—near her confinement,' I answered. He clenched his two fists and clapped them on his forehead. 'I must see her,' said he. 'Impossible!' I answered; 'he never leaves her for a moment.' 'Where are they now?' he asked. 'Out driving,' said I. 'In a dark-blue carriage?' 'Yes; and I expect them every minute. Go, go, for the Lord's sake, go to my mother's!' 'I saw the carriage,' said he with a bitter smile. 'It passed me just this side of Noirmoutier. Little I thought'——and his lip quivered for a moment, and his features were convulsed with agony. 'I will, I must see her,' continued he; 'and you had better help me to do it, or it will be the worse for us all. Hide me in her room; he does not sleep there, I suppose?' 'No,' I replied; 'but he goes there often to talk to her when she is dressing.' 'Put me in the closet,' said he; 'there's room enough for me to crouch down under the book-shelves. You can then tell her; and when he has left her for the night, you can let me out.' 'My God!' I cried, my knees beginning to shake under me, 'I hear

the carriage ; they'll be here in an instant ! ' Do as you like ! ' said he, seeing the advantage this gave him : ' if you won't help me to see her, I'll see her without you. I shall stay where I am ! ' and he struck his cane into the ground with a violence that showed his resolution to do what he threatened. ' Come away, for the Lord's sake ! ' cried I, for the carriage was close at hand, and there was not a moment to spare ; and seizing him by the arm, I dragged him into the house ; for even now he was half inclined to wait for them, and I saw he was burning to quarrel with the count. Well, I had but just time to lock him in the closet, and put the key in my pocket, before they had alighted, and were walking up the garden.

" You may conceive, madam, the state I was in when I met the count and my lady ; and my confusion was not diminished by finding that he observed it. ' What is the matter, Rosina ? ' said he ; ' has anything unusual happened ? ' and as he spoke he fixed his dark, piercing eyes upon me in such a way that I felt as if he was reading my very thoughts. I affected to be busy about my mistress, keeping my face away from him ; but I knew he was watching me for all that. Generally, when they came home, he used to retire to his own apartment, and leave his wife with me ; but now he came into the *salon*, took off his hat, and sat himself down ; nor did he leave her for two minutes during the whole evening. This conduct was so unusual, that it was plain to me he suspected something ; besides, I saw it in his countenance, though I did not know whether his suspicions had been roused by my paleness and agitation, or whether anything else had awakened them ; but I felt certain afterwards that he had seen the poor young man when the carriage passed him ; or, at least, been sufficiently struck with the resemblance, to put the true interpretation on my confusion. Well, madam, you may imagine what an evening I spent. I saw clearly that he was determined not to leave me alone with his wife ; but this was not of so much consequence, since I had resolved not to give her a hint of what had happened till the count had taken leave of her for the night, because I knew that her agitation would have betrayed the secret. In the meanwhile she suspected no mischief ; for although she observed something was wrong with me, she supposed I was suffering in my mind about a young man I was engaged to marry, called Philippe, who had been lately ill of a fever,

and was now said to be threatened with consumption.

" Whilst I pretended to be busying myself in my lady's room, they went out to take a stroll in the garden ; and when I saw them safe at the other end, I put my lips to the keyhole, and conjured Eugene, for the sake of all that was good, to be still ; for that I was certain it would not only be his death, but my mistress's too, if he were discovered ; and he promised me he would. I had scarcely got upon my feet again, and turned to open a drawer, when I heard the count's foot in the *salon*. ' The countess is oppressed with the heat, ' said he, ' and wants the large green fan : she says you'll find it on one of the shelves in the closet. '

" Only think, madam ! only think ! " said Rosina, turning her wrinkled face towards me, and actually shaking all over with the recollection of her terror. " I thought I should have sunk into the earth ! I stood for a moment aghast, and then began to fumble in my pocket. ' Where can the key be ? ' said I, pretending to search for it ; but my countenance betrayed me, and my voice shook so, that he read me like a book. I am sure he knew the truth from that moment. He looked hard at me, whilst his face became quite livid ; and then he said in a calm deep voice : ' For the fan, no matter ; I'll take another ; but I see you are ill : you have caught Philippe's fever ; you must go to bed directly. Come with me, and I'll lead you to your room. ' ' I am not ill, Monsieur le Conte, ' I stammered out ; but taking no notice of what I said, he grasped my arm with his powerful hand, and dragged me away up stairs ; I say dragged, for I had scarcely strength to move my feet, and it was rather dragging than leading. As soon as he had thrust me into the room, he said in a significant tone : ' Remember you are in danger ! Unless you are very prudent, this fever will be fatal. Go to bed, and keep quite still till I come to see you again, or you may not survive till morning ! ' With that he closed the door, and locked it ; and I heard him take out the key, and descend the stairs. Then I suppose I swooned ; for when I came to myself it was nearly dark ; I was lying on the floor, and could not at first remember what had happened. When my recollection returned, I crawled to the bed, and burying my face in the pillows, I gave vent to my anguish in sobs and tears ; for I loved my mistress, madam, and I loved M. Eugene, and I knew there would



be deadly mischief amongst them. I expected that the count would break open the closet, and that one or both would be killed; and considering the state she was in, I did not doubt that the grief and fright would kill the countess also. You may judge, madam, what a night I passed! sometimes weeping, sometimes listening; but I could hear nothing unusual; and at length I began to fancy that the conflict had occurred whilst I was lying in the swoon. But how had it terminated? I would have given worlds to know; but there I was, a prisoner, and I feared that if I tried to give any alarm, I might only make bad worse.

"Well, madam, I thought the morning would never break; but at length the sun rose, and I heard people stirring. It seemed indeed, that there was an unusual bustle and running about; and by and by I heard the sound of wheels and horses' feet in the court, and I knew they were bringing out the carriage. Where could they be going? I could not imagine; but, on the whole, I was relieved, for I fancied that the meeting and explanation were over, and that now the count wished to leave the house, which, under the circumstances, I could not wonder at. He has spared Eugene for her sake, thought I. And this belief was strengthened by my master's entering my room presently afterwards, and saying, 'Your mistress is gone away; I am afraid of her taking this fever. When I think it proper, you shall be removed; till then, remember that your life depends on your remaining quiet!' He placed a loaf of bread and a carafe of water on the table, and went away, locking the door as before. I confess now, that much as I felt for M. Eugene, I could not help pitying the count also. What ravages the sufferings of that night had made on him! His cheeks looked hollow, his eyes sunken, his features all drawn and distorted, and his complexion like that of a corpse. It was a dreadful blow to him certainly, for I knew that he loved my mistress to madness.

"Well, madam, I passed the day more peaceably than I could have hoped; but my mind being somewhat relieved about my lady, I began to think a little of myself, and to wonder what the count meant to do with me. I felt certain he would never let me see her again if he could help it, and that alone was a heart-breaking grief to me; and then it came into my head that perhaps he would confine me somewhere for life—shut me up in a convent, perhaps, or a madhouse. As soon as this idea possessed me, it grew

and grew till I felt as if I really *was* going mad with the horror of it; and I resolved, though it was at the risk of breaking my neck, to try and make my escape by the window during the night. It looked to the side of the house, and was not very high up; besides, there were soft flower-beds underneath to break my fall; so I thought by tying the sheets together, and fastening them to an iron bar that divided the lattice, I might reach the ground in safety. I was a little creature, and though the space was not large, it sufficed for me to get through; and when all was quiet, and I thought everybody was in bed, I made the attempt and succeeded. I had to jump the last few feet, and I was over my ankles in the soft mould; but that did not signify—I was free; and taking to my heels, I ran off to my mother's, who lived then in a cottage hard by, where we are now sitting; and after telling her what had happened, it was agreed that I should go to bed, and that if anybody came to inquire for me, she should say I was ill of the fever, and could not be seen. I knew when morning came I should be missed, for doubtless the count would go to my room; and besides that, I had left the sheets hanging out of the window.

"For two days, however, to my great surprise, we heard nothing; but on the third, Philippe, (the young man I was engaged to,) hearing that I was not at the Beaugency house, came to our cottage to inquire about me. We had not met for some time, the countess having forbidden all communication between us, as she had a horrible dread of the fever, so that he could only hear of me through my mother. 'Rosina is here, and unwell,' said my mother; 'we think she's got the fever;' for though we might have trusted Philippe with our lives, we thought it would be safer for him to be ignorant of what had happened. Upon this he begged leave to see me; and she brought him into my chamber. After asking about himself, and telling him I was very poorly, and so forth, he said—'This is a sad thing for the countess!' 'What is?' I asked. 'You're being ill at this time,' said he, 'when she must want you so much.' 'What do you mean?' said I; 'the countess is not at the house?' 'Don't you know she's come back,' said he, 'and that she's ill? The doctor has been sent for, and they say she's very bad.' 'Gracious heavens!' I exclaimed; 'is it possible? My poor dear mistress ill, and I not with her!' 'Robert, the footman, says,' continued Philippe—

‘but he bade me not mention it to anybody—that when they stopped at the inn at Montlouis, Rateau the landlord came to the carriage-door, and asked if she had seen M. Eugene de Beaugency; and that when the countess turned quite pale and said, ‘Are you not aware my cousin was killed in battle, M. Rateau?’ he assured her it was no such thing; for that M. Eugene had called there shortly before, on his way to her house. Rateau must have taken somebody else for him of course; but I suppose she believed it, for she returned directly.’ ‘Rateau told her that he had seen M. Eugene?’ said I. ‘So Robert says; but Didier the mason says she was ill before she went, and that it was the rats in the closet that frightened her.’ ‘Rats!’ said I, sitting up in my bed, and staring at him wildly. ‘What rats?—what closet?’ ‘Some closet in her bedroom,’ said he. ‘The count sent for Didier to wall it up directly.’ ‘To wall it up?—wall up the closet?’ I gasped out. ‘Yes, build and plaster it up. But what’s the matter, Rosina? Oh, I shouldn’t have told you the countess was ill!’ he cried out, terrified at the agitation I was in. ‘Leave me in the name of God!’ I screamed, ‘and send my mother to me!’

“I remember nothing after this, madam, for a long, long time. When my mother came, she found me in my night-clothes, tying the sheets together in order to get out of the window, though the door was wide open; but I was quite delirious. Weeks passed before I was in a state to remember or comprehend anything. Before I recovered my senses, my poor mistress and her baby were in the grave, my master gone away, nobody knew whither, the servants all discharged, and the accursed house shut up. Not long afterwards, the news came that the count had died in Paris.”

“But, Rosina,” said I, “are you sure that M. de Beaugency was in that closet? How do you know the count had not first released him?”

“Ah, madame,” she replied, ominously shaking her palsied head, “you would not ask that question if you had known Ruy Gonzalez as I did. The moment the words were out of Philippe’s mouth, I saw it all. It was just like him—just the revenge for that stern and inflexible spirit to take. Besides, madam, when all was over, and he durst speak, Didier the mason told me that nothing should ever convince him that there was not some living thing in that closet at the time he walled it up, though who or what it could be he never could imagine.”

“And do you think, Rosina,” said I, “do you think the countess ever suspected the secret of that dreadful closet?”

“Ay did she, madam,” answered she; “and it was that which killed her; for when my mistress came back so unexpectedly, the count was closeted up-stairs with his agent, making arrangements for quitting the place for ever, and had given orders not to be disturbed. He had locked up her apartments, and had the key in his pocket; but he had forgotten that there was a spare key for every room in the house, which the housekeeper had the charge of; so my lady sent for her to open the doors. Now, though from putting this and that together—the count’s agitation, my sudden disappearance, her own removal, and the innkeeper’s story—she felt sure there was some mischief in the wind, she had no suspicion of what had really occurred, as indeed how should she, till her eyes fell upon the door of the closet. Then she comprehended it all. You may imagine the rest, madam! Words couldn’t paint it! When they came into the room, she was battering madly at the wall with the poker. But a few hours terminated her sufferings. She was already dead when Philippe was telling me of her return.”

“It’s a fearful tragedy to have lived through!” said I. “And Philippe: what became of him?”

“He died like the rest, madam, about six months after these sad events had occurred. When I recovered my health, I went into service, and for the last forty years I have been the housekeeper to M. le Curé here.”

“And he is the only person that ever enters that melancholy house?”

“Yes, madam. I went there once—just once—to look at that fatal chamber, and the bed where my poor dear mistress died. When the place was let, those apartments were locked up; but”—and she shook her head mournfully—“the tenants were glad to leave it.”

“And for what purpose does M. le Curé go there so often?” I asked.

“To pray for the souls of the unfortunates!” said the old woman, devoutly crossing herself.

Deeply affected with her story, I took leave of this sole surviving witness of these long-buried sorrows; and I, too, accompanied by the curé, once more visited the awful chamber. “Ah, madam,” said he, “poor human nature! with its passions, and its follies, and its mad revenges! Is it not sad to think that so much love should prove the foundation of so much wo?”

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.

Few of our readers can have passed the neighborhood of St. James's Church during the last four or five years, without having noticed, in its progress to completion, a large and handsome stone building, with one front to Piccadilly, and another to Jermyn street. Many were the conjectures of omnibus travelers respecting the use for which this splendid edifice was designed; but the prevalent opinion appeared to be, that it was intended for a new Post-Office. It was supposed that the officials of that department, studious of the convenience of the public, were endeavoring to follow the extension of the metropolis westward, by taking up a position nearly as much in advance of Charing-cross as that is in advance of St. Martin's-le-Grand. The building, however, was no Post-Office, but the Museum of Practical Geology. We had the pleasure of being present at its opening on the 12th of May, at which Prince Albert presided, manifesting his usual interest in everything connected with science and with works of public utility. We have since visited it several times, minutely examining its contents, and their arrangement, and have no hesitation in declaring that, viewed merely as a place of rational amusement, opened gratuitously to the public, it forms a valuable addition to the sights of the metropolis. It aims, however, at higher ends, and it is intended that it shall become available for study and instruction, in the application of geology to the arts which minister to the necessities and conveniences of human life.

The Museum of Practical Geology is no new institution, though it has recently changed its name—not very happily—from that which it formerly bore, of the Museum of Economic Geology. It was long buried in the obscurity of Craig's court; it has now come forth into our most public thoroughfare, and sits enthroned in its palace, to receive the admiration and abide the criticism of the public. This museum is an appendage to the Government Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, which commenced some fifteen

years ago in connection with the Ordnance Survey, and was afterwards transferred to the control of the department of Woods and Works. The scientific superintendence both of the survey and the Museum has been conducted from their commencement by Sir Henry De la Beche, so well known for his geological works; for the leading part which he has long taken in the researches and discussions of the Geological Society; for the practical turn of his investigations; and for his command over the physics of geology. The two latter qualities eminently entitle him to the situation which he holds, of scientific adviser to the government, when they require advice on practical questions having relation to geology and its kindred sciences.

It appears that, in 1834, Sir H. De la Beche suggested to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the persons employed on the geological survey had constant opportunities, which it was desirable should not be lost, of collecting specimens illustrative of the mineral wealth of the kingdom—of substances, for instance, from which useful metals are extracted; of materials used for building and road-making; of stones, earths, and clays employed, or capable of being employed, in the decorative arts. Nor were the interests of agriculture forgotten in the plan proposed; for independently of the advantages which landowners in general must derive from the diffusion of knowledge tending to develop the mineral wealth contained in the substrata of their estates, and independently of the benefit which they, in common with other interests, must derive from everything which tends to increase the supply, improve the quality, and diminish the cost of building and road materials, and of the metals necessary to the operations of husbandry, it was proposed to form a collection of specimens exhibiting the different varieties of soils, with their respective subsoils, and of the various kinds of mineral manures used, or capable of being used, to correct the chemical and mechanical defects of the surface soil. It was proposed, also, that the laboratory attached

to the Museum should be open, at a moderate rate, for the analysis of soils and manures, as well as of mineral substances more immediately connected with mining and metallurgy, and their dependent manufactures. In connection with the mining department, it was proposed to add a Record-office, as suggested to the Government by the British Association, in which should be deposited, for reasons which we cannot stop to explain, plans, sections, and models of mines and collieries, with models of the tools and machinery employed in working them.

It was considered that, by means of the various departments of such an establishment and of the maps of the Geological Survey, a vast amount of scattered information of great economic importance might be concentrated, and rendered accessible. The proposal received the approbation of the government; the Commissioners of Woods were directed to provide a house for the museum; Lord Duncannon, as Chief Commissioner, requested Sir Henry De la Beche to take charge of it; and officers were appointed to preside over the several departments. By their activity, by the liberality of individuals, and by purchase, a collection was acquired, which speedily outgrew the confined space allotted to it in Craig's-court. The government determined to erect the present commodious and elegant building, for which grants were, from time to time, voted by Parliament; the establishments of the Geological Survey and the Museum were removed to it in the commencement of 1850; and as soon as the fitting up of the cabinets, and the arrangement of the specimens could be completed, it was opened to the public by Prince Albert, a few days after the more extensive, but ephemeral collection, illustrative of the industry of all nations, had been installed by her Majesty in the Crystal Palace with pomp and circumstance, which, if poetry has not fled the earth in these utilitarian days, cannot fail to evoke another Spenser, to celebrate the glories of Victoria in another *Fairy Queen*.

Those who know how few visitors resorted to the Museum while it remained at Craig's court, might have supposed that, with so formidable a rival as the Hyde-park Exhibition, it would have been entirely neglected. In this they have been agreeably disappointed: it has been visited by more than two hundred persons every day since it was opened; and from the interest which the public appear to take in it, the numbers may be expected to increase considerably when it shall become

better known. It is open for public inspection on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and closed for study and instruction during the remainder of the week.

Having thus briefly traced the history of the Museum, and the objects proposed in establishing it, we shall request the reader to accompany us in a visit of inspection, in order to judge how far those objects have been realized. The establishment divides itself into the departments of the Museum, the Mining Record Office and Model Room, the Laboratory, the Library, and the Theatre, or Lecture-room. The Museum, again, comprises three divisions—that illustrative of stones, marbles, and other materials applicable to the purposes of architecture and sculpture; that illustrative of the metallic ores, and other mineral substances, which form the raw material of various useful and ornamental manufactures; and lastly, the collection of the rocks from which those minerals are derived, and of the organic remains, arranged stratigraphically, which characterize the different parts of the fossiliferous series.

The building materials are arranged in a hall, which, with the library, the lecture-room, and the directors' private room, occupies the ground floor of the building. The first objects which strike the eye are the beautiful pilasters of polished granite and marble of the red serpentine of the Lizard, and the green serpentine of Connamara, which adorn the walls, having polished slabs of serpentine and of granite between them. The centre of the floor is ornamented with encaustic tiles, and with mosaic composed of tesserae, of various forms and colors, manufactured by Prosser's patent process, in which clay in the state of dry powder is subjected to pressure, and subsequent vitrification.

This mosaic pavement is surrounded by polished slabs of red and dark granite, which, from a slippery surface, appear better adapted to many other purposes than that of flooring. Ranged around the hall are some short columns of polished marble, of various colors, from Devonshire, Derbyshire, and Ireland, inscribed with the names of the localities from which they are obtained, and destined, eventually, to receive the busts of eminent deceased British geologists. Geology, however, is a youthful science, numbering little more than fifty years: and though fifty years constitute the larger portion of the life of man, most of its early cultivators are still living—and long may they yet live. There are therefore only four busts at present admitted to this Valhalla of Geology—



those of Hutton, Playfair, Hall, and Smith. The first three represent the Scotch school of geology and geological theory as it existed during the Wernerian and Huttonian controversy, when it was just emerging from the chaos of cosmological speculation. Smith represents the English school of geology, of which he is the acknowledged father, and geology in its practical application to mining engineering, and agriculture.

It was Smith who established for the whole English series, from the chalk to the coal measures, the order of succession and the general law of their dip. The same facts had been determined for a smaller portion of the German series by Werner, and appears to have been known as regards a part of that of England, by Mitchel, Cavendish, and Smeaton; though they had not given publicity to their knowledge. The fact that each group of strata is characterized by a peculiar assemblage of organic remains, by which it may be identified under the most opposite mineral characters, and when the underlying and overlying rocks are concealed, was a discovery of great practical importance, which was exclusively his own. Despised by the great practical men of his day as a visionary theorist, and named, in derision, Strata Smith—a name which afterwards became an honorable appellation—equally despised during a great part of his career by scientific geologists, as an empirical intruder among “well educated geognosts,”—by which they meant, as one of Smith’s pupils has said, men who viewed nature only through the spectacles of Werner,—he achieved a number of triumphs in the application of his knowledge, any one of which would be sufficient to immortalize a geologist of the present day. His knowledge of the laws of stratification and of the phenomena of springs enabled him to drain the Prisleigh bog for the Duke of Bedford, in which a professional land-drainer of no small celebrity had failed from want of that knowledge; it aided him greatly in his engineering practice as a constructor of canals; it enabled him to secure to Scarborough a supply of water fit for domestic purposes; and to restore to Bath its medicinal springs, which had been diverted by a neighboring trial for coal. His knowledge of the regular succession of strata brought into operation the valuable South Hetton Colliery, by sinking through the magnesian limestone, beneath which it was the received opinion of the coal viewers of the north that no workable coal existed. By studying the action of the sea upon the coast, he learned a cheap and effect-

ual method of stopping a large breach in the sand-hills which exclude the sea from forty thousand acres of valuable land in eastern Norfolk, when a large expenditure had been vainly incurred to accomplish the same end by the ordinary means. Sir John Johnstone has enumerated among Smith’s triumphs his discovery, that certain peculiarities of the soil on parts of the Hackness estate were traceable to their geological relations. His great and crowning work was the construction, solely by his own labors, and almost exclusively from his own pecuniary resources, of the first geological map of England and Wales, a work on which the philosopher D’Aubisson pronounced this eulogium—“Ce que les minéralogistes les plus distingués ont fait dans une petite partie de l’Allemagne dans une demi-siècle, un seul homme (M. William Smith, ingénieur des mines) l’a entrepris et effectué pour toute l’Angleterre; et son travail, aussi beau par son résultat, qu’il est étonnant par son étendue, a fait conclure que l’Angleterre est régulièrement divisée en couches, que l’ordre de leur superposition n’est jamais interverti, et que ce sont exactement les fossiles semblables qu’on trouve dans toutes les parties de la même couche et à de grandes distances.” The very discovery, however, that each bed had been in succession and for ages the bed of the sea, and that it contained the remains of the animals and plants which had inhabited the neighborhood during its formation, though it produced in the hands of Smith important practical results, led his successors away from the economic application of geology. They have been so fascinated by the wonders which the ancient natural history of the earth presents, that their attention has been directed more to the solution of abstruse questions in zoology and botany in relation to past time; in tracing the connection of these with changes in the distribution of land and water at successive periods, and in endeavoring to discover their causes, than in applying the results of those changes to the economic requirements of that age of the world in which we live.

Interesting as these inquiries are to science, they are not practical geology. Werner was a mining engineer, who applied geology, or, as he called it, geognosy, to the practice of mining. His geology had mineralogy for its basis. His successors overlaid geology with mineralogical refinements. With them, questions as to the age of a rock were referred to the goniometer; that is to say, its position in the series was determined by the angles of the crystals contained in it. Smith’s later

successors are overlaying geology with refinements in palæontology. It is only the broad features of the fossil contents of strata which are of much use in geological field work; and we would back Smith, were he living, for the identification of strata by his homely pundibs, poundstones, and hog's-ear oysters, and for turning the knowledge thus obtained to practical account, against the most profound palæontologists of the present day, with their wire-drawn distinctions, and their Babel of synonymes, which they make it the business of a life to extend or to reduce—setting up names like skittles, to be knocked down, and knocking them down to be set up again.

The mention of William Smith naturally leads us to the cabinets which contain the specimens of building stones collected by the commission, in which he was associated with Sir Henry De la Beche and Mr. Barry, to select the stone best adapted to the construction of the new Houses of Parliament. About the time of the appointment of this commission, we remember hearing Smith asked, at a meeting of the British Association, the best method of determining the durability of a building stone. "Go into the church-yards of the neighborhood," was his reply, "and look at the dates on the tombstones." Acting on this principle, the commissioners have attached to each specimen not only the name of the locality from which it is obtained, but of the edifices, ancient and modern, which have been built with it. The specimens are cubes of six inches, showing the appearance of the stone when dressed. They are arranged in three cases, which contain, respectively, limestones from the oolitic, carboniferous, and permian (magnesian limestone) series; sandstones of the coal measures, and of the old and of the new red sandstone; and, lastly, granites and porphyries. This collection should be studied in connection with the report of the commissioners. Their report contains full descriptions of the color of each kind of stone, its mineral composition, the weight of water which it absorbs in a given time, the size of the particles disintegrated under Brard's process, which is considered to indicate closely the action of the atmosphere, and its cohesive strength, or power of resisting pressure, as determined by means of the hydrostatic press. To these they add notices of the size of the blocks in which it can be obtained, its cost per cubic foot at the quarry and in London. From a favorable combination of these conditions, the commissioners recommended the magnesian lime-

stone of Bolsover Moor and its neighborhood. Of its durability they had practical proof, in the sharp and clear mouldings, and even chisel marks of some of the external parts of Southwell Church, built with it in the tenth and twelfth centuries. It consists chiefly of carbonate of lime and magnesia; and the varieties were found to be the most durable in which the proportions of those constituents approached the nearest to those in which they combine to form dolomite, or the crystallized carbonate of lime and magnesia. This stone has been employed for the exterior of the new Palace at Westminster and for the Museum of Practical Geology. Its aptitude for the purpose of external ornamental architecture is proved by the sculpture which adorns the exterior of both buildings, particularly the former. It is proved also by two pieces of sculpture in the museum—the one a statue of Minerva in this stone from Huddlestone—the other, a bust of Bacchus in the same stone, from Anston, both in Yorkshire. Why Bacchus, however, was selected to typify the two Houses of Parliament and economic geology, is a mystery which we have been unable to fathom. The British lion with his mane was perhaps too hackneyed; but if it was desired to exhibit the fitness of this stone for fine and delicate sculpture, some more appropriate emblem of legislation and science might surely have been found, in which this quality could have been shown quite as well as by the clustering locks and vine-wreath of the jolly god.

Some beautiful tables of black marble from Derbyshire, inlaid with colored marbles of the same country, prove, no less than the pilasters, and slabs, and columns which have been already noticed, the resources which Britain possesses in stones adapted to ornamental purposes. Among the marbles specially adapted to inlaid work, and from the small size of the pieces in which it can only be obtained, adapted to that kind of work alone, a red marble from the Duke of Devonshire's estates, of equal if not superior beauty to the celebrated *rossa antica*, shines conspicuously.

The connection of plaster casts of the Belvedere Apollo and the Dying Gladiator with geology may not, at first sight, be very obvious. They are intended, however, to illustrate the use of gypsum, or sulphate of lime, in the decorative arts. The Apollo is a cast in which plaster of Paris, or gypsum deprived by calcination of the water combined with it, is used in the ordinary way. The Dying Gladiator is formed of Keene's marble ce-

ment, in which gypsum and borax are the ingredients, and which is susceptible of a polish like that of marble. By the same ingredients, combined with various coloring materials, imitations are produced of different colored marbles, which are shown on a small scale in the cabinets, and on a large scale on the walls of the flight of stairs by which the second floor of the building is reached. Beautiful, however, as this composition is, its durability is very questionable, from the tendency of the borax contained in it to effervesce. Other beautiful imitations of colored stones are shown in the same case, which are formed on Cheverton's method, by heating gypsum, so as to deprive it of water, tinting it with different colors, and then saturating it with water. There are two varieties of sulphate of lime; the one containing water chemically combined with it—the other destitute of water. A cut and polished specimen of the anhydrous or waterless variety, from Derbyshire, proves its fitness for small ornaments. The beauty of the fibrous variety of hydrous gypsum, and its fitness for small ornaments, is shown by specimens from Nottingham, both wrought and unwrought. The massive variety, which is white veined with red, was formerly much used for monumental purposes, under the name of alabaster. From its softness, it is more easily wrought than marble, but is not susceptible of so good a polish. The cabinets exhibit it in its unwrought state; a very large vase of it adorns the hall of the Museum, and the walls near the entrance are lined with polished slabs of it. This variety, which abounds in the trias, (new red marl) of Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Glamorganshire, yields the chief British supply of plaster of Paris. The French derive theirs from the gypsum quarries of Montmartre, in the eocene tertiaries celebrated for the bones of extinct mammals entombed in them, and for the researches of the great Cuvier, the founder of the science of palæontology.

Selenite, or crystallized hydrous sulphate of lime, is found in the Oxford clay, the Lias clay, and more or less in all clays, in which the sulphuric acid derived from the decomposition of sulphuret of iron has come in contact with the carbonate of lime of shells, or with other calcareous matter. The crystals are, however, generally small, and not in sufficient abundance to be applied to economic purposes. The Museum contains some large and beautiful crystals presented by Prince Albert, from Duke Ernest's mine near the Castle of Reinhardsbrun, where they

are in sufficient quantity to be applied to economic uses.

On the opposite side of the hall is a case containing specimens of the beautiful white bricks of Suffolk, and of the clay of which they, as well as the red bricks manufactured at the same works, are made. In this department, the Museum is at present very defective. A collection of the various earths and clays used in the manufacture of bricks and tiles, and of the manufactured produce of each, would fill an apartment nearly as large as the hall itself; but the collective economic importance of the numerous brick and tile works scattered throughout the kingdom, in which those articles are made by hundreds of millions, is such as to entitle them to the space in an establishment of this kind which such a collection would require. Though not a showy, it would form a useful addition to the Museum. The value of an acre of such earth or clay is very considerable, and a comparison of this description of raw material, and of its manufactured produce, collected from every formation, and placed in juxtaposition, could not fail to lead to investigations highly beneficial to the owners of land. Difference in the quality of the results obtained from materials of the same kind would suggest inquiry—how far the inferiority of some was due to inferiority of the materials, and how far to defects in the process of manufacture. A collection of limestones used for cement and agricultural purposes, would be equally useful, accompanied by a chemical analysis of each, with notices of the localities where they occur, and the cost on the spot of the lime which they yield. It is frequently better economy to bring a superior article from a distance, than to use one of inferior quality which is near at hand. The same remark applies to raw materials. The roads of the New Red Sandstone district of Lancashire and Cheshire, which is destitute of any but very friable stone, have benefited by the use of syenetic greenstone, brought from Penmaen Mawr, in North Wales; and those of the neighborhood of London have been much improved by the substitution of the tough hornblende rocks of Charnwood Forest for the more brittle granites and chalk flints which had with great advantage displaced the ordinary gravel of the neighborhood.

Long as we have lingered in the department allotted to the stones used in architecture and sculpture, we must not quit it without some notice of the copy in greenstone of an Egyptian bust of Bubastes in the British



**Museum.** Many of the Egyptian statues are of greenstone, and excite admiration, not more at the progress the art of sculpture had made among that people at an early period, than at the sagacity in the choice of durable materials of which they furnish evidence. The copy is of coarse-grained greenstone from near Fishguard, in Pembrokeshire, of the same composition and general appearance as the original; containing no quartz, it is worked with greater ease than common granite. It was first brought to a general form by steel tools, hardened to a particular temper, and so constructed as to produce a succession of moderate batterings, rather than the detachment of large pieces by violent blows. The bruised surface was then rubbed with coarse emery and sheet lead, then with fine emery and water of Ayrstone, and finally a polish was given with putty powder. The time consumed on the work was seventy-six days, and the cost of the sculpture, exclusive of the trifling cost of the stone, twenty-five pounds. All greenstones and all granites are not equally durable; some varieties decompose more rapidly than almost any stone. Their durability depends on the composition of the felspar which they contain. Those in which it is in the state of compact felspar, are more durable than those which contain that mineral in the form of coarse crystals. There is no better criterion of the durability of a stone, than the manner in which the surface of its native rocks is weathered, and it must have been by such observations that the Egyptians were guided, in the absence of chemical and mineralogical knowledge. The collection which has been made in this museum of the more durable crystalline rocks, with notices of the localities where they are found, must prove of great value to the arts of architecture and sculpture, in imparting that durability to our public buildings in which some of the finest of them are so lamentably deficient. A similar collection of those which decompose most rapidly would be equally beneficial to agriculture. Decomposed trap, the name common to greenstone, basalt, and porphyry, is used with great advantage in some districts, under the name of marl, as a fertilizer of soils deficient in the potash, lime, and alumina, which form part of the constituents of those rocks.

Our examination of the building materials commenced with the most ornamented portion, which are certain by their beauty and position to be the first to catch the eye of the visitor. In like manner, the beautiful porcelain and glass will be the first to attract

attention on entering the second floor of the building, allotted to the metallic and non-metallic minerals which furnish the raw material of some of our most important manufactures. We shall therefore commence our description of the contents of that room with the vitreous series. All the elegance of form, delicacy of texture, and brilliancy of color, rivaling Nature's workmanship of gem and flower, which are displayed in these cabinets of glass and porcelain, are the results of the skillful combination of a variety of earths and metallic oxides, possessing in themselves no pretensions to beauty. The materials employed in the potteries of Staffordshire and the porcelain manufactories of Derby and Worcester, are only partially furnished by the neighborhood of the works. In each locality, the manufacture originated in facilities for obtaining fuel, afforded by the vicinity of the coal measures, and by some bed of clay derived from that or some adjacent formation, which produced common earthenware of peculiar color and texture, but widely different in composition and general aspect from the fine stone-ware, china, and porcelain produced in the more advanced state of the manufacture. These have been brought to their present degree of perfection by the addition of a great number of substances derived from various and distant quarters, till the original clay forms but a small portion of the ingredients. The eocene tertiaries of Poole and Bovey Tracey furnish a white clay, the perfection of which consists in the total absence of color when burned. Cornwall sends a more fusible china clay, formed both naturally and artificially from the felspar of decomposed granite. The chalk districts of the southern and eastern counties furnish the flints, and Wales the chert, to line the bottom of the mills, in which the calcined flints are ground to a white impalpable powder. Foreign as well as British mines have yielded the gold and the mercury employed in the gilding, as well as the numerous metallic oxides which have produced that transparent glaze and those brilliant colors. The museum is at present deficient in a collection of the raw materials of earthenware and porcelain, as well as of specimens exhibiting the process of manufacture in its stages of unbaked clay, baked clay, or biscuit, biscuit colored and glazed, and biscuit enamel-glazed. The collection of materials is at present confined to a few specimens of the Cornish decomposed granite or china stone, and of the artificial china clay produced from it. These are on the north side of the room, under the collection



of Worcester porcelain. We have no doubt that, when more complete, it will be removed to a more appropriate place on the south side, near the cases exhibiting specimens illustrating the history of the Staffordshire potteries, from the beginning of the fourteenth century, till they attained their culminating point through the skill and taste of Wedgwood. This series formed part of the collection of the late Enoch Wood, the friend and cotemporary of Wedgwood. It exhibits the manufacture in its rude and stationary condition from 1330 to 1600, the brown ware of the seventeenth century, the tortoise-shell ware from 1710 to 1730, the first white ware made by the use of calcined flints, the Queen's ware of Wedgwood between 1740 1760, and, finally, his stone ware, as it advanced to perfection between 1760 and 1795. Before Wedgwood's time, the Staffordshire potteries produced only a coarse earthenware, very brittle, and devoid of taste, either as regards form or ornament. The first step of improvement consisted in the adoption of such a mixture of ingredients as rendered it capable of bearing the extremes of heat and cold; but it was still nearly destitute of ornament, and exhibited only a plain cane-colored surface, the produce of a fine grey marl found in the interstices of the coal measures. This obtained the name of Queen's ware, from the patronage of Queen Charlotte, and laid the foundation of Wedgwood's success. At the next stage it had advanced but little in the way of embellishment, beyond that of a colored rim. At a subsequent period, the art of transferring printed designs\* to clay adorned the commonest utensils, at a cheap rate, with what would have otherwise been costly ornaments; finally, more elegant forms were introduced, and the texture was improved, until it became a fine white stone ware, approaching nearly to porcelain, with the exception of its transparency; and its excellence became such for workmanship, solidity, power of resisting heat and cold, the impenetrability of its glaze by acids, beauty, cheapness, and convenience, that it acquired a general demand in all parts of the world. This collection exhibits specimens of the more costly and ornamental articles of Wedgwood's manufacture,—his imitation of the Etruscan vases, of the basaltes of ancient Egypt, a black earthenware, so called from its resem-

blance to the stone of that name, and his unique jasper or onyx, a white porcellaneous biscuit of great delicacy and beauty, which has the property of receiving throughout its whole substance, from the admixture of metallic oxides, the same colors as those oxides communicate to an enamel in fusion. This property renders it peculiarly applicable to the production of cameos and all subjects which require to be shown in basso relievo. By way of episode to this history of the Staffordshire potteries, the collection narrates that of the red Japan ware, which was made there from 1710 to 1720, in imitation of that which began to be imported into Europe about the end of the seventeenth century. The manufactory was established by the Elers, two brothers from Nuremberg, who having found a bed of very compact and red clay about two miles from Burslem, established works in a retired place, with every precaution for concealing the secret of the process, even to that of employing ignorant and idiotic workmen. Astbury the elder, brother of him who introduced the use of calcined flints, counterfeited idiocy, got into their employ, and discovered their method. Numerous establishments now arose in competition with that of the Elers, who were obliged, in consequence of the prejudice against foreigners, to abandon their works, and retire to the neighborhood of London, where it is probable that they contributed to the establishment of the manufactory of porcelain at Chelsea.

Let us now cross to the north side of the room, where are arranged an historical collection of the Chelsea porcelain, from 1720 to 1780; of Derby, 1730 to 1848; of Worcester, Coalbrook, Swansea, and Nant Garon. The last may be considered as an episode on the history of the Worcester and Swansea works, similar to that which the red Japan ware forms in the history of those of Staffordshire. It was carried on by two runaway workmen, who were under engagements for a term of years to Flight and Barr of Worcester; and whether they were ruined by an action from their former employers, or whether the process was too costly to be profitable, the manufactory lasted for two years only. Its produce during that short period is as much valued for its beauty as its rarity. In the specimens in the Museum, rose color prevails, mixed with some green, and a little gilding. The designs, whether landscape or flowers, evince art of a high grade, and, to our taste, these are the most chaste and elegant specimens of British porcelain we ever saw. Connected with the Chelsea works is

\* This, as well as the use of Cornish china-clay originated at Worcester, and was adopted in Staffordshire.

a curious anecdote of some unsuccessful experiments made there by Dr. Johnson, who imagined that he had discovered a method of improving the composition of porcelain. Though the manufacture had ceased at a period so comparatively recent as 1780, all traces of works have so completely vanished, that attempts to discover the site were ineffectual, till it was found by Mr. Sims, the author of *Illustrated London*, to be occupied by a public-house. When the making of porcelain ceased, the premises passed into the hands of a paper-making company, and a tap was opened to supply the workmen belonging to it with beer, the trade in which appears to have been more prosperous and permanent than that of either porcelain or paper. Adjoining cases exhibit specimens of Etruscan pottery, illustrative of its form, painting, and texture—specimens of the result of the first employment of the Cornish china clays in 1768, and of the thin egg-shell china in imitation of the Oriental. There are also a few specimens of the porcelain of the most celebrated foreign manufactures.

From the porcelain let us now pass to the glass. In this part of the collection we find specimens of the ancient glass of Chaldean and Babylon; Greek glass, and Celtic glass, represented by the Glan Neider, or Druidical beads, from a barrow near Salisbury. Among the specimens of Roman glass collected in the vicinity of Naples, a large cinerary urn, excavated from a tomb at Puteoli, proves that the art had attained a considerable degree of perfection among that people. It contained coins of the reign of Titus. Passing on to the cabinets containing modern glass, we see the materials used in making flint glass, namely, Aylesbury sand, American sand, nitrate of potassa, carbonate of soda, peroxide of manganese, and red lead—the materials for making sheet glass, viz., the usual sand, sulphate of soda, arseniate of lead, peroxide of manganese, anthracite, and chalk. Our limits forbid any attempt to describe the objects for which the ingredients enumerated are added to the silex and the alkali which form the basis of all glass. By these transparent and colorless glass is produced, except when too much manganese is employed, which imparts to it a purple tinge; while an excess of oxide of lead makes it heavy, and of a yellow hue. In adjoining cases are lumps of colored glass, produced by the various metallic oxides—blue by cobalt, yellow by oxide of silver, pink by oxide of gold, green and ruby by the oxides of copper, white and opaque by

phosphate of lime. In the modern ornamental glass, the colored and transparent varieties are combined in various ways. Transparent glass is painted with metallic oxides, as enamel, or coated with colored glass, which is partially removed to produce designs. Rods of opaque, white, and variously colored glasses, are united, and the outside is coated with colorless glass. In this last way are produced those beautiful letter weights containing flowers of colored glass, inclosed in transparent glass, which have lately been brought out in imitation of the mille fiore of the Venetians. A case devoted to Venetian glass renders it evident, that as regards elegance of form and brilliancy of color, the moderns have the advantage, while the artists of Venice were superior in the lightness and clearness of their transparent glass, which is free from lead. It is a singular fact, that the art of enveloping opaque and colored in transparent glass was learned by them from the *agri* beads of the savage tribes of Africa. Connected with these is a history as disgraceful to British commerce as the revenue derived from the worship of Juggernaut, the Birmingham manufacture of idols, and the employment of British capital in the Brazilian slave trade. These beads are manufactured in large quantities in England, and sent to the slave coast, where they form one of the articles exchanged for the human cargoes which it is the duty of our African squadron to intercept. From the slave coast they pass into the interior, where they are sold as dug out of the earth, supposed to be endued with magical properties, and used in the rites of the Fetish. The cabinets which display the progress of the art of enameling, form the connecting link between the vitreous and the metallic series. They display specimens of Roman enamel and bronze found near Eden Hall, Cumberland, associated with coins of Adrian and Antoninus Pius, and a small painting in enamel, representing St. Paul, with whose name it is inscribed, which formed part of a gold altar-front obtained from Constantinople in the 11th century. To these succeed a series of enameled ecclesiastical ornaments of the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, followed by some French enameled paintings. The modern English series may be said to commence with two enameled decanter labels for "Red Port" and "Cider," followed by a miniature of Mr. Daniells, M.P. for Truro, the first attempt at portrait painting in enamel, by H. P. Bono, 1795; and miniature copies of the works of

Rubens and Vandyke, and other celebrated masters, by Mr. Bone, R. A. 1825. The series closes with a portrait of Saussure, the geologist of Constantine, 1845. In another part of the room is a beautiful model of the tomb, in Westminster Abbey, of William of Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and half-brother of Henry III., who died 1304, illustrating the employment of enamel in the costly tombs of that period. The figure in the model is of copper, zinc, and tin, gilt by the electrotpe.

Nothing can be more instructive than the manner in which the metallic minerals and their products have been arranged. In cases against the wall, are displayed the ores,—not a collection of brilliant cabinet specimens, selected for the rarity of the form of their crystals, or the splendor of their colors, but the average produce of the mine, as it is extracted for economic uses. We have mineralogy in its working, not in its gala dress. In front of these are other cabinets, containing the ore in the different stages of the dressing and smelting processes; and in front of these again are cabinets exhibiting, in all the stages of their manufacture, the most important articles prepared for them. Under the head of Iron we see large working specimens of the common argillaceous iron-stone of Britain, which yields the greater portion of the iron produced in Wales, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, and Scotland. This ore is an impure argillaceous carbonate of iron, containing, on the average, 62 per cent. of carbonate of iron, and 38 per cent. of alumina and silica. The carbonate of iron, again, consists of 62 per cent. of protoxide of iron, and 38 per cent. of carbonic acid. Here, too, we see specimens of the “black band,” an argillaceous iron stone, which has given such an impetus to the iron manufacture of Scotland. It was long rejected as useless, but Sir W. Alexander now receives from the Airdrie estate a clear income of very nearly 20,000*l.* for black band iron-stone alone, the estate having previously yielded nothing of mineral rent. The merit of the discovery is due to Mr. Mushet, who has complained of the great prejudice excited against him among the practical men of the iron trade, for presuming to class *wild* coal, as this substance was called, with iron-stone fit for the furnace. Can there be stronger proof of the benefit which practical men would derive from instruction in the sciences which have relation to their business? In the cabinet which shows the different stages of the process by which argillaceous

stone—which would scarcely have been expected beforehand to contain metal of any kind—is converted into cast-iron, bar-iron, and steel, we see, first the stone calcined for the furnace, with the coal, coke, and limestone used for its fusion; then pig-iron, as it comes from the furnace, with the results of the puddling, hammering, and rolling processes by which it is rendered malleable. These are accompanied by such full descriptive labels, that there will be no difficulty in comprehending the whole process, particularly after reading a description of it, which becomes much more interesting and intelligible when studied in connection with such a series of specimens. The reasons, however, on which the different operations are founded should be borne in mind. Pig-iron, as it comes from the furnace, is a carburet of iron, or iron combined with carbon. During the smelting process, one portion of the carbon of the fuel had united with the oxygen of the oxide of iron, to form carbonic acid; and another portion with the metal, to form carburet of iron. In this state, iron is neither ductile nor malleable, but very brittle, of a granular texture, and fuses so readily at a red heat that it cannot be welded. Besides the carbon, amounting to one forty-third part of its weight, it contains small quantities of manganese, calcium, or the metal of lime, and silicum, or the metal of flint-earth, chemically combined with it, and it encloses particles of unreduced ore, and of coke, and various earthy matters. To render it malleable is the object of the puddling process; which consists in exposure in a reverberatory furnace to the action of air and intense heat. The carbon is thus driven off in the form of carbonic acid, and the earthy matters rise to the surface as a vitreous slag. As the metal becomes purified, its fusibility diminishes, until, though the temperature remains the same, it becomes a solid mass. It is then subjected to the process of hammering and rolling, by powerful machinery, in order to consolidate the particles; the degrees of consolidation produced during the different stages of the operation are indicated by the grain or fracture of the iron, of which specimens are exhibited. It now becomes the bar and rod iron of commerce, which has exchanged its fusibility for the property of welding—an operation which may be observed at any smith's forge, and which consists in uniting two pieces of iron by hammering them at a white heat. It is this which constitutes one of the most valuable properties of iron, and



renders it capable of being applied to a variety of purposes, for which, in the absence of this quality, it would be useless. The process of converting bar-iron into steel is illustrated in the same manner by a series of specimens. Cast iron, steel, and cast steel, different as are the properties of each, are all carburets of iron, differing in the proportions in which the iron and carbon are combined. The opposite properties which substances possess in their simple and combined state, and the opposite properties possessed by their different compounds, according to the proportions in which they are combined, are among those wonders of nature which suggest the most exalted ideas of the inventive resources of that mighty Intelligence which has moulded all things to His will, and produced the most beautiful and varied combinations by means of a few simple laws. Cast iron, which, as we have said, contains iron combined with one forty-third of its weight of carbon, is brittle, fusible at a red heat, and incapable of being welded. In steel, which is made by exposing bars of the purest iron, surrounded with charcoal, to a long-continued red heat, the iron is combined with one-fiftieth of its weight of carbon. In ductility and malleability it is far inferior to iron, but superior to it in hardness, sonorousness and elasticity, is of more compact texture, susceptible of a higher polish, bears a strong red heat without fusion, and may be welded like iron. Combined with an additional quantity of carbon, it forms cast steel, which is harder, more elastic, has a closer texture, and receives a higher polish than common steel, but is so fusible that it is incapable of being welded. Let us now cross over to an adjoining cabinet, and we shall see another carburet of iron, where the carbon amounts to 95 per cent. This is graphite, plumbago, or black lead, a native carburet, of great rarity and value, used for the manufacture of pencils, and for burnishing iron to preserve it from rust. Can anything be more unlike cast iron, steel, or cast steel, than plumbago? Having traced the dull earthy iron-stone into iron and steel, let us now follow them through the processes of some of the numerous manufactures, in which they are so extensively employed, in the arts of war and peace, to destroy human

life or to minister to its support. Here we see it in the form of a file, a watch-spring, or a die for coining. There we have a collection illustrating the application of oriental steel to the manufacture of weapons, the Persian scimitar, the Malay creese, and the celebrated sword-blades of Damascus. In that, the regulation sword of the British cavalry may be traced through its seven stages, from the bar of steel to the ground and polished weapon, ready to do the work of death. Hard by is a cabinet, in which the gun-barrel may be followed, in like manner, from the bundle of horseshoe nails and clippings of coach springs, to its finished state, composed of five-twist ribbon. Near it we see candelabras, and vases, and statuettes, beautifully formed of the finest cast iron. Amidst these weapons and ornaments we observe with regret the absence of a specimen which would have exhibited the most important use to which iron and steel are applied—the sober and homely ploughshare. Let us pass on to the ores of lead. But the gong is sounding to announce that the hour of five has arrived, that the museum is about to close, and that strangers must withdraw. This is very provoking, for three more of Britain's staple metals—lead, copper, and tin, with those metals which furnish colors to the painter, the dyer, the enameler, and the maker of glass and of porcelain, are yet to be visited. Nor must the foreign and colonial minerals be passed over unnoticed, nor the collection of vein-stones illustrative of the practice of mining and the theory of metallic lodes, one of the most obscure parts of theoretical geology. There are also the mining records, and the mining tools, and models of mining machinery, and the splendid maps of the geological survey, and Sopwith's models illustrative of geological phenomena, of which we have yet seen nothing; and we must run through the two galleries containing the rock specimens and the organic remains, and look into the laboratory, and the library, and the lecture-room. All this will demand another visit. If our readers have derived any pleasure from this, we shall invite them to accompany us once more to the Museum of Practical Geology.



From Hogg's Instructor.

## GEORGE CANNING AND THE POETRY OF THE "ANTI-JACOBIN."

IF you talk to men acquainted to any extent with the literary history of the last sixty years, and chance to mention the name of George Canning, you will most certainly hear the "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin" spoken of, and the name of that statesman lauded to the skies in connection therewith. It may be doubted if one person in a hundred of those who so speak—admitting them all to be intelligent and well-read men—knows anything whatever of the actual poetry of the "Anti-Jacobin," or has perused, in particular, one line contributed to that collection by Mr. Canning, with the sole exception of the verses on the needy "Knife-Grinder," which have been quoted everywhere, it must be allowed. There is no great harm in this being the case; but the curiosity of many young readers must be excited by the frequent allusions made to the subject, and we purpose to gratify them by telling, in the first place, what the "Anti-Jacobin Review" really was, and how far the late eminent statesman, George Canning, was connected with that publication.

The great body of the people of this country were horrified, and not unnaturally, by the excesses of the French Revolutionists at the close of the last century, and with which excesses the *Jacobin Club* of Paris was so largely mixed up. The word "Jacobin," therefore, became a word of terror and dismay almost to universal Britain. Her rulers and people alike repeated it with aversion and disgust, even pure republicans joining largely in the feeling. Hence, the production in London, under the able guidance of Mr. William Gifford and others, of the periodical review started with the title of the "Anti-Jacobin"—the object of which was directly to expose and counteract French principles—which attained to high and immediate popularity. It was supported by all the clever and lettered élèves of the Pitt, school, and, among others, by George Canning. He had previously distinguished himself during his youthful career at Eton, and at Oxford, by his literary abilities; and, being brought into Parliament in 1793, he

rapidly attracted further notice, senatorially, as a staunch supporter and protégé of Mr. Pitt. A degree of doubt hung over his birth, and perhaps even yet hangs. Some parties, amazed at the sudden rise of one seemingly without rank or family influence, did not scruple even to say that he was a natural son of George the Third. But this hypothesis cannot stand, for many reasons; and one is led to adopt the more natural conclusion, that Mr. Pitt furthered his early movements in political life simply in consequence of his great promise. Canning soon made his own path more clear by his own exertions. Gifted with a beautiful person, as well as with great powers of attraction otherwise, he wooed and won the sister of the Duchess of Portland, a daughter of General Scott, which fixed his position in high life, and gave him a firmer vantage ground for the display of his abilities. He attached himself warmly, as observed, to Mr. Pitt, and made his debut in office under the eye of "the heaven-born" minister, as his followers did not scruple to call the son of Chatham. Canning repaid his obligations to his patron, both with voice and pen, and perhaps the "Anti-Jacobin Review" is to be considered as mainly the fruit of his wish to show his admiration and gratitude. In that work he gave free scope to his satire, lashing all who opposed the sky-descended statesman, or who (like Lord Grey and Fox) supported the revolutionary views of the French, in so far as these tended merely to public reforms. This rather long proem brings us to the proper purport of our present writing, namely, the Anti-Jacobin poetry of Mr. Canning.

Did not history give a thousand examples of similar errors, one would be alike surprised and grieved at the unjust assaults made by Canning on many of his contemporaries, and at the folly and falsity of almost all his predictions. His verses, published in the "Anti-Jacobin Review," were all practically intended to lower the Liberals (then called Radicals, and sometimes Black-nebs) of the day in public opinion, and to ridicule

the growing desire for political improvements in Britain. Yet this very George Canning ultimately died a martyr, it may be said, to his attempts to force similar liberal changes on the aristocracy of England! In the "Anti-Jacobin," his satirical attacks are made chiefly on people whose after-lives certainly tallied not with his predictions, and some of whom, strange to say, *opposed* in the end all his own reforms. Premising that Lepaux was one of the five members of the French Directory of the time, and the least able, perhaps, of them all—a person now totally forgotten—let us quote the verses on Coleridge, Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb, in the first instance. They occur in his longest satirical poem, entitled "New Morality."

"And ye five other wandering bards that move  
In sweet accord of harmony and love,  
Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd, Lamb, and Co.,  
Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux."

It was stated in after-days by Charles Lamb, as a serious fact, that he had never heard of the very name of Lepaux, when thus held up to the world as ready to sing the praises of the Frenchman. Southey and Coleridge were at one time Pantisocratists (a word nearly signifying Communist Reformers), but they held no intercourse whatever with Lepaux, or any other French Revolutionist; and the former of the two became ere long a leading supporter and coadjutor of Canning and his party in the "Quarterly Review." For this change, of course, it was that Southey was so often and so bitterly taunted by Byron as an apostate, and to which charge he himself could only reply by ascribing his original political opinions to his immature years. Certainly, between his "Wat Tyler" and his Laureate Poems, the difference was immense; and his laudatory inscription on the prison of Henry Martin, the regicide, went so far towards ultra-radicalism, as almost to merit the lashing parody of Canning. The two pieces may be here give Mr. Southey's ran thus:—

#### "INSCRIPTION

*For the apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Martin, the regicide, was imprisoned for thirty years.*

For thirty years, secluded from mankind,  
Here Martin linger'd. Often have these walls  
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread  
He paced around his prison; not to him  
Did nature's fair varieties exist;  
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,  
Save when through yon high bars he pour'd a sad

And broken splendor. Dost thou ask his crime?  
He had rebell'd against the king, and sat  
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind  
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,  
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams, but such  
As Plato loved; such as with holy zeal  
Our Milton worshipp'd. Bless'd hopes! awhile  
From man withheld, even to the latter days  
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfill'd."

Canning thus parodied the preceding lines:

#### "INSCRIPTION

*For the door of the cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the pretence, was confined previous to her execution.*

For one long term, ere her trial came,  
Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells  
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice  
She scream'd for fresh Geneva. Not to her  
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,  
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand:  
Till, at the last, in slow-drawn cart she went  
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?  
She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death,  
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind  
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes,  
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine  
Of the Orthyian Goddess he bade flog  
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised  
Our Milton when at college. For this act  
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws; but time  
shall come,  
When France shall reign, and laws be all re-  
peal'd!"

Coleridge, another eminent object of the satire of Canning, became also a Conservative or Tory in politics, long before the close of his days. He had merited at no time, however, to be called a favorer of Jacobin principles, though he had at first hailed the movements in France as calculated to extinguish the oppressive despotism of the age. The abuse of young Liberty drove him back alarmed; and, like Burke, he verged on the opposite extreme. Only a few great spirits were undeterred from the worship of pure freedom by French anarchy. The late Earl Grey was one of these; and, when Lord Howick, he came in for a full share of the sarcasms of the "Anti-Jacobin." In a slight piece, entitled "Blue and Buff," for example, Canning calls on his muse to describe the chief supporters of these Whig colors, and gives Howick a foremost place:—

"First paint Lord Howick, boisterous, rough,  
Dealer in wholesale quackery stuff,  
Who, far beyond famed Katterfelt,  
Prescribed what ne'er was seen or felt;  
Left Law and Reason in the lurch,  
To mould the Senate, twist the Church,

But wandering once from Downing Street,  
Great Buckingham's old dome to greet,  
With grand Catholiconian pill,  
Was lost on Constitution Hill."

Can it be wondered at that Earl Grey should have kept in mind such sneerings, which, lame and poorly expressed as they really are, were most effective at the time? He forgot them not, and so Mr. Canning learned and felt. When he appeared in the character of a Liberal Prime Minister of Britain, and sought the support of the old Liberals against the ultra-Conservatives, Earl Grey stood up in the House of Lords like an avenging judge, and reviewed the whole political life of Canning, with a degree of stern and even merciless severity, which galled to the very core the object of his remarks. He indeed fell ill immediately afterwards, and the cry actually ran over the whole kingdom, "Grey has killed Canning!" It was indeed a speech of terrible emphasis. "After ridiculing and opposing every motion of ours for improvement during these thirty years, doth he (Mr. Canning) now, when our unwearied toils have at length opened the eyes of the country to the necessity of change, propose to himself to step in, and wrest from us the honors due to our exertions? Doth he seek, after we have hunted it down, to rend the prey from the mighty?" Such was the tenor, at least, of the famous oration of Earl Grey. Several times Canning had placed on record bitter and irritating allusions to Grey. When the Ministry of "All the talents" fell, for example, the following verses appeared:—

"The demon of Faction that over them hung,  
In accents of horror their epitaph sung;  
While Pride and Venality join'd in the stave,  
And canting Democracy wept at the grave!—  
'Here lies in the tomb that we hollow'd for Pitt  
Consistence of Grenville, of Temple the wit;  
Of Sidmouth the firmness, the *temper* of Grey,  
And 'Treasurer Sheridan's promise to pay.'"

These be bitter words; and bitterly, as has been said, were they retorted in the end. It will be observed that Sidmouth (Henry Addington) comes in here for his share of the scoff and scorn. Canning also laughs at him in other verses. Lord Sidmouth became, nevertheless, one of the chief colleagues of Canning under Perceval and Liverpool. Alas! for human consistency!

As a final specimen of the Anti-Jacobin

poetry of George Canning, we may give a verse or two of the most famous, perhaps, of all his pieces, namely, "The Pilot that weathered the storm." This song was immensely popular with the Pitt party, having been written in 1802, when that eminent statesman, for a short period, resigned the reins of power to Mr. Addington.

"If hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,  
The sky, if no longer dark tempests deform;  
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?  
No!—Here's to the pilot that weather'd the storm!

Who, when terror and doubt through the universe  
reign'd,  
While rapine and treason their standards unfurl'd,  
The heart and the hopes of his country maintain'd,  
And one kingdom preserved 'midst the wreck  
of the world?

Lo! Pitt, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,  
Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall!  
Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore;  
Admired in thy zenith, but loved in thy fall!

O! take, then—for dangers by wisdom repell'd,  
For evils by courage and constancy braved—  
O! take, for a throne by thy counsels upheld,  
The thanks of a people thy firmness has saved!

And O, if again the rude whirlwind should rise,  
The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform,  
The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise,  
Shall turn to the pilot that weathered the storm!"

Alas! let us again say, for human prognostications. The "storm," in place of being "weathered," in 1802, was in reality but beginning to lower over the head of Britain, and was destined yet to cost her an unparalleled outlay of the blood and substance of her children. After all, we repeat what we said at the outset, that it is almost painful to look at these poems of George Canning, so redundant are they in proofs of the falsity and folly of almost all human predictions. Truly, the wise man should be cautious in forming and promulgating conclusions founded on passing occurrences. It is ten chances to one but time proves him to be as much in the wrong as poor Edward Irving was, when he interpreted Young Napoleon to be the Tenth Horn of the Beast in the Revelations, and prognosticated his attainment of universal empire. The prophet lived to see the boy die, powerless and throneless.

From the People's Journal.

## CHARLES LAMB.

... Heart-affluence in discursive talk  
From household fountains never dry;  
The critic clearness of an eye,  
That saw through all the Muses' walk.—TENNYSON

Who of the sons of men, at least in this generation, was ever heard to speak bitter things of Charles Lamb? Who that is of woman born, does not love the gentle Elia? Now this is a rare destiny; for a man so prominent in literature to be thus universally eulogized, to meet with an *ah, benedicite*, from all ranks and degrees of men among us, is a privilege accorded by Apollo, and the celestial sisterhood, to *very* few. We have all heard Sir Walter Scott assailed, and bereft, in the assailant's judgment, of all the essential oil of genius, whether for the poetry of *Marmion* or the prose of *Waverley*—not to speak of the angry passions aroused against him on political grounds. Byron had *his* share of opposition, and became a very bone of contention to a yelping pack of partisans and foes. Wordsworth has had an up-hill route, misty and companionless at times as his own beloved fells. If Coleridge is worshiped by some as a source of latter-day inspiration, he is scoffed at by others as a badger-browed plagiarist, and "noticeable" snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. The iron of enmity entered into the soul of Keats and Shelley—the one it slew, the other it maddened. And so we might go on with many a lesser reputation—*fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*. But for Charles Lamb every one has a liking, no one a grudge. *His* memory is no *corpus delicti* over which the eagles of criticism are gathered together. The worship paid to it is not denominational, but national; not sectarian, but catholic. In this singular destiny he is as happy as John Bunyan. Both were men of strongly marked and anomalous idiosyncrasy; both have attained a literary homage irrespective of party and peculiarity. The Elstow tinker has won the admiration of widely discrepant tastes—of Samuel Johnson, high church-and-

king man, and Byron, rakish and radical peer—of Benjamin Franklin, philosopher of plain sense, and Coleridge, dreamer of *Khubla Khan* and transcendental metaphysics—of Walter Scott and Robert Southey, tory poets and reviewers, and of James Macintosh and T. B. Macaulay, devout champions of whiggery. The author of *Rosamund Grey*, again, has also won golden opinions from all sorts of men. Wordsworthites and Byronites, Pittites and Foxites, Puseyites and Simeonites—all love Charles Lamb. Men quarreled with the company he kept, but they clung to *him*. His associates were pilloried, but he was spared; staunch conservatives saw that he consorted with Hazlitt and Hunt, and birds of like feather, and while these were pursued—

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,

he was forgiven, cherished, applauded. He always sided with a persecuted man; his fireside was a refuge for the destitute, an asylum for the pariahs of politics and literature. Some Mrs. Candour telling him, says Hood, in expectation of an ill-natured comment, that Miss —, the teacher at the ladies' school, had married a publican; "Has she so?" said Lamb, "then I'll have my beer there!" Men ordinarily scouted, such as Godwin and Thelwall, he welcomed with open arms; men culpable in a moral sense found that *his* was the charity that hopeth all things and never faileth; he hoped cheerfully, as De Quincey observes, on behalf of those who had incurred just blame; he would regard the past obliquity as something exceptional and irregular, and would turn hopefully to the future. Lamb said to him



self, with the religionist, I pass for a free-thinker, while the other faction set me down for a bigot. This arose from his habit of defending the absent, who could not defend themselves, and also from a facetious spirit of antagonism, which led him to affect the contrary of whatever his companion might be—to admire Lord Eldon when talking with reformers, and Leigh Hunt when gossiping with Southey; to glorify theatres and card-playing before a disciple of Miss Hannah More, and to be prim and quakerish in the presence of fashionable life—to be, not all things to all men, but whatever other men were *not*. All these negatives, however, made up a positive; for, as Thomas Hood has justly said, “In opposition to the exclusives, he was emphatically an inclusive.” With much on the surface that might seem irreverent, if not irreligious, he had a spirit within and beneath, which might put to shame many “professing” people, and which reminds us of the saying, “many that are first shall be last, and the last first.” Coleridge once said of him, “Believe me, who knew him well, that Lamb, say what he will, has more of the *essentials* of Christianity than ninety-nine out of a hundred professing Christians.” The tolerance\* he indulged in for the calumniated and oppressed, was possibly more “evangelic” after all than the intolerance of self-styled “evangelicals.” There was something in Lamb’s nature which caught at the anomalous in his fellows. “Common natures,” he somewhere protests, “do not suffice me. Good people, as they are called, won’t serve; I want individuals. I am made up of queer points, and I want so many answering needles.” Dogmatism he abhorred. He held that the impediments and the facilitations to a sound belief are various and inevitable as the heart of man—while some believe on weak principles, others cannot feel the efficacy of the strongest. His charity was as buoyant as it was extensive, as glowing as it was sincere. And well, therefore, might it beget charity in others; for the loans of love like this are repaid with the best of all interest—unstinted outlay secures noble returns. As Mr. Landon wrote “To the Sister of Elia,” when Elia himself quitted this motley scene,—

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,  
Far worthier things than tears,

\* “In his large intellectual tolerance,” says Mr. Justice Talfourd, “he resembled Professor Wilson, who, notwithstanding his own decided opinions, has a compass of mind large enough to embrace all others which have noble alliances within its range.”

The love of friends, without a single foe;  
Unequaled lot below!  
Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes  
Of all the good and wise?  
Tho’ the wafm day is over, yet they seek  
Upon the lofty peak  
Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows  
O’er death’s perennial snows.

If Lamb’s exterior life was monotonous, not so his inner life, that which is within, and passeth show. The sorrows of his heart were as the waves of the sea when it cannot rest. Deep called unto deep, and to their storm-music must his o’erfraught heart give heed, until it was nigh unto breaking.

There is interest in each section of the life of this man of genius. His very name has a charm; its origin he thus suggests in one of his sonnets—

Perhaps some shepherd, in Lincolnian plains,  
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,  
Received it first, amid the merry mocks  
And arch allusions of his fellow-swains.

We delight in his account of his boyish days, especially the description of Christ-hospital, its masters, and his contemporaries. Le Grice, one of his school-fellows there, tells us, “I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary;”—but his remark is quite true, that, however unnecessary, there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that Lamb’s gentle manners excited that kindness. We linger with affection over every glimpse of his household life—soon though the twilight of sadness settled upon it; the quiet family group in Little Queen-street, Holborn, straitened in means, the father sinking into dotage, the daughter into tragic frenzy; then comes the awful result of that frenzy in the violent death of the mother (1796)—concerning which Charles says to Coleridge, “Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me the former things are passed away, and I have something more to do than to feel. Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind.” True, indeed, was it—and we think as merciful and salutary as true—that Charles (who himself had been confined in an asylum for the insane that same year\*), had something more

\* After his release from which confinement, he wrote to Coleridge, “Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad! All now seems to be vapid, comparatively.”

to do than to feel—he had to care for a beloved maniac sister, for a fretful, driveling father, for the expenses of his daily existence, for the balance of his own distracted thoughts. And nobly he weathered the storm. With a constitutional tendency to melancholy, of a morbid kind, no wonder that calamity such as this confirmed the tendency, and ossified the heart disease. He had been disappointed, too, in love. If these crosses induced in his temperament something of the cynic, and unduly acted upon his peculiar irritability and sensitiveness of nerve, he was after all what De Quincey calls him, “a Diogenes with the heart of a St. John.” Nervous, tremulous as he seemed, so slight of frame (to use the words of Mr. Justice Talfourd) that he looked only fit for the most placid fortune—when the dismal emergencies which checkered his life arose, he acted with as much promptitude and vigor as if he had never penned a stanza nor taken a glass too much, or was strung with herculean sinews.\* How tender a heart he had, let one extract from his beautiful correspondence illustrate:—“Oh! my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? not those ‘merrier days,’ not the ‘pleasant days of hope,’ not those ‘wanderings with a fair-haired maid,’ which I have so often and so feelingly regretted; but the days, Coleridge, of a mother’s fondness for her school-boy. What would I give to call her back to earth for *one* day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust, will come; there will be ‘time enough’ for kind offices of love, if ‘Heaven’s eternal year’ be ours. Hereafter her meek spirit shall not reproach me. Oh, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings!”† We next pass on to the literary associations with spirits black, white, and grey; with James White, the author of *Letters of Falstaff* (published 1796) and intimate friend of Lamb’s lighter hours; with William Hazlitt, whom he admired as “one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing,”—(“I think,” he says in 1823, “I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion;”)—with Charles Lloyd, in alliance with whom Lamb published, in 1798, a half-crown volume of *Blank Verse*; with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, “logician, metaphysician

bard,” dearest perhaps of all; with William Wordsworth, who in elegiac verse has sang the praises of that faithful friend who

From the most gentle creature nursed in fields . . .  
Derived the name he bore—a name,  
Wherever Christian altars have been raised,  
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence:—

with Robert Southey, said by one to resemble Lamb in purity of thought, in the love of the minutest vestige of antiquity, in a certain rich humor coupled with primness of style, in reverence for childhood, and in preservation of childhood’s best attributes unspotted from the world;\* with William Godwin, author of *Political Justice* and *Caleb Williams*, &c., &c. Later in life we see new faces gather around the supper-table of Elia and Bridget—whether in Temple-lane or Russell-street, or Colebrook-cottage. Great was the renown of his Wednesday evenings, and great the privilege of those who joined the select symposium. The *London Magazine*, to which Lamb was so prominent a contributor, brought him into contact with not a few rising stars—such as John Scott, the ill-fated editor—Bryan Proctor (Barry Cornwall), whose lays,

Ever flowing with good-humor,  
Are bright as spring and warm as summer†—

Bernard Barton, gentle Quaker, (whom Elia exultingly seduced into addressing him in correspondence as Charles Lamb, *Esquire*)—Horace Smith, famed for the *Rejected Addresses*—Cary, the *Dante* man, eulogized by Lamb as “a model of a country parson, lean (as a curate should be), modest, sensible, no obtruder of church dogmas,”‡—Clare, the peasant poet—Allan Cunningham, who “was adding a flavor of Scottish romance, as of mountain honey, to the fine medley”§—Thomas Noon Talfourd, “a lawyer prosperous and young-hearted”||—Wainright, the disgraced “Janus Weathercock,” once such a sprightly man of *ton*—Thomas Hood, as grave and pensive in company as he was mirthful and gossiping in print—and, last not least, Thomas De Quincey, a man whose genius has never received its due share of justice either from himself or his readers. To all these, and more besides, was Charles Lamb an object of affectionate and peculiar

\* *Final Memories of Charles Lamb*.  
† *Life and Letters of Charles Lamb*. Vol. i.

\* Justice Talfourd.  
† W. Savage Landor.  
‡ *Letter to B. Barton*, 1823.

§ Gilfillan.  
| Leigh Hunt.

regard. His benevolence was often put to the test, in its most practical meaning,—and stood it well too. While no temptation ever beguiled him into debt, or cajoled him into exceeding his income, “when scantiest, by a shilling,” yet if he thought a friend would be the happier, we are told, for fifty or a hundred pounds, he would carefully procure a note for the sum, and perhaps for days before he might meet the object of his friendly purpose, keep the note in his waistcoat pocket, burning in it to be produced, and, when the occasion arrived, he would crumple it up in his hand, and stammer out his difficulty of disposing of a little money: “I don’t know what to with it—pray take it—pray use it—you will do me a kindness if you will.”\*

And if in him meekness at times gave away,  
Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,  
Many and strange, that hung about his life;  
Still, at the centre of his being, lodged  
A soul by resignation sanctified.  
O, he was good, if *é*er a good man lived!

We have all heard of some of his amusing peculiarities, and, if the truth be spoken, like him all the better for them—since they pertain to the development of that attractive being, a real humorist. His scorn of the country and green fields, for instance, and his Johnson-like love of crowded thoroughfares. A garden, according to his doctrine, was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. “Separate from the pleasure of your company,” he wrote to Wordsworth, in 1801, “I don’t much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. . . . The wonder of these (metropolitan) sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand, from fullness of joy at so much life. All these emotions may be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me.” London was to him an enchanting, a more than Mahometan paradise, and he assures his friend Manning of Cambridge, that he would not exchange her dirtiest alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman, for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and the parson into the bargain. “Oh! her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, her print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardwaremen, pastry and cooks! All the

streets and pavements are pure gold, I warrant you! At least, I know an alchemy that turns her mud into that metal—a mind that loves to be at home in crowds.”\* Very characteristic, again, was his passion for mystification—exemplified in his *Memoirs of Liston*, which (as he told Miss Hutchinson) were pure invention, from top to toe, yet passed for gospel, and were republished in newspapers without end.† Byron to him was distasteful; Scott uninteresting (he clung rather to Fielding); Shelly icy-cold; Goethe’s Faust “a disagreeable canting tale of seduction;” Hazlitt the only readable prose writer of the day. At the marriage of the last-mentioned author, he was like (so he tells Southey, 1815,) to have been turned out several times during the ceremony:—“anything awful makes me laugh. I misbehaved once at a funeral.” But we were traveling over well-beaten ground while thus reviewing the idiosyncrasies

Of Lamb, the frolic and the gentle.

What shall be said of his writings? They are but himself in print. They are sun-pictures of the author—giving faithfully and vividly his features, expression, character. With him language was *not* a something to hide his thoughts. His papers embody the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* of his life. The poetry of them is truth, and the truth is poetry. He held the mirror up to Nature—to his nature at least; and we trace in the bright surface the smiles and vivacity, the cares and furrows of the man—“joy and pain,” as Barry Cornwall has it,

Mingled ever, like a strain  
Of music, where the discords vie  
With the truer harmony.

Not that Lamb can claim the foremost place among “British Poets.” His verses lag behind his prose—something in the relation of carriage to horse; the latter drags the former into notice: cut the traces, and mayhap the one will be left stationary on the highway, while the other goes careering and curvetting on a race of renown. The *John Woodvil* of 1801 has more of the wayside

\* Wordsworth’s opinion hereafter is thus expressed:—

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my friend,  
But more in show than truth.

† He remarks in his wild way—“Of all the lies I ever put off, I value this the most. . . . I shall certainly go to the naughty man some day for my fibbing.”

\* *Final Memorials.*

† Wordsworth.

ruin, than of the locomotive, adapted to keep pace with all time; yet there are vestiges of beauty and marks of delicate tracery about it, which lovers of art will ever and anon pause in their pilgrimage to admire. The *Blank Verse*, *Album Verses*, &c., are good of their kind, and according to their unpretending titles; to shine as the stars of genius for ever and ever is not their ambition—twinkle pleasantly for their appointed time and in their allotted measure they can and do. Beautiful is the melody and true the pathos of *The Old Familiar Faces*—wherein he commemorates playmates and companions of his joyful schooldays—bosom cronies with whom he had laughed and caroused—a once beloved one, “fairest among women,”—an abruptly left friend—

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse.  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Perhaps better still are the lines, *To Hester*—as touching as anything in modern verse—especially that exquisite stanza—exquisite for its cordial simplicity—

My sprightly neighbor! gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet as heretofore,  
Some summer morning? &c.

If, however, criticism is cautious and circumspective when dealing with his verses, it can well afford to give the rein to enthusiasm and allow itself “large utterance” when the prose of Elia is the mark. In prose writing he went on and on unto perfection. There may be divisions of taste as to his *Rosamund Grey*, published in 1798; we know of none (worth mentioning) as to his *Essays* in the *London Magazine*. Mr. Justice Talfourd, while claiming for the “miniature romance” a place unique in English literature, and a deeper feeling and diviner morality than the most charming of Henry Mackenzie's tales (which may to some extent have suggested and influenced it), allows that Lamb never possessed the faculty of constructing a plot, and that in this tale nothing is made out

with distinctness (except the grace and piety of Rosamund); the events are obscured by a haze of sentiment, and the narrative confused by the intermingling presence and reflections of the author.

The “*Essays of Elia*” are emphatically, indisputably, and unconditionally a *bonne bouche*. Gilfillan calls them “nests of spice-ry, sweet subtle extracts from the rarest of hearts and most curiously-unique of intellects.” The line which included his circle fell on pleasant places—and within that circle none durst walk but he. It might be a circle of a comparatively small diameter—but none like Elia could make the centre his stand-point, and radiate forth such scintillations of wit and grace and sensibility all around. De Quincey accounts these *Essays* as exquisite a gem among the jewels of literature as any nation can show. Elia, to quote the words of an anonymous reviewer, “in his own line can never be surpassed; his wit and humor, his quick and delicate sensibility, his large and overflowing sympathies, the vein of tender pathos that runs through his most beautiful thoughts, said or written—the mixture of manhood's intellect with childhood's innocence—the quaint sweetness and ineffable grace that invested his whole character, have given him a position in the literary world isolated and remarkable.” Long will it be ere the “British public” shall cease to exult in the unmitigated fun of “All Fool's day,” and the shrewd observation of “Mrs. Battle,”—to linger amid the echoes of Christ-Hospital, and give a cordial welcome to “My Relations,” and to “Dream Children.” The same charm pervades the correspondence of this master essayist: some of the essays are but expanded letters. Nor does the spirit evaporate as it expands—no mean testimony to its strength and creative resource.

As a critic, Lamb occupies a hardly inferior place. His paper in Leigh Hunt's *Reflector*, on “Garrick and Acting,” including the character of Lear, has been called the noblest criticism ever written. His affectionate familiarity with the Elizabethan dramatists and their successors, aided by a native quickness of perception and delicacy of vision, enabled him to elucidate their spirit and recondite beauties with felicitous success. Justly admired, too, are his commentaries on Hogarth—a painter unrivaled, as Churchill says (in the *Rosciad*).

In walks of humor, in that cast of style  
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile.



a couplet not inapplicable to many of Lamb's own lucubrations.

Here we must leave the "frolic and the gentle" Elia. To allude to his failings—for he too was compassed with infirmities—will minister but little satisfaction. If under the burden and heat of the day he drooped, and turned despondingly to cisterns that can hold no water, or, at the best, turbid waters of Marah,—the eye of his great taskmaster was upon him, and we are not assessors on the one judgment seat.

He is one of those we should have rejoiced to see in the flesh—to gaze on that mild countenance, that clear brown complexion, those vari-colored eyes, that noble brow, that half-playful, half-melancholy smile—to hear the wisdom and the humor and the pathos revealed in those "sweet broken accents." "Cordial old man!" exclaims W. S. Lander—

Few are the spirits of the glorified  
I'd spring to earlier at the gate of heaven.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK.

STANDING in the City Hall, New York, and drawing from that point a circle whose radius shall be three miles, we embrace a population of three-quarters of a million. We say this at the outset, by way of securing respect for our theme.

New York is a mere Jonah's gourd or Jack the Giant-killer's beanstalk compared with London. London was London when St. Paul was a prisoner in Rome, ten years before the destruction of Jerusalem. Sixteen hundred years afterwards, when New York was but just named, London lost some seventy thousand inhabitants by the plague, and more than thirteen thousand houses by the Great Fire, and hardly missed them.

Before this period, however, the little Dutch town of Niew Amsterdam, called by the aborigines Manahatta, or Manhattan, had commenced a dozing existence, under the government of Walter the Doubter and Peter the Headstrong, celebrated by that great chronicler, Diedrich Knickerbocker. Some consider this a mythic period, and class the legends of Wilhelmus Van Kieft's wisdom, and Peter Stuyvesant's valor, with the stories of Romulus and Remus, and the Horatii and Curiatii. But to cast any doubt upon a historian like Knickerbocker—the *Grote of colonial history*—at once minute

and philosophical, just and enthusiastic—is surely unwise. His picture of the portly burghers of Niew Amsterdam, their habits and manners, pursuits, politics, and laws, is verified by the impress left on their descendants. All the foreign floods that have swept over the city have not been able to wash out the footsteps of the original settlers; and Walter the Doubter and Peter the Headstrong still figure, it is said, in the assembly of the City Fathers, though the voluminous nether habiliments, which characterized them of old, have dwindled to the modern pantaloons.

Casting our eyes backward for a moment, let us imagine the condition of things before English innovation had interfered with the quiet current of Dutch ideas in the metropolis of the West. "The modern spectator," says our historian, "who wanders through the streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an idea of their appearance in the primitive days of the Doubter. The grass grew quietly in the highways; bleating sheep and frolicsome calves sported about that verdant ridge where now the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll. The cunning fox or ravenous wolf skulked in the woods where now are to be seen the dens of the righteous fraternity of money-brokers.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced the street. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family know which way the wind blew. The front door was never opened, except on marriages, funerals, New Year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion \* \* \*.

A passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of that day were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water; insomuch, that many of them grew to have webbed fingers like a duck. In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Fashionable parties were confined to the higher class, or *noblesse*; that is to say, such as kept their own cows or drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six; unless it was winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. At these tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting or coquetting; no gambling of old ladies, nor chattering and romping of young ones; no self-satisfied strutting or wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets," &c.

Speaking further of the ladies, Mr. Knickerbocker says: "Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico. Their petticoats, of linsey-woolsey, were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes, and all of their own manufacture. These were the honest days, in which every woman stayed at home, read the Bible and wore pockets, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patch-work of many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. Every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family," &c.

Such and so homely was the germ of the present goodly town that sits, like a queen

throned between two mighty streams, with a magnificent bay at her feet. Marks of her Dutch origin were numerous a few years since, and are still to be found, though sparsely. Of the national customs enumerated and described by the voracious Diedrich, we find at the present day but few. The last of the gable-fronted houses, with curious steps in the brickwork on the sides of the peak, disappeared some years since. Calves never frisk in Broadway now, though they sometimes pass through it tied in carts, in defiance of humanity and decency. The year of building is no longer written in iron on the fronts of the houses, for

"Panting Time toils after us in vain,"

and chronology is out of date. Large doors have now large windows to keep them company, and weather-cocks are rendered unnecessary by the arrival of vessels from some part of the earth with every wind that blows. The front door is now opened to everybody but the master of the house, who goes out of it in the morning not to see it again till evening. The practice of daily inundation is now nearly limited to the street, since Kidderminster, Brussels, and Wilton conspire to cover every inch of floor; but the annual house-cleaning is still in full vogue, and no amount of slop, discomfort, destruction, and self-sacrifice, is considered too great in the accomplishment of this civic festival. As to rising with the dawn, the citizen of to-day considers breakfast-time day-break; and the dinner-hour is as various as the fluctuations of business and pleasure. "Fashionable society" has, at present, no very decided limits, as few of the inhabitants keep a cow, and many of the highest pretenders to *bon ton* do not drive their own wagons—getting home before dark! New York ladies make a point of getting home before light; and if they assemble at three o'clock, it is for a *dejeuner*, or a *matinée dansante*. As for Mr. Knickerbocker's further characterization of the genteel manners of the olden time, it would be unhandsome in us to pursue our counter-picture; but this we will say, in mere justice, and all joking aside, that there are no gambling ladies in New York, either young or old.

Thinking of New York in her early life, we were about to say that from 1614 to 1674 she was a mere shuttlecock between the Dutch and English; but the recollection that neither of the contending parties ever tossed her towards the other, spoiled our figure, and

we find her more like the unfortunate baby whom it took all Solomon's wisdom to save from utter destruction between rival mothers. The Dutch certainly had the prior claim; but that circumstance, though something in a case of maternity, seems far from conclusive in a matter of adoption. The little Dutch city had accumulated a thousand inhabitants, and wrenched from the home government leave to govern itself by the aid of a schout, burgomasters, and schepens, when King Charles II., of pious memory, coolly gave a grant of the entire province to his brother James, Duke of York, who forthwith proved his right (that of the strongest), and put an English governor in place of Peter Stuyvesant, called by Knickerbocker, "a tough, valiant, sturdy, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited, old governor," who nearly burst with rage when obliged to sign the capitulation, and who finished by dying of sheer mortification on hearing that the combined English and French fleets had beaten the Dutch under De Ruyter. Nine years after, the tables were turned, and Dutch rule once more brought in sour-kROUT and oly-koeks; but, in 1674, New York became English by treaty, and so remained until November, 1783.

Since that epoch, although growth and prosperity have been the general rule, yet the island city has had her ups and downs, by means of fire, pestilence, war, embargo, mobs, &c., quite enough to stimulate the energy of her sons and ripen the wisdom of her councils. In 1825 the completion of the Erie Canal, which united the Atlantic with the great lakes, gave a prodigious impulse to trade. In 1832 came the cholera, threatening utter desolation; and in 1835 a fire, which consumed property worth twenty millions of dollars. Yet, in 1842, the great aqueduct was finished, at a cost of thirteen million dollars. Thus much premised, let us look at New York of to-day.

"She has no time  
To looken backe, her eyne be fixed before."

In describing American towns, if we would make our picture a likeness, we must

"Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of the minute."

The New York of 1851 resembles her of fifty years ago scarcely more than the West End of London resembles Birmingham or Bristol. In 1800, one might easily believe

the old story, that the streets were originally laid out by the cows, as they went out to pasture and returned at evening. Streets running in all sorts of curves, crossed each other at all conceivable angles, making a maze without a plan, through which strangers needed to drop beans, like the children in the fairy tale, to avoid being wholly lost. Fortunately, the city is not very wide, so that Broadway, which always ran lengthwise through the centre, has served as a tolerable clue from the beginning. Great sacrifices have been made for the sake of regularity, and there is now a tolerable degree of it, even in the old, or south part of the city, cross streets running from Broadway to either river with an approach to parallelism. In the early time, the town presented no bad resemblance in shape to the phenomenon called a "mackerel sky," Broadway representing the spine, and the streets running to either river the ribs, while northward and southward was a tapering off; on the south, where the Battery juts into the bay, and on the north, where the uppermost houses gradually narrowed till Broadway came to an end, with few buildings on either side of it. But in these later days, when Knickerbocker limits no longer confine the heterogeneous thousands that have pushed the old race from their stools, sixteen great avenues, each a hundred feet wide, run parallel with Broadway and the rivers, cut at right angles by wide streets, lined with costly dwellings, churches, schools, and other edifices. As is usual in great commercial towns, the lowest portion of the population haunt the neighborhood of the wharfs; and, in New York, the eastern side of the city in particular attracts this class. But, perhaps, no city of the size has fewer streets of squalid poverty, although the encouragement given to immigration is such, that there must necessarily be great numbers of wretched immigrants who have neither the will nor the power to live by honest industry. It is in truth for this class of persons that hospitals and penitentiaries are here built, foreigners supplying at least nine-tenths of the inmates of those institutions in New York.

As to clean and healthy streets, the upper and newer part of the city has, of course, the advantage. It is laid out with special attention to drainage, for which the ridged shape of the ground affords great facility; the island on which New York is built being highest in the middle, and sloping off, east and west, towards the Hudson and East Rivers.

Manhattan Island is about fourteen miles long, with an average breadth of one mile and a half, the greatest width being two and a half miles. At the southerly point of the island, where the Hudson unites with the strait called the East River, lies one of the finest harbors in the world, affording anchorage for ships of the largest size, and surrounded by cultivated land and elegant residences. Several fortified islands diversify this bay, and numerous forts occupy the points and headlands on either side. The general appearance of the bay is that of great beauty, of the milder sort. The shores are rather low, but finely wooded, and the approach to the city from the ocean very striking. The battery, a promenade covered with fine old trees, offers a rural front, but the forests of masts stretching far up either river attract the stranger's attention much more forcibly. The *coup d'œil* is here magnificent. Brooklyn, on Long Island, a large city, whose white columned streets gleam along the heights, giving a palatial grandeur to the view, is just opposite New York, on the south-east, and divided from it by so narrow a strait that it appears more truly to be a part of it than the Surrey side of the Thames to belong to London, although the rush of commerce forbids bridges. On the west side, the banks of the Hudson are lined with towns, an outcrop of the central metropolis.

Entering the city from any quarter, we are sure to find ourselves in Broadway, long the pride of the inhabitants, though its glories are rather traditional than actual, as compared with the greatest thoroughfares of commerce in older cities. It extends, eighty feet in width, two miles and a half in a straight line, northward from the Battery; and then, making a slight deflection at Union Park, runs on, *ad infinitum*, though it is at present but sparsely built after another mile or so. Nearly all the best shops in the retail trade are in this street, some of them comparable to the richest of London and Paris, and the whole affording means for every device of elegant decoration and boundless expenditure. Residences here are comparatively few, especially in the lower part, the din of business and the ceaseless thunder of omnibuses having driven far away every family that has the liberty of choice. Many churches still exist in Broadway, which, on Sunday, is as quiet as any other street. Other architectural decorations there are few. The City Hall, a costly building of white marble, too long and low to make a dignified

appearance, but standing in a well-wooded park, of some eleven or twelve acres in extent, has a certain beauty, especially when seen gleaming through the spray of a fountain, which sends up a tall jet at some distance in front of the building. Farther on is a hospital, of rather ancient date for this fresh western world—built in 1775, and now surrounded by venerable trees, and clothed in the richest ivy. After this, scarcely a break in the line of dazzling shops, until we reach the vicinity of Union square, a pretty oval park, with a noble fountain in the midst, and lofty and handsome houses all round, situated on perhaps the highest ground on this part of the island. Half a mile beyond is Madison square, a green expanse, about which wealthy citizens are now building elegant residences of brown freestone, with some attempt at architectural display. Near this, still northward, is the lower or distributing reservoir of the Croton aqueduct, standing on high ground, and looking something like a fortress—no great ornament, perhaps, but an object of much interest.

“Fifth Avenue, on the west of Broadway, stretching north from Washington Square—an enclosure of about ten acres, well planted with elms and maples—is the Belgravia of New York—in the estimation of those who inhabit it; a paradise of marble, upholstery and cabinet-work, at least; not much dignified, as yet, by works of high art, though the region boasts a few specimens, ancient and modern; but in luxury and extravagance emulating the repudiated aristocracy of the old world. This is, and is to be, a street of palaces and churches throughout its whole extent, always provided that the changeful current of Fashion do not set in some other direction too soon, carrying with it all the *millionaires* that are yet to arise within the century. In that event, the costly mansions of Fifth Avenue will inevitably become hotels and boarding-houses,—a reverse which so many grandly intended houses of elder New York have already experienced.

“The distinction of East and West is as marked in New York as in London, though for different reasons. In London, the prevalence of westerly winds drives the surge waves of coal-smoke eastward, blackening everything; In New York the western part of the town is cleaner, because newer and built on a better plan. Broadway is the dividing line; and it is a violent strain on one's standing in fashionable life to live eastward of it, below Union Square, even in the most expensive style. But the eastward world has



its own great thoroughfare, wider than Broadway, though not as long, running nearly parallel with the main artery of the grander world. The Bowery—so called when it was the high road leading through the public farms or *Bouweries*—is a sort of exaggerated Bishopsgate-street and Shoreditch united; more trades and callings, more articles offered for sale in the open air, more noise, more people, and at least as much natural, undisguised, vulgar life. A railway for horse-carriages passes through it, and hundreds of omnibuses and stage-coaches, not to speak of carts and country wagons without number. A “rowdy” theatre or two, a hay-market, great clothing-shops, and livery-stables, a riding-school, an anatomical museum—such are its ornaments. Not a church countenances its entire length, nor any other public building aiming at elegance or dignity. The goods displayed in the windows are of secondary quality, at best; and the people who throng the pavements are people who want second-rate articles. Yet the Bowery is worth walking through by the stranger, little as it is known or valued by the native citizen whose lot has been cast in choicer neighborhood. The common pulse of humanity beats audibly and visibly there, wrapt in no cloak of convention or pseudo-refinement. The fundamental business of life is carried on there as being confessedly the main business; not, as in Broadway, as if it were a thing to be huddled into a corner to make way for the carved work and gilding, the drapery and color of the great panorama. There is another reason why the Bowery has a claim on our attention. Strange as it may seem, it is from the people who haunt the Bowery that the United States take their character abroad. Foreigners insist upon considering the “Bowery b’hoys,”—a class at once an enigma and a terror to the greater portion of their fellow-citizens,—as distinctive specimens of Americanism, much to the horror of their more fastidious countrymen. This we think a great mistake, though truly there are worse people in the world than the “Bowery b’hoys,” who are noted for a sort of *bonhomie*, in the midst of all their coarseness.

As to parks and public promenades, New York is lamentably deficient—the whole space thus appropriated being hardly more than eighty acres, for the refreshment of a population which will soon cease to be counted by hundreds of thousands. “Eight million dollars worth of land,” say the city fathers, “is as much as we can afford!” The

penurious estimate which has resulted in this miserable deficiency has been long and ably combatted by patriotic and clear-headed citizens, but their influence has as yet proved wholly unavailing. Public meetings have been now and then held, with a view of exciting a general interest in this important matter, but they invariably end in fruitless resolutions. The island still affords good sites for public gardens, but there is scarce a gleam of hope that any of them will be reserved. The few breathing spaces that now exist are thronged, and by the very people who most need them—children and laboring people. The vicinity of the fountains is full of loiterers, quietly watching the play of the bright water, and growing, we may hope, milder and better by the gentle influence. At certain hours of the day, whole troops of merry children, with their attendants, make the walks alive and resounding. The hoop, the ball, the velocipede, the skipping-rope, rejoice the grass and the sunshine, and the eyes of the thoughtful spectator, who sees health in every bounding motion, and hears joy in every tiny shout. It is strange that the citizens do not, one and all, cry aloud for the easy and happy open-air extension of their too often crowded homes. London is the world’s example in this thing.

A park suited to riding and driving is especially needed because of the wretched pavement which still disgraces the greater portion of New York. The first thing that strikes an American returning from Europe is the inferiority of the pavements of the Atlantic cities; and New York, in particular, is, in this respect, hardly a whit before the far-famed curduroy roads of the wild West. In 1846 a great improvement was begun, called, after the inventor, the Russ pavement, and thus far seeming to meet all the difficulties of the case, including the severe frosts and sudden changes of the climate. The plan is, however, so expensive that it will be probably be long before it is fully adopted. It requires square blocks of stone, about ten inches in depth, laid diagonally with the wheel-track, and resting on a substructure of concrete, which again rests upon a foundation of granite chips, the whole forming a consolidated mass, eighteen inches thick, so arranged as to be lifted in sections to afford access to the gas and water pipes. This has been largely tried in Broadway, and has stood the test for six years.

Foreigners are apt to complain, not only, as they justly may, of the bad pavements of New York, but, somewhat unreasonably, of

the obstructions in the streets, caused by incessant building, laying pipes, &c. They say, "Will the city never be finished?" Not very soon, we think. It is difficult to do in fifty years the work of five hundred, without a good deal of bustle and inconvenience. Rapid growth in population and wealth necessitates continual improvement in accommodation. We may, indeed, be allowed to fret a little, when the street is for weeks or months encumbered by the building materials of a merchant, who sees fit to pull down a very good house in order to erect one that shall cost a quarter of a million, merely because his neighbor has contrived to outshine him in that particular. But when sewers and gas, and Croton water are in question, we must not grumble. These great public blessings are spreading into every quarter, carrying health and decency with them. The great sewers are arched canals of hard brick, from three to nine feet in diameter, and laid in mortar in the most durable manner. Above them are the gas-pipes, an immense network; and nearly on a level with these last are the huge veins and arteries, by means of which the Croton supplies life and health to the inhabitants, once half-poisoned by water which shared every salt that enters into the subsoil of a great city. Analysis shows the Croton water to be of great purity,—holding in solution the salts of lime and magnesia, in proportions hardly appreciable, only about two and eight-tenths of a grain to the gallon. The river springs from granitic hills, and flows through a clear upland region, free from marsh, and covered with grazing farms.

When the Aqueduct was undertaken, New York numbered but two hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, so that the supply provided was a magnificent gift to the future. The work was completed within five years, years of great commercial difficulty; and what is more remarkable, the whole cost came *within* the estimate of the chief engineer. The abundance of water may be guessed from the fact that two of the city fountains throw away more water than would suffice for the consumption of a large city. The solidity of the structure is such that none but slight repair can be needed for centuries to come.\*

This great work was opened, with appropriate ceremonies, and a splendid civic festival, on the 14th of October, 1842. The

British Consul, in accepting the invitation of the Common Council to assist at this festival, justly remarked, "Tyrants have left monuments which call for admiration, but no similar work of a free people, for magnitude and utility, equals this great enterprise." Public feeling was very warm on this occasion. Of the procession of the trades, &c., which was three hours passing a given point, an enthusiastic citizen declared in print, that he "watched and scrutinized it closely, and could discover neither a drunkard nor a fool from first to last." It might be a difficult matter to decide on the moral and intellectual condition of the individuals composing such a procession, but we may concede that drunkards and fools are not the persons most likely to join in rejoicing for the introduction of pure water without stint or measure.

The Great Aqueduct is forty-one miles in length, commencing with a dam across the Croton river, six miles above its mouth. This raises the water one hundred and sixty-six feet above tide level, forming a lake or reservoir of four hundred acres in extent, containing five hundred million gallons, above the level that would allow the Aqueduct to discharge thirty-five million gallons per day. From the Croton Dam to Harlem River, something less than thirty-three miles, the Aqueduct is an uninterrupted conduit of hydraulic masonry, of stone and brick; the greatest interior width, seven feet five inches; the greatest height, eight feet five inches; the floor an inverted arch. The commissioners and chief engineers passed through its whole length on foot, as soon as it was completed; and when the water was admitted, traversed it again in a boat built for the purpose. It crosses the Harlem River by a bridge of stone, fourteen hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and fourteen feet above high-water mark. At the Receiving Reservoir forty miles from the Dam, the masonry gives place to iron pipes, through which the water is conveyed two miles further, to the distributing reservoir, from which point it runs, by means of several hundred miles of pipes, to every corner of the city. On the line of the Aqueduct are one hundred and fourteen culverts, and sixteen tunnels, and ventilators occur at the distance of one mile apart throughout the route. The Receiving Reservoir covers thirty-five acres, and contains one hundred and fifty million imperial gallons. The Distributing Reservoir has walls forty-nine feet in height, and contains twenty million gallons. The supply to each citizen is at present almost unlimited, and afforded

\* Among the causes of decay in the Roman aqueducts, was the strong concretion formed on the bottom and sides by matter deposited by the water. No such deposit is made by the water of the Croton.

at a very moderate annual rate. The managers complain to the Common Council of the enormous waste during the summer, when "sixty imperial gallons each twenty-four hours to every inhabitant" are delivered. But even at this enormous rate the quantity is ample, and it can be increased at will by new reservoirs. No decent house is now constructed without a bath, an advantage to the health and comfort of the city, hardly to be overrated. Fountains adorn almost all the public places of any importance, and although in few instances as yet dignified by sculpture, these tastes and glimpses of Nature are in themselves invaluable, offering to the people at large a continual reminder of beauty, tranquillity, and innocent pleasure in the open air. There remains yet to be added those public vats for the use of poor women in washing, that may be found in so many European towns.

The facilities afforded by this abundance of water for the extinguishment of fires, are such as can hardly be overrated. We have no space for details on this point, nor does it need. It will easily appear that with an unlimited supply of water, and plenty of fire-plugs, a few moments suffice to bring into action whatever is needed in case of conflagration—a glorious contrast to the tardy succor of former days, when water was laboriously pumped from the rivers on either side the city, and conveyed by means of hose to the scene of danger. The perfection of the London Fire Brigade is yet to be accomplished for New York; but promptness, or rather zeal of service, distinguishes the corps of firemen, who make their business a passion, and the perfection of their instruments their pride and glory. They receive no remuneration except exemption from military and jury duty.

After these few words on the supply of pure and life-preserving water, we may turn, by no very violent transition, to the facilities extended by New York to her children in the matter of education,—a point on which she is naturally and justly somewhat vain-glorious. The whole number of public, and absolutely free-schools, is one hundred and ninety-nine; embracing fifteen schools for the instruction of colored children. More than one hundred thousand scholars attend in the course of the year; though the average for each day is something less than forty thousand. All is gratuitous at these schools—instruction, books, stationary, washing-apparatus, fuel, &c. Beside these, there are fifteen evening schools, for those who cannot avail themselves of the other public schools,

and whose only leisure time is after the close of the labors of the day. The ages of the scholars in these schools vary from twelve to forty-five years.

This magnificent offer of instruction by the city to her children is confined to no class, country, sect or fortune. Every child, without exception, is received, taught, and furnished with all the requisites for a good school education. Not content with this, a free academy for the classics, modern languages, natural sciences, and drawing, was established in 1848, with fourteen professors, and proper appliances, including a handsome and commodious building. This academy receives male pupils from the common schools after due examination; and retains them for a four years' course, or longer, if desirable. It is contemplated to establish a free high school for females, on a corresponding plan.

It is not to be supposed that the benefit of the public school system is shared only by the necessitous. The children of respectable citizens, of the plainer sort, make up a large part of the attendance. It is computed that only about twenty thousand children of both sexes are found in private schools. There are many free schools of private charity, some of which receive by law a certain share of public money, as the school of the House of Refuge, various orphan asylums, &c., including, in all, about three thousand five hundred children. The Roman Catholics have some free schools of their own, but most Roman Catholic children are educated at the public schools. The prodigious amount of immigration (on the day on which we write, we happen to know that the number of steerage passengers arrived in the city is seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, and, on another, within a week, three thousand)—makes this provision for education doubly important; since a large portion of the hordes thus emptied on these hospitable shores are entirely unable to pay anything for the instruction of their children.

This fact gives added lustre to the no less munificent provision by the city for the gratuitous care of the sick and indigent—a care almost monopolized by foreigners, because comparatively few Americans are in a condition to need it. All accidental cases are provided for at the New York Hospital; the attendant physicians and surgeons of which, selected from the most eminent of the profession, give their services without pecuniary remuneration. A branch of this institution is the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane.



The New York Dispensary provides some thirty thousand patients annually with advice, medicines, and vaccination gratis. The Almhouse Department maintains five establishments, which, together, support about seven thousand persons, and afford weekly aid to some three thousand others. The Nursery Branch of this department maintains and instructs more than a thousand children of paupers and convicts. The Institution for the care of deaf mutes, has about two hundred and fifty pupils, of whom one hundred and sixty are supported at the expense of the State. The Asylum for the Blind, originally established by a few members of the Society of Friends, has about one hundred and fifty pupils. Besides these, private charity has opened refuges for almost every form of human misery and destitution, so that it may safely be said that no one of any age, sex, nation, or character *need* suffer, in New York, for lack of Christian kindness in its ordinary manifestations. Among these beneficent offers of relief and aid, we may mention one in particular, whose worth is not as fully appreciated by the public as that of some others, though none is more needed. The Prison Association takes care of the interests of accused persons, whose poverty and ignorance make them the easy prey of the designing and heartless; attends to them while in prison, and after their release, holds out the helping hand, and provides relief, occupation, and countenance for all those who are willing to reform. A house with matrons is provided for discharged female convicts, who are instructed and initiated into various modes of employment until they have had time to prove themselves fit to be recommended to places. The success of this most benign and difficult charity has been very encouraging.

It would be vain to attempt, in this desultory sketch, any account of the means of morals and religion in New York. In these respects she differs but little from English commercial towns. The number of places of worship is something under three hundred, and each form of religious benevolence has its appropriate society, as elsewhere. Sabbath Schools are very popular, and attended by the children of the first citizens. An immense number of persons are associated as Sons and Daughters of Temperance, who present a strong front against that vice which turns the wise man into a fool. But as there is nothing distinctive in these and similar associations, we pass them by. A puritan tone of manners prevails; that is to say,

with the mass of the well-to-do citizens, puritan manners are the beau-ideal of propriety and safety. Yet New York is fast assuming a cosmopolitan tone, which will make it difficult, before very long to speak of any particular style of manners as prevailing. Representatives of every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and people, meeting on a footing of perfect equality of political advantages, must in time produce a social state, differing in some important particulars from any that the world has yet seen. The population of New York will, at the past rate of increase, be in ten years greater than that of Paris, and in thirty equal to that of London. How can one speculate on a social state formed under such circumstances? The present aspect of what claims to be New York society is certainly rather anomalous.

An exceptional American—John Quincy Adams—in some patriotic speech, mentioned, among other occasions of thankfulness to Heaven, that excellent gift, “a heritable habitation;” but there is nothing which the prosperous citizen of New York so much despises. If he read Ruskin, he thinks the man benighted when he utters such sentiments as these:—“There must be a strange dissolution of natural affection; a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught; a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our fathers’ honor, or that our lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only \* \* \* \*. Our God is a household god, as well as a heavenly one. He has an altar in every man’s dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly, and pour out its ashes!”

If ever there were any substantial tenements of stone and brick on which might well be written the motto “Passing away!” is it those of the great commercial metropolis of the western world. Their material substance is enduring enough to last many generations; their soul is a thing of the moment. After it has inhabited its proud apartments, and looked out of its beautiful windows for a few years, it departs, to return no more for ever, and its deserted home becomes at once the receptacle of a soul of lower grade, and its destiny is to pass down, and down, and down, in the scale, as time wears on, and “improvement” sanctifies new regions. One might suppose the pleasure and pride of building would be quite killed by the idea that as soon as one’s head is laid in the dust, all the



achievements of taste, all the devices of ingenious affection, all the personality, in short, of one's dwelling would be turned out to the gaze and comment of the curious world now so carefully shut out; exposed, depreciated, contemned, and sold to the highest bidder, under circumstances of inevitable degradation. But the ruling spirit of the New World progress seems to reconcile even the reflective to these things. They shrug their shoulders, and say it cannot be helped! Truly, these seem the days "when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, and the religion of home have ceased to be felt." In these particulars, however, the severity of the New World is in a state of transition. Under circumstances so novel, it is not to be wondered at that no leisure has yet been found for the complete harmonization of the social theory in all its parts.

Whether the universal and incessant subdivision of estates will ever be found to allow the addition of the charm of poetic associations to the possession of wealth, is a question not yet determined. When all passes under the hammer, what becomes of heirlooms, and whatever else in which family life and interest are bound up? And why should splendor prepare for perpetuity, when that which supports it is to be shared among half a dozen or a dozen descendants? Will a rich man be likely to collect works of art under the consciousness that, when "cutting up" time comes, not one of his children will probably be rich enough to retain possession of these treasures that bring no tangible income? Truly, republicans ought to be philosophers, caring only for things of highest moment, and capable of saying to all others—"Get ye behind me!"

But the denizens of New York Belgravia are not philosophers, at least not philosophers of this stamp. Content with the good things of to-day, they leave the morrow to take care of itself; and many of them live in a style which, even to those who have seen European splendor, seems no less than superb. Their dwellings are unsurpassed in convenience of arrangement and luxury of appliance; their entertainments are of regal magnificence, so far as regal magnificence is purchasable; and for dress and equipage they pour out money like water. In cultivation and accomplishments, they are of course very

unequal; for, in a country where the great field of competition has a thousand gates, all opened wide to all comers, moneyed magnates come from every class in society, and bring with them, to the new sphere, just what of a strictly personal kind they possessed in the old. He that was refined is refined still, and he that was sordid is sordid still. If the gentleman enjoys the power of indulging his tastes, and choosing his pursuits, so does the vulgarian; and, unhappily, no Belgravia, English or American, has yet been found capable of inspiring its inmates with dignified tastes or elevated aims. There is no permanent nucleus of elegant society in New York; no reservoir of indisputable social grace, from which succeeding sets and advancing circles can draw rules and imbibe tastes. There is not, even at any one time, an acknowledged first circle, to whose standard others are willing to refer. This being so, the most incongruous manners often encounter in the social arena; and it is only in very limited association that any appreciable degree of congeniality is expected. Wealth always fraternizes with wealth to a certain extent. The maxim announced here on a certain public occasion, that "the possession of wealth is always to be received as evidence of the possession of merit of some kind," is conscientiously acted upon; but beyond this, social affinity is very limited as yet. Conversation has no recognized place among accomplishments, and of course only a doubtful one among pleasures. Coteries are unknown, and the continual shifting of circles precludes the pleasure of long-ripened intellectual intercourse. Many there are who regret this state of things in a society in which there is in reality so great a share of general good feeling; but they are found not among the rich, who possess some of the means of remedying the evil, but among those who, removed from the temptations which riches, suddenly acquired, array against intellectual pleasures, lack, on the other hand, the means of uniting with those pleasures the *agrément* which are at the command of easy fortune. In Paris, intellect and cultivation can draw together those who value them, even though the place of meeting be a shabby house in the suburbs; in New York it is not yet so, nor could it be expected. No social *posé* has yet been attained; and each is too much absorbed in making good his general claims to consideration, to have leisure for the calmer enjoyments that might be snatched during the contest. Ostentation is, as yet, too prominent in the entertainments of the rich; and

the not rich, with republican pride, will rather renounce the pleasures and advantages of society than receive company in an inexpensive way. Even public amusements are not fashionable. Large numbers, it is true, attend them, but not of the fashionable classes. The Opera, alone, has a sort of popularity with these, but it is as an elegant lounge, and a chance of distinction from the vulgar. A low-priced opera, like those of the Continent, with music as the main object, and magnificent costume put out of the question by twilight houses, is yet to be tried in New York. In the opinion of some, this is one day to be the touchstone of American musical taste. A passion for popular music the Americans certainly have. The Negro Melodists, numerous as they are, draw throngs every night; and their music, whether gay or sad, has all the charm that could be desired for the popular heart. But people of any pretensions enjoy this kind of music, as it were, by stealth, not considering that the pleasure it gives is, in fact, a test of its excellence. Many of the negro airs are worthy of symphonies and accompaniments by Beethoven or Schubert, but until they have been endorsed by science, the New Yorker would rather not be caught enjoying them.

If we should venture to suggest what it is that New York society most lacks, we should say Courage—courage to enjoy and make the most of individual tastes and feelings. The spirit of imitation robs social life of all that is picturesque and poetical. Living for the eyes of our neighbors is stupefying and belittling; it gives an air of hollowness and tinsel to our homes, stealing even from the heartiness of affection, and sapping the disinterestedness of friendship. It tends to the general impoverishment of home-life, the privacy of which is the soil of originality and the nursery of accomplishments. It is hardly consistent with the pursuit of literature or art for its own sake, since a desire to do what others do, and avoid what others condemn, excludes private and independent choice, except where the natural bias is irresistibly strong. There is, in truth, very little relish for home accomplishments in New York. Music is too much a thing of exhibition, and drawing is scarcely practised at all. Two or three of the modern languages are taught at every fashionable school; but the use of these is seldom kept up in after life, even by reading. No people are so poorly furnished with foreign tongues as the Americans, and New York forms no exception to the general remark.

We shall not venture to touch that most sensitive of all topics, native art, on which no opinion can be expressed with safety. Suffice it to say, that New York has a National Academy of Design; the nucleus of a free gallery; an Art Union largely patronized; an Artists' Association, with a Gallery of its own; and various exhibitions of European pictures. Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss has been for some time exhibiting in a collection of paintings of the Düsseldorf school. Statuary is as yet comparatively rare; for, although American art has sprung at once to high excellence in this direction, the sculptors generally reside abroad, for the sake of superior advantages for execution. The present year sees the debüt of a young sculptor of New York, named Palmer, who has just finished a work of great promise, for this spring's exhibition of the National Academy, an exhibition most cheering to the friends of American art, from its marked superiority in many respects to any that have gone before it. A Home-Book of Beauty is in progress, for which a young English artist, son of the celebrated Martin, is making the portraits. This promises to be very popular, since the reputation of American female beauty is world-wide.

These slight notices of New York, as she is, are intended rather to give foreign visitors a hint what *not* to expect, than to serve as anything deserving the name of a description of one of the commercial centres of the world. It is quite possible to come to New York with such letters of introduction as shall open to the stranger society as intelligent and well-bred as any in Europe; but as this is composed of people who never run after notabilities as such, it is often unknown and unsuspected by the visitor from abroad, who, consequently, returns home with such broad views as we have been attempting, quite satisfied that there is nothing more worth seeking. It is noticeable that the most favorable accounts of American manners have been given by the best-bred and highest born foreign travelers; while disparagement and abuse have been the retaliation of those who have, to their surprise, found the Americans quite capable of distinguishing between snobs and gentlemen. The intelligent traveler must know how to take New York for what she is, and he will not undervalue her for not being what she is not. She is a magnificent city—a city of unexampled growth and energy; of the noblest public works, of unbounded charity, of a most intelligent providence in the instruction of

her children ; of fearless liberality in the reception and treatment of foreigners, and of a growing interest in all the arts which adorn and harmonize society. Those who visit her prepared to find these traits, will not be disappointed ; those who will accept nothing in an American city of yesterday but the tranquil and delicate tone of an assured civilization, should not come westward. Yet in real, essential civilization, that city cannot be far behindhand, in which the duties of a street police are almost nominal, and where every ill that can afflict humanity is cared for gratuitously, and in the most humane spirit. Justly proud of these proofs of her preparation for the outward gloss of manners which is all in all to the superficial observer, New York can well afford to invite the scrutiny of the intelligent citizen of the world.

As we began our little sketch with some Knickerbocker reminiscences, so we feel bound, before we close, to say a word or two of the traces that still remain of the honored origin of much of the wealth and respectability of New York. Whatever we may allow for our English superstructure, we cannot forget that the Dutch foundation was most excellent. "The Batavians," says Tacitus, "are distinguished among the neighboring nations for their valor ;" and in the seventeenth century the countrymen of Van Tromp and De Ruyter had not degenerated from their Batavian ancestors ; and in the gentler qualities of peace, industry, perseverance, energy, honesty, and enterprise, the States-General were surpassed by no European community. For their notions of law we may consult Grotius ; for their taste for art, the exquisite works which constitute a school of their own. The Dutch masters of New York were people of high tone and character ; and to this day there lingers a flavor of nobility and dignity about the very names of Van Rensselaer, Van Cortlandt Van Zandt, Brinckenhoff, Stuyvesant, Rutgers, Schermerhorn, &c., represented by families who still retain much of their ancient wealth and a great deal of their ancient aristocratic feeling. Many jokes have been founded upon the unwillingness of these lords of the soil to be disturbed ; one of the best of which is Washington Irving's story of Wolfert Webber, who thought he must inevitably die in their almshouse because the Corporation ruined his cabbage-garden by running a street through it. But they make excellent citizens ; and their aversion to change has been but a much-needed balance to the

wild and go-ahead restlessness of the full-blooded Yankee, who sees nothing but the future. The Dutch have customs, and of course, manners ; while the tendency of modern New York life is adverse to both. The citizen of to-day cannot help looking upon the Dutch spirit as "slow," but he has an instinctive respect for it, notwithstanding.

One single Dutch custom still maintains its ground triumphantly, in spite of the hurry of business, the selfishness of the commercial spirit, and the efforts of a few paltry fashionists, who would fain put down everything in which a suspicion of heartiness can be detected. It is the custom of making New Year visits on the first day of January, when every lady is at home, and every gentleman goes the rounds of his entire acquaintance ; flying in and flying out, it is true, but still with an expression of good will and friendly feeling that is invaluable in a community where daily life is so much under the control of that cabalistic word—business. Ladies are in high party-trim, and refreshments of various kinds are offered ; but the main point and recognized meaning of the whole is the interchange of friendly greetings.

No one, not to the manner born, can estimate the glow of feeling that characterizes these flying visits. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." The mere looking into each other's faces is good for human creatures ; and when the sincere even though transient light of kindly feeling beams from the eyes that thus encounter, something is done against egotism, haughty disregard, and blank oblivion. Many a coolness dies on New Year's Day, under a battery of smiles ; many a hard thought is shamed away by the good wishes of the season. Old friends, who are inevitably separated most of the time, thus meet at least once a year, for the enthusiasm of the hour is potent enough to make the valetudinarian forsake his easy chair, and the cripple his crutches. Visiting hours are extended so as to include all the hours from ten in the morning until ten at night, and, in order to make the most of these, the gentlemen take carriages and scour the streets at the true American pace, so as to lose as little time as possible on the way. If a storm occur, it is considered quite a public misfortune, since it lessens, though it never altogether prevents, the fulfillment of the annual ceremony. It is true that both ladies and gentlemen are death-weary when bed-time comes, but that for once a year is no great evil. It is true that some young men will take more whiskey

punch, or champagne, than is becoming; but for one who does this there are many who decline "all that can intoxicate," except smiles and kind words. In some houses the blinds are closed, the gas lighted, and a band of music in attendance; and each batch of visitors inveigled into polkas or redowas, for which the lady of the house has taken care to provide partners. But this is considered a degeneracy, and voted *mauvais ton* by those who understand the thing. To "throw

a perfume o'er the violet," bespeaks the French *coiffeur* or the *parvenu*; the simplicity of the ancient Dutch custom of New Year visits is its dignity and glory. Long may it live unspoiled by vulgar fashion! Well were it for the island city if she had kept a loving hold on many another quaint festivity of her ancestors on the other side of the water. Her prosperity would be none the worse of a respectful reference to the good things of the past.

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[From the People's Journal.]

## CHARLES KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF ALTON LOCKE.

BY PARSON FRANK.

The great human heart  
Is a world-cov'ring vine;  
And ever in new seasons  
The new clusters shine;  
But they feed us with the raisins  
Of another century's sun,  
While around hang in sweetness  
The grapes of our own.—T. T. LYNCH.

MAGAZINES, like men, are subject to vicissitude in this fleeting existence of ours. Some have their exits and their entrances, coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb; others pass through a long career of ups and downs, and in their time play many parts. The Rev. Charles Kingsley, to whom we purpose devoting a page or two, is somewhat prominently connected with a magazine (*Fraser's*), the character and tone of which have, within a few years, undergone a marked alteration. For the better? Yes!—promptly reply the potent, grave, and *reverend* signiors, who form the "progress" party within the Church of England. No!—as promptly vociferate subscribers of the olden time, who loved *Fraser* for its jolly good-fellowship, and infinitely preferred the plentiful cakes and ale of its ancient régime, when Sir Toby Belches and Andrew Aguecheeks by the dozen, held mad revelry in its columns, to the Malvolio virtuousness of the new dispensation.

*Blackwood*, too, is graver than of yore; but the dimness of once over-bright "Ebony" is nothing to the gloom that, as old *Fraserians* contend, has settled on young *Fraser* since it changed its domicile from gay Regent street to the dusk offices of Mr. Parker's clerical and educational institute. Does the reader remember the clever sketches of the *Fraserians* in 1835—the group of distinguished contributors clustered about their publisher's round table? What a change in the staff since those portraits were taken! Seated together in after-dinner companionship, we there behold—among others of kindred renown—Theodore Hook, his eye beaming with wine and a punning impromptu—Crofton Croker, merrily hob-a-nobbing with Jerdan—Lockhart, looking thoughtful, determined, and sarcastic—the Ettrick Shepherd in his plaid, tossing off a beaker with hearty good-will—John Galt, "bland and be-spectacled"—Sir Egerton Brydges, like



Esau, a hairy and disappointed man—Macnish, the “Modern Pythagorean” and anatomist of drunkenness—“Delta” Moir, looking, as he is, an amiable man and tender poet—Dr. Maginn, effervescent with wit and eloquence—“Father Prout,” attracted (“O rare Jesuit!”) to the festive board by his love of cleverness, joviality, and literature—and two other parsons, Gleig, episcopalian and novel-writing, and Irving, presbyterian and novel-denouncing—and Allan Cunningham enjoying a “crack” with Count d’Orsay—and Harrison Ainsworth cheek by jowl with venerable Coleridge—and Barry Cornwall, and Carlyle, and Sir David Brewster, and many *beaux esprits* besides. But now, *tempora mutantur*. The new editor, in the name of the old magazine, cries *peccavi*!—acknowledges truth in the charge of having dealt more than was quite becoming in personalities—pleads that the life of a magazine, like that of a nation and an individual man, has its phases, that time brings experience, and that *Fraser* will never be so boisterous again—and protests that the *Fraserians* have quite ceased to attend imaginary *symposia*, and to drink gallons of imaginary punch,\* and have learned to temper their wit, that it may for the future tell on men’s principles of action, without unnecessarily wounding their self-love or ruffling their tempers. Accordingly, this journal has now become the organ of that party without a name, which sympathizes with the cause of progress in church and state, and embraces among its members the accidentally differing but essentially agreeing disciples of Dr. Arnold, and Archdeacon Hare, and Professor Maurice. Under this dynasty, the contributions of Mr. Kingsley occupy a foremost place.

Of those contributions the best-known is that strange and taking story, with a strange and taking title, *Yeast*—a memoir of the sayings and doings of Launcelot Smith, gentleman—which appeared in the magazine some three years since, and has recently been represented to the world with new cuffs and collars (as clergymen say when patching up an old sermon) under the name of *Yeast: A Problem*. In this, as in all his works, Mr. Kingsley is intent on a crusade against social evils. He is an enthusiastic alumnus of Mr. Carlyle, whom he is for ever quoting and for ever (*longo intervallo*) imitating. Like his master, he is clever at finding fault, quick to discern abuses, warm in intolerance of quackery. Like his master, he is vague when

discussing remedies, and most foggy when off what should be Cape Clear. *Yeast* answers the purpose of producing a ferment. It is a *problem* quite capable of puzzling brains of any known consistency. But whether the author has quieted and composed his own fermenting elements into wholesome food—whether he has found the solution to his own problem—this is another question. The merit of his writings lies in their negative, not their positive character; in what is destructive rather than constructive; in exposing the weak points and vicious abuses and hollow pretences of existing systems, political, social, and religious, rather than supplying a new faith and practice. So far as he goes, Mr. Kingsley is a combatant of considerable tact and personal prowess. Not so profound as either Hare or Maurice, he is infinitely more agile, vivacious, and popular than either of those oracular gentlemen. Where they are calm and metaphysical, he is vehement and practical. The wordy paradoxes and tortuous vagaries of Professor Maurice—that able, good, but most unsatisfactory man—find little room in the pages of “Parson Lot” (as Mr. Kingsley occasionally calls himself) who is, we allow, clearness and definiteness itself when compared with his *collaborateur* in the cause of “Christian Socialism.” In fact, a competent reviewer has defined the “great merit” of *Yeast* to consist in its *clear, definite* statement of the chief questions that are fermenting in the hearts of men at the present time—its “great fault” in the passion and exaggeration of statement and inferences thence deduced. Every one can see that the author is in earnest. He is too admiring a devotee of Carlyle to be other than grimly in earnest—sometimes one-sidedly, impatiently so. Perhaps this is a necessary condition to the temperament of a Reformer. Enthusiasm may now and then cover a multitude of sins. And Mr. Kingsley’s enthusiasm is always for right ends, whatever we may think of the means he adopts for their attainment. The evils of English town and country life he perceives with penetrating glance, and mourns over with no sort of do-nothing sorrow. He sympathizes in an extraordinary degree with the spirit of the age—its aspirations, hopes, fears, struggles, sufferings. He comes forward as an exponent of its “poor dumb mouth,” and speaks the word it is bursting to speak, and the people waiting to hear. We might almost call him

A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest  
To scare church-harpies from the master’s feast;

\* See Editor’s Address in the No. for January, 1849.

Our dusted velvets have much need of him,

for he is no mere "Sabbath-drawler of old saws"—

But spurred at heart with fieriest energy  
To embattail and to wall about his cause  
With iron-worded proof,\*

and most heartily despises the "humming of drowsy pulpit drones," and the faded rhetoric of "worm-cankered homilies." He might have written the description of Dr. Dimsoul Darkman, with sad appropriateness termed D. D.

So learned, he can quite dispense  
With visions and intelligence;  
He hath a creed, he hath a tongue,  
He had a heart when he was young;  
But—very melancholy fact!  
'Tis like a bell that time hath cracked,  
Which by this certain mark is known,  
His speech is clatter without tone.†

Stagnant orthodoxy of this order Mr. Kingsley cannot away with; it provokes him to rampant heterodoxy, till he breathes, if not threatening and slaughter against Dr. Dimsoul Darkman, at least what the doctor would call false doctrine, heresy, and schism.

Oh, the mouth-man and the heart-man, different they be  
As death and life, light and dark ice, and charity.

Crabbed dogmatists—Simeonite or Puseyite—are *Nehushtan* to the author of *Yeast*. As Theophilus Trinal says, there have been times and places in which, with sorrowful emphasis, it might be asked, what can be more opposite than Christ and a Christian, if such as these be Christians?—and the same Theophilus, we remember, in the delirium of his last illness, cried to his mother, "Don't let those bad people come near me—those Christians"—and, on her very gently and soothingly replying, "Why, you are a Christian yourself, Theophilus!"—how significant his feverish exclamation—"What I? Take them away. They look like black goats butting at me. Let somebody stand near me that loves me." Both in *Alton Locke* and in *Yeast*, Mr. Kingsley is admirable at portraying morbid phases of religious character. Nothing can be better than Mrs. Lavington (the mother of Launcelot Smith's betrothed) a severe "evangelical" matron, who bullies her hearty fox-hunting husband after no very promising fashion—trying "to convert the old man by coldness, severity, and

long curtain-lectures, utterly unintelligible to their victim, because couched in the peculiar conventional phraseology of Newton and Simeon's school. She forgot, poor, earnest soul! that the same form of religion which had captivated a disappointed girl of twenty, might not be the most attractive for a jovial old man of sixty." Another happy portrait is Vieuxbois, who considers nothing more heterodox than the notion that the poor were to educate themselves. "In his scheme, of course, the clergy and the gentry were to educate the poor, who were to take down thankfully as much as it was thought proper to give them; and all beyond was 'self-will' and 'private judgment,' the fathers of Dissent and Chartism, Trades'-union strikes and French revolutions *et si quæ alia*." And when this gentleman asks the agitator for educational measures, Pray what *limit* would you put to education?—mark Mr. Kingsley's reply: (Launcelot Smith *loquitur*)—"The capacities of each man. If man, living in civilized society has one right which he can demand, it is this; that the state which exists by his labors shall enable him to develop, or at least not hinder his developing his whole faculties to their very uttermost, however lofty that may be." The high-church young lady, impulsive, earnest, and devoted, is vividly represented in the person of Argemone, some of whose conversations with the hero are first-rate in matter and manner both, and are marked by the very form and pressure of the times. Launcelot, again, is powerfully depicted—one whom we cannot but watch with interest at every step of his varied and chastened career, until we leave him at the last, assumed to be "perfected through suffering." He is more truthfully and consistently drawn than his successor in the same course of probation, Alton Locke. In one turning point of his biography is concentrated the essence of Mr. Kingsley's philosophy—namely, when he (Launcelot) repents of his *laissez-faire* habits, his ignorance of society, of practical life, and the outward *present*; when he blames himself angrily for having wasted his time on *ancient* histories and *foreign* travels, to the neglect of that *wonderful living present* which weltered daily round him, every face embodying a living soul—"for now he began to feel that those faces *did* hide living souls." Mr. Kingsley recognizes the divinity that stirs within us—within this nineteenth century of ours—within our daily life and household histories; he describes something worth thinking about and writing about, even

\* Tennyson.

† Memorials of Theophilus Trinal.

in the smoke-dried faces of factories and factory people, even in an age of mechanics' institutes, anti-corn law leagues, emigration funds, working-men's associations, ragged-schools, and such like. His heart and hope are with this rough, prosy, present time—nor with *him* does distance of centuries lend enchantment to the view. He rather sings,

My own age! my own age! they say that thou  
art crude,  
Ungrateful to the former time, and wishing all  
renewed.  
I do not spurn that former time, but own it proud  
and free;  
Yet not for its heroic prime would I surrender  
thee! \*

He places his ear against the great heart of the present time—and what others declare to be the dull creaking of machinery, iron-cold and dead, *he* knows to be palpitations of the mystery of Life, warm pulsations of a vital essence, dynamical and not mechanical, spiritual and not material, quickening their beat at every grand thought and noble inspiration. In sooty Manchester he sees something more than legions of operatives—he sees fellow-creatures created by the same Creator and hastening to the same awful eternity with himself, into whose daily life, and habit of thought, and cherished pursuits, he enters with unaffected sympathy—so that much of his doctrine may be expressed in Mrs. Gaskell's words:—"The vices of the poor sometimes astound us *here*; but when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, their virtues will astound us in far greater degree. Of this I am sure,"†—and of this too *he* is sure who has placed Sandy Mackay and others "of that ilk" in his Gallery of Literary Portraits.

The old Scotchman mentioned in the last paragraph, Sandy Mackay, is, we need hardly say, the presiding spirit in *Alton Locke*. Mr. Gilfillan calls him "just Thomas Carlyle *humanized*." Certainly the quantity of Carlylese spouted by him and his author is wonderful—though the angles of the original genius are ground down or worn away, the fine gold is become dim in course of transmutation, the old wine is put into new bottles, which hardly improve its flavor or enrich its color. Mr. Kingsley is too much of a borrower and an imitator to attain a permanent place in our literature, judging at least by his latest production. We prefer Carlyle in *propria persona* to this second-

hand Carlyle, vending second-hand books in a dingy shop, and discoursing second-hand Doric to Chartist visitors. Wherein consists the originality and independence often imputed to Mr. Kingsley, on the credit of *Alton Locke*, is to us unknown; it as palpable an echo as can very well be conceived, and we are not aware that the author is likely to demur to this judgment; we rather apprehend, such is his veneration of the Latter-day pamphleteer, that he feels honored by any opinion that identifies him with, or approximates him to, the cause and person of that rugged genius. Perhaps, if he could or would shake off something of this allegiance, and allow his own inventive powers fair play, and follow the bidding of his own lively fancy, he might produce works that would miss indeed the temporary popularity of his present novels, but gain instead a solid, enduring, ever-growing reputation. As it is, he writes for a temporary purpose, as a polemic in the condition-of-England question, with the intensity and fire of an *ex-parte* churchman militant; as such, verily, he has his reward—and is probably content therewith—content to be forgotten with the social evils he yearns to destroy. It has been observed that "the materials with which he is constructing he feels to be too rough for the application of the (artist's) rule and plummet." His book is a thing thrust between the living and the dead; and the moral plague which it interprets and would help to stay, consciously mocks at the restraints of rule and the ministries of grace. In *Alton Locke* there is a negation of self on the part of the writer, an absence of all desire to stand forth as a "talented writer." Steadiness of aim and singleness of purpose are not throughout beguiled for a moment. The purpose is to arouse the attention of a wider class than that which refers to blue books and official reports, and to force them to look on the social evils that are lying at their doors. The social problems perplexing the world, as well as the social miseries that have given rise to them, are boldly grappled with by a writer who does not go into the task of moral anatomy with a box of aromatic vinegar at his nose."\* A question may be, and indeed has been, raised and "vexed,"† as to whether it is a legitimate use of *fiction*, to write stories with the purpose of illustrating an opinion or establishing a doctrine; whether polemics, be they religious, politic-

\* *Politics for the People.* † Mary Barton.

\* *Athenæum*, 1850, p. 944.

† See *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1851.

al, or metaphysical, do not lie wholly beyond its province—inasmuch as the novelist makes his facts as well as his reasonings, coins the premises from which his conclusions are drawn, and may thus coin exactly what he wants, and reject whatever would impede the circulation of his own adopted currency. However these objections may hold good in general against controversial fiction—the unfairness of which is constantly observable in the “religious novels” of all sects, of the various schools headed by J. M. Neale, Paget, Sewell, C. B. Taylor, Charlotte Elizabeth, &c.—still, we think, where evils are so rife and patent as those which Mr. Kingsley attacks, an author by the mere exposure of them, in a form adapted to arrest public attention, does the state some service; and if the manner he adopts, and the vehicle he chooses for the conveyance of his facts, be objectionable to art, and ill-according with the principles of taste, the damage is *his*—and in all probability he will have already counted the cost, and be prepared to sacrifice æsthetical reputation on the altar of the common weal. He may coin his facts to his liking; he may sometimes bind over other and contumacious facts to keep the peace, when they threaten the peace of his theory; he may be sadly partial, exclusive, deaf of one ear, and blind of one eye; but if the tendency of his agitation is to arouse sympathy with myriad sufferers previously unnoticed and uncared for—as in the instance of Hood’s “Song of the Shirt”—and to reveal hidden diseases, deeds of darkness, and the “science of starving,”—why, one can hardly deny a genial and peculiar merit to his appeals.

Concerning the social and political doctrines advanced in *Alton Locke* this is not the place to speak. It may be, that the political economy, against which the diatribes of Maurice and Kingsley and their coadjutors are directed, is after all “benevolence under the guidance of science”—and that these impulsive philanthropists do exhibit in their controversial writings an intolerant, contemptuous spirit, “a restless unwillingness to submit to criticism, examination, or control, and a prompt recurrence to persecution and abuse,” which calls for strong reprobation; it *may* be that they really little know, and can ill appreciate, “the strenuous effort, the stern and systematic self-control by which the votary of economic science, the benevolent *man of principle*, keeps his head cool and clear in the midst of the miseries he is called upon to contemplate; and the resolute nerve

which is needed to throw cold water on the mischievous schemes of sanguine and compassionate contrivers . . . who always insist upon scrambling out of the bog on the wrong side, simply because it is the nearest.” The discussion of these grave and pressing questions we leave to the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Leader*, to Parson Lot of the *Christian Socialist*, and the honorable editor of the *Economist*. Before leaving *Alton Locke*, however, let us pay our tribute of admiration to many a graphic scene and subtly-defined character in its exciting pages—willingly forgetting the mawkish affectation of a certain interview in Dulwich Gallery, and other not unfrequent blemishes, in favor of the very fine and life-like description of Alton’s childhood, his “ladder to learning,” erected under the auspices of Sandy Mackay, his visit of horror, under the same old Trojan’s tutelage, to that memorable upper-room of female sin and shame, and starvation; and other stirring episodes in the progress of the tale. The superiority, nevertheless, of the early to the closing stages, we account very decided—and we fear that chapter the last embodies but a lame and impotent conclusion, and depicts a state of mind in the hero unwarranted by ordinary psychological laws. Here Mr. Kingsley does seem, as far as observation of man and mind in this age of *Yeast* allows us to judge, to have coined his facts as well as his reasonings in a somewhat arbitrary manner, manufacturing plastic ones that will dovetail smoothly with his religious purpose, and tossing aside those other ordinary and every-day facts which are proverbially stubborn things.

His performances in verse, dramatic and lyric, evince no insignificant fund of poetical capability. *The Saint’s Tragedy* entitles him, by common consent, to a place with some of our most distinguished rising poets. If it is, like his prose, occasionally wearisome from monotony and mannerism, and also wanting in that melody and finish which no minstrel can afford to despise, it is also “tender and true,” lively and picturesque, enthusiastic and dignified. It utters the same language, and introduces almost the same themes as those which characterize *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*. Thus Elizabeth, the heroine, contrasts her princely state with neighboring penury in the following strain:—

We sit in a cloud, and sing, like pictured angels,  
And say the world runs smooth—while right  
below,  
Welters the black fermenting heap of life



On which our state is built ; I saw this day  
What we might be, and still be Christian women :  
And mothers, too—I saw one laid in childhood  
These three cold weeks upon the black damp  
straw,

No nurses, cordials, or that nice parade  
With which we try to baulk the curse of Eve—  
And yet she laughed and showed her buxom boy,  
And said, Another week, so please the saints,  
She'd be at work a-field.

Or take her description of a dark, noisome,  
crowded alley, where

The gaunt-haunched swine  
*Growled at their christian playmates o'er the scraps ;*  
Shrill mothers cursed ; wan children wailed ;  
sharp coughs  
Glared dumb reproach, *and old perplexity,*  
*Too stale for words ;* o'er still and webless looms  
The listless craftsmen through their elf-locks  
scowled.

For a concise vigor in word-painting of this  
kind, Mr. Kingsley frequently displays special  
aptitude ; and being less hampered by  
obligations to Carlyle\* than when writing

\* Mr. Kingsley, we may here remark, is severe  
against imitating poetasters of the day—unless we  
are wrong in attributing to his pen the subjoined pas-  
sage from a recent review in *Fraser's Magazine*.—  
“ It is a sad style this, which too many young men  
have got into now-a-days, in prose and verse ; one  
part Carlylese, one part Tennysonian, one part Bul-  
werian, one part third-hand Fichtean, and seven parts  
Anna Matilda Slipslop, stolen apparently from her  
well-known ballad in the *Rejected Addresses* ; every-  
body's peculiarities and nobody's beauties ; great,  
big, huge stock-words, every one of them a hoary  
sinner about town these ten years, substituted for  
thought in every line, except where the young poets  
forget themselves for a moment, and their dyed  
wigs get awry, and their native baldness peeps out.  
This is happy and cutting, but we are afraid that  
much of it applies to the prose of Parson Lot ; as  
also, we penitently admit, to that of Parson Frank.

prose, he is in poetry more true to himself  
and to nature. He may claim “ peerage”  
with such of the “ upper house” as Moultrie,  
and R. C. Trench, and Clough, and Burbage,  
and Sterling, and Patmore—and one day  
may possibly command a more exalted seat—  
for he is Charles Kingsley *junior* yet—and  
of him one may say, in the language of an-  
ticipation, Not as though he had already at-  
tained, either were already perfect.

Various are the paths of literature which  
he has assayed to tread. The novel—the  
drama—the sermon—the tract—the review  
—all have been handled, and with more or  
less of ease and success, by this reverend  
gentleman. His *Village Sermons* we have  
never seen ; but they are eulogized by well  
qualified judges—and he is one of the few  
living clerics whom we should name, *à priori*,  
as likely to write effective pulpit addresses  
to our rural population—the best we know  
being those by the late Augustus Hare. In  
*Fraser's Magazine* we trace many a clever  
criticism to Mr. Kingsley—replete with vi-  
vacity, earnestness, and mannerism ; like no  
other man's criticism—neither very profound,  
nor very scholarly, nor very acute, nor very  
witty—but written off in a familiar, dashing,  
self-sufficing style, with a spice of humor,  
and a good deal of practical English sense.  
And in conclusion we can but allude to his  
appearances as “ Parson Lot” in *Politics for  
the People* (1848), and *The Christian So-  
cialist*—in which character he discourses  
graphically enough, and in unequivocal Car-  
lylese, about “ Cheap Clothes and Nasty,”  
the rights and wrongs of chartism and com-  
munism, the politics of the Old and New  
Testament, and multifarious topics of the  
same grave order.

## GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

When the great host by Godfrey led  
Bore down the heathen's pow'r,  
And saved the holy shrine, 'tis said  
In that triumphant hour

To him exulting victors bring  
A royal diadem ;  
And fain would hail their chief as king  
Of freed Jerusalem.

But he, to worldly honors cold,  
The proffer'd title scorns :

“ How shall I wear a crown of gold,  
Where Christ wore one of thorns !”

Seek not earth's diadems ; her sons  
Must thorny chaplets wear,  
Would they be marked as chosen ones,  
Immortal joys to share.

Then have no thought for earthly fame,  
That every breath beats down ;  
Take but in heav'n the royal name,  
And wear the golden crown.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

## THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

In looking through this large sample of the works wrought by man in the process of winning the world from the wilderness—this emblem of growth, since the time that aboriginal Britons painted their skins with “the juice of woad,” the imagination is at first bewildered, and most persons find it needful to let many days elapse, wandering as through a newly-discovered country, absorbing matter in thought. Nature, Art, and Utility, all seem to struggle for notice, and claim the first attention. We commence with the utility, as the basis of man’s existence; and with that especial portion of utility without which this huge compendium of human civilization had not been possible. We allude to the means of transit on the large scale—railways and their appliances.

For, without railways, the uses of iron and glass in buildings had not been in such a state of progress; their manufacturers, without the large demand, could not have constructed the means of supply. Without railways, the mass of objects would scarcely have been transported to the scene of exhibition; and without railways, the mass of the world’s denizens could not have been collected together to commence the era of human brotherhood, to show practically that “God hath made all men of one blood,”—to show the remarkable fact, that whilst almost all Europe is ruled, and kings and princes protected by soldiery, here in England the love of order practically suffices.

A long double line of rails, and engines and vehicles thereon, exhibit some of the old and many of the new arrangements.

The “permanent way” is of many kinds. There is the common cross-sleeper road, with double-T rails and cast-iron chairs and wood keys and compressed trenails, on Ransome and May’s plan; and there is the Great Western plan of the comparatively shallow, bridge rail, laid on a half balk of deal, seven inches deep, by fourteen inches wide, and solidly bolted to it with plates at the joints. This mode of laying “permanent way” has enabled the huge machinery of the

Great Western to travel with comparative safety. It is really an elastic railway, and the elasticity is continuous; but the waste of power must be very considerable, and the expense of maintenance is great. That the joints are not satisfactory, may be gathered from a late experiment of welding or riveting a rail together, a quarter of a mile in length, to get rid of the jolt in traveling. It is said that expansion and contraction produce no effect on this, but that the iron compresses,—a statement we incline to doubt. It is obvious that the uneven and loose joints of rails are a source of great destruction, expense of maintenance, expense in traction, and also a great source of risk; and the common plan of fastening on the Great Western has been far superior to the common plan of the narrow gauge. But the ordinary double-T rail of the narrow gauge is very far superior to the bridge rail of the Great Western by its process of manufacture, and also by its better form for resisting vertical deflection. Adam’s fish-joint, now used on many lines, and of which samples taken up from actual use are exhibited, was the first mode of remedying this evil. A pair of “fishing” plates, similar to the plan used by seamen for joining a broken yard or mast, or applied, one on each side the rail, neatly fitting the side channel. Four bolts pass through the whole from side to side. The holes in the rails being of larger diameter, the expansion and contraction are free, and the fishes fitting the rails only against the upper and lower lip, and having a hollow space where the bolts pass through, they are always on elastic tension, and never work loose. This plan has been found, in practice, to convert the rails into a continuous bar. In the use of these fishes, the joints of the rails are not made to bear on supports, but are suspended between them, being amply strong, and all vibration is thus avoided. A small model shows a mode of combining this fished rail of the narrow gauge with the longitudinal baulk-sleeper of the broad gauge. The timber is cut in two vertically, and the rail being grooved into it,

the two timbers are bolted together by bolts from side to side beneath the rails, which are bedded to the upper lip. This fish-joint has hitherto withstood the test of heavy traffic better than any other plan tried, and reduces the expense of "maintenance of way" to a mere fraction of what it was before the plan was tried.

Subsequently to the introduction of this fish-joint, which was patented in 1847, Mr. Barlow, of the South Eastern, patented a system of cast-iron sleepers, on the alleged ground of advantage, that cast-iron was not subject to decay, like timber. These sleepers are longitudinal, but not continuous. They are cast in two halves, with three grooved heads to clip the lower lip of the rail, and being bolted together, hold it like a vice. These cast sleepers being three feet in length, it is obvious that the two rail ends abutted together and thus bolted, would make a good joint, provided the iron fitted, and were sufficiently strong. A sample of this is shown.

Apparently doubtful of this, Mr. Barlow, of Derby, patented a similar plan of cast-iron sleepers, but in one piece, with three chair-heads, and wooden keys, to keep the rails fast. A sample of this is also shown.

A third competitor then came into the field. Mr. Samuel, of the Eastern Counties, planned and patented a kind of cast-iron trough, into which the rail was wedged between two pieces of timber, grooved as first described. These cast-iron troughs thus formed a combination of Barlow's cast-iron sleepers and Adams's timber bedding. But they are not continuous, and the fish-joint is used with them, instead of Barlow's cast-iron sleepers, making a combination of all three. This sample also may be seen as a specimen of two years' actual use. It is mechanically the best arrangement, where cast-iron is used, providing a timber cushion for the rail, which cannot be crushed away, any more than the water can be crushed in a hydraulic press. But it would be a far better plan to make the troughs the whole length of the rail, to prevent deflection at the intermediate spaces. Close beside these appears another sample of cast-iron sleepers, patented by Mr. Hoby. They are iron troughs, similar to those of Mr. Samuel, with the difference that the rails are retained in them, not by a wood bedding, but by folding wooden wedges.

The object sought by the Messrs. Barlow and Mr. Hoby is twofold: First, to obtain a good connection of the two rail-ends by an elongated metal fastening, which is a practical variation of the plan of fishing patented

by Mr. Adams. Secondly, to obtain durable sleepers. But whether the rigid cast-iron structure will be mechanically so advantageous as the combination of iron and timber, is problematic. So important is it now considered to obtain good joints, that Mr. Norris, of the North Western, has patented a plan to carry a moving furnace along the rails for casting a mass of iron round the joints, just as a plumber makes a lead-joint to a pipe.

Close by is a sample of the cast-iron sleepers patented by Mr. Greaves, commonly called the dish-cover sleeper, from being of a hollow conical shape. They are simply a chair, cast on a truncated cone, and were merely intended, not to remedy a defective joint, but to attain chemical durability. They were produced at an earlier period than Mr. Barlow's, and, to save cost in iron, were made too thin. A peculiarity about them is a hole in the top, through which to ram down earth with a mallet and rammer, to raise them when driven down with the working of the trains.

None of these cast-iron plans are original. Some years previous, a Mr. Reynolds patented cast-iron sleepers with wood linings, called, from their angular shape, the hog-trough metals. They were tried on the Great Western, and abandoned, but whether from inherent defects, or from injudicious detail, we are not aware.

The last novelty in rails exhibited, was patented by Mr. Barlow of Derby, and is called the saddle-back rail. It is a variation of the form of rail used by the Great Western, and resembles the pommel and two side-flaps of a riding-saddle, hollow beneath. The peculiarity of this rail is, that it is wholly independent of sleepers, and is supposed to be of sufficient surface, strength, and weight, to maintain its position on the ground by the mere addition of tie-rods, connecting the two opposite rails together. The points of the rails are riveted to a single fishing-plate, connecting each pair of rails together. This kind of rail is still in course of probation on the Midland line, and on the Great Western. It is described as being much more noisy than the rails laid in cast-iron; and we incline to think that vibration may produce some unexpected effects from it, from which the combination of wood and iron is free, of precisely the same kind that led to the abandonment of stone sleepers.

Let us consider the principles that are essential to the durability of "permanent way:" first, that the rail surface be not crushed by too great a weight on the peripheries of the wheels. If the rail be quite *rigid*, four tons

per wheel is the limit which ordinary iron will bear. Now it is very difficult to make a rail rigid, unless the bar be sufficiently deep and strong in itself, to bear the maximum weight without deflection. If it be so strong, and be sufficiently upheld below, it is manifest that the weights of the heavy engines used must laminate and destroy it.

Secondly. The bearing surface of the chair or other material on which the rail lies, must be sufficient to prevent the crushing either of the one or the other.

Thirdly. The bearing surface of the rails and sleepers on the ballast must be sufficient to prevent sinking and displacement by reason of the rolling loads.

Fourthly. If there be deflection, as there is on the Great Western plan, and in the cast-iron plans in short lengths, there will be a waste of steam-power.

The saddle-back rails are about five inches in depth, and about eleven inches wide. It is said they do not deflect. If so, they will be found to wear. If they do deflect, they will bend and widen, as the surface bearing appears insufficient.

Beyond the principles before laid down, there is yet another. A ship requires ballast to hold her steady in the water, and the railway requires ballast to hold the rails steady. To this end the rails should get hold of the ballast; should be anchored to it. This can only be by weight, or by some sort of holding down. Teeth are held in the jaws by snags—trees in the ground by roots clogged in the earth—buildings stand on heavy foundations. Saw-cut sleepers are far inferior to rough log sleepers or old ship timber, both in weight and adhesion. And we think, that both in the saddle-back rail and the cast-iron sleeper plans, the desire to save weight and keep down cost will be fatal to durability, unless some plan be resorted to of securing these light superstructures to an efficient quantity of ballast. A mere light surface must be constantly in process of displacement by rapidly passing trains.

We have dwelt specifically on this subject, because cheap, rapid, and certain transit, mainly depends on the excellence of roadway, and cheap and rapid transit is the main element in civilization. We now approach the machinery.

Foremost in the rank on the broad gauge, and in close proximity behind it on the narrow gauge, stand samples of the largest and smallest class of locomotive engines. The former is named the "Lord of the Isles," and it is said to weigh fifty-three tons with coke

and water. In old classic phraseology, we might call it the tyrant of the rails. It is a specimen of very beautiful workmanship, from the Great Western factory at Swindon. The parts are all well proportioned; so well, that if viewed from a distance the machine does not look large. The engine is on eight wheels, the tender on six, altogether fourteen. The cylinder inside, the axle cranked, as are all broad gauge engines, save one, and the driving-wheels are eight feet in diameter. It is said that it will take one thousand passengers at great speed. But the question of economy and convenience is, whether a fourth part of the number at four different intervals would not better subserve the wants and wishes of the public.

We have sometimes watched these engines when starting from the shed. They are supported on the four leading and two trailing wheels, and with a pressure of from thirteen to fourteen tons on the two driving wheels. The driving wheels commonly turn round and round without moving the machine forwards, which is a clear proof that the rails are deflecting beneath them, while the weight of the machine is upborne at the extremities. In this dilemma sharp gravel is thrown before the wheels and an interlocking surface is obtained, when with a violent impulse that shakes the ground, the machine starts forward like a tiger at the sudden aspect of raw meat. The impetus thus obtained, the machine moves on; but if the rails were inflexible, it is obvious that a smaller amount of power would suffice. But if inflexible they would tread out more rapidly. It might not be of importance to wear out rails—it might answer to replace them every week if the traffic were plentiful in proportion; but it can only be with a waste of steam that the present system can be worked. We have heard that one of these large engines is called by the drivers the "Emperor of Russia," consuming much oil and tallow.

Close behind this "tyrant of the rails," stands a small engine of first-rate workmanship, called the "Ariel's Girdle," arranged upon the light system of Mr. Adams, who has long and perseveringly worked to reduce surplus weight on railways, and proportion the weight to the load, seeking to obtain the greatest power with the smallest bulk and weight, and the minimum of friction. As usual in all cases of running counter to an established practice, he was strongly opposed; but, as usual in all true things, the truth prevailed, and many now seek not merely to travel in the same path, but to



claim the precedence. The "Ariel's Girdle" is on four wheels, the driving-wheels being five feet in diameter, the leading-wheels three feet. The cylinders are outside, and nine inches in diameter. There is a tank below the engines, carrying water for twenty-five miles, and the coke is all arranged under cover round the fire-box. All the working parts are under the direct control of the driver, close at hand, and the foot plate may be kept clean, and all as neat as a kitchen range. The engine is coupled to a four-wheeled tender carriage in a peculiar manner, so that the two together form one eight-wheeled machine, capable of flexure laterally but not vertically, and with an arrangement for the driver to tighten or loosen as the engine runs, to obtain rigidity on straight lines or flexibility on curves. The tender carriage has a tank of water in the floor, sufficient for twenty-five miles, so that altogether the machine may travel fifty to sixty miles without stopping. The body of the tender-carriage is adapted to carry forty first, second, and third-class passengers, and the guard, who may serve as stoker also, if for cheap branch lines. The seats of the second-class compartment fold down, so that it will serve for the mails or for luggage. It will travel as an express, at fifty to sixty miles per hour. The engine has a common break, the tender-carriage has a sledge break, pressing on the rails and saving the wheels, all under the control of the driver. The whole would form a convenient private carriage for a family. Uncoupled from the tender-carriage, the engine is a simple tank engine, and will draw one hundred tons gross of wagons, at fifteen miles per hour; and it is adapted to couple to a second engine, forming one machine, with one driver, for increased loads. Or, coupled to the tender and other carriages, it will serve to take 200 to 250 passengers at thirty-five to forty miles per hour. Or, with the eight-wheel carriage, forty-four feet in length, near it, which is adapted to run with the most perfect freedom from oscillation, and with the minimum of friction, by reason that the wheels are all free to follow their own courses, it might travel from London to Liverpool in from four to five hours, without any damage to the road, and with a small consumption of coke. The boiler and fire-box being small, will admit of considerable pressure, and by the lightness of the engine, under nine tons without water, together with its free running, it will consume very little of its own power. The patentee considers that a line worked

wholly with these engines and carriages, would require scarcely any repair, while the speed might be equal to any other line; and the principle of frequent light trains, instead of unfrequent heavy ones, might be thus put in practice, with a steadiness of movement enabling the passengers to read and write. Thus a narrow gauge carriage gives a floor area of nearly forty-seven feet per wheel, while the maximum broad gauge gives little more than thirty-nine. The carriage we are speaking of will take eighty passengers, exclusive of a guard's compartment, and it is provided with a rail-break; so obvious a mode of saving wheels and rails from damage, that we marvel it should have been so long delayed from use. To Mr. Waddington and Mr. Macgregor, the respective Chairmen of the Eastern Counties and the South Eastern, the public are indebted for the introduction of this improvement.

Close to the "Ariel's Girdle" stands a "South-Eastern engine," on "Crampton's patent," with the driving-wheels eight feet in diameter, placed behind the fire-box. The engine has six other wheels, and an independent crank shaft to communicate the motion of the pistons of inside cylinders to the driving wheels, which have a straight axle. The tender is on six wheels, and the machine is as powerful as those on the broad gauge. It is from the factory of the railway chieftain, Robert Stephenson, and, therefore, to commend the workmanship would be superfluous. This is one of the engines which have grown up under the contest of the gauges for superiority. In some points we differ with Mr. Crampton in opinion as to this engine, unless for a straight line. As to the advantage of getting the centre of gravity low, for which purpose he first adopted the driving-wheels behind the piston, there cannot be two opinions; but we think that the size of the engine and its great length involve some disadvantages. But the weight being within the wheels, and not overhanging, is a manifest advantage, when obtained without making the engine too long. The driving-wheels will not slip as they do when placed centrally, and when the weight is balanced by the wheels fore and aft. We have no doubt that these engines will tell as good a tale of speed on the South-Eastern as those on the Great Western; and we are glad to see the position Mr. Crampton is gradually rising to in public estimation. He has manfully fought an up-hill fight, in which he has forced powerful opponents to acknowledge his skill and merit. An Englishman, in the

best meaning of the word, with good perception, untiring industry, unshrinking courage, and incessant desire for advancing attainment, we may easily apprehend how he acquires and retains the respect of all manly-minded men.

In the rear of Mr. Crampton's engine, stands the "Little England," a small six-wheel tank engine; the driving-wheels 4 feet 6 inches in diameter, with inside cylinders and a crank axle. We do not like crank axles, for they are never sure against breakage, and it is a common remark that they do not last above three years. The "Little England" is one of the results following the lead of Mr. Adams's light system; and as the owner professes to have attained great results, of which we have no means of judging, we leave our readers to satisfy themselves. The "Express" engine was the first built by Mr. Adams, for Mr. Samuel's Eastern Counties' work, and was followed up by many others—as the "Fairfield," the "Enfield," the "Cambridge," the "Whirlwind," the "Running Fire," the "Enniskillen," the "Resurgam," the "Speranza," the "Ariel's Girdle," and others, the working drawings of which were chiefly made by Mr. Edward Reynolds, a pupil of Adams & Co., and one of the most rising of our practical locomotists. The cylinders of these engines vary from 3 inches up to 9 inches. It is since the commencement of these engines that "tank engines" have grown to be a fashion, i. e., the tender has in many cases been dispensed with, and the water and fuel have been added to the load of a six-wheel engine, frequently adding to its destructive powers. The tender was originally a contrivance to remove weight from the engine, but tank engines of large size are very unprofitable servants.

The next in order is a six-wheel tank engine, by Hawthorn. There is a peculiarity of construction in this. The wheels are connected by iron bearers supporting the springs, apparently for the purpose of getting only four bearing points on six wheels, for the boiler and machinery to rest on. This diminishes the base of the spring bearing, and we think it has a tendency to rock the engine when running.

A six-wheel tank engine by Wilson, of Leeds, offers another peculiarity of construction. It has two fire-boxes and two boilers, side by side, like a double-barreled gun, and a single chimney. We do not see any advantages in it. There is more weight with less steam and water space.

A large engine and tender, with driving-wheels 8 feet in diameter, stands next, chiefly remarkable for size. It belongs to the London and North-Western, but we have no information as to its qualities.

A six-wheel tank engine by Kitson, Thompson & Hewitson, follows next, a specimen of very excellent workmanship from the Aire-dale foundry of Leeds. The finish is very high.

Close behind it is a six-wheel tank engine of Fairbairn's. In this case the builder has gone to the opposite extreme: apparently satisfied with his workmanship, he has paid no attention whatever to finish.

Last comes the engine named the "Liverpool," built on Mr. Crampton's principle, by Bury, of Liverpool, for the London and North Western Company. We do not know what the weight of the engine and tender is, but it must be considerable. It is a most perfect piece of workmanship. The portions that strike the observer are, the large driving wheels placed behind the fire-box, and combined with a low centre of gravity. The fire-box is enormous, to obtain which object the eccentrics are placed outside the driving-wheels very conspicuously.

In the foreign department there are two Belgian engines—one is called a Bogey engine, being on eight wheels, four drivers being coupled together behind, and four others applied to a swivelling truck. The friction of the peripheries of the wheels of this engine, tending to retard its progress, must be very great. The other has six driving-wheels, all coupled together, and its retarding friction must also be great. The fire-box is uncommonly high, looking top-heavy. In the French department there is an engine of this latter kind, the workmanship of which is as good, as the principle—copied from English engines—appears to us to be bad.

There are numerous models of engines in various places, but we have not remarked anything especially worthy of notice, save as samples of workmanship. Amongst the essentials of railways the most important are bridges, and the Exhibition affords samples of many varieties. The most remarkable are the metallic structures. The only model of a cast-iron bridge that we remember is the "high level" of Mr. Stephenson, at Newcastle. In wrought-iron the principle of the arch has not, that we are aware, ever been adopted, cast iron having so much more compressive power of resistance. Wrought-iron has only been applied in the girder form, the principle of which is tension of the

lower surface and compression of the upper. A model of the Britannia Bridge exhibits this, as well as an American and Prussian structure, the former full size, the latter a model. A bridge, also, by Dr. Spurgin, proposed to cross the Thames at Westminster, is of the same class, though appearing almost like a simple chain, but we believe the first chain ever contrived to be rigid, which it is in one direction, though capable of bending in the opposite direction.

Amongst the collection is a very simple girder, analagous to the chain described, save that the tensile portion is a round iron bar, and the upper or compressive portion is a series of short cast-iron vertebræ threaded upon it. It forms a considerable arch, and resembles a spine of some long vertebrated animal. The whole of its strength resolves itself into the power of a screw-thread on each end of the bar to resist breaking off. If the weight were to slip these threads, or the bar to break, the whole would tumble down. Yet the planner proposes to build a bridge on that scheme, of upwards of a 1000 feet span.

Amongst all these models we miss a sample of Captain Warren's open girder bridge, the lower part of which is a chain, to which is attached by their lower angles a series of triangles, the upper angles of which abut together. In that mode, by simply putting wedges between the upper angles, the girder may be made to assume any amount of curvature that may be desired, so as to form an arch not requiring external abutments. This simple bridge, now generally recognized as one of the best forms of structure, met with much opposition when first introduced. One that was erected at the London Terminus of the South Eastern Railway, to carry an ordinary roadway, was broken by the over-piling of a large mass of bricks. The parish authorities, with Dogberry wisdom, resolved that it was unsafe. The Company refused to waste their money in removing it, engineers were called in on both sides, with the usual result of conflicting opinions. The final result has been, that after a series of experiments, the objectors and their supporters have been vanquished, and the bridge is now acknowledged to be one of the strongest, lightest and cheapest that mechanical art has yet produced. Yet it was by the merest chance that the bridge escaped condemnation. Professional jealousy would have excluded it because the inventor was "not one of us," but professional rivalry stepped in and neutralized the jealousy of

clique, saving for public use an invention useful to the public. One great advantage of this kind of bridge is its facility of erection, as simple as that of any ordinary suspension-bridge without a scaffold. Another is, that though now wholly constructed of wrought-iron, all parts are easily visible and accessible, to guard against oxidation. But we do not consider it adapted for very large spans, for which we would resort to a different mode of construction.

The model of the bridge over the Chepstowe river appears to combine several principles of structure, and differs widely from those before described. It would be difficult to pronounce an opinion from the imperfect workmanship, or to judge of the real structure therefrom. The whole roadway appears to depend on six screw-bolts connected with tension chains, serving to elevate and depress it.

We have now dealt with the general questions of roads and their adjuncts, involving the question of transit for passengers and goods. We now turn to the question of roads involving the production of material wealth the most important amongst which are the roads used for food producing—agricultural roads.

The chief business of farming is bringing manure on to the land, and carrying produce and cattle off it. The muddy tracts at present called occupation roads, very imperfectly subserve this object. In making a new road, if the question lies between Macadam and a railway, *i. e.*, a narrow surface of iron or a broad surface of stone, the iron will be found the cheapest. But unless the rail so laid on occupation roads shall have one terminus in the farmyard and the other in the market, either directly, or in communication with main lines of railway, the maximum of cheap transit for produce will not be attained. When this shall be done, and it will probably be by the agency of rails inserted in the surface of the ordinary highways, the costly and wasteful labor of the farmer in shifting his loads will cease, and the saving will become profit.

But there is more than this, to which we have often called public attention before. There needs a system of rails for transit on the farms. Time will show that permanent ways, as well as movable, will be needed; but permanent way means a new laying out of the farms in rectangles, to which the system of steam-digging may be applied—not steam-ploughing, for ploughing is a process that would never have been invented, had not horses and oxen been invented first. We do



not plough with man-power, neither can we with steam-power to advantage. Meanwhile the question is, of portable roads.

Mr. Crosskill, of clod-crushing celebrity, shows some specimens of farm-roads, of two kinds, which he calls "permanent" and "portable." The permanent we do not think likely to be permanent, the iron being over-light, and, moreover, badly disposed to resist vertical flexure. It is what is called a foot-rail, stronger laterally than vertically, and is held down by common holdfasts on a thin and narrow deal batten, that would require a brick or stone foundation to prevent it from bending and sinking into the ground, otherwise the rail would soon spring away from the plank. The junction between the different rails is also in a mode that must insure rapid destruction of the timber.

The portable rail is simply a small angle-iron, screwed to the edge of a small piece of timber, an arrangement to insure its constant side tipping. To sum up, the chief quality of this first essay at a permanent agricultural rail, is its portability, and the quality of the "portable" rail also is its portability—rather transportable than transporting.

In speaking thus, we have reference to durability. We dare say it is not the fault of Crosskill, but of his customers, that he has not produced better samples. As it is, the numerous and undeniable testimonials to its value, in its present imperfect condition of a mere temporary rail, mark the certainty of progress in farm railways. Mr. Marshall of Yorkshire, saved the cost of 1,000 feet in one winter in the removal of turnips from the field. These results must give rise to a better quality of rail.

In the Exhibition we only observed one other sample of portable railway: a small brass model representing rails formed of T iron without timber, the flat portion being on the ground, and the wheels running on the edge. The connections are badly formed.

We repeat our conviction, that only by the extension of railways into and over farms, can agriculture take an equal position with manufactures; miners, and clay-workers, and manufacturers, and road-makers, all use movable and permanent rails, and nothing can keep up rents to their maximum save facility of transit.

After attaining railways, there are several other questions connected with agriculture. One of the most important is the ploughing or breaking up the ground. There are several machines and plans for this operation, some of them in which steam is the agent,

and others apparently intended for animal-power digging. Digging is the true mode of breaking up the earth, and steam-digging will be the ultimate process. We must therefore consider the question of steam as applied to agriculture.

In the Lothians a fixed steam-engine is the usual centre of a farm, for all operations not required in the field. In many parts of England, the want of capital or facility for getting access to machinery, or the small size of farms, has led to the adoption of what is called the Portable Farm-Engine, which is drawn by horses from one farm to another, to thrash, or cut, or chop, or saw, or do other work. It is, we believe, some seven or eight years since the first was introduced, after the failure of the common road-locomotists; and now, if we be rightly informed, there are about 1,000 of them in use, averaging six-horse power. Six thousand horse power vested in portable steam-engines! Verily, the agricultural mind, so giped at by "Punch" and others, has not been wholly idle. We entertained a notion that the tribe of "Chaw-bacons," "Johnny Wop-straws," "Hodges," and others of rural etymology, had little more to do with these things than passengers in the river had to do with the mechanism of the steam-boats, but we were undeceived at the Exhibition. We espied at a distance, talking to the owner of a portable engine, a pair of top-boots, buckskin breeches, last century frock-coat, broad-brimmed hat with a band and large buckle, altogether a costume that belonged to Fielding's time, and we walked up to listen. But it was merely the covering; and there was a veritable man inside, with a hand, and a brain, and an eye. There was the natural refinement of the gentleman, and the knowledge of the machinist. We were subsequently told that he was "at home on all subjects." We thought—Why may not a farmer become a Mechi, as well as a Mechi a farmer, and many farmers also?

We understand that the owners of these portable engines are, not uncommonly, farm servants, who have saved money, and vest it in an engine, which they get to understand as well as the makers, and make a good living by going round with it and doing their farmer-masters' work. Some of the earlier ones cleared the cost of their engine the first year; but competition has now come in, and the farmers can make choice.

There are about sixteen of these portable engines in the Exhibition. One of them is by Lord Willoughby d'Eresby. It is double-



cylindred, the cylinders are in the smoke-box; the boiler is of the ordinary locomotive kind, and said to be of twenty-six horse power. It has a model of a windlass attached to it, intended to be worked by the machine, for the purpose of ploughing. By a drawing exhibited, the machine is supposed to stand in the middle of a field, and to haul two ploughs backwards and forwards, by chains or ropes attached to fixed parts at the extremity. A glance at the machine will at once indicate that the operation would be profitless, though the name of California on the boiler bespeaks the sanguine expectations of its owner. This engine was not tested amongst the others, in the trial yard, to ascertain its capacity for work and consumption of fuel, and the prize was won by Mr. Hornby, of Grantham, whose cylinder placed in his steam chamber, and other arrangements, indicate his aptitude for his pursuit. The weight of these engines is from two and a half to three tons; but the makers are confined in their plans by the prize regulations, which limit the pressure in the boiler to 45 lbs. per inch. The strength of the machine is equal to double that pressure, and great advantage would be gained from the increase. As a general rule, sufficient attention is not paid to keeping the machines warm. They work in exposed places, and great loss of heat occurs. Next to being kept warm, simplicity of structure is requisite, and facility of repairs. But when the time comes that the rails communicate with the farms, this kind of portable engine will disappear, and a locomotive that will do haulage along the rails as well as work in the farm-yard, will be substituted for it.

The only other process for ploughing by steam, except Lord Willoughby's, is exhibited by Mr. Pinkus, of the United States, who shows both ploughing and digging. His steam-engine is a fixture, but does not act directly on his machine. It is used to exhaust the air from the cast-iron pipes laid beneath the surface, and thus produce a vacuum. A plug rises above the surface at every 150 yards. The engine is composed of two cylinders and a cranked axle, in the usual mode, or of two outside cylinders communicating with a crank pin on the wheel, and thus propelling the wheels, which are made broad on the surface, and are fitted with projections to take hold of the ground. Moreover, the spades or diggers serve as propellers when in action. At the back of the engine is a reel, around which is coiled *an air-tight elastic pipe* of two inches in di-

ameter, which is made to communicate with the plugs in the ground before described, and unrol when the machine advances. When all unrolled, it is carried forward to a second plug. Thus a vacuum being produced at one side of the piston, and air being admitted at the other, the operation is precisely that of a steam-engine. A very light machine, free from the weight of the boiler, is thus obtained; but to set against this, the pressure per square inch obtained by the vacuum is but small, and the cylinders must be proportionately increased to obtain sufficient power. The scheme is ingenious, and we think would work practically, but whether profitable or not, we have not data to determine. There would be very little wear of machinery, and the patentee states that the outlay might be covered at £3 10s. per acre, the cast-iron pipes lying far apart.

In the agricultural department there is a huge machine, apparently to be worked by horses, in which six spades are moved up and down by cranks, and turn the earth into a sort of shovel. One of the bearing-wheels is of cast-iron, toothed, and is intended to give motion to the machine. The workmanship is so inferior, and the cast-iron work so heavy, that it could scarcely be put to use. Nearly opposite is a small model of a digger by Mr. Parsons, that looks very like a working machine.

Our own idea is, that a vertical roller, armed with cutters similar to the paddle-wheel of a steamboat, is the true movement; and a Mr. J. D. Murphy, of the Chamber of Commerce, Cork, appears to entertain the same opinion, by some small models of solid rollers, which he has sent, armed with spades set in every possible form. That this is the right mode, long practice seems to indicate, for the harrow, and hoes and rakes, and clod crushers, down to Crosskill's serrated clod-crushers, have mostly all taken the cylindrical form. If hard clay land were cut into long strips a foot deep, by a heavy roller with circular cutters, it would be very easily raised up by another set of cutters parallel to the axles.

Mr. Usher exhibits a small model of a steam ploughing machine, with circular motion. The front part of the engine frame has a pair of wheels in the ordinary mode for turning corners. Behind, the two wheels are connected together, and form a large roller, the weight of which serves to level the ground. Behind this projects a frame containing a revolving cylinder, armed with ploughs or harrow teeth in a cutting form,

which help to propel the machine. The plough cylinder revolves by steam machinery. Altogether, this is the germ of something useful. Well made, it would carve clay into fragments. But there are many points yet to work out in its construction. Between conception and execution there is much to achieve. It took Mr. Watt fourteen years to master all the details of his engine, but in that time he had few tools to work with. The inventor has now the road comparatively smooth.

At one end of the agricultural gallery is a model and diagram of a plan for cultivating land in circles. A machine of about the length of one of Brother Jonathan's steamboats, fifteen of which go to the mile—a sort of Noah's ark—is tethered by one end to a centre pin, which we may imagine to be larger than the mast of a first-rate, and by some arrangement which we do not see, it is made to revolve round that great pin in a circle, while from the sides are protruded all manner of ploughs, and hoes, and harrows, and rakes, with men near them, looking like an ancient hundred-oared galley. When this circle is all tilled and planted, the machine is supposed to be moved after some hidden method to a second centre, the periphery of whose circle touches the former one, and so on over a huge plain like a circular draught-board, without any hedges or ditches. A quantity of would-be demonstrative writing is attached to this, but without a name, the modesty of the author having haddened his candle under a bushel; but we think we recognize the scheme of the philanthropic Mr. Etzler, for the regeneration of humanity—a scheme, which we thought, had been exported to Venezuela, where the Tropical Emigration Society went to settle on a terrestrial paradise of waste lands said to exist there without owners, and which this, or some similar machine was to cultivate without the necessity for human labor. We have heard of people paying £4 sterling as an investment for a perpetual £200 per annum, all to be produced by self-acting agricultural machinery, merely looked at by Mr. Etzler and his benevolent associates, sitting calmly on the hill slopes under the shade of vines, and fig, and orange-trees. We think we are not mistaken in the scheme.

At the far west corner there is another kind of machine, not for cultivating, but for preparing land for cultivation. It is the drain-plough of Mr. Fowler, of Bristol. The machine is like a long iron crocodile, with four low wheels instead of legs. Be-

neath the belly is a deep vertical cutter, with a notched bar like a Canada mill-saw, for the purpose of raising and lowering it. At the point of the cutter is a borer; to this borer is attached a bit of chain, and to the chain a rope, on which is strung a furlong of drain pipes. A hole is dug in the earth to the depth of the cutter, and then a sufficient number of horses being applied—we know not how many for heavy clay—the machine advances, cuts the trench, opens the bore, and draws after it the ropes, and deposits the pipes. In light land we have no doubt this would do well. But for heavy land there needs a revolving engine made to cut with the sides with an advancing movement, precisely as grooves are cut by machinery in wood. When there is hard work to do, circular movement is the only method, whether for wood-carving, metal-turning, timber-sawing, or earth-cutting; and we are not sure that a series of vertical drills on the large scale, of the size of spades, cutting the whole surface to a sufficient depth, and traveling forwards at the same time, would not be the most efficient mode of ploughing. We incline to think that the time will come when ploughing or drilling, sowing and harrowing, will all be performed at a single operation, like paper-making. It is but gathering together a mass of earth spinning-jennies of stronger construction than those used for cotton or flax. The only impediment is too much moisture, but this may always be avoided by sufficient drainage.

Machinery for gathering in crops or tilling them while growing, appears to have made far greater progress than the preparations for sowing. In the American department there are mowing and reaping machines, and they appear to excel the "Britishers," probably, because the high price of labor has stimulated them to greater exertions. But we have remarked that the generality of the agricultural machinery is exceedingly rough, the very reverse of manufacturing machinery; an indication that farmers are poor, and that landlords are not yet awakened to the necessities of their interests. We apprehend that it will be in the north—in Lancashire and Yorkshire, that the first strides will be made towards obtaining the real possession of the earth for the purposes of agriculture.

The Exhibition shows that our mechanists have not been altogether idle in agriculture, but it also shows that there is still some circumstance at work that prevents capital from flowing into this channel as it does into others.

In the articles of food there appears little that is original. A huge pig is preserved entire by some process, but we imagine it is not new. Years gone by, Pope put a line into a glutton's mouth, enough to stop it were it never so greedy—

“Send me, ye Gods, a whole hog barbacued,”

the etymology of which term is, we believe, French—*barbe et queue*, head and tail. A Dublin genius has thus “gone the whole hog!” Counters of preserved meat, salmon in tins—preserving their shape, dried fruit, potted meats, and samples of all kinds of corn are in abundance, but there is no *new* kind of food. We have no improved vegetables, combining the qualities of the olive, the mushroom, and the wheat grain, removing from us the necessity of feeding on the beasts that perish. In the refreshment rooms we behold the usual array of ices, cakes, confectionery, hams, pork-pies, and sandwiches, all triturating by the human “machines for direct action,” and lubricating by coffee, tea, and ginger-pop, as though the world had met to eat for a wager, world without end, and no amen. We should have liked to see in the Exhibition a sample of the new Vacuum Food Preservers, whereby fresh meat is to be kept for months, to meet the sales of the butcher and grazier, preserved as honey in the cells of the honeycomb, and game and fish, kept from season to season, to suit the luxury of the wealthy. We should also have been glad to see a specimen of the new granary that by the same process will preserve wheat for 3,000 years by a cheaper and simpler plan than an Egyptian mummy-case. It will be a pleasant thing to be able to keep our provisions as we do our wine, every class of food accessible at all times. Brother Jonathan has had an eye to this, and has a registered coffin on this plan, to preserve the dead from putrefaction, but we believe he has been forestalled by a “Britisher” in this and other matters.

In clothing we have the old class of things, with improvements in quality. All nations present their costumes; but the new costumes, the new head-gear, that the world talked of—where are they? Where is the clothing made without hands, without stitches; the clothing that is to extinguish semsters, and say to the seamstresses, “Be no more!” The clothing so cheap, that it may be renewed as the trees their leaves, and the old thrown away, and not sold to Jews, or *made to give an unpleasant odor to newly-*

purchased flowers. Where is all this? Still hang the furlongs of cloth by the walls; still clink the shears that are to cut it up into fragments; still stands the needle-maker plying his fragments of steel wire; still exist the most wretched of God's creatures exulting in false joy for the privilege to make stitches: but we see a French and American stitching machine working in rivalry, and we hear of the numbers that are used in New York; these and an unsightly round web of knitted network on a kind of barrel, give a distant hope of the future. But where is the garment of all nations, that shall grow up into classic elegance without the mark of the slave thereon? There is little enough of grace or beauty in the barbarian costume? The lay-figure of modern Greece is as ugly as gold lace can make it, and is not excelled by Tunis of Eastern India, or any other half-savage country in the want of grace. European costume has grown to an unpleasant commonness, as though the human form were no longer so worthy an object for artist-work as houses and furniture. It may be that the beauty of undressed forms has rendered people careless of costume. But perhaps they are waiting the extinction of stitchery and the new growth that shall then arise. Yet there is enough of the old and beautiful to regenerate the new and ugly, when artists shall again apply themselves to their legitimate task of draping the human form, and rescue their art from the clutches of the stitching tribes.

What, after all, is the meaning of the term *clothing*? Not merely integuments of spun wool or other material. Nor will we consider it after the fashion of Herr Teufelsdröck—the outward sign and token of man's nobility or mobility. Considering it philosophically, it is an artificial covering to moderate the effects of heat or cold on the human frame, in such portions of the earth's surface as are not exactly Eden's garden. For those who may be born to consume the fruits of others' industry, such integuments may be used as may express their helplessness and dependence. They may have flowing draperies like the Turk of the harem, or they may have the pumps and silk stockings and breeches of the last age, indicating that they are to be carried with care, like glass, “this side uppermost” and not to be exposed to “winter” or rough weather; that they are things to be carried like babies in long clothes, dependent on nurses and servants. “My master can't get up till I am back,” we once heard a menial say. Indeed, great part of



our clothing arrangements are contrived to make us as dependent as possible in our persons, and this more especially in countries in countries where there is great alternation of seasons. Nothing will tend to correct this so much as the construction of dwellings that may yield us always an equable temperature.

In a mild climate the infant may be left to roll on the floor, on carpets analogous to soft white lambskin, without clothing, which is always more or less unwholesome. In this England, calling itself advanced, the poor child is teased and swathed in a bundle of things called long clothes. In Spanish countries, they fold up the end of their long clothes to the shoulders, and tie the poor child round like a package, to prevent all chance of the body being ventilated. And what with stays and wrappers, and a multiplicity of parts, the dress of women is rendered so complicated that in many cases they cannot dress themselves, and in most others, their dress is unwholesome and unfavorable to the true development of the form of which nature has given them the germ.

The objects sought in clothing are—first, to guard against cold; secondly, that it may be put on and removed with the least possible trouble; thirdly, that it may possess the most graceful form consistent with the two former conditions; fourthly, that the material be of the best kind to accomplish these conditions, with the greatest facility for cleanliness. We may sum up with the advice of Polonius to his son—

“Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy. Rich, not gaudy.”

Men's fancy waistcoats and cross-barred trousers, the whole of the checkered plaids and women's shawls, and multiplicity of fancy patterns, do not express these conditions. Nothing is beautiful to the eye save form and color. Now what are called handsome shawls for women—with an intricate minute arabesque pattern of flowers—are merely indistinct forms of tracery, not outline; and we do not look at a woman through a microscope. The colors produced are a hue not a color; and it is the merest conventionalism that can endure them. It is the tattooing of clothes, and like some patterns of tattoo which are intricate on the skin, it is not beautiful, but simply curious. If a pattern be used at all on the human body, it should be something distinct to the eye, as the features of the face; or it should

be so small as to go into a color, such as the grey shawls of Scotland. Checkered lines disfigure the human form; vertical stripes do not. Whether from facility of weaving, or whatever cause, Moorish and Arab cloaks, and the South American poncho patterns consist chiefly of vertical stripes, and form graceful draperies.

Of late years a great revolution has been going on against the absurdities of dress, and the loose trowser and the loose paletot are the chief results. The paletot will gradually become a tunic, and the sash or girdle will be adopted; an approximation to which appears in the revival of the belting of the body in the Scottish plaid; and when this shall take place, the most graceful form of upper garment will be obtained, and people may gird up their loins as of old, for warmth or for work, or slacken them for coolness or relaxation, a considerable improvement on the frock coat and double button. For the lower limbs, the large wide trousers of non-elastic material, or the elastic material fitting close to the limbs, are “your only wear.” For the cloak, the South American poncho, very like the Greek pallium, with or without the collar, is the most graceful, convenient, and natural; and it may be made of almost any material, elastic or non-elastic, and either waterproof by the elastic gums or by its textile fabric. There is still wanting a material for the hat other than straw, which is the best for summer; and there is still wanting also a material for the boots that shall not require the filthy blacking, useless in rain, and that shall not retain the exhalations of the skin like the patent leather commodity, unwholesome for all people using their limbs wherewith to walk.

The women, in their desire for comfort, have at last rebelled against the inconvenient shawl, hanging in the most ungraceful form, with a trailing peak behind, constantly slipping unless pinned, and have taken to the paletot of the men. The result is rather droll. A lady in a sailor's rough pea jacket, with outside pockets buttoned over large and long and voluminous silken and other dresses and petticoats, has at first sight something the aspect of a camp follower, or some of the former race of barrow-women, who were wont to add an old soldier's coat or jacket to their other dress. We have often watched this strange anomaly of the paletot and petticoats at a railway station, and regarded it as the first move towards national costume. It cannot be that the dense



mass of petticoats should long continue to sweep up all the pollution of the streets as ladies walk along. There is, to us, something unpleasant in it. And the movement is so impeded, all the motion of the limbs so interferred with, that we must regard it in the same light as the Chinese invention of small feet, a contrivance to prevent ladies from walking, and to make them dependent on carriages, or to hold up their robes as they walk. Of old, we believe, there was a contrivance to tuck the skirt of the dress through the pocket hole to get over this difficulty; but modern delicacy, seeking to preserve the purity of the imagination, is content to sully the purity of the dress by sweeping the streets.

On the whole, it appears by the newspapers that the American women are taking the lead in this reform, adopting the Turkish tunic and trowsers. And to the men who object they say very naively, "Try the long petticoats yourselves, and see how you like them. We have tried them, and do not like them." They are right. Were they mermaids, the petticoat would be mechanically right; but they have two lower limbs, and these limbs require separate integuments, just as much as a glove requires to have separate fingers. We think the objectors should try gloves made stocking fashion. But we are not quite sure that Turkish trowsers, under all circumstances, are the best dress. For many months, the Swiss costume of the close-fitting woolen covering is evidently best adapted. We can imagine the surprise that would be caused to see a lady walk in the park in such a dress; but why should this be? Why should that which is right in Switzerland be wrong in England?

And when our American cousins shall have introduced their fashions, or rather nationalities, as they have done crackers and rocking-chairs, and sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps, and gin-slugs and Wenham-lake ice, and other "notions," will it be they or ourselves who will set the first example of producing our garments ready made from the machines, without requiring the drudgery of the tailor and the stitcher to perfect them? We could wish the man who shall first accomplish this a sound and valid patent for all the world, come from what part of the world he may. When hired stitchers shall cease from out of the land, the desire for ugly elaboration of finger-work will disappear also; women will not bestow labor upon their own garments, unless from some mor-

bid motive, such as that which induces crotchet-work.

In building and architecture there are models and samples of various kinds. The architecture is almost all re-productions of old things, that have lain in abeyance. In fact we may consider the present time as the modern *renaissance* of mediæval much worthlessness and little worth. In building there is much that is useful. We have the sample of the hollow-brick cottage, absolutely fire-proof, and capable of cheap construction. This cottage work is well in its way, but it is in direct opposition to the principle of the model lodging-houses, getting cheapness by size. *Prima facie*, the hollow bricks are a great gain; the materials can be made more solid, the manufacture may be cheaper and more rapid, and they may be thoroughly burned in one-third the time, as the heat can penetrate internally as well as externally. But the particular form of brick, and the mode of putting together, does not produce a good bonded wall. It is not a strong wall; and though we do not care for the consideration that a thief could more easily penetrate by the wall than by the door, still the shell of the wall should be stronger than the middle, which is not the case. And if the outer shell cracks by pressure, the middle portion is so constructed that the bricks will slip away from each other. This kind of brick would not be fitted for structures of any great height. But we object to the principle of dwellings erected at the level of the ground. It is true that the well-made hollow brick prevents the suction of moisture from the earth, and so will well made solid bricks, but neither will prevent the moisture arising from the earth, and which always floats in more or less density up to a certain height above the surface, varying with the locality and quality of the soil. This moisture is not favorable to human health, and it can only be avoided by living above it. In many continental cities, people devote the ground floor to storage of provisions and to offices, when not applied to shops. We think this essential principle—dwelling above the line of atmosphere in which gnats are found, and which is always synonymous with an atmosphere of putridity—should be always borne in mind in the construction of human dwellings. Many persons, understanding this, have the stalls for their horses constructed on the first floor, with an inclined plane to ascend to them.

As the most important objects attained in

the hollow brick are facility of manufacture and burning, we think those advantages may be obtained equally well with a solid brick of any improved construction, adapted for the lower portions of buildings.

The specimens of artificial stone and composition, and the variety of tile work, indicate considerable progress. Hollow glazed bricks also for inside walls to get rid of the need of painting, and present a surface as durable as the building, is a very important step in progress. Amongst the projects, we have one for reviving the Egyptian pyramids on a yet grander scale, not to bury a prince or king, but to bury a whole community. The pyramid is to be 900 feet high, and to contain five millions of coffins, to have a ventilating shaft up through the apex, and a winding road round it, with an obelisk at the top, to serve for astronomical observations. The interior is to be of brick and the exterior of granite. We would recommend the planner to calculate the weight of his brick and granite, and to secure a foundation of granite rock whereon to build it, in preference to a "common near London." There is something amusing in his proposition to save land by building structure upon structure.

The process of building dwellings must necessarily continue very imperfect so long as we are obliged to guard against thieves. Strength to keep people out is more regarded than convenience to serve people when in. Glass, iron, and slate will be our chief materials in the future time, when education shall have lessened the number of thieves, and there will be less need to guard against them. And in this point of view we the less regard the triumph Brother Jonathan has lately achieved in picking one of our most renowned English locks within the walls of the Exhibition, and proclaiming that "as for the 'Detector' it was more like a 'Director.'" We hope next to see our English locksmith pick the new crack lock of Brother Jonathan, for which feat he offers £100 reward. He certainly has surrounded it with difficulties, but "whatever man has done man may do," and undo. There are two new kinds of American locks. One by Newell is a "tumbler" lock, analogous to the plan of Chubb, but improved and varied so as to render it apparently impervious to the picklock. The other, by Jennings, is said to be equally impervious. There are two modes for burglars to open a lock—by violence, with gunpowder, or by picking. The latter is a delicate operation. The skin of the fingers is pumice-stoned down, to get

delicacy of touch, and mechanical balances are used to find resisting points. Strong electric or other light is introduced, and small refracting mirrors, making clear the whole mechanism. But this can only be done by free key-holes. The key-holes of these two locks afford no entrance for tool, powder, or light. With powder the key-hole only becomes a kind of small pistol barrel, which is shot off without affecting the lock. The principle of safety in these American locks is, that the keys have portions transposable at the pleasure of the owner, who thus practically makes his own lock independently of the smith, the number of changes being several millions in combination.

There are several brick-making machines, both English and foreign, and we trust that brick-making by hand may be numbered amongst "the things that were."

In ornamental building material the greatest progress yet made is by Swinburne, who produces glass of any required thickness, length, breadth, or color, transparent or opaque, clear or veined. We have at length artificial marble, or rather a better, stronger, and more indestructible material than marble or amber, or any of the hitherto costly forms of stone, we might almost say either common or precious. Time or smoke or oily matters cannot alter the texture of *this* marble. Of all the material progress in works of beauty, there is nothing comparable to glass as a manufacture, and we are as yet only five years old in developing its extended uses. Jasper, serpentine, emerald, diamond, ruby, topaz, and colors and veins not yet imagined, may henceforth form Aladdin's palaces, when the superstitions of "groove-working" art shall be no more, and the gratification of "sight, thought, and admiration," shall rescue the multitude from the trammels of mere sense.\*

Of furniture there is abundance. We do not see that the vaunted Austrian department excels France or England. Large dining-tables and sideboards, plain in style and with elaborate carved work below, and huge immovable state beds, overlaid with similar work, do not interest us. Mr. Jordan

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\* Since this was written, the glittering gewgaws, in malachite, of the Russian autocrat have appeared. Of a surety, malachite is a beautiful substance; but copper doors and chairs, and tables veneered with malachite in many thin pieces, are neither durable nor in good taste. Malachite and ormolu are but a poor attempt at emeralds and gold. We are sure that Mr. Swinburne will produce solid glass doors and furniture far more beautiful than these.

can do all by his machinery save the original design, and we do not observe any especial artistry of Austrian origin. From the parquetry of the floors upwards, there is nothing that English workmen may not produce *ad libitum*, even as Mr. Pugin and his compeers have produced a Medieval Court—a collection of strange things heaped like a broker's shop, the brass work and candlestickery strongly resembling similar things in the Turkish district, and giving evidence of some common origin in the East. The whole court appears to bear much the same resemblance to art and architecture that heraldry bears to nature. We doubt not that all is reproduced from the past with Chinese fidelity. We observed, on more than one occasion, bishops in couples surveying these things—unclean to Protestant orthodoxy. They need not fear that converts will be made by the outward senses here. Catholic—in the sense of universal—it is not, but cramped and narrow: as a plain-spoken man at our elbow remarked, "It's all Brummagem!" It struck us that, as a whole, the comparative plainness of the Austrian furniture is what appeals to the better sense. In English furniture the escape from the formal ugliness of the last century has been into the region of finery and elaboration, and the facility of machine-carving now makes us fastidious, and calls for a higher standard of art. We need the beautiful, not the curious. We think that even Horace Walpole, if now alive, would eschew the Pugin room.\* It is a relief to escape from it into the Tunis collection, where all is real, primitive, and useful, that has come from the desert; and only the tawdry gilded imitations of the cities—the Arab turned Moor—are displeasing. That black tent, those rude weapons, those coarse carpets, the straw hats, and hassocks for tent squatting, the striped and listed garments, not checkered, those simple haicks, those strange old-world cooking utensils of copper, tinned, that may have been the patterns of Tubal Cain—all carry us back to the free life of the old world, when man looked nature in the face from his birth to his death. It must have occurred to many familiar with Arabia and Southern America, how strong is the resemblance in costume and customs. Thus the shovel-stirrup shown in this Tunis has its

imitation in wood in Chil . The very bridle-bit is the universal bit of Southern America. The striped head-gear is identical with that the Pampa horseman uses to shield his face from the sun's heat. The hat is the identical Chileno plait. The carpet saddlebags are the identical *alforjas* of Chil  and La Plata. The blankets are the very *fresadas* used as horsecloths by the wandering herdsmen on both sides the Andes. The peaked saddles of the same form, made of raw hide, might be purchased in Mendoza or Santiago de Chil . And those dark cloths, thick as a carpet, and ornamented with arabesqued and embroidered stripes, all in one direction, and with no cheque used. Make but a slit in the centre through which to pass the head, and lo! any sea captain who has rounded the Horn and put in for water at Baldivia, would make oath before London's Lord Mayor, that they are the identical rain-repellent ponchos of Araucan chiefs. And thus races go on stamping their history. The Moors and Arabs came to Spain and gave her their arts. Spaniards who had learned them carried them to America, and taught them to the natives living in analogous climates; and thus they spread. Many a traveler who views with astonishment for the first time the muffled women of Lima, does not reflect that the custom has its origin in the custom of the Levant—a custom of slavery originating in a savage tyranny, degrading women into a property, and a custom they keep up to obtain the only freedom of the slave—disguise and dissimulation. We have one remnant still in England; we scarcely consider our servants as the same flesh and blood with ourselves. They are considered a necessary evil; and ingenuity is at work to diminish the difficulty as much as possible. A manufacturer of beds has contrived a remedy for not hearing the mistress's bell. The first pull rings the bell, the second pull rolls the servant out of bed. To make it complete, a third pull ought to carry the bed to the ceiling, out of reach. But alas for the mistress who has no better means at command to get at the services of—after all—her fellow creatures! As well be the prisoner as the jailer.

We talk much of national costumes. It strikes us that the lines of difference are warm and cold climates, barbarism, pseudo-civilization, and real civilization or rationalism. The saddlery and the clothing of the wealthy Moor, or Turk, or Indian, or modern Greek, as exemplified in the Exhibition, are nearly all alike. Can any one tell us why

\* We prefer far the ugly utilitarian chairs shown in the American section, revolving on a centre, and leaning in all directions on an universal spring, to the Pugin ugliness that gives no ease to the sitter.

the Celtic tribes of Scotland wear the tartan or cheques, and the tribes of the East and of Southern America only wear stripes? Is there any analogy between this word and the Mediterranean vessel called a Tartane, which has a three-cornered sail?

Of weapons, the Exhibition gives great variety. India and the East present savage forms, indicating rather malignity of disposition than ingenuity of mind. Every form of instrument to hack human flesh has been devised for hand-to-hand combat, without regard to science or skill. We can imagine that idle people, of large wealth, indulged in crude and morbid fancies to produce these things, which are remarkable for their inefficiency as a means of defence or efficient offence. One shield of transparent hide is a very childish affair; it is provided with four eye-holes, and four pistols as though it were a loop-holed wall. Germany and France show abundance of cutting weapons, and England has her samples; but we have not remarked other than weapons for the woods in the American section. The famed Bowie knife is lacking, save on the stalls of *English* manufacturers. Spain gives us swords of the "Ebro's temper." Several "real Toledoes" are made to bend into a sheath of a hoop form, to show their elasticity, as Andrew of Ferrara was said to have worn one sword-blade round his bonnet, and another round his waist by way of a girdle; but there is no wonder in this now-a-days. Lady's steel busks will do it, and so will sword-blades if ground thin enough. One Spanish sword, said to be copied from the Alhambra, has a touch of the devil about it. A snake-form blade terminates in a barbed point, wherewith to tear out pieces of the adversary's flesh. We prefer the huge wine-jar from Toboso, with its redolence of Sancho Panza.

In projectiles, we behold the march of civilization. War was from the beginning, but it shall not be to the end. In proportion to the certainty of the destruction, so is the disposition to peace. War is at best a coward, who calculates on winning by odds. The tyrants of old were the best armed. They grew gentler as they found that—

"This villanous saltpetre should be digged  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow has destroyed  
So cowardly. And, but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier."

Great guns are not abundant. A Yorkshire iron firm sends the largest. Spain sends a specimen of an easy-wrought brass

howitzer, with two smaller of wrought-iron—*query*, forged in England? And Prussia sends a sample of a cannon, of forged cast-steel. French and German and English small-arms and rifles appear upon a par in workmanship and finish. Perhaps it is prejudice, but we prefer the English—they *look* safer. The English have the greatest variety, from long deck and boat guns, down to pistols. We observed a very efficient boarding equipment, helmet, and body armor, of modern chain-mail, superior to any of the old, that we conceive admirably adapted to set at defiance kris, and arrow, and lance—perchance to glance a bullet—among the savages of the Eastern seas. We observed also a revolving blunderbuss, of new construction, with six bell-mouthed barrels—

"Gaping to be murderous soon."

A most formidable weapon in a *mêlée*, and a fatal obstacle to burglars. With such a weapon, or a pair, we think a resolute man might bid any number of burglars defiance, in the loneliest house in England or Ireland,—barring daylight and rifles.

An innovation has also been made on the old English weapon, the long-bow; India rubber and gutta percha seem destined to make a revolution in the world. Strange, how little the savages have done with them. For the elastic bow of yew, an elastic string of vulcanized India rubber is now substituted, and drives an arrow with equal force and precision. A man may now carry his bow in his fob. What an invaluable addition this would make to the armory of a Bosjesman, if, instead of the inconvenient arrow with its poisoned sting, it could be made to throw a spiked poisoned bullet, in form like the bur of a dock plant. The savages might then keep their armory in any bush, and come forth peaceable men unarmed, at a moment's notice. And yet the savages have never yet known the power residing in a plant outwardly remarkable only for its sticky gum, capable of being made into bottles, of which, for a long period of years the only civilized use was for artists to rub out the marks of black lead; another material we shall yet manufacture for ourselves if it grows too scarce in the natural state. And so one day a man mixing by accident India rubber and sulphur, created a new kind of elasticity. There were two modes of using the elasticity, by compression and by tension. The latter was applied to make elastic textile fabrics, and then for elastic ties for bundles. The former mode was applied for springs to bear weight and



resist blows. But all nature says, "Lead! don't drive," from the experiment of the carrot-persuaded donkey, down to the atmospheric railway, wherein the drawing out the air, and not forcing it in, is the efficacious method. And thus a stretched out compressed pipe of India-rubber will yield a bow-string of any power that may be required. Another inventor has made a compound application of this principle. The rebound of the elastic cord is made to compress air in a tube by sudden action, and the air throws a bullet with considerable force. There is another advantage attending this arrangement. A man can pull with a force of about 60 lbs. weight. If each elastic cord be equal to 60 lbs., and he attaches twenty strings and puts them on tension at twenty efforts, he will have a force of 1,200 pounds to discharge at one effort. This principle is now applied to harpoon guns with advantage, whales being exceedingly sensitive to noise, as when powder is used.

But of all the arrangements for producing the greatest number of deaths in a given time, that of Brother Jonathan is the most effective, in the form of "Colt's Revolvers." The precision and quickness of loading, and the self-acting preparation after every discharge, the new charge presenting itself by the act of cocking, together with the exceeding accuracy of workmanship, and the little liability to derangement, constitute a weapon comparatively useless to the savage, while it gives the civilized wielder a six-man power of destruction. We love not weapons save as instruments of police; and in our last article on this subject, viewing it as a tool of the civilized assassin, we felt little disposed to respect it. As a means of extinguishing war, we think that only half its work is done. We still need a machine that will throw a constant shower of balls. Perkins's steam-gun, one of which is exhibited, accomplished this, but only for a short period. The generator that decomposed the water drop by drop into gas, was rapidly burnt out; consequently, it is only a toy for an exhibition, and not a working machine.

But we think it a practicable thing to make a large rifle, or small cannon on Colt's system, to produce the same effect; nay, a battery of cannons. There are plenty of mechanical movements in the flax and cotton sections to adapt to this. Thus, the cylinder containing the charges might be made to move by a spring or other power, to effect the discharges at any required rate of speed, and the cylinder might be increased in diameter, to multi-

ply the number. An arrangement might also be made to load one side of the cylinder while discharging the other, precisely as the pieces of blank metal are put into a coining press. A number of guns on this plan placed in a circle, would form a battery impregnable to horse or foot, being a "perpetual motion of projectiles," so long as the supply of ammunition lasted, and only capable of being taken, by guns of longer range and heavier metal wherewith to dismount it.\*

Amid the models of vessels of all kinds, we miss the practicable future—an iron ocean-steamer, of ten or more thousand tons burden, that shall still the heave of the waves afloat, as Plymouth Breakwater does on shore, and make the salt water the home of the Celt, without the heaving of his diaphragm in sea-sickness; built of iron scantlings, that shall bear a proportion to its size, rolled and fashioned by the dock sides from the iron ingots, by tools of giants, one sole heat sufficing to give its permanent form in the structure; built in sufficient compartments, that shall defy leakage, though riddled as a collander; strong as Atlas to crush the rocks on which it may strike; swift as the salt sea-shark, with artist fins of metal work; laughing to scorn, like an ocean monarch, the irate cachalot that sometimes sinks the whaler in his fury; mocking at fire, like the iron horse of the rail—coated with rust-proof enamel; furnished with apparatus to change the salt wave into the mountain water; provided with iron cellars, to arrest the decomposition of fresh food for all time; furnished with hermetic gardens, with machine music,—with books, and paintings, and sculpture—with warmth and coolness at will—with armed strength to bid all ocean-rovers defiance—an ocean palace, moving over the face of the waters whithersoever its ruler listeth. It were a worthy source of pride to be the builder of a craft like unto this.

Is it Utopian? What would the Crystal Palace and its contents have been, if prophesied of in the days of the glass excise? Winged words now grow more rapidly into facts than of old.

Into the machinery question we have not space to enter further. The engines of Penn and Maudslay are exquisitely perfect amongst the power-generators; and engines of every

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\* Since writing this, we have heard that a revolution is likely to take place in Colt's revolvers, by the substitution of a better weapon—a rifle with twenty-four charges, that may be fired without altering the position of the arms, the balls being miniature bomb-shells, with a range of 800 yards.

kind, direct and indirect, fixed and oscillating, reciprocating and rotary, down to Mackintosh's India rubber steam engine, are to be found there. Governors of all sorts are shown, and not the least remarkable is one which we can best describe by saying that if the planet Saturn were drunk, and his ring drunk too—and both losing balance together—"rolling rapidly"—it would give a lively idea of it. Fallacies, too, are plentiful, from atmospheric railways on a rolling-mill principle to reefing paddle-wheels, that reef when they should not. There are envelope stamping machines, analogous to coining presses, from which they have been derived, and several revolving pumps for marsh draining and other purposes, the merit of which is that they have no valves to get out of order. We have seen Mr. Appold's throw a stream of walnuts as easily as water, and it will pass sticks through it as easily as an ostrich does a tenpenny nail. A gentleman with a sufficient income might, with this pump, and an original 2,000 gallons of water, maintain a constant cascade of 1,500 gallons per minute, up to a height of 28 feet before his drawing-room windows, only requiring a supply equal to waste by evaporation. Sugar mills there are also, some of large size, but not too large for negro ingenuity to break down when wanting a holiday, and pursuing the requisite means to obtain it. A bundle of very knotty canes selected one by one, and put in altogether, when the overseer's back is turned will try the "strength and stress" of cast-iron, and if it breaks down, by a process like the insertion of a young oak-tree between the rolls, why then "Golly massa him broke—gib poor nigger him holiday!"

Fountains there are of many kinds, large and small, of bronze, stonework, gutta percha, and glass. The large stonework fountain in the western nave would be the most beautiful by far, but for its newness. Were the owners to place plants and moss on its projecting edges, it would make it more natural. The gutta percha fountain is an oddity. It has gutta percha trees and plants, and ferns and palms, and rocks and mosses, and lilies and animals; it is a type of the universality of gutta percha. The glass fountain, which has been so much talked of, we consider a failure. It is formal in design, and has not even brilliancy. We can conceive a much more beautiful object made of large broken angular fragments of glass, showing all the parts. If this fountain were broken in pieces, and the colored and other chandeliers in the

galleries added to it, a much more brilliant result would be obtained. The beauty of the fountains in the north transept is much enhanced by the rich iron gates, and the collection of palms and plants beneath the trees.

The large Colebrook Dale casting, the bronze bower, is also a failure, we think. It has the defect of most iron castings, the all parts are repetitions of one part. It is unnatural. Nature never gives duplicates, and such work as this were better let alone till original patterns can be multiplied, or till a machine shall be constructed that will vary patterns, as a kaleidoscope does; not regularly as a kaleidoscope, but with an irregular looking regularity, after nature's fashion.

In plate, and glass, and china, the most beautiful forms are those which are imitations of flowers. The Parian porcelain is an exquisite material, and our artists are beginning to understand its capabilities. The porcelain paintings, too, now made matters of manufacture by the general trade, are remarkable. We may conceive the value of these things if we imagine the ancient Egyptians to have understood this art, and that we could now dig up from their tombs their portraits and statues in porcelain and parian. We should now have them as they lived and moved. Oh, that old Greece had possessed these arts! Had Appelles and Praxiteles used these materials, how rich the world would now be, with all the knowledge since gained added to the former. Nay, what a difference should we have found even if Pompeii and Herculaneum had preserved them!

Of the diamonds and jewelry we scarcely care to speak. The *Times* irreverently calls the Koh-i-Noor a "large piece of carbon;" and the days of trinketry are evidently on the decline, though crowds flock to stare at the glittering baubles of the Queen of Spain and others. To our mind a chess-board in the gallery, in cut glass, made to imitate brilliants and rubies, is far more magnificent than all the precious stones exhibited. For the pleasure of sight, we would not change a drinking-glass resembling a blue convolvulus for the Koh-i-Noor itself.

Pleasure carriages are, as usual, of very perfect finish, and usually very imperfect mechanism. The Americans excel the English in lightness, but not in durability. Turf is easier to run on than macadam. French, Belgians, and Prussians have scarcely sent their best: if they have, they are very far behind-hand. There is one English carriage, a chariot of the old standard, which, for

form, color, and finish, may match the world. But the days of two horses and two servants are no more. People value their personal convenience more than personal display.

Before the Exhibition was opened, there were people who deemed that the days of England, in manufacturing art were numbered. We have repeatedly endeavored to test this, and we are thoroughly satisfied that in every department the English are not only not inferior, but in many they are far superior. The reproach was laid at their doors and they did not vociferate, but went on silently improving. In answer to this it is alleged that they employ foreign workmen, and pay higher for the best. What then? It is a proof that the fault lay with the purchasers, who did not ask for excellence earlier. The Celt is the artist, and they send to France for him,—as they will send to Ireland so soon as the Irish Celt is cultivated to the same level.

In high art, too, it is probable that the fault of non-production, so far as it goes, lies with the high art purchasers. Who shall say how much of the sculptured marble of Greece we owe to Pericles? Or how difficult it is to lose a taste which has once been kindled? Over one of the recesses in the eastern nave we read the name of Austria. Lest you should doubt it, reader, lo! there, at the entrance stands the bronzed likeness of Radetsky, jailer over a gallery of beauty. You enter, and amid marble forms of choice chisels you read the names of modern Italian sculptors. We see the magnificent head of the poet Monti, seeming like the twin brother of Göthe, looking down upon them. And still at the door stands Radetsky, perchance the widow-maker of the veiled mother, whose children are perishing around her. Radetsky, who grimly smiles while counting over the Italian names, and says, "All this is Austria, for I won it in battle."

"So the wild Indian, when he spies  
A man that's handsome, strong, and wise,  
Thinks, if he kills him, to inherit  
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit."

A friend, a physiognomist, after contemplating the bronze for some time, exclaimed, "How like Corder!"

In looking down the nave, the object that most strikes our attention is "The Amazon." There is magnificent physical power and determined will. The lion has slain her horse, but is death-doomed. Her bent brow and kindling eye proclaim, "I am a stronger savage than thou." It is not mental strength,

but physical power and passionate will. Faults there are enough, but it is grand wild nature, and we feel that it is the embodiment of Tennyson's image.

"I will seek some savage woman, she shall rear  
my dusky race,  
Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall ride and  
they shall run;  
Catch the wild goat by the hair, hurl their lances  
in the sun."

We would seek other qualities in wife of ours,  
and we think,

"Mated with a squalid savage, what to me were  
sun or clime—  
I, the heir of all the ages in the foremost files  
of time."

Further down the nave, "down east," there is another statue, by Hiram Powers, "The Greek Slave," placed in the waste lands of the ever-grasping men, who here, as there, complain they are crowded, and call out for more territory—here as there, with "Colt's revolvers" protecting the boundary of civilized beauty. A beautiful work of art of which the Union boasts as the product of one of her citizens. I bring forth but *one*, said the lioness, but it is a lion. Yet is it American really? "Though born in a stable, a man ain't a horse." Hiram Powers was born in Cincinnati, but a taste for Greek art is not Anglo-Saxon. We think some Celt from Ireland gave him birth.

Westward, again, we turn across the transept to the western nave, and stop before Lough's "Mourners." More beautiful to us is that pining horse, than the terror stricken steed of the Amazon. More moving to us is the sorrow of that stricken lady, sharing her grief with the dumb follower of her lord, than is that Greek Slave in all her beauty. Poetry, imagination, and suggestiveness of devotion and truth are there, in which the others are lacking. The broken war-axe tells the tale of the true knight who has done his devoir; and the mute look of the steed, and the speechless grief of the lady, bespeak the true heart that won the love of all around him.

Shall we dwell upon anything else? the oddities that people have imagined. Reynard the Fox, Göthe's satire written in stuffed beasts, or Gulliver in a dress suit of the last century, manacled by the Lilliputians, like to himself in everything but size, putting us in mind that, after all, size is only a question of distance? Or shall we wonder over the French Count who has contrived a hollow

skeleton figure of brass and steel, modelled on the Apollo Belvedere, and capable of being wound up to a giant or a dwarf, to measure soldiers' clothes by? Or shall we cast our eyes upwards at the flying machines, or the funny screw machine, like a distorted aerial seal, devised to screw his way to windward, a sort of convoluted porpoise?

Our work is over, but we would fain call public attention to the fact, that one main feature in the centre of the transept is the trees. They have been ill-used from first to last. The engineers loved them not, for they were in their way. They were forced on them by Colonel Sibthorpe, and were kicked about like his children. They were hacked, and hewn, and ill-used. They have never been washed or manured at the roots, even those in the transept; and as for those in the courts, even in the open air they have little chance, and the others are stifled. Those in the transept get dew from the fountains, but some of the others are doomed to die, unless they be saved in time. Trees under glass are a new feature of beauty. Let us not lose them now we have got them. It will be a hard thing to grow new ones.

The Great Globe of Mr. Wild is so clearly an integral part of an Exhibition that collects things from all parts of the globe, that we regret its absence, and the more especially as it takes away a portion of a lung from London. Years back, Jeremy Bentham would have endowed a school on the site of Leicester Square, but the authorities of those days refused permission. It is now a practical school. A most valuable idea is worthily embodied.

Amid all the wonder and delight expressed by all classes of people, at the great result, let us not forget that a large mass of this wealth is *on view only under custom-house sufferance*; that we have not yet free trade. If the temporary removal of custom-house obstacles has produced this result, what would come of their final removal? We wish Sir Robert alive again to solve the question. Unmatched is England thus far; and France, with all her ambition for glory, must veil her face in this tournament of the nations. No meeting of the world can take place on her soil till she shall abolish the system of fiscal suicide that bids the stranger eschew her. Free trade has made our manufacturing artists excel in metal, and glass, and porcelain. Take away the *painting* from the Sevres porcelain wrought in government workshops, and who would care to look at it? The *forms* are cramped to Chinese patterns. Give free trade and scope, and France would soon outgrow this. And let also the craving ambition of America take note, that if it could buy this Exhibition as it stands, it would scarcely draw a single European to the "customs-ridden land" that boasts of throwing off the English yoke, and yet keeps on its shoulders the English burden that England is outgrowing. Let America throw aside her green statesmanship, as she threw the green tea into Boston waters; let her proclaim free trade with the world, and she may yet, ere the century lapses, call the nations of the world to one vast republican gathering in her then metropolis, that shall cast into the shade the old men's memories of the incipient worldly glory of 1851.

**STEAM SHIPPING OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.**—From a return just published of the steam vessels registered on the 1st January, 1851, from the various ports of the United Kingdom, we learn that there are of vessels under 100 tons, 569; 100 and under 300 tons, 362; 300 and under 500 tons, 112; 500 and under 1000 tons, 101; above 1000 and under 2000 tons, 33; above 2000 tons, 4. Of the above fleet, 898 belonged to Eng-

lish ports; 169 to Scotch ports, and 114 to ports of Ireland. London owns 333, Bristol 31, Hull 34, Liverpool 92, Newcastle 138, Shields 50, Southampton 24, Stockton 20, Sunderland 32, Aberdeen 16, Dundee 10, Glasgow 88, Leith 23, Belfast 10, Cork 20, Dublin 44, and Waterford 20. Of the above, 169 boats are built of iron and 30 are worked by means of screw propellers.



From Dickens's Household Words.

## MADAGASCAR: A HISTORY.

OUR "good intentions" for the suppression of the slave trade by main force led to results that have been already illustrated in this journal. Madagascar furnishes a picture of another kind, displaying the result of good intentions which have sought to reach their end by a sly piece of policy or statecraft. The whole story of this island has a suggestive character. It would be difficult to name any remote corner of the world whose affairs have been touched by European governments, that is not defaced with dirty finger marks. We sincerely believe that the servants of European countries of the better class are in our own day habitually clean; but that in handling foreign curiosities they are clumsy, and do (accidentally) a wonderful amount of mischief, is beyond dispute. At present and for the last two or three years, we do not know that Madagascar is, or has been, handled by the French or English Governments, and certainly we hope it has not. Our tale is of blunders that are past, and the most recent portion of this history is but a detail of their consequences.

Madagascar is an island larger than Great Britain; being about nine hundred miles in length, and three hundred and fifty miles broad, at its broadest part. Being in similar relation to the Eastern coast of Africa—from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel—that this island is to the Continent of Europe, geographers who like to enliven their works by figures of speech, call it the African Great Britain. So we may conclude that if this country were Africanized, men, instead of discoursing on the wonderful importance of so small a place, would be wondering how with so large an island we could be so thoroughly obscure. The fact is, that Madagascar has nothing in common with Great Britain, and is not even African. It is Malay. No doubt it is a long way distant from Sumatra, the Malay Peninsula, Borneo, &c.; but to these it properly belongs, for in all these the Malay races dominate. The African tribes in Madagascar are related to the *Kaffirs*, partly Asiatic, and not fairly ne-

gro. For a moment it may seem strange that an island close under the wing of Africa should be detached from that continent, and classed with countries separated from it by the whole breadth of the Indian Ocean. It will be remembered, however, that an island depends for its population upon winds and currents, and in the course of nature these would bring Malays to Madagascar. There, then, a branch of the Malay family has long been settled under the name of Ovahs. They chiefly occupy the eastern side and the interior, while on the west coasts are the strongholds of the Sakalane, or blacker natives. Since nearly the whole of Madagascar lies within the southern tropic, we shall not err in giving the island credit for a luxuriant jungle, to which we may add swamps and a very African reputation for a pestilential atmosphere. Except a bit outside the tropic, and a strip of north-east coast, with some of the high cleared land in the interior, including that immediately round the capital, Tananariva, the whole island is said to be dangerous to untried European constitutions. Rice is the staple diet of the Malay population.

Of course, until the Cape of Good Hope had been doubled, Madagascar would not lie much in the track of Europeans. Arab and Indian traders visited the place, and Europe heard of it through Marco Polo. That was all. When the cape was doubled by the Portuguese, the ships of Portugal soon touched at Madagascar, and there was a settlement established on the island. We have analogies to guide us in imagining how Portuguese settlers would act towards the natives, who eventually rose against them, and swept them off with a general massacre. As at the Cape, so at Madagascar, the Dutch East India Company followed the Portuguese. The Dutch ships had a rendezvous at Madagascar, but no settlement was founded. Among the last acts of Richelieu for the extension of French commercial power, was a patent granted to the "French East India Company," which proceeded, in 1642, through

Governor Pronis, to take possession of Madagascar in the king's name, and to form an establishment on a suitable spot, capable of being fortified, &c. It was then that the French took possession of Antongil Bay, and the small adjacent island of St. Mary's; which island to this day is occupied by France. It lies off the eastern coast. On the same side of Madagascar, but at a distant point, a spot was occupied on the main-land, called Lucia or Monghasia, which was to be the chief station for trade. Near this place, therefore, the French built their fort—Fort Dauphin. These positions were not forcibly taken, but bought of the petty chieftains on the coast. A great number of natives having enlisted themselves in the service of the colony, Governor Pronis rewarded their good faith by selling them as slaves to the Dutch governor of the Mauritius, Van der Meister. Van der Meister was no gainer, for the Malagasy were so closely packed that the greater part of them died on their passage, and the rest, on arriving at the Mauritius, fled into the woods, where they became wild men, very hard to capture. After this the natives of Madagascar fled inland whenever a ship cast anchor. This was commerce.

Governor Pronis passed away, and Governor Flacourt ruled in his stead; who sought to extend commerce, or dominion, by fire and sword. After him other governors outraged the natives. In 1667 the French East India Company appointed the Marquis de Mondevergue to the command of all their settlements beyond the equator, and named Madagascar as his seat of government. He arrived with a fleet of ten vessels at Fort Dauphin, and there caused himself to be acknowledged admiral and governor of the French territories in the East. The Marquis de Mondevergue took pains to reconcile the natives, and found them altogether sensible to kindness. A powerful chief, Dion Monango, who had plagued the colonists, swore faith and obedience to the new governor. In 1670 the French East India Company transferred the sovereignty of Madagascar to the King of France. The Marquis was superseded by a new "admiral and general, with the authority of viceroy," Governor la Haye, who ordered all chieftains to submit to France, or fight. They fought, and swept the French away.

In the same year that Governor Pronis arrived at Madagascar, Flacourt, his successor, who wrote a history of the island, says that the English had a military settlement at St. Augustine's Bay, consisting of two hundred men; of which number fifty perished

by fever in two years. This settlement is not mentioned in an English account of Madagascar, published in 1644, where it is, however, stated that the English Government had looked with longing eyes upon the place: "Prince Rupert going into France and Germany about his weighty affairs, in the meantime, it was thought fit and concluded upon, that the Earl of Arundel, earl-marshal of England, should go governor for Madagascar, it being the most famous place in the world for a magazine. This noble earl hath written a book to that purpose, and allowed weekly means of subsistence to divers seamen, who have good judgment and experience all over the Oriental seas, and at Madagascar. This honorable earl was in such resolution and readiness, that there were printed bills put up on the pillars of the Royal Exchange, and in other parts of the city, that abundantly showed his forwardness in promoting a plantation in Madagascar; but a new parliament being called, it put a stop to the design of Madagascar."

After the expulsion of the French in the time of Governor la Haye, Madagascar was for some time free from European occupation, being only visited by trading-ships. It was honored also as a favorite resort of pirates. In 1746 the French re-occupied their settlement upon St. Mary's Island, where the settlers were destroyed by coast fever. The place was re-peopled from Mauritius, and this time the settlers were killed by the natives. A second colony from Mauritius soon afterwards made good its footing. In 1774, Count Benyowsky landed in the Bay of Antongil, opposite St. Mary's, convened and conciliated chiefs, made roads, erected public buildings, a fort, and a sanitarium. Two years afterwards, he quitted the French settlement to operate upon his own account; and ten years after that was consequently killed by soldiers from Mauritius. Soon after the departure of Benyowsky, the Revolution in France left no leisure for much care concerning Madagascar; but, in 1792, the National Assembly sent M. Lescallier on a mission to ascertain the feeling of the Malagasy towards Europeans. He reported that "Europeans have hardly ever visited this island but to ill-treat the natives, and to exact forced services from them; to excite and foment quarrels among them, for the purpose of purchasing the slaves that are taken on both sides in the consequent wars: in a word, they have left no other marks of having been there but the effects of their cupidity."

In 1807 the settlement called Foule-Pointe

was established on the coast by Frenchmen, from Mauritius, who became victims to the coast fever. Mauritius and Bourbon are two little islands lying east of the great island Madagascar; and to these islands Madagascar supplies beef, draught cattle, and other necessaries, for which they trade chiefly with the Madagascar port of Tamatave. By the capitulation of 1810, Bourbon and Mauritius, with their dependencies, were ceded, by conquest, to the English, by whom the island of Bourbon was returned, as a gift, to Louis the Eighteenth. The governor and merchants of Bourbon, fearing that Mauritius might then claim a monopoly of the supplies from Madagascar, prompted an arrangement by which the French agents (whom our men-of-war had ordered to quit Tamatave and the other ports) were suffered to return. The soldiers sent by Sir Robert Farquhar, as governor of Mauritius, to garrison the vacated French forts, were thinned by fever; and the survivors having been recalled, a British agent only was appointed to reside in Madagascar. In 1815, an English settlement was founded at Fort Loquez; but the British agent and the settlers were massacred in consequence of "a stupid misunderstanding" on the part of one blockhead chief, whom the natives put afterwards to death for his stupidity. The settlement was re-established in 1816, under the management of Captain Le Sagez. England claimed more territory, as an indemnification for her subjects' lives; and about one hundred square miles were ceded by the natives—as much as the eye could see from a high mountain. This ceded territory lay between Cape East and the extreme north point of Madagascar, comprehending the peninsula and Bay of Diego Famen. A treaty was made in the next year with Radama, an Ovah chieftain, for the comprehension of which it is necessary that we now discuss some native Malagasy politics.

In addition to the war of race between the Malay and Sakalave natives, politics in Madagascar have of course been diversified by contests among all the petty tribes into which each race is divided. The Sakalave folks are brave and bold; and on the ground to which they have retired they are a fair match for the Ovahs. The Ovahs hold the west coast and the centre of the country. They peopled Madagascar, doubtless, long before Mohammed's birth, and are not Mussulmen. They worship wooden idols, very badly carved, with such names as Rahilimalaza (the little-but-good), Ramahavaly, and so on. These idols have to be consulted in their fads. The

"fady" that profanes one idol is a pig, for example, and another idol is shocked at a snail. Ovahs think that the earth is like a dish, the sky a cover to it, and suppose that the people living on the confines of the world can literally climb the skies. They would all honor Zadkiel; and it would be his business, as an astrologer, to tell them, as he tells us, the unlucky days and hours. All children then born are immediately destroyed; also all children with whose stars the astrologer is badly satisfied,—the destroyer being in each case the father or the nearest relative. They try offenders in the open air, with all the people for a jury, and immediate punishment of those found guilty by the public voice; or they try by the Tangena (palm tree) ordeal, which reminds us of our own middle ages. The suspected person subjected to this ordeal first eats as much rice as he pleases; secondly, he swallows three pills of the skin of a chicken; thirdly, he takes a dose of poison, namely, the kernel of the Tangena fruit, mixed up with juice from the banana tree. He is then provisionally cursed, while he drinks enough warm water to produce active vomiting. If the three pills return, the man is innocent and may go free; that is, if he escape the action of the poison; most likely he will. But if a bit of chicken skin remain behind, he is found guilty, and strangled.

A little more than half a century ago, an Ovah chief, Adrianampoinimerina, whom we must call, for shortness, What's-his-name, subdued his neighbors, and residing in the central province of Ankova, in its central town, Tananariva, which we now denominate the capital of Madagascar, was paramount in any place within a radius of fifty miles from his own dwelling. What's-his-name would have been glad to subjugate the whole of Madagascar; but there were some tribes to which he himself was tributary, and many altogether independent, when, in the year 1810, Adri-etcetera died. His son, Radama, ruled in his stead. Radama was then about twenty years of age. Now the slave trade had been at all times active in the Mozambique Channel; and a constant commerce in captive prisoners had been driven for the pleasure of Europeans by the Malagasy chiefs. The governor of Mauritius, Sir Robert Farquhar, was actuated by that benevolent desire for the extinction of slavery which we may now claim as natural to Englishmen. Sir Robert looked about him on his own beat, and he saw young Radama. There, he reasoned, is Radama, son of a powerful chief,

ambitious, vain. There's Radama, squabbling among the rest in their affrays of naked men, who have no proper notion of a battle. What if I make this chief the instrument for good; flatter him with an ambassador, make him an ally, establish influence over his mind? It will be easy, by teaching him to turn his wild men into soldiers, and supplying a few army stores, to make him strong enough to master the whole island; when we shall act through him, abolish slavery, let in the missionaries, and civilize Madagascar. So Sir Robert thought, and so he acted. He sent an emissary to Tananariva, who plied Radama with promises of liberal supplies, presents for himself, fire-arms and equipment for his soldiers, and so forth, until, by promising and flattering, he brought the young king's mind to the right point; that is to say, to the point of the treaty of 1817, at which our European history broke off just now.

Radama, by this treaty, agreed to suppress the slave trade throughout all his dominions; and it was the business of the English politicians thereafter to contrive that his dominions should include all Madagascar. Furthermore, Radama agreed to admit missionaries into his dominions; and Sir Robert undertook to send to England a certain number of the subjects of King Radama, appointed by that monarch for the purpose, who should there learn trades and useful matters. This was done; and on the return of these, native workmen accompanied them to develop the resources of the island. Of course the English Government could not compromise itself by being seen to move in such a matter; but arms and army stores were furnished to our new ally; and Serjeant Brady was sent off to drill the natives. Serjeant Brady's services were so highly appreciated, that his most gracious Majesty King Radama lost no time in making him a general. Of course, the staff put into the hands of this barbarian chief enabled him to scale the heights of his ambition, and become really king of Madagascar. The English agent, Mr. Hastie, who had previously resided at the port of Tamatave, was ordered to reside in the capital, propitiate the king, and guide him with humane and fitting counsel.

During the temporary absence of the Governor in England, his substitute at the Mauritius, who perhaps had a corrupt taste for plain sailing, put his finger in the web that had been woven, and left a hole which caused Sir Robert trouble upon his return. Radama felt sore, but soft soap healed his wounds, and all again went smoothly. Ex-

portation of slaves was forbidden, to please the English; they had not succeeded in persuading Radama that it was wrong. The missionaries came, and the king, acting under the influence of his well-meaning advisers, commanded that not less than five thousand children should be furnished to attend their schools. Radama died a heathen; he never saw the wrong of slavery; but in supporting the missionaries firmly, and issuing edicts against slavery, he paid honestly the price demanded by the English for the power they had put into his hands. Alas, that Radama was not immortal!

Radama died in 1828, and one of his wives, Ranavalona, an unscrupulous and energetic woman, starting at once, was first in at the race for power. "The idols named Ranavalona as successor to Radama." That lady had formed her party with much cleverness, and when a public "kabary" was called to declare the new queen to the nation, four persons who protested their knowledge that Radama had himself named a different successor, were immediately speared. Adopting a practice common in European history during the dark part of the middle ages, the queen proceeded to sweep out of her way all inconvenient members of her late husband's family. This done, she ascertained what chiefs objected to a female government, or otherwise were unsound in their faith; these she caused to be speared. The British agent still remained at Tananariva; but eighteen months after her accession, her Majesty bade him be off at an hour's notice. The missionaries were not yet dismissed. It was not until after twelve years of labor that they were enabled to erect two churches, and to baptize the first converts; but their secular instruction had been in request. All the fruit of European knowledge, all the produce of skilled labor, had been claimed by Radama in feudal fashion, as his right. Charlemagne commanded his judges to provide for each of his castles "workmen in iron, gold, and silver; stone-cutters, turners, carpenters, armorers, engravers, washers; brewers skilled in making mead, cider, and perry, and all other liquors fit to be drunk; bakers, who likewise have the art of preparing millet for our use; netmakers, able to make everything appertaining to the chase;" and all other tradesmen, whom it would be too long to enumerate. The Malagasy Charlemagne required no less, and the poor natives learned their trades to gratify the pride and power of their master, whom they served in them as skilled serfs, without receiving pay. During the reign of



Radama, Mr. Le Gros, his Majesty's architect, had his house burned by two carpenters, who accused him as the cause of their misfortunes. The offenders were burnt alive, as an example to those of their companions who were annoyed at being doomed to destitution because they had been taught to be more skillful than their fellows. They must be quiet, exercise their skill all day for the sovereign, and live as they can, starve, beg, or steal.

Queen Ranavalona altered all that. In 1836 she absolutely forbade her subjects, upon pain of death, to exercise skilled work for any but herself or her attendants. The girls, who were taught sewing in the schools, were drafted off into the "palace" to sew for "the court." The boys were drafted off into the armies, till at last the natives only sent to school the children of their slaves, to make up the required number. Reading and writing Ranavalona allowed only to be practised by those who received special permission from herself; slaves practising such arts would be "reduced to ashes." At length the time of the missionaries was expired; for the Queen called a solemn "kabary," at which she declared that she knew nothing of Christianity—and did not wish; it was Rahilimalaza and Ramahavaly who had seated her upon the throne. Christian worship was proclaimed treason, with a penalty of death. The schools were shut up, books were collected, sent back to the missionaries, who were at the same time warned that any Malagasy who possessed a printed book would incur punishment of death. When finally the missionaries took their leave, the Queen claimed their local property as her own.

The natives accused Europeans as the cause of their distress, and Queen Ranavalona, when the missionaries went away, imposed a capitation tax upon her subjects, under a pretence that it was to pay the white people, in order by one stroke of policy to raise for herself money, and to strike a side-blow at the Europeans. She also liberally granted the use of her subjects' backs at all times for transporting missionary luggage, and allowed no payment to be made, which was another exercise of her shrewd woman's wit. Her majesty sent Embassies in 1836, which were received at the courts of France and England, with letters politely asserting her own independence. That independence she took care to maintain. The arms and discipline, the secrets of power placed by England in the savage hands of Radama, enabled Ranavalona to maintain for twenty

years an unrelenting tyranny. Had our ingenious statecraft not interfered, one tribe would have been a check upon its neighbor; but we made one naked chieftain irresistible; and we are told by the oldest of the missionaries that his widow destroyed a million of lives. If we take off a discount of seventy-five per cent. for the language of excited feeling, there still remains a fearful reckoning against the ingenuities of statesmen. The massacre of an offending tribe by the ten thousand seems to have been a trifling matter to this energetic lady, whose military tastes have so reduced the population, it is said, that where five hundred children used to be seen playing, now there are twenty; not more than one woman in twenty being made a mother.

In 1844 the master and mate of the bark *Marie Laure*, of Port Louis, were charged at Tamatave with detaining under the hatches seven native laborers returning from engagements at Mauritius, with the intention of kidnapping them for slaves. This, true or false, would be, of course, denied; but the mate, Mr. Heppick, a British-American born subject, was detained upon the accusation, and eventually himself offered for sale in a public market. That was in accordance with a Malagasy law, by which Radama had ordained that any foreigner detected in exporting native slaves should himself be reduced to slavery in Madagascar. Mr. Heppick was bought or ransomed by the French traders of Tamatave at the price of thirty dollars, and set free. H. M. S. "*Conway*" was sent to inquire into the matter, and was only puzzled with conflicting statements. In 1845 the European traders resident at Tamatave, whose operations had already been much crippled by the Queen, received orders to quit Madagascar, with their families and effects, within a fortnight. The French sent petitions to Bourbon, the English to Mauritius; and two French and one English vessel were soon on the spot, pleading for one year's grace. The authorities were under orders; the fortnight was on the point of expiring, and their heads would have answered for it, if they had taken upon themselves to extend the time of grace while sending to request the Queen to alter her instructions. The French and English vessels, therefore, having embarked the merchants, proceeded to "give the Ovahs a lesson," by destroying the fort of Tamatave. This fort had been built not many years previously by two Arab engineers, and was much stronger than the assailants had supposed. After a long canon-

ade, the storming party took the outer works, and were obliged then to retreat, for they could do no more; so they regained their ships, setting fire on their way to the town, that had been deserted on the first symptom of an impending struggle. Twenty-one Europeans were killed, and fifty-six wounded. Of course the native loss was greater, but the Ovahs claimed the victory; and it is said by their antagonists that the next morning the heads of the slain English and French were exposed upon the beach opposite the ships, affixed to poles. The ships fired their cannons, and sailed off with their merchants. Not very long afterwards, the English vessel coming once more into the roadstead of Tamatave, found four or five thousand soldiers busily repairing damage, and sent a letter off (which was not answered) to know, first why the heads were not yet taken down from the poles upon the beach; and second, whether the report was true, that they had been torturing an English sailor. The authorities deigned no reply, but it turned out afterwards that the "heads" were wisps of straw, which it is usual to hang on poles about spots which strangers are forbidden to approach; the custom being called "kiady."

The attack upon Tamatave warmed the good people of Bourbon to the point of sending a petition home to Louis Philippe, for the forcible colonization of Madagascar. Upon subjects of colonization, however, M. Guizot is a wiser man than many of his countrymen. Before that time, several little ideas had been carried out subsidiary to the grand idea of a new Algeria. In case of war, it was thought that a French Madagascar secured the ruin of all our possessions in the East; it was a barricade on the high road to India. Soon after the accession of Queen Ranavalona, an expedition, under one M. Goubeyer, planned in France, took forcible possession of Tamatave, destroyed the then existing fort, and slaughtered many natives.

Sailing afterwards to Foule Pointe, the adventurers were ignominiously repulsed; the next day they bombarded the fort of Pointe à Lanée, and then sailed away. In 1840, rumors of war in Europe caused M. Theirs to prepare for a pounce upon this Eastern barricade; orders were therefore sent to the effect that France should take possession of Nos Beh, an islet, as large as St. Mary's, off the north-west coast. Nos Beh, therefore, by the name of Nosibé became a French possession. From Nosibé, there sailed in the next year a French man-of-war, to secure another little bit of vantage ground for future operations upon Madagascar. Between the African continent and the northern part of Madagascar, there lies in the extremity of the Mozambique Channel the little group of Comoro Isles. The island of this group nearest to Nosibé, Mayotta, was occupied by France in 1841; obtained quietly for that nation by a little diplomatic cleverness. Before the momentous events of 1848, Madagascar was exciting in France some little attention, and there were men who talked of the political advantage to be gained by holding it as a French colony. A minister, less sagacious than M. Guizot, might have done something rash. The course of events among us Europeans, since the beginning of 1848, has kept us tolerably busy with our own affairs, and we have quite lost sight of Madagascar. What a misfortune it must be for the poor, neglected savages, that there are none of our colonial conjurers engaged in the attempt to make them civilized by sleight of hand; the more especially as the chief obstacle to such manœuvres has been recently removed. The illustrious widow of King Radama has joined him in the grave. Her Majesty, it seems, balanced her hatred of Englishmen by her love for English gin, and fell a victim to her devotion.

ADVERTISING IN LONDON.—The total number of advertisements inserted in the London newspapers in the year 1850, was 891,650, and the duty amounted to £66,873 15s. In the 222 English newspapers there were 875,681 advertisements, which produced £65,672; in the 102 Irish newspapers, 236,128 advertisements (duty at 1s. each)

£11,806; in 110 Scotch newspapers, 249,141 advertisements, duty £18,685 11s. 6d. Newspaper stamps issued in the year 1850, in England and Wales—penny stamps, 65,741,271; half-penny 11,648,423. In Ireland 6,302,728 penny, 43,358 half-penny; in Scotland 7,648,045 penny, 241,264 half-penny.

## CARLYLE'S OCCUPATIONS IN 1828.

[The *Critic* contains a letter from this eccentric author, in reply to one from the illustrious Goethe, inquiring after his occupations, &c. The letter appears in the corrected edition of Goethe's works, and is now for the first time translated.]

THOMAS CARLYLE TO GOETHE.

CRAIGENPUTTOCH, }  
25th September, 1828. }

You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about 15,000 inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of plowed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by seamews and rough wooled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial mansion; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature with diligence, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the rose and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only dissipation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from every one who in any case might visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of *Saint Pierre*. My town friends, indeed, as-

cribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance; for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cart-load of French, German, American, and English journals, and periodicals—whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights, I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. Yet whither am I tending? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least pray write to me again and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you. . . . The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here, is an essay on Burns. Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius; but born in the lowest ranks of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at length mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796. We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any that lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light.

From the Church of England Review.

## THE GALLEY LIFE OF FRANCE.\*

JACQUES CŒUR, the famous French financier of his day, lent Charles VII. a hundred thousand crowns, and burnt his debtor's bond. Charles ungratefully ruined his creditor in return. Among the property confiscated to the dishonest king were four pretty galleys with gilded oars. The monarch seized them, rowers and all; and from that act dates the galley-life of France. Its inventor was not a better man than its victims.

Condemnation to the galleys, though arbitrarily made, is not legislatively mentioned till the reign of Charles IX., who shaved the heads of the French gypsies and sent them to the oar in shoals. The *galeriens* were found useful in a coast service; and, in order that their service might not be lost, just as efficiency was gained, the king settled a "ten years' chain" as the minimum of penal period. The "captain of the galleys" prolonged it at his pleasure, and no man could depend upon liberty even after fulfilling his allotted expiation. Henri III. deprived the captains of this cherished privilege, and the virtue of mercy became still more familiar to these sons of affliction when Vincent de Paul exercised among them, as "almoner-general of the galleys," a mission worthy the follower of Him who is the Father of mercies.

When the galley-service ceased, when intercourse between the coast and distant shipping was suspended, and great naval ports received the floating castles that used to find uncertain refuge in open roads and natural harbors, the "slaves," as they were called, were unlocked from the galley benches and sent to labor in the construction and repairs of the ports. This change began with Richelieu; but it was not fully accomplished till the period of Colbert. In the meantime, and even since, vengeance sent as many victims as justice did criminals. The noble who politically offended found himself chained to a reprieved murderer; and the faithful Protestant, guiltless of all crime, was punished

for his religious fidelity by a perpetual condemnation. The Republic of the Old Convention cared less for peopling the galleys than for sustaining the guillotine. Once, indeed, the death messengers of the bloody Commonwealth suddenly appeared at Toulon armed with a conventional decree. The convicts were assembled, and, by virtue of this decree, were at once ordered to lose their—red caps. The *bonnet rouge* was declared to be too sacred an emblem to allow of its being borne on the heads of criminals; and the latter went bare-headed till royalty, on its re-establishment, restored to the captive criminals the Phrygian emblem of liberty and innocence.

When the name and authority of Napoleon passed the dismal threshold of the prison, it was not to bring gladness with them. Pardon was distributed only on the hard condition that the recipient should pass from the dungeon to the battle-field, and the vacant places were crowded with victims guiltless of all crimes save loyalty to a legitimate king. But, if Napoleon filled these horrible localities with "the royalist rascals of La Vendée," the restored Bourbons more than replaced the latter with "the imperial scoundrels of the Loire." The system is by no means defunct, and the passions of the day are, if something less active for evil, yet fully as iniquitous in principle as those which prevailed in the bygone times.

The *galeriens* of France are divided into three *Bagnes*—those of Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon. Each contains from seven to eight thousand prisoners of all classes, to the swelling of the numbers of which the sedentary tailors are great contributors: at one time, in the three great prisons, the author noted between one and two hundred tailors, of whom not less than twenty-three were condemned for life as parricides. The latter, in common with all who are condemned "*à perpétuité*," wear green caps. The convicts sentenced to limited periods wear red caps. All have their heads close shorn. Their garments consist of a coarse drab cotton blouse

\* *Les Bagnes. Histoire, Types, Mœurs, Mystères.* Par MAURICE ALBOY. Paris.



over a red shirt, yellow trowsers, and heavy shoes; and, after ten hours' out-door labor in this dress, beneath a sky which weeps heavily during three hundred days in the year, the *forçats* lie down in the clothes they have worn, to get such rest as they may upon a hard board and without any additional covering to maintain a suitable warmth. Brest is the most crowded of these caverns of sin, and there the Parisians most abound. The Parisian convict, compared with his provincial fellow, is as the monkey to the tiger. He eschews the prison slang in presence of visitors, and is usually so obedient to discipline as to seldom incur the disgrace of being invested with the coat of many colors, which gives to its indocile wearers the appellation of "Harlequins." The commissary, as chief officer of the *Bagne*, bears the rank of captain; his immediate subordinates are half-pay naval officers; while the guards of the prisoners are men only a degree higher in the social scale than those whom they keep in order; as might be supposed from the fact of their repulsive duties receiving the compensation of from 4d. to 6d. per day. Except in rare cases, it does not appear that any of these officials care very seriously for the improvement of the unhappy class committed to their keeping. The criminal is condemned to a certain portion of terrible labor and stern captivity. The officials see that he endures both, and therewith terminates their mission. The annual expense of maintaining the prison wardenship alone amounts to half-a-million of francs, or about twenty thousand pounds. At Brest the men are mostly chained in couples, and that without the slightest regard to any moral classification. The erring and fragile youth, bitterly repentant of his submitting to temptation, may find himself riveted to a savage assassin reeking with blood, and whom a mistaken mercy has rescued from the scaffold under "extenuating circumstances." Sleep, labor, meals, divide not this odious bond. At dawn they are called, by gunshot, to their labor; and in each room the chains of five hundred men answer to the summons. The fetters have hung on them all night, and they drag the iron oppression with them to their gigantic toil—a toil for which they are little qualified by frugal rations of bad bread and worse biscuit, hard beans, rancid butter, a few drops of sour wine, or a more generous distribution of still more acid cider. Meat is *never* given, save in cases of illness, and to a few who have merited the boon painfully—to whom an ounce or two is carelessly flung twice a-week.

They who possess private resources may purchase this and other indulgences; but, even then, the prison regulations do not permit of the expending more at one outlay than twenty centimes—just two-pence: luxury is not to be had at so low a cost.

As the guilty pass out to their heavy labor which is the earthly penalty of their sin, every fetter is lightly struck by an official, to see that it has not been tampered with during the night. In the occupations of the condemned, accidents are numerous; but they are neither avoided nor grieved over. On the contrary, there is inward gladness over the calamity which sends its victim to the hospital bed. A fractured leg, with a good Sister of Charity to watch over the sufferer, is happiness compared with unmaimed life at the "*grande fatigue*." The bed, with bodily anguish, is preferable to the inclined plane of boards on which all must nightly fall to repose as the whistle of the guard screams through the vaulted roofs; while the cup gently tendered by a female's hand is a draught offered by heaven when contrasted by the huge bowl over which the competing crowd feed and fight.

The criminal is no sooner newly arrived within the walls of the *Bagne*, than he feels how dear is the liberty he has lost and how costly its re-purchase. An attempt to escape is visited with a scourging, at the very description of which the heart sickens. Should the attempt carry the convict beyond the walls and there be followed by recapture, three years are added to his sentenced term, or three years of a double weight of chains, should his sentence of captivity be co-extensive with his life. The instant he is missed, three booming shots from the ramparts and the hoisting of signal flags announce to the vicinity that a convict has escaped and that money is to be earned. A fugitive caught within the harbor is worth twenty-five francs to the finder. In the town he bears a value of twice that amount; while, if caught in the open country and brought back, one hundred francs are allotted to the capturers. The latter are a professional class: they take money to aid in escapes, and make more by betraying the fugitive. They are so experienced that they will let their victim reach the far off-fields before they check his flight; they know that increase of distance from his dungeon gives increase of value to the fugitive, and, when he has reached his one hundred franc limit, they allow neither him nor themselves to endure a further or an unnecessary fatigue.

But many an inexperienced run-away has been, after all, too cunning for his practised enemy. Accustomed as the latter are to penetrate disguises, some are too artistically made up even for *them* to penetrate. The fugitive annals, too, are not destitute of touching passages. We read of one who escaped but purposely stopped at the one hundred franc limit, in order that the money so at disposal might fall to a man who had visited the prisoner with kindness. On another occasion, a poor wretch who had escaped, but who had been driven by hunger to enter an adjacent village, begged a morsel of bread at the door of a cottage from whence came sounds of weeping and deep sorrow. He learned that therein sat a destitute family and a father in despair. Their little property had been seized and ruin was their companion. The criminal was a man of decision, and, moreover, the spark divine of love as taught by Christ was not extinguished within him. After declaring his quality, the price put upon him, and meeting with reiterated refusal from the penniless father to profit by it, he tied the villager and himself to one cord, and so dragged him to the gates of the prison, where the ruined father accepted the reward of his involuntary treachery. The result was worthy of all parties; the villager made the matter known to the governor, the governor to the throne, and from that fountain of earthly mercy came down a pardon for the convict and a pecuniary reward for his innocent betrayer. It is pleasing to be able to add that the freed captive did not disgrace the mercy extended to him.

Hard and unremitting as the labor is to which the prisoners are condemned, they yet find time for other occupation. Some are dexterous coiners; others are accomplished forgers; and documents bearing the necessary signatures, post-marks, and other signs, have been presented to perplexed governors, who could not comprehend the orders they contained, for the liberation of certain prisoners, until, by some trifling omission, it was discovered that the whole was contrived within the *Bagne*. The authors are proud of this sort of accomplishment, particularly of their fabrication of false passports. Indeed, to dexterity of every sort they lay claim. The Archbishop of Frejus lost his ring from his finger while he was giving the archiepiscopal benediction to a prisoner. Mademoiselle Georges, the famous tragic actress, being once on a visit to the *Bagne*, defied the most accomplished thief to de-

spoil her of anything about her without her knowledge. The most accomplished thief, however, having obtained permission to try, robbed her of her shawl from off her shoulders, restoring the valuable cachmere when it was missed with the remark that it was the first time he made a voluntary restitution. Incidents of this sort are numerous. If ingenuity, badly applied, introduces those who practise it into captivity and hard labor, so is it called upon to aid them in escaping. The book abounds in anecdotes of these attempts. They are generally abortive, not two in a hundred ultimately effecting their freedom. The attempt, moreover, is made not only in despite of its almost utter hopelessness, but also of the terrible punishment which awaits detection. The scourging that ensues is absolutely awful. The executioner selected is one of the most debased of the class of criminals: his instincts are all bloody. To indulge them, he accepts a post which wins for him the contempt even of his wretched fellows; but then he has a few farthings of pay every time he wields the lash, and he exultingly leaps on his victim, strikes him, flings him across a block, and cuts pieces out of his shrieking victim's back, with a half-suppressed cry of the most ferocious enjoyment. The whip punishes nearly all crimes in the prison, and it is incessantly flying. With the exception of murder, striking the guard, and revolt—for all of which the penalty is death—the scourge, with perhaps lengthened term of imprisonment and a heavier burden of chains, is the avenger. Some are hardened even under this terrible punishment—others are humiliated. We hear of a priest who had committed a murder, and whose “bosom’s lord sat lightly on its throne” undisturbed by remorse, but who died of the humiliation of having been whipped.

They who avoid the penalty by revealing the secrets of the prison, often incur a greater. A spy or a traitor is pretty sure to meet his death. He is killed as if by accident, but after a species of solemn deliberation and sentence. Chance of escape for him there is little or none. Volunteer executioners bound to put in force the “wild justice of revenge.” Life is made little account of among the prisoners. They are spared neither by the authorities nor by one another. At the least symptom of revolt in the wards, a fire of musketry is poured in from the grated windows upon all indiscriminately; and, if this be not enough, the muzzle of the cannon which peers into every ward gives threatening token

of preparation for a bloody message. There is a singular mixture of character among even the most ferocious. The man who will weep at being separated from the old companion of his chain, will walk to the scaffold with a pun in his mouth. When the punishment of the guillotine was substituted for that of shooting, nothing could induce the prisoners to aid in making the fatal instrument. One was procured from Paris; in course of time it got out of repair. They, one and all, in spite of all threats or persuasions, refused to put it in gear. At length their humanity was appealed to; and, on being told that the prisoner condemned to suffer by it *must* die, and that his death would be the more painful by an instrument out of order, they at once repaired its defects, and even exhibited an alacrity in preparing it for the gloomy performance.

It is seldom that a *forçat* who has incurred the penalty of death meets it with anything like reluctance, or hastens to it with anything like bravado. There is in him at such a moment a mingled philosophy and religion. He has, perhaps, to the very dawning of the morning that was to cast him to the executioner, been alike without either worldly or holy sympathies. His indifference for his fellows and his scorn for mankind, probably, endure to the last; but his heart melts to the one man who is his only friend and companion to the threshold of the passage of death; and he lends a somewhat bewildered but always a decent attention to the exhortations and consolations of the priest. The last embrace is warmly and gratefully given; and yet the old spirit of thoughtlessness *will* betray itself, and a pun is often on the lips of a convict as the knife of the guillotine is thundering down upon his neck. Addressing himself to the governor, he will perhaps say, "You have often cut off my ration of wine, governor; but there will be nothing more to cut off after to-day!" And with a polite speech expressive of his sincere regret at the trouble he is giving, and a farewell word to the chaplain who always has the last, the convict of the galleys submits to the knife and endures the inexpressible change. The entire *Bagne* is drawn out to contemplate the scene; but it is questionable whether much instruction or profit be drawn from it. The unhappy crowd gaze in a regulated silence. The refractory and the obedient form an immense amphitheatre of kneeling men and uncovered heads; and, when they rise from the dread spectacle, it is to *plunge into the living interests of their*

gloomy and material world. To plan vengeance against the offending authorities—to try, condemn, and punish some comrade in guilt who has betrayed them to the governor—to forward mysterious messages by mysterious messengers to far distant prisons—to prepare projects of evasion: these, with a hundred other objects, press upon the leisure (a scanty leisure) of the convict, and occupy his thoughts. The most difficult thing for the authorities to prevent is the introduction of despatches from the convicts in other *Bagnes*. How these are sent—how they reach their destination—or what shape and expression they take—is equally unknown to the officers and impossible of detection. And yet messages of immense importance to life and property are thus conveyed from one extremity of France to the other. The ability of the parties concerned, their energy, dexterity, and perseverance, are things to mourn over; for, had the possessors of these qualities taken a little of the pains to exercise them in a good cause, for good purposes, the benefit would have been great both to the individual and humanity. As it is, the accomplished man of evil only wars against society to destroy himself.

Every class of society has its men accomplished in evil, who, had they turned their faculties to the achievement of good, would have built up honest reputations founded on the gratitude of mankind. Among the records of these men the only difficulty is the difficulty of choice—the materials being many and greatly diversified. We can notice but a few, and those briefly. First, there was the notorious Allard: he was one of the most dexterous of thieves and most gentle of swindlers: he enjoyed, if we may use such a word, a tolerably long immunity in his iniquitous career; but detection, conviction, and the galleys, came at last. Allard submitted to his destiny, while he occupied himself in devising means to avoid it, and this he effected. He escaped into Spain, enlisted into the army under Mina, and rose finally to the rank of captain-adjutant. After he had long borne this greatness under an assumed name, he found himself one morning close to the French frontier; and, smitten with a desire to tread for ever so short a period the soil of his country, he ventured into Bayonne, where he traversed its most frequented streets in full uniform. He was, however, recognized, arrested, and re-committed to the galleys, where he ended his life, after a long, a philosophical, but not much of a religious endurance of his fate.



But the career of Allard was even less striking than that of Cognard, whose crimes had flung him into the *Bagne*, and whose dexterity enabled him to escape from it. Cognard, too, tempted fortune in the Spanish armies, and served both in Spain and South America. His ability and good conduct soon promoted him to the dignity of officer and the honor of gold epaulettes; and no man thought of doubting the reality of the assumed honest bearing of the blunt soldier. In the course of his service he encountered the brothers Pontis de St. Helene: they were counts of an ancient French family, sole survivors of their race, and only waiting the restoration of the Bourbons in order to re-enter France and re-assume the somewhat tarnished greatness of their house. Cognard poisoned both, seized their papers, and, when the empire fell, was among the first to welcome the Bourbons. His pretensions were not doubted. Pontis de St. Helene was a great name: it belonged to a faithful race, and its solitary representative was received in the arms of his most Christian Majesty. The Duke de Berry made him his familiar friend, and his promotion in the French army was as rapid as the accomplished nobleman could desire. Years rolled on, during which the pseudo-count seemed to have consolidated his security, and to have rendered his position unassailable, had there been any one who could dream of attacking it. But there was one who watched, and the avenger was near at hand. The Count Pontis de St. Helene was one evening passing his regiment in Review on the Place Vendome. He was about dismissing them to their quarters, when an individual of most sinister aspect issued from the crowd and approached the haughty commander, seated on a fiery charger. He laid his brawny hand on the colonel's thigh, and the words he uttered intimated that the speaker was a robber who had broken prison and who now claimed assistance from a comrade whom he recognized, and who was evidently able to lend succor to an old friend. The Colonel, Count Pontis de St. Helene, with the self-possession of a nobleman of the *vieille roche*, shook off the intrusive vagabond with a few scornful words. That same vagabond sacrificed himself in order to achieve a large revenge. He hastened to the neighboring residence of the general of the district, confessed to his own identity, and then denounced the count as a thief, assassin, and a fugitive from the galleys—in short, as the famous and long-lost Cognard. When the general, who had summoned the latter to his

presence, saluted him with the not too complimentary appellation of gallows-bird, the Count Pontis clapped his hand to his sword as if to avenge his wounded honor; but it was all in vain. The galleys received the pair of fugitives, and the ex-count quietly sank down into a writer of letters for such of his fellow-prisoners as were little skilled in what the French call *calligraphie*. To those who used to affect to condole with him on his reverse of fortune, he would philosophically remark that he had originally been condemned to the galleys for life, and that to have secured some score of years of freedom out of it was not a matter for a wise man to weep over. The truth was sterling, though the oracle was worthless, and people turned at last to console a great man in his fall who bore his reverses with a dignity that would have charmed the romantic biographer of Jonathan Wild.

Cognard broke prison but once. Salvador broke from durance scores of times, and a six-feet thickness of walls could not retain him. He had been a mercantile man of some standing, but misfortune descended on him; and his trying to evade it by forgery only made it fall the heavier. Aided by his wife, he effected both escapes and crimes, each succeeding to the other with a rapidity that is perfectly startling. His good fortune, if we may so call it, failed him, however, at last. Salvador was taken, and flight was rendered impossible under the weight of iron attached to him, and the impossibility of using his hands to break those heavy fetters. He, nevertheless, achieved his freedom after a fashion of his own, by flinging himself on one of his guards and murdering him. The prison guillotine ended the career of a man who had once been honored upon 'Change.

Salvador was famous for the number of his disguises; but in this respect he was, perhaps, inferior to the more renowned Collet, who assumed every shape and seemed at home in all. He, too, had broken from prison, and, though instantly and long pursued, he contrived, with a boldness and ingenuity which well applied would have been useful to society, to avoid detection. He appeared as an officer, and in that guise deceived and plundered some of the most experienced old generals in the army. Changing his character, he entered a provincial town in the form of a theatrical manager, organized a troop of wealthy amateurs, whom he had no sooner persuaded to get together a rich wardrobe, than he abandoned the former, taking with him the dresses in which he



recognized the means of future wealth. He employed them all after his way; but it was chiefly in the ecclesiastical line that he distinguished himself with the most brilliant impudence. He even repaired to Rome in the character and with the stolen papers of a French bishop. He was received at the Vatican with profound respect, supped with the cardinals, and, after receiving contributions in furtherance of a particularly pious project, departed under the protection of no less a safeguard than the benediction of the Pope himself! Collet's success in this character did not deter him from continuing it in a slightly varied form even after intelligence from Rome had put the members of the French Church on their guard.

People were willing to be deceived, one would suppose, by a man who had contrived to impose upon infallibility. At all events, they could not help themselves; and priests, bishops, nuns, monks, and the whole body of the credulous faithful, fell into the toils of the ensnarer, and filled his purse with an alacrity that rendered the recipient perfectly ecstatic. At one time he was the earnest promoter of the foundation of a religious house, for which he received contributions, and at the laying of the first stone of which he was the most active and pious assistant; but when, on the morning after, he was looked to for the proper investment of the building fund, the saintly treasurer was discovered to have been a counterfeit, and to have absconded with the wealth entrusted to him. But the pious had their consolation. They would turn from the memory of the deceiver to contemplate with rapture the progress of a missionary bishop who had come among them to do his office. The bishop was the impudent Collet, and he did his office with a success that would almost excite a smile, but for the recollection of the blasphemy connected with it. The country churches flung open their doors with eagerness, that his lordship might approach their altars and there celebrate the divine office of the mass. His right reverend nose snuffed up with dignified complacency the incense which the nervous officials tremblingly swung in clouds of fragrance beneath it. His performance was the admiration of an entire country side, and happy was the mansion which received him as a guest. When the hour for his departure came, a deputation waited upon him with a request that he would celebrate the rite of ordination upon some dozen or two of candidates awaiting for the imposition of episcopal hands ere they assumed their declared

career of missionaries. Collet concluded that the apostolical benediction he had received from the very head and father of the faithful gave him warrant for anything; and accordingly, with a blasphemous gravity, he publicly performed the office without once tripping. He questioned the candidates, addressed them affectionately, warned them of the wickedness of the world; and, as he placed his episcopal fingers upon their heads, bade them beware of sinners, for they knew not under what hands they might fall, or by what guile they might be deceived. This terrible career of course ran to its necessary end, and, clever as Collet was, he was taken at last. At the time of his capture, the prefect of the district happened to be giving a dinner of ceremony; and, wishing to gratify his eager guests with a sight of the renowned criminal, he ordered Collet to be brought to his residence, where he was to be served up to the provincial appetite as soon as dinner was concluded. In the meantime he was placed in a room, on one side of which was the dining room and guests, on the other an ante-chamber in which stood a leash of gendarmes to prevent escape. The servants of the house passed and repassed through the apartment in which Collet was seated in apparent meditation. He was reflecting, and to some purpose. Happening to observe the white cap, jacket, and apron, of a cook lying in one corner, he rapidly assumed the whole, snatched up a dish that had just been temporarily deposited there, and boldly carried it into the banqueting-room and placed it on the table before the unconscious guests. This done he seized another that was empty, and, bearing it before him, repassed the door, glided through the unwary guardians, and descended safely into the streets. When the desert was on the table and the prefect sent for Collet in order to gratify his guests, the promised treat had vanished, and with it a portion of the confiding official's best holiday plate. We need not add that, after all, Collet ended his days in captivity—we cannot say a stern captivity, for it is clear that his fetters were gilded, and roses concealed the chains intended to hold the prisoner fast. It puzzles the author, and we may, therefore, confess our own perplexity, to explain or account for the comparatively easy life which Collet led in prison, even after all hope of ultimate liberty was lost, and he was suffering, or was supposed to be suffering, not only for his original offence, but for his additional crimes committed after breaking prison—in itself an

offence of the deepest gravity, and usually punished with extreme severity. Whatever the causes may have been, the fact is certain that Collet led an easy life. He was not condemned to the *grande fatigue*, nor called upon to fulfill duties of a repulsive character, and which generally fall to persons of his class and category. He was well supplied with money, and spent it as though it were inexhaustible. With it he purchased exemptions from common and uncommon inflictions: he had a cell most neatly furnished, and a table well served at his own expense. The accidental protégé of the Pope lived in a style worthy of his august patron, and the most accomplished villain of his day insulted justice in the very temple where her decrees ought to have been most rigorously executed.

The only criminal who can really vie in renown and claims to it with Collet is the individual named Petit. He was a man of some education and of infinite resources; but the depravity of his nature bent him to evil, and he scorned the virtue by the exercise of which he might have won both honorable fortune and honest fame. After the commission of crime had rendered him familiar with jails, he became not only a breaker of prisons, but, whenever taken, he used boldly and publicly declare the day on which he intended to escape. In spite of the exercise of all watchfulness, he invariably kept his word, and that under difficulties, the surmounting of which almost warrant for the conclusion that nothing but a league with the powers of darkness could have enabled him to effect it. He was the most graceful of gentlemen, the most generous of givers, and, perhaps, the most horrible of monsters. Small virtues and stupendous crimes he committed with equal indifference or alacrity. To the scaffold he had been more than once condemned, but commutation to the galleys saved him from death and restored him to temporary freedom. We had rather deal with his eccentricities and his small virtues than with his greater crimes. In illustration of the former, we may notice that he was once taken at Abbeville, where he was placed in confinement heavily ironed. Not only did he contrive to escape, but he actually, under a slight disguise, re-entered the town and sold his fetters in the market-place for old iron. It was on this occasion that at night-fall he was about to seek shelter in a humble inn, where he found an official seizing the furniture for rent. He listened, without remark, to the sorrowful ejaculations of the destitute mother and the wailings of her

children, and quietly went on his way; but he stopped the official on *his*, robbed him of every *centime* he had on his person, and, hurrying back to the inn, poured the whole into the lap of the wondering, grateful, and half-terrified landlady. It was a *trait* of generosity that smacks of Sherwood Forest; but it was the result, not of principle, but of sheer caprice. Had the humor so directed him, Petit was as likely to have slaughtered the mother and her offspring as to have given them the means of life.

His knowledge of English was turned by him, on one occasion, to very excellent account. He had escaped from the very foot of the tribunal of justice attired in a lawyer's cap and gown, which he had unceremoniously appropriated, and by favor of which he walked through groups of gendarmes, who respectfully saluted him as he passed. By means afforded him by his friends, he procured the dress and forged papers of an English sailor, armed with which he proceeded towards the northern frontier, where the English camp of observation was then established. He, of course, was frequently stopped, taken before provincial mayors, and confronted with people who spoke English as perfectly as he did himself. Petit went through every searching ordeal with success, maintained his assumed character without suspicion of the mere assumption, and gained the English camp in the neighborhood of St. Omer, where he continued to gain an ostensible livelihood by acting as interpreter, and where he did not scruple to employ any means to further supply himself with the "necessary luxuries" which he most lacked and could least easily dispense with. The camp was just the place where the officers of justice looked for the society they were officially interested in, and a body of them one Sunday came down thither for the purpose of making seizure of the great prison-breaker; but the latter so contrived, by his false interpreting between the English soldiery and the police, (to whom he was personally unknown,) that the two parties fell to blows; the police were expelled from the camp, and Petit enjoyed a slight extension of that liberty which, of course, he ultimately and permanently lost. He, too, bore his captivity with a calm philosophy. He was never afterwards an offender even against the common prison rules. In this respect he was unlike the pseudo-Count Pontis de St. Helene, who, for some trivial infringement of the law regulating *forçats*, was once most cruelly flagellated, and who blasphemously remarked at its termination that,

although it was a consolation to think that he had been scourged as Christ was, yet he could not help, as a gentleman, feeling the degradation! This reminds us of the abbé ately at Brest, who had committed a terrible murder on the body of a female in his own house, and who endured his sentence of perpetual slavery and captivity with a rubicund equanimity. For an involuntary offence committed within the walls of the prison, he was flogged; and the murderer, who exhibited no remorse for his crime, died of shame at having been subjected to the above-named humiliation.

Amid the gentlemen convicts of most reputation, we may cursorily name Baudin, who, by means of a pigeon-express, got intelligence of the prizes drawn in the Paris lottery, and bought the combined lucky numbers in Brussels long before the tardy courier had arrived with the intelligence. Napoleon suspected the means employed, and he saved the millions which Baudin would have carried off from the imperial treasury, by peremptorily condemning the offender to the galleys for life. Fossard was another criminal of rank: his intellectual appetite drove him into guilt: he stole medals from the royal library in order to enrich his own wonderful collection, and he purchased thereby an endless captivity.

But the most celebrated of this privileged class was Delage. He was the Fauntleroy of France, but his fate was of a less stern aspect. He committed forgery under the empire. It was a period when men were scarce, when human sinews were valuable, and when criminals were permitted to buy a fictitious freedom by enlisting into the army. This was, in truth, merely exchanging, in the majority of cases, the prison for death in the field. Delage had too much of the epicure in him to risk the doubtful chances of such a fate; but he expended liberally in order to purchase a limited freedom. His wealth, too, converted the room which he was allowed to himself into a bower as exquisite as taste and money could make it. But it did more than this. He was permitted to furnish a house in the town for his family. He bought his liberty daily, and at early morn was accustomed to repair to his wife and children. The latter were ignorant of their father's crimes and of the position into which both he and they had been thereby plunged. The only mark of his disgrace was a slender ring or manacle which he wore around his instep. This badge of his dishonor he contrived to conceal beneath his boot or trowsers, and the

innocent children played unconsciously at the feet of a guilty father. The day was thus passed in a patriarchal simplicity, varied by a profusion characteristic rather of Memphis than of the plain; and when sunset drew near, the criminal repeated his nightly lie to his little ones, and departed to his cell under pretext of being compelled to pass the night on board one of the ships in harbor. What a scene must that have been at the family hearth, when the veil was torn from the statue, and the children first felt that they had been casting their incense before an unworthy shrine, and had bowed their heads only to the semblance of virtue!

The partial freedom given to the wealthy criminal, Delage, was not peculiar to men like himself. Previous to the adoption of the present severe restrictions, day liberty was not uncommonly granted to servants and professional men who carried on their vocation among the resident families of the town and neighborhood. It was a favor, of course, granted only to those whose good conduct, hypocrisy, or secret service, rendered them eligible thereto. These parties were wont to issue from their prisons in fashionable attire. The marks of the prison—the clipped head and the manacled ankle—were artistically concealed; and the young ladies of Brest were wont to take instruction from men whose crimes has caused society to disown them, and who, while civilly dead, were ever actively alive to evil. Music, drawing, and deportment—the languages, science, and the rudiments of theology—were thus taught by individuals who, hearts were seared with vice as their flesh was branded with the iron of the executioner, and whose limbs, manacled for felony, assumed in presence of innocence a guileless guise. At the time alluded to, Brest received its instruction at the feet of criminals on whom all instruction had been lost and every teaching profitless for good. Indeed, it was not unfrequently the case, that the greater virtue resided among those to whom a day's liberty was peremptorily denied: thus, we read of a certain Drouillet who adopted the orphan of a deceased fellow-prisoner, and, amid the terrible example of the *Bagne*, brought up the child to virtue, and made him resolute and able to follow it. The guilty teacher could not instruct it himself, Drouillet obtained his liberty, but obedience to guilty impulses soon flung him again into captivity, where he died. He had, however, saved the child, and knew it; and the poor son of sin may be pardoned if the remembrance of his solitary good but great work



gave smiling hope to the gloomy hour of a gloomy death in the very gloomiest of the prisons of France.

There is a separate class of captives at Toulon, who must not be passed by without notice. These are the Arab criminals who have offended against French law in Africa, and whom the administrative pity keeps isolated from the other galley slaves in the last-named port. The principal of these is the famous Caid Ben-Aïssa, who was condemned, just ten years since, to a captivity of twenty years, with hard labor, for the crime of coining.

The crime, however, seems misstated. Ben-Aïssa had been director of the mint at Bezlick. He had issued pieces of the value of ten-pence; but, by order of the Bey, he had raised their conventional price to fourteen-pence, and he compelled the tribes to receive them at this rate. When the French got possession of Algeria, the value of the real fell again to ten-pence; but Ben Aïssa, who retained his post under the new sovereignty, continued to circulate his own pieces at the higher price. He thus kept in circulation rather a fraudulent than a false coin; but this difference availed nothing to the stalwart Arab of threescore.

"My accusers (said the once powerful Ben Aïssa to his judges) are but dirt. They are sons of dogs. They have all had the bastinado, the dungeon, and liberty to thank me for. I have flung the heads of their fathers in the dust; for I am of the blood of the Caliphs and Achmet was Bey." The cross of the legion of honor had been conferred on this chief, who had held the second authority in Constantine, and who had twice on the very ramparts defended the city against the French assailants. It was part of the sentence that he should be degraded from his rank and be stripped of his insignia. "Ben-Aïssa (said the president), you have failed in honor. In the name of the legion, I declare that you have ceased to be a member." The chief yielded to inevitable destiny not without emotion—an emotion more strongly visible when he walked to the pillory. The scaffold on which was erected the upright pillar, bound to which he was to stand exposed to the gaze of the people, stood in the great square of Constantine. It was then a novel spectacle for the nations—Moors, Turks, and Arabs, from the town and the neighboring villages, poured in to contemplate the sight. Jews especially came in exulting crowds to enjoy the disgrace of one who, in the day of

his greatness, had been their persecutor Ibrahim, the *tchaous* or executioner, had viewed with ferocious delight the prey now flung to him. In his fastidiousness, however, he reproached the French law for only giving him a man to bind, when a head to strike off would have been more appropriate to his eager arm and his polished yatagan. The *tchaous*, it would seem, had a bitter grudge against the lieutenant of the ex-Bey of Constantine—for Ben-Aïssa had given to violent death four of the kinsmen of Ibrahim; and, if he had spared the head of the latter, it was only, as Ibrahim thought, because the chief did not exactly know where to lay his hand upon the hidden and coveted wealth of the *tchaous*. Ibrahim stopped short on the scaffold, right in front of the face of Ben-Aïssa:—

"Between thee and eternity (said the executioner to the victim) there stands a man, and that man is Ibrahim. You have slain my brethren spared myself only through policy, and I am here to avenge the dead. God reserved me for this. Is not God just? 'God is just,' murmured Ben Aïssa. 'So thinks Ibrahim, for whom God has chosen this place and mission. Twenty years ago, you were but a vender of salt in this very marketplace; on this place you have struck off the heads of noblemen at your good pleasure. The skulls of my brethren are still bleaching on the ramparts. Lift up thine eyes and look at them. Look—look!' Ben Aïssa slowly closed his lids. He listened long in patience to the abuse showered upon him by Ibrahim, of whom he at length craved mercy and permission to proceed to his far-off prison in peace."

The son of Ben Aïssa and a few faithful Arabs accompanied the fallen chief to Toulon, and from their hands he receives with a calm resignation their offices of respect, of submission, and of love. The whole of the Arab *forçats*, says M. Alloy, preserve the entire pride of their race. The author cites one case of an Arab whose permanent condition of refractory violence had caused him to be removed from the companionship of his countrymen and placed him among the common multitude of the guilty. One day the doctor visited him out of kindness. The Arab scarcely noticed him; but he did deign to extend his hand, accept the tobacco which the medical man had brought expressly for him, and thank him with a gesture. The doctor attempted to question him upon the circumstances of his condemnation. The Arab looked steadily at him and said—"Thou hast brought me tobacco, thou hast done a good action, and I have thanked thee. What more can there be between us? And he as-



sumed an aspect of such unconciousness, that the visitor might have thought he stood in presence of a statue.

Africa also contributes to the *Bagnes* of Toulon, Jews, Blacks, and Kabails, who have infringed a law which they refuse to acknowledge and claim not to be bound by. Monsieur Alloy says of the last, that they are now what they were eighteen centuries ago. Their bodies are in irons, but their souls are flying over the fields of the past, and their thoughts are beneath the folds of their tents with their families and their beloved steeds. A slow and painless disease gradually destroys them. They pass the day sitting crouched together, with their sheet rolled round their head and hanging down in the form of a *bernous*; and they have altogether the appearance of men lying in ambuscade and hiding their muskets from the chance of discovery. Distinguished from the other prisoners, they are always alone with their thoughts and their distant country; practising no game nor inventing any resources to help them through the sunless valley of their destiny. "If (says the author) they ever call up even a bitter smile, it is when you awake in them the memory of the desert. It has sometimes occurred to me to pronounce distinctly the name of their favorite dish, *couscoussou*, and straightway they would fall into transports of joy like so many children." It would be in vain to subject the Arab *forçut* to the rules of the penal labor of the prison. The Government exercises a proper compassion towards this class of prisoners. They are left to undisturbed repose, and at the hour of evening prayer these outcast Arabs are heard to mingle in their grateful orisons the names of those who have alleviated their hard destiny by some touches of compassion.

Another distinctive class at Toulon is to be seen in the natives of Corsica, of whom there are many in the prison, of all classes, but generally for one crime—that of murder. Such are the fruits of the *Vendetta* or family feud, which runs through long centuries, and which never really ends. A man is shot, perhaps accidentally. It is the duty of his

kinsman to take the life of one of the family of the slayer. This is done even after long waiting for, and, thenceforth, the *Vendetta* is established in full force. We will suppose that the murderer of the original, innocent, slayer is condemned to the galleys. Forthwith, a kinsman of the last-named watches his opportunity: he may find it in a week or he may not be able to profit by it for years; but, *when* found, he never fails to avail himself of it, and he takes the life of one of the family of that murderer who is in irons at Toulon for having killed the first and innocent cause of all this sanguinary evil. This last assassin is also captured, tried, and condemned to the galleys for life, where he may chance to find himself fettered for the remainder of his days with his foe: each of them has slain the kinsman of the other, and between them there must be a companionship and exchange of suffering and cruelty, in comparison with which the scaffold must be mercy and the passage to it a joy. They know, too, that the feud does not terminate with them; but that upon the blood-relation of one lies the next duty of this strange system of murder. The attempt to check this sanguinary and systematic course of violence by the guillotine has entirely failed—it only created more victims. But for one circumstance the island would, ere this, have been decimated; but, fortunately, though the hatred be intense, love is stronger or more potent still. Should affection spring up between two young hearts belonging to opposing factions, the *Vendetta* is suspended. Reconciliation is talked of; and, if mutual consent be given and the insular Montagues and Capulets shake hands and say "*Ay*" to the bridal, the bloody feud dies away for ever beneath the warmth of the benison of the Church. Amid the darkness, therefore, there is sunlight; where there is despair there is also hope: all is not wailing, for an accent of gladness rises clear above the cry for revenge and the shriek when it is accomplished. The footsteps of the fiend have not, therefore, obliterated the traces of the divinity, and man is saved by tasting of the healing fountain of a heaven-born love.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## JOHN LOGAN, THE POET.

THE large number of individuals who have won respectable and permanent places in our national literature, by leaving behind them single and brief poetical pieces, merely of special merit, has been remarked upon ere now, both in this journal and elsewhere. The "Flowers of the Forest" (both sets), "Auld Robin Gray," "Lucy's Flitting," "Donnochthead," and many other lyrics, might be pointed to as having thus secured a durable, if not immortal, name to their authors. John Logan stands much in the same position practically, though not quite justly, in regard to his secular poetry; the "Ode to the Cuckoo" being his only production of that class which has taken a firm and lasting hold on at least the popular memory. But the writer was fortunate enough to address his powers also to the composition of scriptural paraphrases; and he executed some of these so admirably, that, as long as Christian worship is performed in the tongue of Great Britain, his labors in this department can never pass into oblivion. Taken altogether, however, the poetical writings of Logan are still of insignificant extent; and it is difficult to comprehend why one possessed of so much refinement of taste, added to no inconsiderable and natural share of "the vision and the faculty divine," should have exercised his gifts so sparingly. It is in part fortunate for the world, that those who feel most conscious of the poetical endowment cannot refrain, in general, from putting it to free and constant use. It seems to be a necessity of their temperament, a consequence of their nature. There have been exceptions to this rule, certainly; and among them John Logan, to all seeming, is to be ranked. As he, beyond question, had formed to himself a very high standard, indeed, of literary excellence, it appears possible that he may have been restrained from the full exercise of his powers by the same shrinking fastidiousness which has rendered the works of Campbell the least extensive of any poet in the language who attained, as he did, to advanced years. It is only in their several degrees, however, that

the two cases can be mentioned as bearing a resemblance. Logan is in no point of view to be regarded as the mate of Thomas Campbell.

The Rev. John Logan was born in 1748, at Soutra, in Fala parish, county of Edinburgh. His father, a decent farmer, possessed sufficient means to train him for the ministry of the Scottish Church; and, when licensed, he became so favorably noted as an able and eloquent preacher, as to be appointed one of the regular clergy of South Leith. This situation was one qualified to insure to him ease and competency of means, and the respect of society, even for life; but Logan was ambitious of literary distinction, and began to deliver lectures to the Modern Athenians on the Philosophy of History. He published a summary of these in 1781, with, in the next year, a discourse on the Government of Asia; and a volume of his collected poetical pieces was also issued from the press about the same period. He had previously shown his attachment, indeed, to the muses, by arranging and editing the literary remains of his college friend, Michael Bruce, who died in 1767, at the premature age of twenty-one. Logan has not been well rewarded for his endeavors to do justice to the memory of Bruce. He has been accused of retaining, and afterwards appropriating and publishing as his own, various pieces from the stores of his deceased friend; and among these have been numbered the "Ode to the Cuckoo," and the exquisite eighth paraphrase, beginning, "Few are thy days and full of wo." The gist of the criminatory evidence lies in the fact, that Logan left out from the collection several poems from the pen of Bruce, and added others, "to make up a miscellany," as he states it in the preface. But in what condition the omitted poems came to his hand, or what they really were at all, is a matter on which no satisfactory testimony exists. Judging from the mediocre character of some of the pieces of Bruce that were admitted, one would, at a first glance, conceive it probable that the editor had carried his se-

lections quite as far as a regard for the name of his friend permitted. The attempt to vindicate the claim of Bruce to the authorship of the "Cuckoo" and the paraphrase, mainly rests, in the first place, upon hearsays and the oral traditions of friends. But the circumstance of his being "always understood" by the latter to be the author, or even of "a copy having been seen" by a respectable witness in his *presumed* or *alleged* handwriting, will scarcely settle the question in the eyes of the world. The remaining evidence is what has been called "internal," and consists in a comparison betwixt a fragment in the writing of Bruce and two stanzas in Logan's original "Complaint of Nature," on which the eighth paraphrase was founded. The stanzas run thus:—

"When chill the blast of winter blows,  
Away the summer flies,  
'The flowers resign their sunny robes,  
And all their beauty dies;  
NiPT by the year the forest fades,  
And, shaking to the wind,  
'The leaves toss to and fro, and streak  
The wilderness behind."

The fragment of Bruce is as follows. "The hoar-frost glitters on the ground, the frequent leaf falls from the wood, and tosses to and fro down on the wind. The summer is gone with all his flowers; summer the season of the muses; *yet not the more cease I to wander where the muses haunt, near spring, or shadowy grove, or sunny hill.* It was on a calm morning, while yet the darkness strove with the doubtful twilight, I rose and walked out *under the opening eyelids of the morn.*" The images in the commencement of this fragment—if the name of images can be given to the driest descriptive facts—may be found in all poetry, from that of the Scriptures downwards. Where there is a relieving touch in the stanzas, it appears not in the prose; as where "tosses to and fro down on the wind" in the latter takes the fine shape, in the verse, of "toss to and fro, *and streak the wilderness behind.*" As for the first portion of the fragment, marked in italics, it is quoted from Milton, and quoted evidently from memory, since the last line, which stands in the original—

"Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill"—

has been imperfectly remembered, and is nearly spoiled in citation. All the rest is to be found, word for word, in "Paradise Lost." With regard to the second italicized

words, they form a beautiful and well-known line in Lycidas.

In founding any argument upon such a fragment as the preceding, the friends and biographers of the amiable Michael Bruce, it seems to us, have not only shown the weakness of their whole case, but have even given room for the supposition, that Logan may have done much to put the acknowledged pieces of his friend—those on which his repute rests—into the comparatively perfect shape in which they finally came before the public. However, the justification of Logan does not require such a conjecture to be insisted on; and this theme may be more fitly closed by asking, if an editor, with fragments before him like that here given, could be greatly blamed for declining to publish them, or even for adopting any stray grain of wheat which may have turned up in his sifting of the enveloping chaff? This Logan may have done; but even this has not been established against him.

The truth is, that the real "internal evidence" on this subject is all in favor of Logan, inasmuch as the contested poems resemble much more strongly the productions acknowledged to be his, than any of the known effusions of Michael Bruce. That simplicity which is the perfection of art was studiously cultivated by the former; while the latter, though often tender and impressive, composed in a style comparatively loose and inelaborate. What may be termed "external evidence" has always formed the main point against Logan, and probably suggested the charge now discussed, in the very first instance. He offended his Leith parishioners by producing (in 1783) a tragedy, entitled, "Runnimeade," and founded on the signing of Magna Charta; and he at the same time incurred their disfavor still more seriously and justly by an unfortunate declension into irregular habits of living. His congregation had still a regard for him, however, and, though they parted with him, they consented to fix on him a small annuity. Thus secured against the chances of absolute want, John Logan went to London, and entered upon a regular literary life. Contributing for immediate means to periodicals, he also planned and partly finished a number of tragedies, with a series of historical lectures, and a collection of sermons, of which two selected volumes were published after his decease. These sermons are warmly devotional, and yet enjoy Scottish popularity. The death of the author occurred in 1788, when he had attained the age of forty—an age perilous to

the literary, and indeed to all men of sedentary pursuits, more particularly if their toils be severe, and their conduct in any degree unsteady. The remaining manuscripts of Logan do not seem to have been put to any use by his executors; and yet it is difficult to conceive that his fragmentary plays could have been without beauties, or wholly deserving of oblivion. The "Runnime" is a chaste and classical work, though, partly in consequence of the theme, devoid of that warmth of interest necessary to stage-popularity.

The poems of Logan—of which his own 1781 edition lies before us—display a combination of natural and refined graces which must ever sustain his title to a niche among the minor poets of his country—the Langhorns and Parnells of our literature. The "Ode to the Cuckoo," which appeals with such singular felicity to all hearts and intellects, and which was therefore appreciated on its publication alike by an Edmund Burke and by the youngest of school-boys, has a place in every collection of English poetry—if not, indeed, in every English memory. It need not be reprinted here. On one verse only an observation may be made. It is the following:—

"The school-boy, wandering through the wood  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,  
And imitates thy lay."

Lord Mackenzie, son of the author of "The Man of Feeling," has recorded that Logan originally wrote the third line—

"Starts, thy curious voice to hear."

If such was the case, he must have shown it to friends in manuscript—an indirect piece of evidence as to the authorship, since the first published accords with that in acceptance. The word "curious," taken in its Scottish sense of "specially singular," was happy enough, but even one word with a local meaning would have been a blemish. But the beauty of the line lies in the use and position of the verb "starts," which, pronounced properly, pictures the very action indicated, and is a fine instance of congruity of sound and signification. Our poets, both older and later, are to be found using similar strokes of art, but seldom so effectively. All are on the principle of Horace:—

"Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus"—  
where the very sound of the line, not less

than its sense, portrays "mountains in labor," only to end in the birth of a ridiculous monosyllabic mouse.

Another of the finest of Logan's poems—once much more popularly famous than it is now—is his "Braes of Yarrow." Hamilton of Bangor had composed, earlier in the same century, his celebrated verses on the same theme and scene; but they are much too lengthened to be sung continuously, and it is not improbable that Logan was induced by this circumstance to tell the same tale in a shorter shape, in order that the exquisitely pathetic air might not be lost to society.

He could not change the subject; the air is wedded immortally to the tale of Yarrow. The poems of both Hamilton and Logan seem to have impressed the youth of Wordsworth more than almost any pieces in the language, as is partly shown by his three lyrics on Yarrow "Unvisited," "Visited," and "Revisited." He cites both the Scottish writers in these lyrics. The composition of Logan may be given in full here:—

"Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!  
When first on them I met my lover;  
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!  
When now thy waves his body cover!  
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!  
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;  
For never on thy banks shall I  
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,  
To bear me to his father's bowers!  
He promised me a little page,  
To 'squire me to his father's towers:  
He promised me a wedding-ring—  
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;  
Now he is wedded to his grave,  
Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!  
Sweet were his words when last we met;  
My passion I as freely told him!  
Clasped in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him!  
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;  
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;  
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd,  
With all the longing of a mother;  
His little sister weeping walk'd  
The greenwood path to meet her brother:  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
No longer walk, thou lonely maid!  
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!



No longer seek him east or west,  
And search no more the forest thorough;  
For, wandering in the night so dark,  
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow;  
I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."  
The tear did never leave her cheek,  
No other youth became her marrow;  
She found his body in the stream,  
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

It is not to be marvelled at that Wordsworth should have so greatly admired this ballad, at least in his earlier days, seeing that it is in the very perfection of that style, *simplex munditiis*, which he himself labored so earnestly to attain, before he discovered that Heaven had destined him to wake the loftiest strains of the organ, and not to blow the simple rural reed. When he visited Yarrow, his mind dwelt strongly on the incidents of the ballad:—

"Where was it that the famous Flower  
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?  
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
On which the herd is feeding;  
And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The water-wraith ascended thrice,  
And gave his doleful warning."

Elsewhere, the poet of Rydal quotes, with high appreciation, the fine thought:—

"His mother from the window look'd,  
With all the longing of a mother."

Perhaps he may be said to have imitated this passage, in his "Complaint of an Indian Woman," on being forsaken in the wilds by her tribe:—

"My child! they gave thee to another,  
A woman who was not thy mother."

Bangour, however, may have given the cue to both his successors, in a touch of varied but yet kindred simplicity:—

"O Yarrow fields! may never never rain,  
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,  
For there was basely slain my love—  
My love, as he had not been a lover!"

The reader must muse well on the "Braes of Yarrow," before its beauties will stand out before him palpably, because the maxim of the bard has here been, "*Ars est celare artem*" (the art is to hide art). The same thing may be said of the following "Lament

for the Death of a Young Lady," some single lines of which convey isolated thoughts in language admirable at once for brevity and elegance:—

"The peace of heaven attend thy shade,  
My early friend, my favorite maid!  
When life was new, companions gay,  
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Untimely gone! for ever fled  
The roses of the cheek so red;  
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,  
The sweetness that in sorrow smiled.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd,  
The heart where goodness overflow'd,  
A clod amid the valley lies,  
And 'dust to dust' the mourner cries.

How oft does sorrow bend the head,  
Before we dwell among the dead!  
Scarce in the years of manly prime,  
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!  
What deaths we suffer ere we die!  
Our broken friendships we deplore,  
And loves of youth that are no more!

No after-friendship e'er can raise  
Th' endearments of our earlier days;  
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,  
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;  
And love, the blossom of an hour;  
The spring of fancy cares control,  
And mar the beauty of the soul.

'Then lovely nature is expell'd,  
And friendship is romantic held;  
Then prudence comes with hundred eyes:—  
'The veil is rent; the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last;  
The æra of enchantment's past;  
The wild romance of life is done;  
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,  
The feast of fancy is no more;  
And ill the banquet is supplied  
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye Gods! whatever ye withhold,  
Let my affections ne'er grow old;

... ..  
Still may the generous bosom burn,  
Though doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn;  
And still the friendly face appear,  
Though moisten'd with a tender tear!"

In the succeeding piece, again, the poet, adopting a lighter tone, rallies, though with delicacy, the ladies of the Scottish capital on

the subject of dress. Here and there a touch reveals the true poet, as in the second line of the first verse here extracted :—

"The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,  
The smile, the native of the face,  
Refinement without art ;  
The eye where pure affection beams,  
The tear from tenderness that streams,  
The accents of the heart ;

The trembling frame, the living cheek,  
Where, like the morning, blushes break  
To crimson o'er the breast ;  
The look where sentiment is seen,  
Fine passions moving o'er the mien,  
And all the soul exprest ;

Your beauties these ; with these you shine,  
And reign on high by right divine,  
The sovereigns of the world ;  
Then to your court the nations flow ;  
The Muse with flowers the path will strew,  
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,  
From summer noon's meridian glow,  
We turn our aching eye,  
To nature's robe of vernal green,  
To the blue curtain all serene,  
Of an autumnal sky.

At times, to veil, is to reveal,  
And to display, is to conceal ;  
Mysterious are your laws !  
The vision's finer than the view ;  
Her landscape nature never drew  
So fair as fancy draws.

See Virgin Eve, with graces bland,  
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,  
In orient beauty beam !  
Fair on the river margin laid,  
She knew not that her image made  
The angel in the stream.

The midnight minstrel of the grove,  
Who still renews the hymn of love,  
And woos the wood to hear ;  
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,  
Nor that, above the tuneful train,  
He charms the lover's ear.

The zone of Venus, heavenly fine,  
Is nature's handiwork divine,  
And not the web of art ;  
And they who wear it never know  
To what enchanting charm they owe  
The empire of the heart."

A "Tale" in the Edwin and Emma style, "Monimia," an ode, and "Verses on the Country in Autumn," are all written with much elegance, though with but a sprinkling here and there of true poetry. However, we are desirous to close this notice with a pro-

duction of another class—a specimen, namely, of the paraphrases written by Logan, in the state in which it came from his own pen. And what one is entitled to be preferred to "Few are thy Days ?" It will be seen, that, to accommodate it more closely to the text of Job, the Committee of the General Assembly, appointed to select and arrange, had transposed the verses of Logan in some parts, and wholly omitted others, though some of those so treated are very beautiful. The second, the eleventh, the eighteenth, and the fifty-eighth, are pieces by Logan that have sustained almost no changes, and they have ever ranked among the finest of the whole excellent collection. From others of the nine published by himself, verses and hints only appear to have been adopted :—

"Few are thy days and full of wo,  
O man of woman born !  
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,  
And shalt to dust return.

Determined are the days that fly  
Successive o'er thy head ;  
The numbered hour is on the wing,  
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas ! the little day of life  
Is shorter than a span ;  
Yet black with thousand hidden ills  
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning, flattering hope  
Thy sprightly step attends ;  
But soon the tempest howls behind,  
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud  
Comes o'er the beam of light ;  
A pilgrim in a weary land,  
Man tarries but a night.

Behold sad emblem of thy state,  
The flowers that paint the field ;  
Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow,  
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of winter blows,  
Away the summer flies,  
The flowers resign their sunny robes,  
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades ;  
And, shaking to the wind,  
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak  
The wilderness behind.

The winter past, reviving flowers  
Anew shall paint the plain.  
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,  
And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,  
Ah! never to return!  
No second spring shall e'er revive  
The ashes of the urn.

Th' inexorable doors of death,  
What hand can e'er unfold?  
Who from the cerements of the tomb  
Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along  
Its torrents to the main,  
The waters lost can ne'er recall  
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages dark  
Descending down to night,  
Can never, never be redeem'd  
Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,  
To night's perpetual gloom;  
The voice of morning ne'er shall break  
The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers? Whither gone  
The mighty men of old?  
'The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,  
In sacred books enroll'd?

Gone to the resting-place of man,  
The everlasting home,  
Where ages past have gone before,  
Where future ages come."

Thus nature pour'd the wail of wo,  
And urged her earnest cry;  
Her voice in agony extreme  
Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard; then from his throne  
In majesty he rose;  
And from the heaven, that open'd wide,  
His voice in mercy flows.

"When mortal man resigns his breath,  
And falls a clod of clay,  
The soul immortal wings its flight,  
To never-setting day.

Prepared of old for wicked men  
The bed of torment lies;  
The just shall enter into bliss  
Immortal in the skies."

John Logan has been noticed, in the "Calamities of Authors," as forming one among the literary victims of disappointments and penury. This is not true as regards pecuniary matters, since he left several hundred pounds behind him at his demise. But he may have taken deeply to heart the disappointments of his career. A man conscious of such talents might once have looked to rise to the highest honors of his native church, or of the Scottish colleges. He left these connections not undisgraced. He had an evident longing for the laurels of the drama. These he also failed to attain. But, if a disappointed man in these particulars, Logan could scarcely have at any time known the hardships of poverty.

## MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES.

WHEN Sydney Smith was asked, a few years ago, whether he had preserved any notes of the series of lectures on moral philosophy which he had delivered at the Royal Institution some five and thirty years before, the wit made an answer that he remembered nothing whatever in connection with the matter in question, except that the line of carriages in attendance extended along Albemarle street to certain distances up and down Piccadilly, and that "the most successful literary imposture" of the season had then been transacted.

Knowing what the lectures so characterized really were, however, and that the "fragment" found after the lecturer's death now forms one of the wisest as well as wittiest of books, Mr. Thackeray will not object to our connecting this anecdote with the line of carriages in attendance at Willis's Rooms on Thursday. He delivered his first lecture

on the English Humorists with marked success on that day. Its subject was Swift; and from the notices of it given by our daily contemporaries we select that of the *Daily News*.

"Mr. Thackeray began by saying that he must not be expected, in treating of these humorists, to utter only a series of lively and facetious observations. Harlequin without his mask was known to be as brave a man as his neighbors. It was to their lives, more than to their books, that he proposed to direct his attention, and they now suggested reflections of a serious if not a sad character. As their object had been to comment on others, they now became the subjects of observation themselves; the preacher's of yesterday became the text of to-day's sermon. He then recapitulated the leading facts of Swift's life, his birth at Dublin, his service in Sir William Temple's, his political career. Alluding to his biographers, he happily cha-

racterized Johnson as having given him a surly recognition and passed on. After all, the best test was to say of any such man, 'How would you have liked to have been his friend?' He should have liked to have been Shakspeare's call-boy; he should have liked to have lived on Harry Fielding's staircase—to have opened his door for him with his latch-key and shaken hands with him in the morning, and listened to his talk over his jug of small beer: he should have enjoyed the charm of Addison's conversation. Now, as to Swift, if you had been his inferior, he would have treated you kindly; if you had met him as a man and his equal, he would have assailed you; if you had been a nobleman, he would have been the most delightful companion in the world. His servility swagged so, that it looked like independence. He took the road like Macheath, stopping all the carriages that came his way to get what he could from them; but there was one carriage with a mitre on it which he looked for very anxiously. It never came, however; so (said Mr. Thackeray) he fired his pistol in the air with a curse, and retired to his own country." After some observations on the disorders of that age, he said that Swift could not properly be called an Irishman. Steele and Goldsmith were Irishmen, and to the last. But Swift was not an Irishman because he was born in Dublin, any more than an Englishman born in Calcutta was a Hindoo. He uses his words thriftfully as he did his fortune. He has no redundancy of illustration. Often he seems afraid of being eloquent. Next, he gave a picture of Temple's household and Swift's position there, which was one of the most characteristic parts of the lecture. There this young obscure genius met as an inferior some of Sir William's important friends. What dull pomposity he must have listened to! What feeble jokes! I wonder (continued Mr. Thackeray) "if it ever struck Temple that this man was his master?" Doubtless such a notion never came inside his ambrosial wig. What did the steward and Sir William's gentleman think of that Irish young gentleman? Here also was introduced some most felicitous ridicule of Temple's quotations and pedantry. And now came the first allusion—introduced with consummate elegance—to Swift's love of Stella. Swift's eyes, according to Pope, were as azure as heaven, and there was one person who was inclined to see heaven nowhere else! Contrasting Swift's humble position under Temple with his brilliant and important station during the Harley govern-

ment, the lecturer came to the question of Swift's religious sincerity. Some of his critics had turned it in his favor that he performed his devotions secretly in his house. But surely there was no reason why there should not have been an open assembly for such a purpose! One of the most characteristic things was his advice to John Gay to turn clergyman—John Gay—the wildest of the London wits—the author of the "Beggar's Opera!" He considered Swift as having been a skeptic, and having suffered dreadfully from his skepticism. Henry Fielding and Steele were true churchmen: they belabored free-thinkers heartily; and each was ready, after he had stumbled, to go on his knees and cry *peccavi*! Swift was a man of different powers and a different mind. But he was far too great to have any cant. As far as the badness of his sermons goes, he was perfectly honest. They were political pamphlets. Swift was strangled in his band. He seemed to have been haunted all his life by a fury. His sufferings were awful. He was lonely. The great generally are. The giants must be alone. Here he quoted the anecdote of Archbishop King, and Swift's declaring himself to him the most miserable of men; and approaching directly the subject of Swift's attachments, apostrophized Stella with much tenderness and grace. She was, he said, one of the saints of English story. In spite of their disunion, and of Vanessa and the verdicts of most women, who generally took Vanessa's part in the controversy, the brightest part in Swift's story was his love for Esther Johnson. It had been his (Mr. Thackeray's) lot (of course in the way of his profession) to go through a great deal of sentimental reading; but he knew no writing more touching than those notes of Swift's to her, in what he called the little language. Such a man must have had a great deal of love in him. He gave a lively picture of the Dean's first acquaintance with Vanessa; and said—quite in the strain of the author of "Vanity Fair"—that Stella had enjoyed one nice little bit of injustice; that *that young lady—that other person*—had been sacrificed to her. His description of the sad and clouded later day of the great man was very powerful and affecting; and he visited Swift's treatment of Stella very severely. But he paid then, as he did throughout, abundant homage to the Dean's genius—of which he appeared to have a very high appreciation. The lecture was heard throughout with evident delight and attention, and the applause was frequent and hearty.—*Examiner*.



From the Examiner.

## IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS AT WARSAW.

### NICHOLAS AND NESSELRODE.

*Nicholas.* God fights for us visibly. You look grave, Nesselrode! is it not so? Speak, and plainly.

*Nesselrode.* Sire, in my humble opinion, God never fights at all.

*Nicholas.* Surely he fought for Israel, when he was invoked by prayer.

*Nesselrode.* Sire, I am no theologian; and I fancy I must be a bad geographer, since I never knew of a nation which was not Israel when it had a mind to shed blood and to pray. To fight is an exertion, is violence: the Deity in his omnipotence needs none. He has devils and men always in readiness for fighting: and they are the instruments of their own punishment for their past misdeeds.

*Nicholas.* The chariots of God are numbered by thousands in the volumes of the Psalmist.

*Nesselrode.* No psalmist, or engineer, or commissary, or arithmetician, could enumerate the beasts that are harnessed to them, or the fiends that urge them on.

*Nicholas.* Nesselrode! you grow more and more serious.

*Nesselrode.* Age, sire, even without wisdom, makes men serious whether they are inclined or not. I could hardly have been so long conversant in the affairs of mankind (all which in all quarters your Majesty superintends and directs), without much cause for seriousness.

*Nicholas.* I feel the consciousness of supreme power, but I also feel the necessity of subordinate help.

*Nesselrode.* Your Majesty is the first monarch, since the early Cæsars of imperial Rome, who could control, directly or indirectly, every country in our hemisphere, and thereby in both.

*Nicholas.* There are some who do not see this.

*Nesselrode.* There were some, and they indeed the most acute and politic of mankind, who could not see the power of the Macedonian king until he showed his full height upon the towers of Cheronœa. There are some at this moment in England who disre-

gard the admonitions of the most wary and experienced general of modern times, and listen in preference to babblers holding forth on economy and peace from slippery sacks of cotton and wool.

*Nicholas.* Hush! hush! these are our men; what should we do without them? A single one of them in the parliament or town-hall is worth to me a regiment of cuirassiers. These are the true bullets with conical heads which carry far and sure.—Hush! hush!

*Nesselrode.* They do not hear us: they do not hear Wellington: they would not hear Nelson were he living.

*Nicholas.* No other man that ever lived, having the same power in his hands, would have endured with the same equanimity as Wellington the indignities he suffered in Portugal; superseded in the hour of victory by two generals, one upon another, like marsh frogs; people of no experience, no ability. He might have become king of Portugal by compromise, and have added Galicia and Biscay.

*Nesselrode.* The English, out of parliament, are delicate and fastidious. He would have thought it dishonorable to profit by the indignation of his army in the field, and of his countrymen at home. Certainty that Bonaparte would attempt to violate any engagement with him might never enter into the computation; for Bonaparte could less easily drive him again out of Portugal than he could drive the usurper out of Spain. We ourselves should have assisted him actively; and so would the Americans; for every naval power would be prompt at diminishing the preponderance of the English. Practicability was here with Wellington; but, endowed with a keener and a longer foresight than any of his contemporaries, he held in prospective the glory that awaited him, and felt conscious that to be the greatest man in England is somewhat more than to be the greatest in Portugal. He is universally called *the* duke; to the extinction or absorption of that dignity over all the surface of the earth; but in

Portugal he could only be called the king of Portugal.

*Nicholas.* Faith! that is little: it was not overmuch even before the last accession. I admire his judgment and moderation. The English are abstinent: they rein in their horses where the French make them fret and curvett. It displeases me to think it possible that a subject should ever become a sovran. We were angry with the Duke of Sudermania for raising a Frenchman to that dignity in Sweden, although we were willing that Gustavus, for offences and affronts to our family, should be chastised, and even expelled. Here was a bad precedent. Fortunately the boldest soldiers dismount from their chargers at some distance from the throne. What withholds them?

*Nesselrode.* Spells are made of words. The word *service* among the military has great latent negative power. All modern nations, even the free, employ it.

*Nicholas.* An excellent word indeed! It shows the superiority of modern languages over ancient; Christian ideas over pagan; living similitudes of God over bronze and marble. What an escape had England from her folly, perversity, and injustice! Her admirals had the same wrongs to avenge: her fleets would have anchored in Ferrol and Coruna; thousands of volunteers from every part of both islands would have assembled round the same standard; and both Indies would have bowed before the conqueror. Who knows but that Spain herself might have turned to the same quarter, from the idiocy of Ferdinand, the immorality of Joseph, and the perfidy of Napoleon?

*Nesselrode.* England seems to invite and incite, not only her colonies, but her commanders, to insurrection. Nelson was treated even more ignominiously than Wellington. A man equal in abilities and in energy to either met with every affront from the East India Company. After two such victories in succession as the Duke himself declared before that he had never known or read of, he was removed from the command of his army, and a general by whose rashness it was decimated was raised to the peerage. If Wellington could with safety have seized the supreme power in Portugal, Napier could with greater have accomplished it in India. The distance from home was farther; the army more confident; the allies more numerous. One avenger of *their* wrongs would have found a million avengers of *his*. Afghanistan, Cabul, and Scinde, would have

united their acclamations on the Ganges: songs of triumph, succeeded by songs of peace, would have been chaunted at Delhi and have re-echoed at Samarcand.

*Nicholas.* I am desirous that Persia and India should pour their treasures into my dominions. The English are so credulous as to believe that I intend, or could accomplish, the conquest of Hindostan. I want only the commerce; and I hope to share it with the Americans; not I indeed, but my successors. The possession of California has opened the Pacific and the Indian seas to the Americans, who must, within the lifetime of some now born, predominate in both. Supposing that emigrants to the amount of only a quarter of a million settle in the United States every year, within a century from the present day their population must exceed three hundred millions. It will not extend from pole to pole, only because there will be room enough without it.

*Nesselrode.* Religious wars, the most sanguinary of any, are stifled in the fields of agriculture; creeds are thrown overboard by commerce.

*Nicholas.* Theological questions come at last to be decided by the broadsword; and the best artillery brings forward the best arguments. Montecuculi and Wallenstein were irrefragable doctors. Saint Peter was commanded to put up his sword; but the ear was cut off first.

*Nesselrode.* The blessed saint's escape from capital punishment, after this violence, is among the greatest of miracles. Perhaps there may be a perplexity in the text. Aad he committed so great a crime against a person so highly protected as one in the high-priest's household, he never would have lived long enough to be crucified at Rome, but would have carried his cross up to Calvary three days after the offence. The laws of no country would tolerate it.

*Nicholas.* How did he ever get to Rome at all? He must have been conveyed by an angel, or have slipped on a sudden into a railroad train, purposely and for the nonce provided. There is a controversy at the present hour about his delegated authority, and it appears to be next to certain that he never was in the capital of the west. It is my interest to find it decided in the negative. Successor to the emperors of the east, who sanctioned and appointed the earliest popes, as the bishops of Rome are denominated, I may again at my own good time claim the privilege and prerogative. The cardinals and

their subordinates are extending their claws in all directions: we must throw these crabs upon their backs again.

*Nesselrode.* Some among the Italians, and chiefly among the Romans, are venturing to express an opinion that there would be less of false religion, and more of true, if no priest of any description were left upon earth.

*Nicholas.* Horrible! unless are exempted those of the venerable Greek Church. All others worship graven images: we stick to pictures.

*Nesselrode.* One scholar mentioned, not without an air of derision, that a picture had descended from heaven recently on the coast of Italy.

*Nicholas.* Framed? varnished? under glass? on pannel? on canvass? What like?

*Nesselrode.* The Virgin Mary, whatever made of.

*Nicholas.* She must be ours then. She missed her road: she never would have taken her place among stocks and stones and blind worshipers. Easterly winds must have blown her toward a pestilential city, where at every street-corner is very significantly inscribed its true name at full length, *Immondezzaio*. But I hope I am guilty of no profaneness or infidelity when I express a doubt if every picture of the Blessed Virgin is sentient; most are; perhaps not every one. If they want her in England, as they seem to do, let them have her..unless it is the one that rolls the eyes: in that case I must claim her: she is too precious by half for papist or tractarian. I must order immediately these matters. No reasonable doubt can be entertained that I am the visible head of Christ's church. Theologians may be consulted in regard to St. Peter, and may discover a manuscript at Novgorod, stating his martyrdom there, and proving his will and signature.

*Nesselrode.* Theologians may find perhaps in the *Revelations* some Beast foreshadowing your Majesty.

*Nicholas.* How? sir! how?

*Nesselrode.* Emperors and kings, we are taught, are designated as great beasts in the Holy Scriptures. . . (*Aside.*) . . and elsewhere.

#### SECOND CONVERSATION.

*Nicholas.* We have disposed of our brother, his Prussian Majesty, who appeared to be impressed by the apprehension that a portion of his dominions was in jeopardy.

*Nesselrode.* Possibly the scales of Europe are yet to be adjusted.

*Nicholas.* When the winds blow high they must waver. Against the danger of contingencies, and in readiness to place my finger on the edge of one or other, it is my intention to spend in future a good part of my time at Warsaw, that city being so nearly central in my dominions. Good Nesselrode! there should have been a poet near you to celebrate the arching of your eyebrows. They suddenly drop down again under the horizontal line of your Emperor's. Nobody ever started in my presence; but I really do think you were upon the verge of it when I inadvertently said *dominions* instead of *dependencies*. Well, well; dependencies are dominions; and of all dominions they require the least trouble.

*Nesselrode.* Your Majesty has found no difficulty with any, excepting the Circassians.

*Nicholas.* The Circassians are the Normans of Asia; equally brave, more generous, more chivalrous. I am no admirer of military trinkets; but I have been surprised at the beauty of their chain-armor, the temper of their swords, the richness of hilt, and the gracefulness of baldric.

*Nesselrode.* It is a pity they are not Christians and subjects of your Majesty.

*Nicholas.* If they would become my subjects, I would let them, as I have let other Mahometans, become Christians at their leisure. We must brigade them before baptism.

*Nesselrode.* It is singular that this necessity never struck those religious men who are holding peace conferences in various parts of Europe.

*Nicholas.* One of them, I remember, tried to persuade the people of England that if the bankers in London would negotiate no loan with me, I could carry on no war.

*Nesselrode.* Wonderful! how ignorant are moneyed men of money matters. Your Majesty was graciously pleased to listen to my advice when hostilities seemed inevitable. I was desirous of raising the largest loan possible, that none should be forthcoming to the urgency of others. At that very moment your Majesty had in your coffers more than sufficient for the additional expenditure of three campaigns. Well may your Majesty smile at this computation, and at the blindness that suggested it. For never will your Majesty send an army into any part of Europe which shall not maintain itself there by its own prowess. Your cavalry will seize all the provisions that are not stored up within the fortresses; and in every army those are to

be found who for a few thousand roubles are ready to blow up their ammunition-wagons. We know by name almost every discontented man in Europe.

*Nicholas.* To obtain this information, my yearly expenses do not exceed the revenues of half a dozen English bishops. Every *table-d'hôte* on the continent, you tell me, has one daily guest sent by me. Ladies in the higher circles have taken my presents and compliments, part in diamonds and part in smiles. An emperor's smiles are as valuable to them as theirs are to a cornet of dragoons. Spare nothing in the boudoir, and you will spare much in the field.

*Nesselrode.* Such appears to have been the invariable policy of the Empress Catharine, now with God.

*Nicholas.* My father of glorious memory was less observant of it. He had prejudices and dislikes: he expected to find everybody a gentleman, even kings and ministers. If they were so, how could he have hoped to sway them, and how to turn them from the strait road into his?

*Nesselrode.* Your Majesty is far above the influence of antipathies; but I have often heard your Majesty express your hatred, and sometimes your contempt, of Bonaparte.

*Nicholas.* I hated him for his insolence, and I despised him alike for his cowardice and falsehood. Shame is the surest criterion of humanity. Where one is wanting, the other is. The beasts never indicate shame in a state of nature; in society some of them acquire it; Bonaparte not. He neither blushed at repudiating a modest woman, nor at supplanting her by an immodest one. Holding a pistol to the father's ear, he ordered him to dismount from his carriage; to deliver up his ring, his watch, his chain, his seal, his knee-buckle; stripping off galloon from trouser, and presently trouser too: caught, pinioned, sentenced, he fell on both knees in the mud, and implored this poor creature's intercession to save him from the hangman. He neither blushed at the robbery of a crown nor at the fabrication of twenty. He was equally ungrateful in public life and in private. He banished Barras, who promoted and protected him: calumniated the French admiral, whose fleet, for his own safety, he detained on the shores of Egypt, and the English admiral who defeated him in Syria with a tenth of his force. Baffled as he often was, and at last fatally, and admirably as in many circumstances he knew how to be a general, never in any did he know how to be a gentleman. He was fond of displaying the picklock keys whereby he found entrance into our cabinets,

and of twitching the ears of his accomplices.

*Nesselrode.* Certainly he was less as an emperor than as a soldier.

*Nicholas.* Great generals may commit grievous and disastrous mistakes, but never utterly ruinous. Charles V., Gustavus Adolphus, Peter the Great, Frederic of Prussia, Prince Eugene, Marlborough, William, Wellington, kept their winnings, and never hazarded the last crown-piece. Bonaparte, when he had swept the tables, cried *double or quits*.

*Nesselrode.* The wheel of Fortune is apt to make men giddier, the higher it rises and the quicker it turns: sometimes it drops them on a barren rock, and sometimes on a treadmill. The nephew is more prudent than the uncle.

*Nicholas.* You were extremely wise, my dear Nesselrode, in suggesting our idea to the French President, and in persuading him to acknowledge in the face of the world that he had been justly imprisoned by Louis Philippe for attempting to subvert the existing powers. Frenchmen are taught by this declaration what they may expect for a similar crime against his own pretensions. We will show our impartiality by an equal countenance and favor towards all parties. In different directions all are working out the designs of God, and producing unity of empire "on earth as it is in heaven." Until this consummation, there can never be universal or indeed any lasting peace.

*Nesselrode.* This lying very far remote, I await your Majesty's commands for what is now before us. Your Majesty was graciously pleased to express your satisfaction at the manner in which I executed them in regard to the President of the French Republic.

*Nicholas.* Republic indeed! I have ordered it to be a crime in France to utter the odious name. President forsooth! we have directed him hitherto; let him now keep his way. Our object was to stifle the spirit of freedom: we tossed the handkerchief to him, and he found the chloroform. Everything is going on in Europe exactly as I desire: we must throw nothing in the way to shake the machine off the rail. It is running at full speed where no whistle can stop it. Every prince is exasperating his subjects, and exhausting his treasury in order to keep them under due control. What nation on the continent, mine excepted, can maintain for two years longer its present war establishment? And without this engine of coercion, what prince can be the master of his people? England is tranquil at home: ~~and~~



she continue so when a foreigner would place a tiara over her crown, telling her who shall teach and what shall be taught? Principally, that where masses are not said for departed souls, better it would be that there were no souls at all, since they certainly must be damned. The school which doubts it is denounced as godless.

*Nesselrode.* England, sire, is indeed tranquil at home; but that home is a narrow one, and extends not across the Irish channel. Every colony is dissatisfied and disturbed. No faith has been kept with any of them by the secretary now in office. At the Cape of Good Hope innumerable nations, warlike and well armed, have risen up simultaneously against her; and, to say nothing of the massacres in Ceylon, your Majesty well knows what atrocities her Commissioner has long exercised in the Seven Isles. England looks on and applauds, taking a hearty draught of Lethe at every sound of the scourge.

*Nicholas.* Nesselrode! You seem indignant. I see only the cheerful sparks of a

fire at which our dinner is to be dressed; we shall soon sit down to it; Greece must not call me away until I rise from the dessert; I will then take my coffee at Constantinople. The crescent ere long will become the full harvest-moon. Our reapers have already the sickles in their hands.

*Nesselrode.* England may grumble.

*Nicholas.* So she will. She is as ready now to grumble as she formerly was to fight. She grumbles too early; she fights too late. Extraordinary men are the English. They raise the hustings higher than the throne; and, to make amends, being resolved to build a new palace, they push it under an old bridge. The Cardinal, in his way to the Abbey, may in part disrobe at it. Noble vestry-room! where many habiliments are changed. Capacious dovecote! where carrier-pigeons and fantails and croppers, intermingled with the more ordinary, bill and coo, ruffle and smoothen their feathers, and bend their versicolor neck to the same corn.

[W. S. LANDOR.]

OLD CANALS IN EGYPT.—At a recent meeting, May 20th, of the institution of civil engineers, England, a paper was read on the Isthmus of Suez and the ancient canals of Egypt, by Joseph Glynn, C. E. It was a very interesting paper. About 600 years before the Christian era, Darius Hystapis made a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea. It was in some places 150 feet wide and 39 feet deep. It passed through the valley to the Bitter Lakes, and was navigable for vessels of considerable size when the Nile was high. It also served for the supply of the cities with water. The ancients assumed that there was a difference of level between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, and precautions were taken to prevent the salt water of the Red Sea from mixing with the Nile. This canal fell to decay, but was restored about 644 A. D., by the Turkish Caliph Omar, who introduced many improvements, and brought the canal to join the Nile near to Cairo. The general decay of Egypt brought about a decay of this canal again, and it became choked up 120 years afterwards, and for a thousand years it remained so, and was almost forgotten until Napoleon, that wonderful man, went to Egypt. He directed the eminent engineer La Perc, to survey it and report. The length was about

ninety-three miles, through a low, barren, sandy plain, and traversing many lagoons and lakes, offering but few difficulties to engineering. La Pere reported that the rise of high water in the Red Sea was six feet; in the Mediterranean one foot; and the surface of the former was stated to be very high, at high water, above low water in the latter. Mr. Robert Stephenson was present at the meeting, and, as he had but recently returned from Egypt, he stated that the low water in the Red Sea and the Mediterranean were identical, and La Pere made a great mistake, which he attributed to a hasty survey made in the time of war. The possibility of restoring this ancient canal was discussed. There is a ridge at the present at the end of the Red Sea, towards the Bitter Lakes, consisting of fossils identical with those of the London basin, caused by a geological upheaval which had changed the features of the district. It has been considered that the Bitter Lakes were once at the headwaters of the Red Sea, and the ruins of cities and towns around give evidence of the region being at one time very fertile. It was the land of Goshen, watered with a fresh stream from the canal of Sesostris, and from it Lake Tesmah was supplied with pure water.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## POULAILLER, THE ROBBER.

CARTOUCHE had been arrested, tried, condemned, and executed, some seven or eight years, and no longer occupied the attention of the good people of Paris, to whom his almost melodramatic life and death had afforded a most interesting and enduring topic. They were languishing, like the Athenians of old, for something new, when there arose a rumor that another robber, more dexterous, more audacious, more extraordinary, ay, and more cruel than Cartouche, was roaming about the streets of their city. What was his name?—whence did he come?—were questions in the mouth of every one, as each of his numerous daring acts was made public,—questions which no one could answer.

In vain was every arm of the police put in requisition,—crime after crime was committed with impunity, and terror reigned supreme.

At last the criminal himself disdained concealment, and all Paris—nay, a considerable portion of Europe—trembled at the name of POULAILLER.

He appeared about the year 1730, and astonished the world by deeds some of them so shocking, and at the same time so wonderful, that they gave some color to the belief of many, that he was aided by supernatural agency.

This belief was supported by a history of the circumstances attending his birth.

There lived in a village on the coast of Brittany a man, poor but of good repute, and well-beloved by his neighbors,—an intrepid mariner, but poor as Job himself when his friends came to comfort him. A robust and well-knit frame combined with a fine frank countenance, well-bronzed by the sea-breezes, was looked on favorably by all, and by none more than by the young lasses whose furtive glances rested with pleasure on the manly form and gallant bearing of Jacques Poulailleur.

His strength was prodigious, and his temerity upon the ocean incredible.

Such qualities are appreciated in every country; and among the beauties of the village, one remarkable for her superiority in

wealth, as well as natural gifts, was attracted by them, and Jacques Poulailleur had the good fortune to find favor in the eyes of her who was known in her little world as *La belle Isabeau Colomblet*.

At no great distance from this maritime village, on the crest of a rock lashed by the waves, which at high tides was perfectly insulated, dwelt a personage of whose origin every one was ignorant. The building where he had established himself had long been of evil fame throughout the country, and was only known as *La Tour Maudite*. The firesides resounded with tales of terror enacted in this lonely and ominous theatre. Fiends, in the olden time, had made it their abode, as was currently reported, and believed. From that time, it was asserted that no human being could dwell there without having previously entered into a compact with the evil one. The isolation of the place, the continued agitation of the waves at its base, the howlings of the wind around its frowning battlements, the traces of the thunderbolts which from time to time had blackened and almost charred its walls, the absence of bush or tree, or anything in the shape of blossom or verdure—for neither wall-flower, nor even moss, would grow there—had produced their effect on the superstitious spirit of the neighbors, and the accursed place had remained untenanted by anything earthly for forty or fifty years.

One gloomy day, however, a man was seen prowling about its vicinity; he came and went over the sands; and, just as a storm was rising, he threw himself into a boat, gained the offing, and disappeared.

Every one believed that he was lost; but next morning there he was. Surprised at this, the neighbors began to inquire who he could be; and, at last, learned that he had bought the tower of the proprietor, and had come to dwell there. This was all the information that their restless curiosity could obtain. Whence did he come?—what had he done? In vain were these questions asked. All were querists, and none found a respond-

ent. Two or three years elapsed before his name transpired. At last it was discovered, nobody knew how, that his name was Roussart.

He appeared to be a man above six feet in height, strongly built, and apparently about thirty years of age. His countenance was all but handsome, and very expressive. His conduct was orderly and without reproach, and, proving himself to be an experienced fisherman, he became of importance in that country.

No one was more weatherwise than Roussart, and no one turned his foreknowledge to such good account. He had been seen frequently to keep the sea in such fearful tempests, that all agreed that he must have been food for the fishes if he had not entered into some agreement with Satan. When the stoutest hearts quailed, and ordinary men considered it suicidal to venture out, Roussart was to be seen braving the tumult of winds and waves, and always returned to the harbor safe and sound.

People began to talk about this, and shook their heads ominously. Little cared Roussart for their words or gestures; but he was the only one in the commune who never went to church. The curé at last gave out that he was excommunicated; and from that time his neighbors broke off all communication with him.

Things had arrived at this point, when it was rumored in the village that the gallant fisherman, Jacques Poulailier, had touched the heart of *La belle Isabeau*. Soon their approaching marriage became the topic of the village; and, finally, one Sunday, after mass, the bans were first published by the vicar.

The lads of the village, congregated on the shore, were congratulating Poulailier on the auspicious event, when Roussart suddenly appeared among them.

His presence was a surprise: he had always avoided the village meetings as much as others had sought them; and this sudden change in his habits gave a new impulse to curiosity.

The stranger appeared to seek some one with his eyes, and presently walked straight up to the happy Jacques, who, intoxicated with joy, was giving and receiving innumerable shakes of the hand.

"Master Poulailier," said Roussart, "you are going to be married, then?"

"That seems sure," replied Poulailier.

"Not more sure than that your first-born

will belong to the evil one. I, Roussart, tell you so."

With that he turned on his heel, and regained his isolated dwelling, leaving his auditors amazed at his abrupt and extraordinary announcement and poor Jacques more affected by it than any one else.

From that moment Roussart showed himself no more in the neighborhood, and soon disappeared altogether, without leaving a trace to indicate what had become of him.

Most country people are superstitious,—the Bretons eminently so, and Jacques Poulailier never forgot the sinister prophecy of Roussart. His comrades were not more oblivious; and when, a year after his marriage, his first-born came into the world, a universal cry saluted the infant boy as devoted to Satan. *Donné au diable* were the words added to the child's name whenever it was mentioned. It is not recorded whether or no he was born with teeth, but the gossips remarked that during the ceremony of baptism the new-born babe gave vent to the most fearful howlings. He writhed, he kicked, his little face exhibited the most horrible contortions; but as soon as they carried him out of the church, he burst out into laughter as unearthly as it was unnatural.

After these evil omens, everybody expected that the little Pierre Poulailier would be ugly and ill-formed. Not a bit of it: on the contrary, he was comely, active, and bold. His fine fresh complexion, and well furnished mouth, were set off by his brilliant black eyes and hair, which curled naturally all over his head. But he was a sad rogue, and something more. If an oyster-bed, a warren, or an orchard was robbed, Pierre Poulailier was sure to be the boy accused. In vain did his father do all that parent could to reform him: he was incorrigible.

Monsieur le curé had some difficulty to bring him to his first communion. The master of the village exhausted his catalogue of corrections—and the catalogue was not very short—without succeeding in inculcating the first notions of the Christian faith and the doctrine of the cross. "What is the good of it?" would the urchin say. "Am not I devoted to the devil, and will not that be sufficient to make my way?"

At ten years of age, Pierre was put on board a merchant-ship, as cabin-boy. At twelve, he robbed his captain, and escaped to England with the spoil. In London he contrived to pass for the natural son of a French duke; but his numerous frauds forced him

again to seek his native land, where, in his sixteenth year, he enlisted as a drummer in the regiment of Champagne, commanded by the Count de Varicleres. Before he had completed his eighteenth year, he deserted, joined a troop of fortune-telling gypsies, whom he left to try his fortune with a regular pilferer, and finally, engaged himself to a rope-dancer. He played comedy, sold orvietan with the success of Doctor Dulcamara himself; and in a word, passed through all the degrees which lead to downright robbery.

Once his good angel seemed to prevail. He left his disreputable companions and entered the army honorably. For a short time there were hopes of him; it was thought that he would amend his life, and his superiors were satisfied with his conduct. But the choicest weapon in the armory of him to whom he had been devoted was directed against him. A *rivandière*—the prettiest and most piquante of her tribe—raised a flame in his heart that burnt away all other considerations; but he might still have continued in a comparatively respectable course, if the sergeant-major had not stood forward as his rival. The coquette had in her heart a preference for Pierre; and the sergeant, taking advantage of his rank, insulted his subordinate so grossly, that he was repaid by a blow. The sergeant's blood was up, and as he rushed to attack Pierre, the soldier, drawing his sabre, dangerously wounded his superior officer, who, after lingering a few days, went the way of all flesh. Pierre would have tasted the tender mercies of the provost-marshal; but fortunately, the regiment was lying near the frontier, which our hero contrived to cross, and then declared war against society at large.

The varied knowledge and acquirements of the youth—his courage, true as steel, and always equal to the occasion—the prudence and foresight with which he meditated a *coup de main*—the inconceivable rapidity of his execution—his delicate and disinterested conduct towards his comrades—all contributed to render him famous, in the *famosus* sense, if you will, and to raise him to the first place.

Germany was the scene of his first exploits. The world had condemned him to death, and he condemned the world to subscribe to his living.

At this period, he had posted himself in ambush on the crest of a hill, whence his eye could command a great extent of country; and certainly the elegance of his mien, his graceful bearing, and the splendor of his

arms, might well excuse those who did not take him for what he really was. He was on the hillside when two beautiful young women appeared in sight. He lost no time in joining them; and, as youth is communicative, soon learnt, in answer to his questions, that, tired of remaining in the carriage, they had determined to ascend the hill on foot.

"You are before the carriage, then, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, sir; cannot you hear the whip of the postilions?"

The conversation soon became animated, and every moment made a deeper inroad into the heart of our handsome brigand: but every moment also made the situation more critical. On the other side of the hill was the whole band, ranged in order of battle, and ready to pounce upon the travelers. Having ascertained the place of abode of his fair companions, and promised to avail himself of the first opportunity to pay his compliments to them there, he bade them politely adieu, and having gained a path cut through the living rock, known but to few, descended with the agility of a chamois to his party, whom he implored not to attack the carriage which was approaching.

But, if Poulailier had his reasons for this chivalrous conduct, his band were actuated by no such motives, and they demurred to his prayer. He at once conquered their hesitation by bidding them name the value that they put on their expected booty, purchased the safety of the travelers by the sum named, and the two fair daughters of the Baron von Kirbergen went on their way full of the praises of the handsome stranger whose acquaintance they had made, and in blissful ignorance of the peril they had passed.

That very day, Poulailier left his lieutenant in the temporary command of the band, mounted his most beautiful horse, followed his beloved to the castle of her father, and introduced himself as the Count Petrucci of Sienna, whom he had lately robbed, and whose papers he had taken care to retain, with an eye to future business.

His assumed name, backed by his credentials, secured for him a favorable reception, and he well knew how to improve the occasion. An accomplished rider, and bold in the chase, he won the good opinion of the Baron; while his musical and conversational talent made him the pet of the drawing-room. The young and charming Wilhelmina surrendered her heart to the gay and



amiable cavalier; and all went merrily, till one fine morning Fortune, whose wheel is never stationary, sent the true Count to the castle. It was no case of the two Sosias, for no two persons could well be more unlike; and as soon as the real personage saw his representative, he recognised him as the robber who had stolen his purse as well as his name.

Here was a pretty business. Most adventurers would have thrown up the game as desperate; but our hero, with a front worthy of Fathom himself, boldly proclaimed the last visitor to be an impostor, and argued the case so ably, and with such well-simulated indignation at the audacity of the newcomer, that the Baron was staggered, and despatched messengers to the partners of a mercantile house at Florence, to whom the true Petrucci was well known.

To wait for the result of the inquiry would have been a folly of which Poulailier was not likely to be guilty; so he made a moonlight flitting of it that very night—but not alone. Poor Wilhelmina had cast in her lot with her lover for good or for evil, and fled with him.

The confusion that reigned in the best of all possible castles, the next morning, may be conceived; but we must leave the Baron blaspheming, and the Baroness in hysterics, to follow the fugitives, who gained France in safety, and were soon lost in the labyrinths of Paris.

There he was soon joined by his band, to the great loss and terror of the honest people of the good city. Every day, M. Hérault, the lieutenant of police, was saluted by new cases of robbery and violence, which his ablest officers could neither prevent nor punish. The organization of the band was so complete, and the head so ably directed the hands, that neither life nor property was considered safe from one moment to another. Nor were accounts of the generosity of the chief occasionally wanting to add to his fame.

One night, as Poulailier was traversing the roofs with the agility of a cat, for the purpose of entering a house whose usual inmates were gone into the country, he passed the window of a garret whence issued a melancholy concert of sobs and moans. He stopped, and approached the apartment of a helpless family, without resources, without bread, and suffering the pangs of hunger. Touched by their distress, and remembering his own similar sufferings before Fortune favored him, he was about to throw his

purse among them, when the door of the chamber opened violently, and a man, apparently beside himself, rushed in with a handful of gold, which he cast upon the floor.

"There," cried he, in a voice broken by emotion—"there, take—buy—eat; but it will cost you dear. I pay for it with my honor and peace of mind. Baffled in all my attempts to procure food for you honestly, I was on my despairing return, when I beheld, at a short distance from me, a tall, but slight-made man, who walked hurriedly, but yet with an air as if he expected some one. Ah! thought I, this is some lover; and yielding to the temptation of the fiend, I seized him by the collar. The poor creature was terrified, and, begging for mercy, put into my hands this watch, two gold snuff-boxes, and those Louis, and fled. There they are; they will cost me my life. I shall never survive this infamy."

The starving wife re-echoed these sentiments; and even the hungry children joined in the lamentations of the miserable father.

All this touched Pierre to the quick. To the great terror of the family, he entered the room, and stood in the midst.

"Be comforted," said he to the astonished husband; "you have robbed a robber. The infamous coward who gave up to you this plunder is one of Poulailier's sentinels. Keep it; it is yours."

"But who are you?" cried the husband and wife;—"who are you, and by what right is it that you thus dispose of the goods of another?"

"By the right of a chief over his subalterns. I am Poulailier."

The poor family fell on their knees, and asked what they could do for him.

"Give me a light," said Pierre, "that I may get down into the street without breaking my neck."

This reminds one of the answer which Rousseau gave to the Duc de Praslin, whose Danish dog, as it was running before the carriage, had upset the peripatetic philosopher.

"What can I do for you?" said the Duke to the fallen author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, whose person he did not know.

"You can tie up your dog," replied Jean-Jacques, gathering himself up, and walking away.

Poulailier, having done his best to render a worthy family happy, went his way, to inflict condign punishment on the poltroon who had so readily given up the purse and the watches.

The adventures of this accomplished robber were so numerous and marvelous, that it is rather difficult to make a selection. One evening, at the *bal de l' Opéra*, he made the acquaintance of a charming woman, who, at first, all indignation, was at length induced to listen to his proposal, that he should see her home; and promised to admit him, "if Monseigneur should not be there."

"But who is this Monseigneur?" inquired Pierre.

"Don't ask," replied the fair lady.

"Who is he, fairest?"

"Well, how curious you are; you make me tell all my secrets. If you must know, he is a prince of the church, out of whose revenues he supports me; and I cannot but show my gratitude to him."

"Certainly not; he seems to have claims which ought to be attended to."

By this time they had arrived at an elegantly furnished house, which they entered, the lady having ascertained that the coast was clear; and Poulailier had just installed himself, when up drove a carriage—Monseigneur in person.

The beauty, in a state of distraction, threw herself at the feet of her spark, and implored him to pass into a back cabinet. Poulailier obeyed, and had hardly reached his hiding-place, when he beheld, through the glazed door, Monseigneur, who had gone to his Semele in all his apostolical magnificence. A large and splendid cross of diamonds, perfect in water, shot dazzling rays from his breast, where it was suspended by a chain of cat's-eyes, of great price, set in gold; the button and loop of his hat blazed with other precious stones; and his fingers sparkled with rings, whose brilliants were even greater and more beautiful than those that formed the constellation of his cross.

It is very seldom that the human heart, however capacious, has room for two grand passions in activity at the same time. In this instance, Poulailier no sooner beheld the rich and tempting sight, than he found that the god of Love was shaking his wings and flying from his bosom, and that the demon of Cupidity was taking the place of the more disinterested deity. He rushed from his hiding-place, and presented himself to the astonished prelate with a poniard in one hand and a pistol in the other, both of which he held to the sacred breast in the presence of the distracted lady. The bishop had not learnt to be careless of life, and had sufficient self-possession in his terror not to move, lest he should compromise his safety, while Pou-

lailier proceeded to strip him with a dexterity that practice had rendered perfect. Diamonds, precious stones, gold, coined and ornamental, rings, watch, snuff-box, and purse, were transferred from the priest to the robber with marvelous celerity; then turning to the lady, he made her open the casket which contained the price of her favors, and left the house with the plunder and such a laugh as those only revel in who win.

The lieutenant of police began to take the tremendous success of our hero to heart, and in his despair at the increasing audacity of the robber, caused it to be spread amongst his spies, archers, and sergeants, that he who should bring Poulailier before him should be rewarded with one hundred pistoles, in addition to a place of two thousand livres a year.

M. Hérault was seated comfortably at his breakfast, when the Count de Villeneuve was announced. This name was—perhaps is—principally borne by two celebrated families of Provence and Languedoc. M. Hérault instantly rose and passed into his cabinet, where he beheld a personage of good mien, dressed to perfection, with as much luxury as taste, who in the best manner requested a private interview. Orders were immediately issued that no one should venture to approach till the bell was rung; and a valet was placed as sentinel in an adjoining gallery to prevent the possibility of interruption.

"Well, Monsieur le Conte, what is your business with me?"

"Oh, a trifle;—merely a thousand pistoles, which I am about to take myself from your strong box, in lieu of the hundred pistoles and the snug place which you have promised to him who would gratify you by Poulailier's presence. I am Poulailier, who will despatch you to the police of the other world with this poisoned dagger, if you raise your voice or attempt to defend yourself. Nay, stir not,—a scratch is mortal."

Having delivered himself of this address, the audacious personage drew from his pockets some fine but strong whipcord, well hackled and twisted, and proceeded to bind the lieutenant of police hand and foot, finishing by making him fast to the lock of the door. Then the robber proceeded to open the lieutenant's secrétaire, the drawers of which he well rummaged, and having filled his pockets with the gold which he found there, turned to the discomfited lieutenant with a profound bow, and after a request that he would not take the trouble to show him out, quietly took his departure.

There are some situations so confounding, that they paralyze the faculties for a time; and the magistrate was so overcome by his misfortune, that, instead of calling for aid, as he might have done when the robber left him, he set to work with his teeth, in vain endeavors to disengage himself from the bonds which held him fast. An hour elapsed before any one ventured to disturb M. Hérault, who was found in a rage to be imagined, but not described, at this daring act. The loss was the least part of the annoyance. A cloud of epigrams flew about, and the streets resounded with the songs celebrating Poulailier's triumph and the defeat of the unfortunate magistrate, who dared not for some time to go into society, where he was sure to find a laugh at his expense.

But ready as the good people of Paris were with their ridicule, *they* were by no means at their ease. The depredations of Poulailier increased with his audacity, and people were afraid to venture into the streets after nightfall. As soon as the last rays of the setting sun fell on the Boulevards, the busy crowds began to depart; and when that day-star sank below the horizon, they were deserted. Nobody felt safe.

The Hôtel de Brienne was guarded like a fortress, but difficulty seemed to give additional zest to Poulailier. Into this hôtel he was determined to penetrate, and into it he got. While the carriage of the Princess of Lorraine was waiting at the Opera, he contrived to fix leathern bands, with screws, under the outside of the bottom of the body, while his associates were treating the coachman and footman at a *cabaret*, slipped under the carriage in the confusion of the surrounding crowd when it drew up to the door of the theatre, and, depending on the strength of his powerful wrists, held on underneath, and was carried into the hôtel under the very nose of the Swiss Cerberus.

When the stable servants were all safe in their beds, Poulailier quitted his painful hiding-place, where the power of his muscles and sinews had been so severely tested, and mounted into the hay-loft, where he remained concealed three nights and four days, sustaining himself on cakes of chocolate. No one loved good cheer better than he, or indulged more in the pleasures of the table; but he made himself a slave to nothing save the inordinate desire of other men's goods, and patiently contented himself with what would keep body and soul together *till he was enabled to make his grand coup.*

At last, Madame de Brienne went in all

her glory to the Princess de Marsan's ball, and nearly all the domestics took advantage of the absence of their mistress to leave the hôtel in pursuit of their own pleasures. Poulailier then descended from the hay-loft, made his way to the noble dame's cabinet, forced her secrétaire, and possessed himself of two thousand Louis d'or and a portfolio, which he doubtless wished to examine at his ease; for two days afterwards, he sent it back, (finding it furnished with such securities only as he could not negotiate with safety,) and a polite note signed with his name, in which he begged the princess graciously to receive the restitution, and to accept the excuses of one who, had he not been sorely pressed for the moderate sum which he had ventured to take, would never have thought of depriving the illustrious lady of it; adding, that when he was in cash, he should be delighted to lend her double the amount, should her occasions require it.

This impudent missive was lauded as a marvel of good taste at Versailles, where, for a whole week, every one talked of the consummate cleverness, and exquisite gallantry of the *Chevalier* de Poulailier.

This title of honor stuck, and his fame seemed to inspire him with additional ardor and address. His affairs having led him to Cambray, he happened to have for a traveling companion the Dean of a well-known noble Belgian chapter. The conversation rolled on the notorieties of the day, and Poulailier was a more interesting theme than the weather. But our chevalier was destined to listen to observations that did not much flatter his self-esteem, for the Dean, so far from allowing him any merit whatever as a brigand, characterized him as an infamous and miserable cut-purse, adding, that at his first and approaching visit to Paris, he would make it his business to see the lieutenant of police, and reproach him with the small pains he took to lay so vile a scoundrel by the heels.

The journey passed off without the occurrence of anything remarkable; but, about a month after this colloquy, M. Hérault received a letter, informing him, that on the previous evening, M. de Potter, *chanoine-doyen* of the noble chapter of Brussels, had been robbed and murdered by Poulailier, who, clad in the habits of his victim, and furnished with his papers, would enter the barrier St. Martin. This letter purported to be written by one of his accomplices, who had come to the determination of denouncing him, in the hope of obtaining pardon.

The horror of M. Hérault at the death of this dignified ecclesiastic, who was personally unknown to him, was, if the truth must be told, merged in the delight which that magistrate felt in the near prospect of avenging society and himself on this daring criminal. A cloud of police officers hovered in ambush at each of the barriers, and especially at that which bore the name of the saint who divided his cloak with the poor pilgrim, with directions to seize and bring into the presence of M. Hérault a man habited as an ecclesiastic, and with the papers of the Dean of the Brussels chapter. Towards evening the Lille coach arrived, was surrounded, and escorted to the hôtel des Messageries; and, at the moment when the passengers descended, the officers pounced upon the personage whose appearance and vestments corresponded with their instructions.

The resistance made by this personage only sharpened the zeal of the officers who seized him, and, in spite of his remonstrances and cries, carried him to the hôtel of the police, where M. Hérault was prepared with the proofs of Poulailleur's crimes. Two worthy citizens of Brussels were there, anxious to see the murderer of their friend, the worthy ecclesiastic, whose loss they so much deplored: but what was their joy, and, it must be added, the disappointment of M. Hérault, when the supposed criminal turned out to be no other than the good Dean de Potter himself, safe and sound, but not a little indignant at the outrage which he had sustained. Though a man of peace, his ire so far ruffled a generally calm temper, that he could not help asking M. Hérault whether Poulailleur (from whom a second letter now arrived, laughing at their beards,) or he, M. Hérault, was the chief director of the police?

William of Deloraine, good at need—

By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds.  
Five times outlawed had he been,  
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

But he was never taken, and had no occasion for his

—neck-verse at Hairibee,

even if he could have read it. Poulailleur was arrested no less than five times, and five times did he break his bonds. Like Jack Sheppard and Claude Du Vall, he owed his escape in most instances to the frail fair ones, who would have dared anything in favor of their favorite, and who, in Jack's case, joined

on one occasion without jealousy in a successful effort to save him.

Poulailleur was quite as much the pet of the petticoats as either of these hempen heroes. With a fine person and accomplished address, he came, saw, and overcame, in more instances than that of the fair daughter of the Baron von Kirbergen; but, unlike John Sheppard or Claude Du Vall, Poulailleur was cruel. Villains as they were, John and Claude behaved well, after their fashion, to those whom they robbed, and to the unhappy women with whom they associated. In their case, the "ladies" did their utmost to save them, and men were not wanting who endeavored to obtain a remission of their sentence. But Poulailleur owed his fall to a woman whom he had ruined, ill-treated, and scorned. The ruin and ill-treatment she bore, as the women, poor things, will bear such atrocities; but the scorn roused all the fury which the poets, Latin and English, have written of; and his cruelties were so flagrant, that he could find no man to say, "God bless him."

Wilhelmina von Kirbergen had twice narrowly escaped from a violent death. Poulailleur, in his capricious wrath, once stabbed her with such murderous will, that she lay a long time on the verge of the grave, and then recovered to have the strength of her constitution tried by the strength of a poison which he had administered to her in insufficient quantities. Henry the Eighth forwarded his wives, when he was tired of them, to the other world, by form of what was, in his time, English law; but when Poulailleur "felt the fullness of satiety," he got rid of his mistresses by a much more summary process. But it was not till this accomplished scoundrel openly left Wilhelmina for a younger and more beautiful woman, that she, who had given up station, family, and friends, to link herself with his degrading life, abandoned herself to revenge.

She wrote to him whom she had loved so long and truly, to implore that they might once more meet before they parted in peace for ever. Poulailleur, too happy to be freed on such terms, accepted her invitation, and was received so warmly, that he half repented his villanous conduct, and felt a return of his youthful affection. A splendid supper gave zest to their animated conversation; but towards the end of it, Poulailleur observed a sudden change in his companion, who manifested evident symptoms of suffering. Poulailleur anxiously inquired the cause.

"Not much," said she; "a mere trifle. I



have poisoned myself, that I may not survive you."

"Quoi! coquine, m'aurais-tu fait aussi avaler le boucon?" cried the terrified robber.

"That would not have sufficiently avenged me. Your death would have been too easy. No, my friend, you will leave this place safe and well; but it will be to finish the night at the Conciergerie; and, to-morrow, as they will only have to prove your identity, you will finish your career on the wheel in the Place de Grève."

So saying, she clapped her hands, and, in an instant, before he had time to move, the Philistines were upon him. Archers and other officers swarmed from the hangings, door, and windows. For a few moments, surrounded as he was, his indomitable courage seemed to render the issue doubtful; but what could one man do against a host armed to the teeth? He was overpowered, notwithstanding his brave and vigorous resistance.

His death, however, was not so speedy as his wretched mistress prophesied that it would be. The love of life prevailed, and in the hope of gaining time which he might turn to account in effecting his escape, he promised to make revelations of consequence to the state. The authorities soon found out that he was trifling with them, and the *procureur général*, after having caused him to be submitted to the most excruciating torture, left him to be broken on the wheel alive. He was executed with all the accursed refinement of barbarity which disgraced the times; and his tormentors, at last, put the finishing stroke to his prolonged agonies, by throwing him alive into the fire that blazed at his feet.

Nothing can justify such penal atrocities. If anything could, Poulailier, it must be admitted, had wrought hard to bring down upon himself the whole sharpness of the law of retaliation. Upwards of one hundred and fifty persons had been murdered by him and his band. Resistance seemed to rouse in him and them the fury of devils. Nor

was it only on such occasions that his murderous propensities were glutted.

At the village of St. Martin, he caused the father, the mother, two brothers, a newly-married sister, her husband, and four relations or friends, to be butchered in cold blood.

One of his band was detected in an attempt to betray him. Poulailier had him led to a cellar. The traitor was placed upright in an angle of the wall, gagged, and there they built him in alive. Poulailier, with his own hand, wrote the sentence and epitaph of the wretch on soft plaster; and there it was found some years afterwards, when the cellar in which this diabolical act of vengeance was perpetrated passed into the hands of a new proprietor.

It was current in the country where Poulailier first saw the light, and where his father, mother, brethren, and sisters still lived an honorable life, embittered only by the horrible celebrity of their relation, that, on the night which followed the day of Pierre's execution, the isolated tower, which had been uninhabited since its last occupier so mysteriously disappeared, seemed all on fire, every window remaining illuminated by the glowing element till morning dawned. During this fearful nocturnal spectacle, it was affirmed, that infernal howlings and harrowing cries proceeded from the apparently burning mass, and some peasants declared that they heard Pierre Poulailier's name shouted from the midst of the flames in a voice of thunder.

The dawn showed the lonely tower to be unscathed by fire; but a fearful tempest arose, and raged with ceaseless fury for thrice twenty-four hours. The violence of the hurricane was such, that it was impossible during that time for any vessel to keep the sea; and when at length the storm subsided, the coast was covered with pieces of wreck, while the waves continued for many days to give up their dead at the base of the rock, from whose crest frowned *La Tour Maudite*.

From the Athenæum.

## THE IRISH CENSUS.

IRELAND has long been a mystery and an anomaly in the west of Europe. When it had existed for four centuries in a chronic state of anarchy and rebellion, the country was almost depopulated under the last of the Tudors and the first of the Stuarts. After the savage and sanguinary rebellion of 1641, it was conquered and chastised by Cromwell, as few countries in historical records have ever been; and in the next generation the arms of the Prince of Orange again swept the land of its ill-fated inhabitants. If the returns made by Sir William Petty and Capt. Smith may be trusted, the population fell one-fourth between 1672 and 1695. During the fifty years then drawing to a close, a large and influential settlement of English took place in the north. Manufactures were introduced by these new and industrious settlers; the old population was governed by the strong arm of authority; and, strangely enough, after the war with William, as had been the case after that with Cromwell, the country rose out of its depth of poverty and misery, agriculture and trade revived, and the counties of Ulster—hitherto a wild and desolate region—began to assume something of the appearance of Kent and Norfolk. Between 1695 and 1754, the population increased from 1,034,102 to 2,372,634. From this time there was a steady increase, the numbers for 1791 being returned in the hearth-money estimates at 4,200,612,—and those in the first census, that of 1821, at 6,801,827. From 1821 to 1831, the progress of population was rapid in the extreme for Ireland—the rise being no less than 965,574 souls, or about 14 per cent., in the decade. This, however, was the period of greatest increase. Between 1831 and 1841, the sum total of the increase fell to 407,723,—or about 5½ per cent. In the last decade, just published in the census returns, we have the astounding result—not merely of a failure to maintain the old rate of progress, but of a vast positive decrease in the population. In 1841, the population of Ireland was in round numbers 8,175,000; it is now, for 1851, returned at 6,500,00.

At first sight, these figures seem to tell an incredible tale. They startle belief by the novelty of the facts which they indicate. In the English mind, progress has become of late years and apparently fixed law of nature; and on finding a bold and emphatic denial of that onward rule in close proximity to our own shores, and in a country bound to us by so many ties, we feel our ideas rudely and painfully shaken. From the Caucasus to Norway, from the Ural Mountains to the Pillars of Hercules, there is probably no example of a similar decline on any large geographical surface during the last ten years. With all their revolutions, civil wars, and bombardments, France, Germany, and Italy have not suffered like Ireland. Disease has inflicted severe losses on several of the large cities of the Continent, and ravaged the lines of many of the navigable rivers,—fire and the sword have scattered the population of fortified towns like Arad, Brescia, Rastadt, and Mantua,—but the aggregate quantity of human life has not been reduced to a large extent in any of these countries. In Ireland, not less than a quarter of the inhabitants has been cut off or removed in ten years—a fact with hardly a parallel in history. Cromwell's destroying sword and inexorable policy were as nothing to the more effective causes which have recently been in operation. His stormings and forced expatriations cleared the soil of some thousands,—the new victims of poverty, cholera, famine, fever, despair, and emigration, are to be counted by millions!

The causes of a result so painful to our pride as a nation, so repugnant to our feelings as members of a civilized and progressive community, should be made the subject of serious inquiry and consideration. The chief of these causes are only too obvious:—cholera, the potato blight, and emigration. But we have no distinct evidence as to the share severally to be ascribed to these agencies in the diminution now recorded. The population in 1841 was 8,175,124; according to the rate of progress observed in the twenty years previous—that is, from the first taking

of the census up to 1841—it should now have been within a very small fraction of nine millions. The actual return shows a falling off from this number of two and a half millions—which deficiency requires to be accounted for in some way. The first question in point of moral interest which occurs on considering this grave fact is, what proportion of the difference must be set down to death, what to emigration? That famine and disease have been at work in the unhappy island, is but too well known; but that any very large share of the two and a half millions is to be ascribed to their agencies, we shall be unwilling to believe until the evidence is collected. The idea is too painful. The plague, the black death, the sweating sickness never had such a banquet. Inquiries should, however, be instituted, and the truth ascertained. The past is the beacon light of the future, and out of the records of one most terrible calamity, science should extract uses for the coming generation. In the meanwhile, we shall not incur the chance of straying far from the truth if we presume that the chief influences which cholera and famine have exercised on the state of the population in Ireland have been indirect—by inducing the middle-aged, able-bodied, tolerably well off, and enterprising to quit the land of famine, pauperism, and disease, and seek their fortunes in some other country—more particularly in the United States.

It is usual with historians to consider the Migrations of Nations as long since past. These ages, they say, are characterized by the fixed settlement of populations. This proposition is in direct face of the facts. The movement of people was never before so vast, widespread, and continuous. More Celts now invade England every year than the entire Norman immigration. Every year there is a greater number of foreigners thrown on the shores of the United States than perhaps ever rolled down in the same period as conquering hordes upon the plains of Italy. It is doubtful whether a quarter of a million of Saxons, Jutes, and Angles poured into Britain during the four hundred years which the Saxon invasion may be said to have occupied. Between 1841 and 1851 Great Britain sent

to America alone not less than 1,600,000 souls! The Franks, who gave a new name to ancient Gaul,—the Saxons, who brought their habits and idioms into Roman Britain,—the Goths, who overran the Imperial provinces—all rolled south and westward in comparatively speaking small waves and streams, like the flow of population into our great eastern colonies. In history we catch the decisive points—the great sacks, burnings, and battles; but the influx and the settlement of the intruders were the work of centuries. At no time in history was there such a vast migration as at the present; but the wilds of nature in Australia and America, not the over-cultivated plains of Italy, Iberia, and Gaul, are now the bournes of travel. The fight is with the wilderness and the forest, not with city and civilization. Until recently this movement of races had been almost confined to men of Teutonic origin. The French have colonized but little, and the Celtic provinces of France scarcely at all. But the same race in Ireland have now become the most restless of nations. It is supposed that out of 1,600,000 persons who have quitted the ports of England for America in ten years, 1,100,000 are of Irish birth. There are now in the United States about 3,000,000 souls of Irish birth or descent,—that is, about half as many as still remain in the old country. Should the movement continue unabated for twenty years more, half the Celts of Ireland—with their labor, their turbulence, their poverty, and their clannish spirit, will be on the other side of the Atlantic—for the Republican Government to deal with. But it is profitable to remember that in America the Celt is an improvable creature. He is there less lazy, less ignorant, less quarrelsome, than in his native land. In two generations he loses his distinctive type; he ceases to be a Celt. He rises gradually into an American—in habits, in style of thinking, in political views, and often in religion. In English towns and villages the Irish are a race apart—as much so as the Jews are abroad, or the Gypsies at home. America seems to be the true transforming land of the Celt:—and the Celts are removing thitherward.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**ROTHSCHILD.**—Mr. Margoliouth speaks thus of the great "lion of his tribe."—"Yet, with all his hoardings, Rothschild was by no means a happy man. Dangers and assassinations seemed to haunt his imagination by day and by night; and not without grounds. Many a time, as he himself said, just before he sat down to dinner, a note would be put into his hand, running thus, "If you do not send me immediately the sum of five hundred pounds, I will blow your brains out." He affected to despise such threats; they nevertheless exercised a direful effect upon the millionaire. He loaded his pistols every night before he went to bed, and put them beside him. He did not think himself more secure in his counting-house than he did in his bed. It must be moreover confessed that the members of the synagogue generally did not entertain the same respect for him as the foreign Jews do for the Rothschilds of Frankfort. Some thought he might have done more for his brethren than he did, and that if he had only used the influence which he possessed with Government, and the many friends which he had at Court, all the civil disabilities with which the British Jews continued to be stigmatized would have been abolished, when the proposition was first mooted. "But Rothschild," said an intelligent English Jew to the writer, "was too great a slave to his money, and all other slavery was counted liberty in his sight."

**MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS.**—M. de Brignole Sale has decided to erect a monument to the memory of Christopher Columbus, and has chosen the design of Signor Raggi, an eminent Italian sculptor. On a sub-base, mounted on a socle, stands the group, the central figure of which is Columbus, looking into the distance, and pointing out the newly-discovered land. At his right is the helmsman, who, without quitting the tiller, shades his eyes with his other hand, and smiles as he sees the unknown shore. On the left is the chief of the conspirators, who, penetrated with admiration and with repentance, falls at the Admiral's feet; while the priest of the vessel joins his hands and looks toward heaven. On the sides of the sub-base are the figures of Astronomy and Navigation, and in front this inscription: "To Christopher Columbus, the Genoese, Antonio Brignole Sale dedicates this work, A. D. 1851."

**DEATH OF DR. MOIR.**—The readers of "Blackwood" will regret to hear of the death, on the 11th instant, of Dr. David Macbeth Moir, for a long time one of the most popular contributors to that magazine. He died at Dumfries, in Scotland, of an inflammation of the peritoneum, in the fifty-third year of his age.

Dr. Moir was born in 1798, at Musselburgh, was educated as a surgeon, at the University of Edinburgh, and at the time of his death, enjoyed an extensive professional practice. He began to write for Blackwood in 1817, when he was only nineteen years of age, under the name of Delta, and from that time to the present, has been a constant contributor. He was originally solicited to write prose, but the tendencies of his mind were towards verse. Some

of his writings were collected and published, in the book form—"The Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems," in 1825; and his "Domestic Verses," in 1843. The first of these works has been very happily characterized by the distinguished critic who was long the presiding genius of the miscellany in which many of the poems were first given to the world. "Delta," wrote Professor Wilson—"has produced many original pieces, which will possess a permanent place in the poetry of Scotland. Delicacy and grace characterize his happiest compositions: some of them are beautiful, in a cheerful spirit, that has only to look on nature to be happy; and others breathe the simplest and purest pathos. His scenery, whether sea-coast or inland, is always truly Scottish, and at times his pen drops touches of light on minute objects, that till then had slumbered in the shade, but now "shine well where they stand," or lie, as competent and characteristic parts of our lowland landscapes."

The "Domestic Verses," were not at first meant to meet the general eye, but a few copies having been printed for circulation among friends, they called forth so much praise, that the author was prevailed upon to make them public. Among the eminent men of letters whose approbation was bestowed upon the volume in its unpublished form, was the late Lord Jeffrey. "I cannot," he wrote to the author, "resist the impulse of thanking you with all my heart, for the deep gratification you have afforded me, and the soothing, and I hope, bettering emotions which you have excited. I am sure that what you have written is more genuine pathos than anything almost I have read in verse, and is so tender and true, so sweet and natural, as to make all lower recommendations indifferent."

Almost his only prose work was a humorous Scottish tale, called *Mansie Wauch*, which was begun in 1824. Almost contemporaneous with its issue was the publication, in 1831, of his "Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine, being a View of the Progress of the Healing Art among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians—"a work of great research and various erudition. The catalogue of his writings closes with "Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century, in Six Lectures, delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution." This very pleasing volume was published the other day. Dr. Moir was a gentleman of high character, and was greatly esteemed by his friends and neighbors.

**SCIENCE IN TURKEY.**—The Sultan has just established, at Constantinople, an academy of sciences and literature, under the title "Assembly of Knowledge." It consists of forty-nine members, and of an unlimited number of foreign correspondents. Of the latter only three have at present been named, Mr. Bedhouse, an Englishman, author of a Turkish Grammar; M. Bianchi, a Frenchman, who has compiled a Turkish dictionary; and M. de Hammer Purgstall, the celebrated Austrian Oriental scholar. The academy is to compile an Encyclopædia of Science in the Turkish language.

**NEW VOLUME OF THIERS.**—M. Thiers has just



published the tenth volume of his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, and the eleventh is announced to appear soon. A Paris letter gives the following account of the labors of the Historian-Statesman:

"Surprise has been expressed that M. Thiers, absorbed as he seems in political labors and intrigues, the chief of a great party, the prime mover of the Legislature, and charged with the most laborious portion of committee business, should be able to find time to continue his History, a work which requires almost incalculable labor in the investigation of facts, the examination of official despatches and documents, the wading through of masses of private correspondence, and books and pamphlets in all languages, and the questioning of Statesmen, Generals, Diplomats and simple soldiers, who took part in the events to be described. But, in the words of the drinking song, the Historian-Statesman 'lengthens his days by taking a few hours from the night.' He sleeps little, and every day, Winter and Summer, he is in the study by 4 o'clock in the morning; and there he labors so diligently, that he has done a good day's work before other people have put aside their nightcaps. Moreover, he possesses, like Cæsar, the precious quality of being able to do two things at a time. Thus he makes persons who want to see him go early in the morning, six or seven o'clock, and while talking with them, he takes notes from his papers; or, running up a ladder, carefully traces the route of an army on the gigantic maps which adorn his walls."

**RELIC OF ROTHEAT.**—A most interesting relic of Rousseau has just come to light. The keeper of the library at Neuchâtel, M. Bovet, was recently led to examine some papers which had been deposited there in 1794, by the heirs of Moulton, the friends of Rousseau, and which were known to have been bequeathed by the latter to Moulton. Among the papers, M. Bovet discovered a manuscript, written entirely by the eloquent philosopher, entitled *Avant-propos et Préface à mes Confessions*. For some reason, not stated, this document was never published; but thinking that no one had the right to deprive the public of anything the great writer had destined for them, M. Bovet caused it to be printed and copies of it to be forwarded to Paris. It is of course of great literary interest, as any unpublished productions of such an extraordinary man as Jean Jacques must necessarily be; and it will, no doubt, be introduced at the heads of future editions of his *Confessions*. But what it is chiefly remarkable for is, that it displays profound misanthropy.

**A FEW CONVENTIONALITIES.**—Why must an honorable gentleman always "come down" to this house? Why can't he sometimes "come up"—like a horse—or come—or "come in" like a man? What does he mean by invariably coming down? Is it indispensable that he should "come down" to get into the House of Commons—say, for instance, from 84, Alban's? Or is that house on a lower level than most other houses? Why is he always "free to confer"? It is well known that Britons never never will be slaves, then why can't he say what he has to say without this superfluous assertion of his freedom? Why must an Irish member always "taunt" the noble lord with this, that, or the other? Can't he tell him of it civilly, or accuse

him of it plainly? Must he so ruthlessly taunt him? Why does the honorable member for Grange-hole call upon the Secretary of State for the Home Department to "lay his hand upon his heart," and proclaim to the country such and such a thing? The Home Secretary is not in the habit of laying his hand upon his heart. When he has anything to proclaim to the country, he generally puts his hands under his coat-tails. Why is he thus personally and solemnly adjured to lay one of them on the left side of his waistcoat for any honorable member's gratification? What makes my honorable friend, the member for Gammonrife, feel so acutely that he is required to "pin his faith" upon the measures of her Majesty's Government? Is he always required to attach it in that particular manner only; and are needle and thread, hooks and eyes, buttons, wafers, sealing-wax, paste, bird-lime, gum, and glue, utterly prohibited to him? Who invested the unfortunate speaker with all the wealth and poverty of the empire, that he should be told "Sir, when you look around you, and behold your seas swarming with ships of every variety of tonnage and construction—when you behold your flag waving over the forts of a territory so vast, that the sun never sets upon it—when you consider that your storehouses are teeming with the valuable products of the earth—and when you reflect that millions of your poor are held in the bonds of pauperism and ignorance—can you, I ask, reconcile it to yourself—can you, I demand, justify it to your conscience—can you, I inquire, Sir, stifle the voice within you, by these selfish, these time-serving, these shallow, hollow, mockeries of legislation?" It is really dreadful to have an innocent and worthy gentleman bullied in this manner. Again, why do "I hold in my hand" all sorts of things? Can I never lay them down, or carry them under my arm? There was a fairy in the Arabian Nights who could hold in her hand a pavilion large enough to shelter the Sultan's army, but she could never have held half the petitions, blue-books, bills, reports, returns, volumes of Hansard, and other miscellaneous papers, that a very ordinary member for a very ordinary place will hold in his hand now-a-days. Then, again, how did it come to be necessary to the constitution that I should be such a very circuitous and prolix peer as to "take leave to remind you, my lords, of what fell from the noble and learned lord on the opposite side of your lordships' house, who preceded my noble and learned friend on the crum benches when he addressed himself with so much ability to the observations of the right rev. prelate near me, in reference to the measure now brought forward by the noble baron"—when, all this time, I mean, and only want to say, Lord Brougham? Is it impossible for my honorable friend the member for Drowsyshire to wander through his few dreary sentences immediately before the division, without promising that "at this late hour of the night, and in this stage of the debate," &c.? Because if it be not impossible why does he never do it? And why, why, above all, in either house of parliament must the English language be set to music, bad and conventional beyond any parallel on earth. Is parliament included in the Common Prayer-book under the denomination of "quires and places where they sing"? And if so, wouldn't it be worth a small grant to make some national arrangement for instruction in the art by Mr. Halle's—*Dickens's Household Words*.















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